

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Korean Sketches Among the Country Folk

A TRIP through the country districts of Korea furnishes the traveler an opportunity to become acquainted with the people, and familiar with their manner of life. The most common mode of travel is on foot, and nearly all the so-called roads are mere paths through the fields. The dwellings of the people are grouped into small villages. As we near these, our approach is announced by the barking of numerous dogs, every household seeming to possess at least one noisy cur. Groups of children run out to watch the strangers, and the older people pause in their work while we pass.

We notice that there is no regular arrangement of the houses into streets, but narrow paths lead from house to house. In front of nearly every house is a cleared place where the grain is threshed. This threshing-floor lies just outside a small dooryard, usually enclosed by a fence or stone wall. These garden walls sometimes form three sides of a kind of shed which is roofed with thatch the same as the house. The side next the house is generally left open. This shed is used as a sort of storeroom; here also the family pig is often tied, and the donkey or pony stalled. Some part of this shed may even be enclosed to form a guest-room.

After a long tramp across country, we are glad to accept the hospitality offered us. We leave our shoes at the door with the slipper-like sandals worn by the natives, and find seats upon the mats which cover the floor. The Koreans sit with their feet crossed tailor fashion, and never with the feet folded under the body, as the Japanese do.

At meal-time the food is served on tiny tables about a foot high, and as large as a common tray. A generous bowl of rice and beans cooked to-

gether forms the principal dish. Dried fish, a kind of egg omelet generously salted, and a salad of coarse vegetables and red pepper, are common side dishes. The only form of bread I observed was griddle-cakes made of bean meal. The principal meals are eaten in the morning and at evening, only a light lunch being eaten at midday. The people eat heartily and hastily of this soft, poorly cooked food, and as a result indigestion and dyspepsia are very common.

At night the mats upon the floor form the beds, and smooth blocks of wood do service as pillows; but some families have quilted mattresses, and pillows of rice chaff. We thought ourselves fortunate to secure such a mattress, thick as an ordinary comforter. Then, spreading over this a woollen deck robe and a pair of blankets, we slept to dream of anything but woven-wire springs, hair mattresses, and feather pillows. Yet who could complain when the people freely provide the best they have to offer?

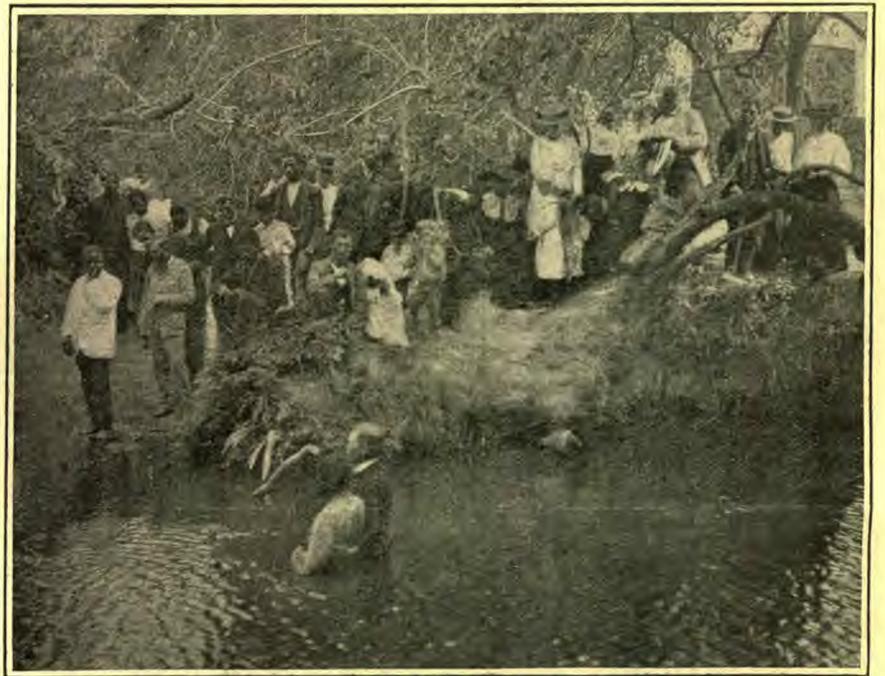
These country villages are without stores or shops of any description. All purchases must be made at the large cities and towns. In these same towns are the only post-offices; letters addressed to country places are delivered by private messengers in a very irregular and uncertain manner.

Because of their isolated condition and the inconvenience of travel, the country people live almost independently of the outside world. They eat the produce of their farms; cotton is grown, spun, and woven into the coarse fabrics which form their every-day garments; shoes are braided from straw, marsh grass, and a few strips of old cloth. A few kitchen and household utensils, and the material for their better clothes are the principal purchases made in town.

In the work of the farm all have a part; the women as well as the men and boys, may be seen working in the fields. The harvested crops have all to be carried over the narrow paths to the village. The men and boys carry heavy loads on their backs, the women place their burdens on their heads. The cattle are used as beasts of burden rather than as producers of milk and

butter. Ponies and donkeys are also common. One may travel day after day and not see any sort of wheeled vehicle.

The village well or spring is a very busy place. Here the women do the family washing; vegetables and fish are brought here to be prepared for cooking. Water is carried in large earthen vessels upon the heads of the women in true Oriental style, and with an ease not unbecoming.



A SOUTH AFRICAN BAPTISMAL SCENE

A Korean village forms a picturesque part of the landscape; the thatched cottages do not obtrude themselves upon the eye as our modern dwellings do. But upon closer inspection, the beauty of the scene is marred by much disgusting filth. These people are greatly in need of instruction in the science and art of cleanliness. Here is a great field for missionary effort. The observance of a few simple sanitary rules would do much to improve the health and to increase the comfort and self-respect of these easy-going, unambitious villagers.

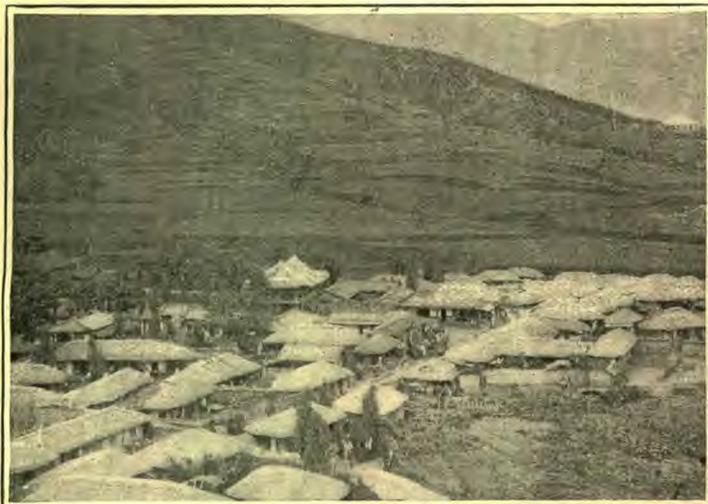
F. W. FIELD.

A Thousand Miles to Camp-Meeting

OUR party started from Cape Town for East London, South Africa, one Sunday evening about eight o'clock. The train was of the ordinary English type, consisting of carriages divided into small compartments. In each compartment are six berths, three on each side, as in a ship's cabin. In the center is a table. These are much more convenient than the American carriages, as are nearly all the accommodations. The rate of travel, however, is exceedingly slow.

The first morning we awoke to see the broad stretches of the karoo all about us, with its dry, brown surface but slightly relieved by the boulder-strewn hills, or kopjes. These look like great sections of earth turned on edge, showing the strata of rock, which appear like great plowed furrows along their sides. There was no grass or timber, only stunted bushes and rocks.

We saw a few cattle by the side of the line,



A KOREAN VILLAGE

quite a number of sheep and goats, and some horses; but the land is so very dry and parched that one wonders how even these keep alive. This scarcity of stock was noticed all through the country, and is due to the late Boer War, and to the terrible rinderpest which killed live stock by the thousands only a few years before the war.

Along each side of the line can be seen the remains of old forts used during the war. They were built so the sentries could see from one to the other, and were surrounded by great entanglements of barbed wire. Between the forts were barbed-wire fences on each side of the railway, and at each bridge a permanent stone fort was erected. In many places also are long trenches on each side of the line, sometimes double rows of trenches. Even with all this guarding, the Boers many times broke through and blew up the line and the bridges. These relics, with the graves scattered along the way, first a solitary one, and then a whole graveyard, bear silent testimony of the terrible war which devastated this sunny land.

We passed several ostrich farms, where hundreds of these great birds roamed the vast expanse of seemingly barren land. One of the most interesting sights was a small animal very much like our Western prairie-dog. It is of a grayish-brown color, has a bushy tail like a squirrel, and lives about the same. It is called the "meerkat;" but more properly the suricate.

The camp-ground was reached on Wednesday morning. It was located on the main street, in a central part of the city. East London is a growing South African city, situated at the mouth of the Buffalo River, where there is an excellent harbor. It is a great wholesale center for a large inland district, and contains the largest number of wholesale stores in South Africa.

Our meetings were good, and the Spirit of God was manifested throughout the session. The one central theme was, Jesus is coming in this generation; *we* must get ready to meet him. When one can attend a meeting of this kind where are gathered workers from the missions, conference laborers, and many brethren and sisters who are holding up the banner of light in lonely and difficult places, one is bound to feel one's own heart thrill with a love for this glorious truth, and a desire to bear the glad tidings to others. I only wish you might all have heard our dear brethren from the missions tell how the message was going to the native tribes of this dark land. Brother and Sister Sturdevant and Brother Sparrow from the Buluwayo Mission, Brother Chaney from Basutoland, Brother Armitage from Matabeleland, and Brethren Moco and Shone, who work for the Kaffirs, were all there to report progress. It was evident that these brethren love the work. The statement made in a recent Testimony that "whole tribes will pick up the trailing banner of Prince Emmanuel, and carry it on to victory," has put new life into our missionaries. We can see the beginning even now, and we know the work must quickly be finished.

A number of the Kaffirs near East London have accepted the truth as the result of the labors of Brethren Shone and Moco; and by the intelligent testimonies they gave at the meetings, it was plain that they were well grounded in the faith.

Brother Moco has encountered many difficulties, and has met opposition and persecution in his work, as do also some of the converts. On several occasions he has been told to leave the location, and violence has been used to make sure his departure. One brother, who had been

a minister, accepted the truth, and his former brethren did all they could to get him to give it up, finally telling him to leave. One morning he came to Brother Moco, all bruised and bleeding. Brother Moco said, "What is the matter; you are all covered with blood?" "O, those fellows caught me last night, and they gave me a jolly good hiding, I tell you."

But still he stands a witness to the truth. As Brother Moco related this experience, I could see the face of this brother light up with joy, and I knew he esteemed it a privilege to suffer for Christ's sake.

A baptismal service was held, at which several of these earnest souls were buried with their Lord. The illustration on first page shows Elder Tarr in the water baptizing a Kaffir sister. Brother Moco can be seen on the extreme left, and just back of him Brother Armitage, standing with his hand on Brother Sturdevant's shoulder. The picture below shows the camp-ground.

I am thankful to God that I have had an opportunity to attend an African camp-meeting;



and I wish all our young people could hear and see what God is doing, especially for the native work in this country. They would be inspired to more earnest efforts in the accomplishment of our grand aim—"The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation."

HARRY S. BECKNER.

What Prayer Cost Some Young Men

A PHOTOGRAPH on the wall of a friend's study attracted my attention. I asked who were the men whose pictured faces looked so earnestly at me. I can not forget the substance of his answer.

Some years ago thirty or forty Christian laymen agreed that we would each one make daily prayer for the conversion of the young men of our State, and for the speedy coming of the day when He whose right it is should rule King of kings and Lord of lords.

"We kept in touch with one another by means of letters to a secretary, from which he prepared a weekly bulletin sent to all.

"These bulletins were at first taken up with plans for our prayers and our Bible study. Soon they began to bear to us the joyful tidings of prayers answered in the conversion of individuals in different parts of the State. Later came word of revivals in many places. Then a bulletin told us that one comrade in our circle had given up his position, and had entered the ministry. Soon we learned that another had offered himself as a foreign missionary, and was on his way to China.

"Then we gathered at a forest camp for united prayer and conference. What wonderful days we spent there! And what prayers were made for the conversion of our young men and the spread of the kingdom! What earnestness and consecration were manifest on the part of every petitioner!

"Those prayers were speedily answered, though not as we had planned. They were answered in part, at least, as we might have expected when those first men offered themselves for the work of Christ at home or abroad as God willed.

"That picture at which you are looking was taken during the days of our conference in the forest. We can never again form a group before the camera. We are too widely separated for that. A—, who is seated there in the foreground, is now a missionary in Mexico; B—, at his right, is among the natives of West Africa; C— is preaching the gospel to the Navajos; D— is a home missionary in Oklahoma; E— is a minister in Kansas, preaching to the young men for whom he prayed years ago; F— is in Japan; G— is in South America."

Other names and locations were mentioned, until I realized that something like half of the men who made up that company had gone out into the Master's vineyard as ordained or lay workers; and at the time of the conference most of them were engaged in what they thought was to be their life-work.

Is it strange that I replaced the photograph with a hand which trembled as I thought of those earnest men whose prayers for others had thrust them out to be used as God's instruments in bringing the answers to their own petitions? I had received a lesson in the cost of prayer.

Do we sometimes think it an easy matter to do the Master's bidding in praying that the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into his harvest? Do we think we rid ourselves of responsibility in the premises when, once or twice each day, we say to God, "Thy kingdom come"? On the contrary, the Christian who pleads, "Thy kingdom come," in the spirit desired by him who taught the petition, is thereby consecrating to God's service his whole life, to be used as he sees best in the spread of that kingdom. And the follower of Jesus who from the heart asks that laborers be sent forth to gather the harvest of souls must be willing to be himself thrust out—if God wants him.

All real prayer costs. Our Saviour's prayers cost him strong crying and tears and great drops of blood. They led him to Calvary and the tomb. Where do our prayers lead us? What do they cost us?—*John T. Faris.*

In the Region of Your Heart

If you're feelin' sort o' fretful,
If you're feelin' sort o' blue,
If you're apt to be forgetful
Of the blessin's owned by you,
Then it's time you went to doct'rin'
For each little burn an' smart;
Give yourself a close inspection
In the region of your heart.

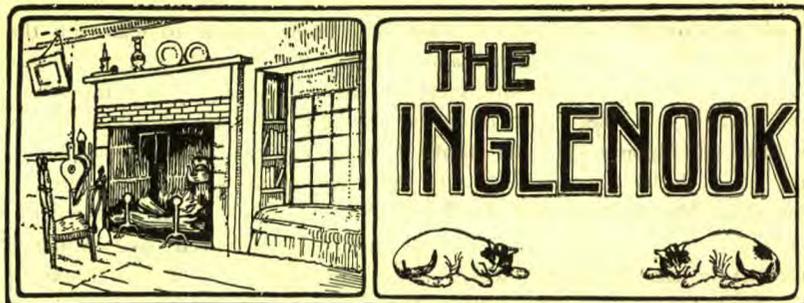
If you find that organ coated
With a coverin' of hate,
Then the pain can all be routed
By a means not intricate;
Take some love an' pity, mix 'em
Thoroughly, with gentle art;
For the blues, one dose'll fix 'em,
'An' 'twill regulate your heart.

If you're cross an' sharp an' "snappy"
From the break o' morn till night,
When you ought to be so happy,
That's a sign your heart's not right.
Take some blessed oil o' kindness,
Aim it at your *brother's* heart,—
This will stop your slothful blindness,
An' a perfect cure impart.

There are many hearts affected
In a manner sad to see,—
Some o' them have been neglected
To the very last degree;
Rouse yourself an' go to workin',
Weed out gloom, remove Hate's dart,
Leave no festerin' wound a-lurkin'
In the region of your heart.

—*Benjamin Kcch.*

It is the love, pity, and kindness of Jesus himself that will work the cures told about in the poem given above. Mere human love and kindness will not cause any permanent transformation.



"OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a will,
Over and over again."

He Would Not Be Tempted

A CERTAIN boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler, I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch, I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." — *Temperance News.*

The Difference

"THAT'S right, mother; don't you let any one else put you to bed. You just wait till I get home."

The invalid smiled happily, as her daughter, who had just returned from her work, spoke thus blithely, and began the task of taking off the clothing from the poor, rheumatic limbs.

A little thing, you say. Maybe so, but there is still the truest heroism in it. No one but a working woman, tired in body and soul, can know what it means to shoulder an additional duty at the end of the day, and shoulder it unshrinkingly, nay, cheerily. Many there are who would do it from a sense of duty; but if there were no other feeling, the inmost attitude would inevitably be betrayed. Think you that in such a case there would come the joy and happiness to the recipient which the cheery, spontaneous service mentioned brought? — *Selected.*

Cure for the Blues

IN a certain town a number of cures were established. There was a faith-cure, a hot-water cure, a cold-water cure, and a cure for the blues. Thinking that in these days of business depression and financial stringency, when more or less acute attacks of the blues are so prevalent as to be almost epidemic, a reliable remedy would be a delight, we give the one recommended at this cure. On his arrival at the cure for the blues, the patient was shown into a small office where sat a physician. After questioning the patient a little, he gave him a small box, charging a few cents for it, and charging him to keep the contents a close secret. In the box was a slip of paper with these words: "Let no day pass without doing something for some one." This prescription carefully taken is guaranteed to cure the most chronic case. We hope if any one under whose eye this may chance to fall, is suffering from this melancholy disease, he will give it a trial. — *Selected.*

The Name at the Top

THE foreign mail had come in, and the missionary on furlough had a letter from one of his

native helpers in China. He was showing to one of the home folk the thin sheets, traced with the neat and accurate characters in even columns. The onlooker noticed that some of these columns did not begin at the top of the page, but left a space

above them, and asked what it meant.

"Sometimes it is the beginning of a paragraph," was the reply, "but oftener it is a token of respect. The writer meant to put my name at the top. In this way they indicate reverence and regard. The Christians always write the name of Jesus at the top of a column. It must always be above whatever else is written."

Is this not significant? Surely the "Name," which is in itself "above every name," should come first in everything, and be placed above all that we think or do. Would we not be more careful about what we write, would we not be more charitable and considerate in what we say, if we put our Lord's name down first of all, and tried to do all things "in his name"? — *Selected.*

Jenny Lind's Salute

FIFTY years ago, when Jenny Lind was singing in New York, the American frigate "St. Lawrence," returning from a cruise abroad, came into the harbor. The young midshipman on the first night of their shore leave went to hear the famous singer.

The next day the boys, to express the emotions her wonderful voice had stirred in them, called on her in a body. They hardly expected that she would receive them, but she did; and she was so charmed by their youthfulness and ingenuousness that when they timorously asked her whether she would like to see their ship, she accepted the invitation. Then, growing bolder, they asked her to luncheon, and she accepted that invitation, too.

When, on the appointed day, she came on board with her companion, the captain saw her from his cabin, and recognized her.

There is nothing more strict than the courtesy observed in ship etiquette among officers of all ranks. Of the three messes — the captain's table, the ward-room, and the steerage mess, where midshipmen eat — no officer, from captain down, would make himself one of a company at another mess, unless specially bidden.

In this case the captain rang the bell for the orderly.

"Tell the gentlemen of the steerage mess," he said, "that the captain is going ashore, and that his cabin is at their disposal, if they care to use it."

The luncheon, however, was eaten in the steerage; but, after the pleasant meal was over, the boys proudly invited their guest into the captain's cabin, where they took their coffee.

"Ask her to sing something," whispered the paymaster's clerk.

"I'll thresh you if you dare!" returned one of the midshipmen, under his breath.

The ward-room officers had guests, too. They brought up guitars, and sat on the poop-deck above, singing "The Suwannee River" and other popular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind, with enthusiasm, clapping.

When at last she was leaving, she paused on the steps between the carved sides of the gangway. Looking up at the floating stars and stripes, she said, "I wish to salute your flag."

Uncovering her head and holding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As she sang the first verse, every officer and

every man came silently on deck. When she had sung the song to the end, deafening cheers rang out from the "St. Lawrence," and were taken up by every ship near by, for all had been listening.

Steamers blew their whistles, and every man within reach of that thrilling voice knew that he had heard one of the world's most inspiring songs sung as he would probably never hear it sung again. — *Exchange.*

Home Courtesies

CHARM of manner is made up usually of gracious observances of small courtesies. Heredity is unrelenting, and charm is a great birthright; but when these qualities are lacking, attention, effort, and above all things, desire, may overcome tremendous barriers. Though society may do without a good heart, it will not dispense with that appearance of it, which we call amiability of manner. This amiability may not always give that illusive something known as charm, but charm never exists when it is absent.

Simple flattery is not pleasing, but the actual making one do his best, and not alone thinking he is doing it, may be pleasing. Unselfishness is the root of all graciousness, as indeed it is the parent of most virtues, for charm loses its influence unless maintained by the superior qualities of mind and heart. A rude, unkind speech or act will make the most beautiful face appear ugly to one who looks below the surface. One of the greatest secrets of charm is charitableness and scrupulousness in imputing motives to those who interfere with our even way. Wit and eloquence fall flat when unkindly leveled at the weak and defenseless.

Originals are preferable to copies, and every one should dare to be himself. Individuality, when combined with graciousness, is a most potent weapon. Adjustability is the keynote of pleasing. Feel a sympathy with the aged, and you are prompted to say the thing that interests the aged. Feel sympathy with a child, and you have won that child. In a word, the secret of charm is in giving. Even extend your hand with the spontaneous suggestion of giving, and you have done much toward winning those you meet. Give something of your own nature, and do not discourage your friends by dropping a veil over your thoughts.

It has been said that the dining-room service and the dining-room manners and conversation of a family are the keynote to their home life. Be that as it may, we know that if the members of a household have refined and cultivated instincts by nature, or have been well-bred, their table manners are sure to indicate it. Any form of illness, suffering, or trouble should never be alluded to in conversation at the table. It matters not whether a calamity be great or small, public or private, the discussion of any manner of affliction could find no more inappropriate place. All differences in religion, politics, and individual opinion, as well as literary tastes, should be tabooed here, and harmonious subjects, with pleasant talk and laughter, take their place.

Children often need words of advice here as elsewhere, which may be given if there is no guest present. If this is not sufficient, it is often wise to excuse the child quietly from the table, and, in the privacy of one's room, to give the matter discussion, and correction, if necessary.

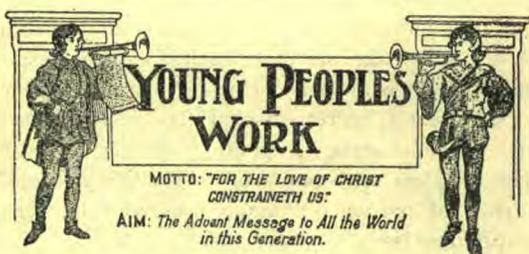
The habit of finding fault at the table with the food prepared for it, or the table service, indicates a lack of good training that should be overcome, no matter what age the fault-finder may have attained. Neither by look nor tone should such annoyance be shown, and a semblance of trying the food, rather than the ignoring of it entirely, is desirable.

Diverting incidents and amusing anecdotes should be stored away in the minds of different

members of the family, to be told at the table. Every one should strive to cultivate table conversation. It is an art which, once learned, will stand one in good stead among strangers and in trying situations. Better than that, it is one of the best digesters of food known to the medical profession, and it is a rare thing to find dyspeptics where such conversation is practised.—*Frank H. Sweet.*

The Soul's Morning Bath

THE quiet hour has been called by some old writer—if I am not mistaken—"the soul's morning bath." There is much significance in this expression. It is not only the time when the soul, lifted up into the ocean of God's presence, is washed clean from the stains of the past, but it is also a tonic, like a cold bath in the early morning, which refreshes, invigorates, and inspires for duty. Those who enjoy its refreshment never wish to get along without it. It seems as necessary to the beginning of the soul's day as the ablutions are necessary for the body on arising from sleep, and, throughout all the hours of the day, the soul feels the stimulus and refreshment of its beginning.—*Francis E. Clark.*



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Leaves Corinth for Jerusalem

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 20: 3-16.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul."

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Leaves Corinth.
- Plot discovered.
- Enter Macedonia.
- Companions in travel.
- Remains behind in Philippi.
- Reach Troas.
- Eutychus restored.
- Departs on foot for Assos.
- Leave Assos for Mitylene.
- Arrive at Samos.
- Reach Miletus.

Notes

Do not fail to trace on a map the route taken by the apostle in his journey to Jerusalem.

Paul remained at Corinth for three months. It is likely that he visited Athens, and the scattered believers in the other parts of Achaia. It was during his sojourn here probably that the epistles to the Galatians and the church at Rome were written.

Paul's desire was to reach Jerusalem before Pentecost, but, a plot to take his life becoming known, he changed his route, and went by way of Macedonia.

From the use again of the pronoun "we" it seems that Paul is once more joined in his travels by Luke, who seems not to have been with Paul since his first visit to Philippi. Acts 16: 10-14.

Learn all you can of the history of the places mentioned in this lesson as being visited by Paul. Commenting concerning Paul's journey on foot from Troas to Assos, Conybeare and Howson say: "And strength and peace were surely sought and obtained by the apostle from the Redeemer, as he pursued his lonely road that Sunday afternoon in spring, among the oak woods and the streams of Ida." Paul evidently had no thought of observing the day as the Sabbath.

"Having completed his work at Corinth, he determined to sail directly for one of the ports on the coast of Palestine. All his arrangements had been made, when he was informed of a plot laid by the Jews to take his life. . . . Upon receiving warning of the plot, Paul decided to change his course, and go round by Macedonia, accompanied by a sufficient number of brethren to protect him. His plan to reach Jerusalem by the passover had to be given up, but he hoped to be there at Pentecost."

"At Philippi Paul tarried to keep the passover. Only Luke remained with him, the other members of the company passing on to Troas to await him there. The Philippians were the most loving and true-hearted of the apostle's converts, and he enjoyed a peaceful and happy visit with them during the eight days of the feast."

"On a broad sill of a window whose shutters had been thrown open, sat a youth named Eutychus. In this perilous position he sank into a deep slumber, and at last fell from his seat into the court below. The discourse was interrupted. All was alarm and confusion. The youth was taken up dead, and many gathered about him with cries and mourning. But Paul, passing through the affrighted company, clasped him in his arms, and sent up an earnest prayer that God would restore the dead to life. The prayer was granted. Above the sound of mourning and lamentation the apostle's voice was heard, saying 'Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him.' With rejoicing, yet in deep humility at this signal manifestation of God's power and mercy, the believers again assembled in the upper chamber. They partook of the communion, and then Paul continued his discourse till the dawn of day." G. B. T.

A Report Worth Reading

UNTIL recently our young people in Pittsburg have done very little toward telling the people of this section about this great message that God has committed unto us for the world in this generation. We have been organized into a band for a year or more, but it seems, for the lack of something, we have made little progress; but by studying the Word of God, we found that there is only one way to make a success in the Christian life, and that is to make a complete surrender of all to Christ. A few months ago a number, if not all of our young people, determined to be more careful about the study of the Bible, also to have a season of secret prayer each day. This has proved to be the leaven of each life.

One of our young ladies said recently that since she had been making a daily study of God's Word and had been holding secret communion with the Lord, she had become stronger, and she found more pleasure in Christian work, and was better able to do the work as Christ would have it done.

The psalmist says, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Since our consecration the Spirit of God has seemed to take possession of the workers, and all are doing good work. The young men and women who have never taken part in the public meetings, are taking up their work as it is assigned them, and are doing it as unto God.

We have put up two tract racks in one depot, and they are filled each week by one of the members, and sometimes twice a week. The people seem glad to get this good reading. All the members join in helping to get the money to buy the tracts. One month ago each member agreed to give twenty-five cents as a talent, and then to see how much he could make by doing some faithful work to multiply it. Our report of this talent on the second of April, showed an increase of twenty-seven dollars; and a number were not

present who have good reports to make on the talent fund. Besides this we try to keep all our committees at work. The two tract racks put out from five to eight thousand pages of tracts each month, besides papers of different kinds.

We sent out one hundred eighty copies of the April *Life Boat* to ministers of different denominations, and have ordered five hundred copies of the "Open Letter," which we expect to send to the ministers in this section.

The Lord has greatly blessed our work here, and it is our constant prayer that we may grow more and more into a perfect knowledge of Christ, and be able to have a part with him in this closing work.

REUBEN FINNELL, *Chairman,*
RALPH ASHTON, *Secretary.*

The Reading Box's Story

I AM only a reading box. Kind friends nailed me to the side of a stump where four roads meet. They keep me supplied with papers and tracts that tell about the dear Saviour, who came into this world, suffered, and died that all might have eternal life. They teach that men should keep the day that Jesus kept while he was here on earth, and that this same Jesus is coming again soon to take his children home to himself.

I have a notice on my side which tells the passers-by that I have good literature to give them. A part of the time many strangers pass along the road, some in search of wild fruit, and some hunting for deer; others work in logging-camps and saw-mills. Some are pleasure-seekers; while others are bent on business. These people visit me quite often. Many call out of curiosity to see what I have. Sometimes they seem pleased with what they find, but others appear disappointed. Some show their appreciation by a second call.

One day a man came along, who, because the papers did not suit him, became very angry. He took hold of me and tore me apart. He left my back where it was, and put the rest of me on top of the stump. Then he destroyed all my papers. I felt sad about it; but my friends fastened me together, and gave me some new papers, and then I was happy.

The people seemed glad to see me again at my old post. They kept calling on me right along. I often wish that I could go to the homes of the people, and hear what they say after reading the good papers; but of course I can't leave my work. So I trust it all to the Lord, and am content to know only what I observe.

One day two tracts came back to the box with a queer story to tell. A man took them out, glanced through them hastily, and threw them away on the snow. A friend of mine saw them lying there, and took pity on them. He picked them up, carried them to his home, and thawed them out; for they had frozen almost stiff; then he brought them to me again. A few days later these same tracts were again taken out, and had a similar experience.

After having such rough treatment they began to be somewhat dilapidated. However, they came back to the box the third time.

It was now winter, and the snow began to drift, becoming so deep that I thought I should be covered up; but somehow I escaped that misfortune. The traveling was so bad that for a long time very few persons passed this way, and I began to fear that my usefulness was at an end.

But now the snow is nearly all gone, and the green grass and the birds have come again. And so the people are coming once more for papers.

Since my friends placed me here between one hundred and two hundred papers and tracts have been taken from me. I am told that there are only a few boxes like me. I wish there were a thousand. They would surely do much good.

JUDSON A. BAKER.

Children's Page

April Showers



O DOLLY, dear! it rains again!
The sky is always crying!
And just as I had got your
clothes
Out on the line a-drying!

It's rained most eve'y day this
week;
And yesterday, you 'member,
It poured all day a steady
stream;

It seems just like November!

And Tuesday when I went to ride,
And wore my Sunday bonnet,
When I got home, I counted more
Than thirteen spots upon it!

But mama says I love the buds
(And so I do — most dearly!),
And it's the rain that brings them out;
And that I see quite clearly.

So, dolly, dear, I'll wash again
To-morrow for my baby;
And then we'll lift the mosses up,
And find some blossoms, maybe.

— Selected.

Home Talks

I WONDER whether there would be less work to do if Edward should hang up his hat instead of leaving it for Mary? If Mary should carry her shawl with her to the carriage instead of asking Edward to step back for it? If Anna would bring her book down-stairs instead of asking Alice to turn back to get it? If, when Lucy left the piano, she had shut it instead of mother's having to do it when bedtime came? If Alfred always closed the door after him, instead of his wife's having to get up? I remember how willing we are to do these little things for one another — but — I — just wonder! — *Our Young Folks.*

The Bear and the Umbrella

THERE is a cleared trail leading from the home of Mrs. Latham, Indian River, Florida, to the beach, half a mile away. It runs, according to *St. Nicholas*, through a jungle of cabbage palmetto, live oak, and saw palmetto. Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone one day, armed only with an umbrella.

When a quarter of a mile from the house, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be a raccoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to strike the animal over the head the instant he emerged.

All at once, and with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her. The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally, Mrs. Latham was scared, but she stood her ground, and said nothing.

The bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something, Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times.

"Woof!" said the bear. Turning about, he

plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while Mrs. Latham ran homeward as fast as she could. — *Pilgrim Visitor.*

The Story of the Storm

SOME touching stories illustrating the compassion of shepherds for their flocks, as well as the devotion of dogs to their masters, even to the death, have come to us as a result of a blizzard in Montana. Nine lives are known to have been lost, five being those of sheep-herders, of whom three were scarcely more than boys not yet out of their teens. The position of their bodies when discovered indicates that they had stayed with their flocks to the last, dying in the attempt to save the sheep committed to their care.

William Candale, working for a company in the East, was found dead near the little village of Hearly Butte. Everything went to show that he had labored the night through trying to get his flock into camp, but without success. Conscience of the death that was impending, he returned to his tent some time after midnight, and there, with stiffening fingers, penciled a note that he pinned to the wall, saying that he was nearly exhausted, but was about to return to the sheep, which were drifting up the *coulee*. At daybreak he was found stretched on the snow, his lantern near him, and the sheep lying dead around him. Evidently he had used his last failing strength to save his flock. Of his two dogs, one remained to guard his body, and the other, still alive, was walking round and round among the dead sheep as if expecting them to awake from their long, last sleep.

Another young man remained with his flock until he managed to drive them into a sheltered spot where they would be safe. Blinded by the storm, he mistook the *coulee* where his cabin was built, and wandered up another. Realizing his mistake too late, he turned back, and fell within a few feet of his home and safety. The searching party found his dog stretched across his dead body. It was dead too, its love for its dead master having cost its life, since, if it had chosen, it could easily have kept itself warm by moving about.

Another very young boy was found with his arms crossed upon his breast. His faithful dog had followed his sheep into camp and driven them into shelter, and then returning to its master, met the rescue party, and conducted it to the shepherd. It was too late. The shepherd boy was dead, and the devoted dog, seeming to understand what had occurred, set up a low whining, and no amount of coaxing could induce it to leave the body to go in search of other lost shepherds.

Another shepherd was found buried in the snow, his beard and clothes and part of his boots having been eaten off by the sheep. One of his dogs kept watch by his side, and it was through its whining, low and pitiful, like a child's sobbing, that the searchers were directed to the spot where the dead master was buried out of sight in the snow. The other dog had followed the flock, and was found frozen to death among the sheep.

The fifth herder had just succeeded in getting his sheep into camp when he fell dead at the gate; there his dog was found watching between him and the flock, walking back and forth, and almost dead himself.

It is probable other shepherds lost their lives in the blizzards, as flocks of sheep without shepherds have been heard of from various points, some of them having returned shepherdless, and others were found dead in the snow, but no shepherds have returned without their sheep; but later their dead bodies will be found, and doubtless by the side of every shepherd will be found his faithful watch-dog. — *Belle V. Chisholm.*

A Farmer's Pledge



"ELLO, who are you?" asked one of Tom Mather's reapers, of a seven-year-old boy.

"I am papa's temperance pledge."

"You are! Well, then, I have a mind to pitch you into the middle of next week, if it is you who are keeping us from having a comfortin' drop of whisky and water," said a reaper.

"Yes, it's me," laughed little Dick, in high glee; "and if you want to know where papa signed me, I'll show you;" and the little boy pulled down the collar of his shirt, and showed a queer white scar on the shoulder, reaching up toward his throat.

"Yes, boys," said Tom; "that little fellow is my pledge, and I signed him, though he does not know what that really means. When I bought this farm ten years ago, I did not know the taste of rum or whisky. Everybody took a little, as I found, in harvest times and when work was pressing, so I fell into the same way; a drop if the weather was very hot; a little if it was very cold; a long drink at noon if I was hard at work. I always kept cider in my cellar, all my workmen had it, and some way the farm began to run down, too. Summer before last, it was very hot, and I was not very well; had been having chills. When they came on, I thought nothing helped me more than a little — no, a great deal of whisky. One noon, in the fields, I was rather hungry, the dinner horn had not sounded, and I picked up my jug, and took a long pull. What with the heat and taking it on an empty stomach, the whisky flew to my head as never before. I cut the grain every way, the ground rising up and going down under me, and the farm shifted till the points of the compass were all wrong. You just saw that boy of mine? He is my only one, his mother's idol, and — well, I would die for that boy any day. The little chap had taken his puppy and wandered off out where I was working. It was hot. He was only five years old, and what did he do but lie right down where the tall grain would shade him, and go to sleep,

the puppy cuddling down and doing the same. Well, the dizzier I got, the more recklessly I swung about, and suddenly I slashed out with that sharp steel, and—dear sakes alive! boys. Just you fancy it! the poor little puppy never yelped, his throat was cut so clean; and that boy of mine! One great gash down his soft, white flesh, right up to his tender little throat, but escaping it, for the puppy nestled there! I don't know much about the rest of that day, until I heard the boy wouldn't die. But when old Dr. Kinley said he might live, I just held him up to God in my arms, and I said: 'Here, Lord, is my temperance pledge! I'll never touch one drop of liquor while I live, and this boy, whose life has been spared, never shall either, if prayers and example and teaching can prevent.' And so, boys, I can't treat you, for I have *signed my pledge in blood.*"

There was no more murmuring after that.—
A. L. Noble.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Jesus the Creator

1. Who was associated with the Father in the beginning?

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God."

John 1: 1, 2.

2. How may we know this Word was Jesus?

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." John 1: 14.

3. What part did Jesus perform in the creation of the world?

"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."

John 1: 10.

4. Who worked with Jesus in the creation?

"And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." Eph. 3: 9.

5. What did he create besides the earth and the things upon it?

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him." Col. 1: 16.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

Science Stories

Making Paper Milk Bottles

ONE of the most serious objections to glass milk bottles is the difficulty in securing proper cleansing before they are refilled, with the accompanying possibility of spreading infection. Efforts to secure improvement in this detail of milk service have hitherto been unsuccessful, mainly because of failure to obtain a satisfactory substitute, says *American Medicine*. Recent investigations by Dr. A. H. Stewart, of the Bacteriologic Department, Philadelphia Bureau of Health, indicate that at last a very acceptable container has been found in what he designates as a single-service, paper milk bottle.

It is made of heavy spruce wood-fiber paper, conic in shape to facilitate nesting, and with an ingenious locking device to retain the bottom. An important feature of the bottle is its satura-

tion with paraffin by being dipped in that substance at two hundred twelve degrees Fahrenheit, and then baked. This sterilizes the bottle, and prevents the milk from coming in contact with the paper itself, and adhering, as it does to the glass bottle. For shipment, the bottles are packed in nests of twenty, three nests being sealed in a sterile bag; the lids are also put up in sterile packages.

Bacteriologic tests with the sample bottles were exceedingly satisfactory; none were found to contain micro-organisms. Closed bottles were sent to several dairies near Philadelphia, a glass bottle and a paper bottle at each being filled from the same lot of milk. When received at the bureau, the glass bottles invariably showed slight leakage around the caps; the paper bottles did not. In every instance the milk in the paper bottle contained fewer bacteria than did that in the glass bottle, the average being a fourth as many as in the latter. Certified milk in the paper bottles kept sweet two days longer than that in glass bottles.

If these paper containers give such results in general use, the delivery of milk in cities bids fair to be revolutionized. They are light, tightly sealed, perfectly clean and sterile, and are to be used but once, thus doing away with all bottle washing in private houses and in milk depots. Their cost is such that they may be used without increasing the present price of milk to the consumer.—*Search-Light*.

Wood-Anemone

"THE starry, fragile windflower,
Poised above in airy grace,
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,
Shyly droops her lovely face."

—Elaine Goodale.

The bright little wild flower called anemone, or windflower, takes its name from the Greek, and means shaken by the wind, because it grows in windy places, and blooms in the season of spring breezes. The Greeks had a tradition that "Anemos, the Wind, sent these flowers as heralds of his coming."

Taking a stroll in April or May along some wooded hillside, you may discover these small, white, pink-tinted blossoms.

"Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by,
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace."

The odorless flowers are solitary and terminal, having from four to seven petal-like sepals. The plants are usually less than nine inches in height. The leaves appear at the base; there are also three leaves on the delicate, slender flower stem, in a whorl below the flowers. These leaves are divided into five-toothed leaflets, resembling some relatives in the Crowfoot family.

In Europe scarlet and purple anemones are found. The peasants are said to hurry past a field of these flowers, believing that they poison the air. A species found in China is called the "death-flower," and is often planted on graves.

The early, wild flowers of the woods linger but a short time, and whoever would make their acquaintance must search them out in shady dells and leafy forests.

CORNELIA SNOW.

"USEFULNESS is the badge of true knighthood."

The Return of the Spring

If you wait for the breath of the lilacs
To tell the return of the spring,
And must see the red breasts of the robin
To know the glad note he will sing;

If you hear not his song, clear and happy,
Inwoven with ev'ry warm breeze
That floats joyously up from the Southland
To bring the green back to the trees;

If you see not the hue of arbutus
In every pink-tinted cloud;
If you see not 'mid lingering snowdrifts,
That jonquils and crocuses crowd;

If you smell not the breath of the flowers
Ere yet they have started from earth;
If you feel not the sap when ascending,
And know not the violet's birth;

If you see but the first pussy-willow
In silver-gray hoods that they wear,
And you feel not the thrill of your childhood,
The dropping of years and of care—

You will miss all the message of Spring-time
And hear not her footsteps advance
By the paths known of birds and of blossoms,
With sunbeams and youth all a-dance.

—Sarah E. Sprague.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition

ON the first of May, 1905, there opens in Portland, Oregon, an exposition which bids fair to be unique in its way, and different from the expositions other States have been holding. It is to be called the Lewis and Clark Exposition, after the two noted explorers, who, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, found a way to the great Northwest, and opened up that hitherto unknown country for exploration.

In the early part of the year 1803 Congress appointed Capt. William Clark and Meriwether Lewis to conduct an expedition to the head waters of the Missouri River, and thence across the country to the Pacific Coast. Setting out late in the year with only twenty-eight men, Lewis and Clark spent the winter at the mouth of the Missouri River, as the weather was too severe to admit of their traveling on ice-bound rivers.

In the spring of 1804 the party embarked in open boats, and during the summer ascended the Missouri as far as forty-seven degrees twenty-one minutes north latitude, and passed the second winter among the Indians inhabiting that region. Early in the summer of 1805 they ascended the Missouri as far as the tributary which they named the Jefferson River, and which they followed to its source in what is now the State of Montana. They then procured from the Shoshone Indians a guide and horses, and pushed on until they reached a tributary of the Columbia River, on which they embarked in boats, reaching the mouth of the Columbia River on the fifteenth of November. They spent a winter of hardships and privation, and made the return trip to the Mississippi the next summer, reaching there in September, 1806, almost three years after they left.

All of the exploring party were given liberal grants of land, Lewis himself being appointed governor of the new territory of Missouri; but unfortunately he was subject to severe fits of melancholy, and the contrast between his duties as governor and the active life he had led was so great as to cause his mind to become unbalanced, and while on his way to Washington he committed suicide near the city of Nashville, Tenn., October, 1809.

It is right that the great exposition to be held in the far Northwest should be named after the men who, in spite of dangers from hostile Indians and wild animals of the unexplored forests of that Western wild, pushed on and on until the waters of the Pacific lay stretched before their gaze.—*Mrs. L. F. Beaty*.



Being Thankful

"God is so good to me!" exclaimed Mary, the housemaid, with shining, happy face, one morning.

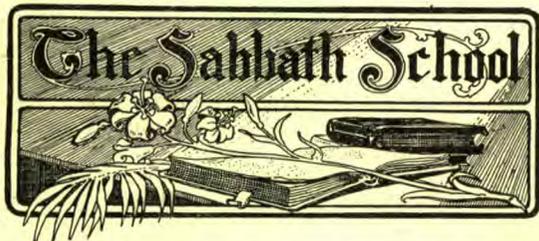
"Why what has happened?" asked her mistress. "Have you been left a legacy? You surely look as if something wonderfully good had come to you."

"Well, you know last night," replied Mary. "I stayed up late to finish my ironing, and when I took the iron off the stove the last time, I was that tired that I didn't notice the handle wasn't on right, and the flat-iron dropped right down within an inch of my foot. Think of what a narrow escape, ma'am. Think of where I would have been if it had fallen on my foot. And here I am this morning strong and well and able to work. Oughtn't I to be thankful for God's mercy, ma'am?"

Her mistress was silent; then she spoke softly. "Your thankfulness and gratitude, Mary, are a lesson to me. If more people were like you, it would be a different world. Most of us are ready to bemoan if an accident happens to us, but few of us think of giving thanks for an escape."—*Selected.*

"THERE are few men who do not love better to give advice than to give assistance."

WISE sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.—*Arthur Helps.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Temptation of Jesus

(May 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 4:1-11; Luke 4:1-13; John 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

"Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

"And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine."

"Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

"And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from him for a season." "And, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

One day about this time, as Jesus passed a place where John and two of his disciples were standing, John exclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God!"

"And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. . . . One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. . . .

"The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

"Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee. Nathanael answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."

Questions

1. What words had been spoken by a voice from heaven when Jesus was baptized? Immediately after his baptism, where did Jesus go? What happened to him there? Why was it necessary for Jesus to be tempted? Read Heb. 2:18.

2. How many days did Jesus fast? When they were ended, who came to him? What were his first words to the Son of God? What do they show? What did he tell Jesus to do? Why was this a temptation to him? Tell how Jesus met this temptation. How is his example a help to all who are tempted to indulge appetite?

3. Where was Jesus then taken? What did Satan again say? What did he tell Jesus to do? What promise did he repeat? With what words did Jesus rebuke the tempter? Why can we not expect God to protect us if we go rashly into known danger?

4. To what place was Jesus next taken? What were shown him there? What glowing promise did Satan make? But what must Jesus do? Repeat the words with which Jesus met this crowning temptation.

5. How did the Son of God meet every temptation? Can Satan bring any temptation to any one that can not be met in the same way? But what must those do who overcome? Memory Verse.

6. When the temptation was ended, who came and ministered to Jesus? Do you think he had any help that you do not have? Do angels still "minister" to men? Read Heb. 1:14.

7. Whom did Jesus pass one day not long after this? What did John exclaim when he saw him? Who heard him? What did they immediately do? To whom did Andrew hasten with the good news? What did he say?

8. Tell how Philip was called. What did he do at once? What did Nathanael ask? What did Philip urge?

9. What did Jesus say when he saw Nathanael coming? Tell how this man was convinced that Jesus was indeed the Son of God. What did

Nathanael say? What gentle rebuke did Jesus give him? What did he say Nathanael should hereafter see?



VI—Ministration of Good Angels

(May 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

Questions

1. Where are the angels? How many did John see? Rev. 5:11.

2. What does Paul say of their number? Heb. 12:22. What does the psalmist say? Ps. 68:17.

3. Are they real beings? Gen. 18:1, 2, 8; 19:1-3.

4. How long at least do we know that they have existed? Job 38:4-7; note 1.

5. What is one of the offices of the angels? Heb. 1:14.

6. How do they minister to God's people? Ps. 34:7.

7. In what way did they minister to Daniel? Dan. 6:22; 9:21. To Elijah? 1 Kings 19:7, 8. To Peter? Acts 12:5-11.

8. What interest do they show in the plan of salvation? 1 Peter 1:12.

9. How do they look upon individual cases? Luke 15:10; note 2.

10. Will the angels be present in the investigative judgment? Dan. 7:10; note 3.

11. What promise is made to the believer who overcomes? Rev. 3:5.

12. How many will accompany the Saviour when he comes? Matt. 25:31.

13. What will be their work at this time? Matt. 24:30, 31.

Notes

1. Through a belief in the immortality of the soul, many have been led to believe that angels are the spirits of the dead. That this belief is erroneous, is evident from the fact that angels existed before man, or even this world, was created.

2. "I have seen the tender love that God has for his people, and it is very great. I saw angels over the saints with their wings spread about them. Each saint had an attending angel. If the saints wept through discouragement, or were in danger, the angels that ever attended them would fly quickly upward to carry the tidings, and the angels in the city would cease to sing. Then Jesus would commission another angel to descend to encourage, watch over, and try to keep them from going out of the narrow path; but if they did not take heed to the watchful care of these angels, and would not be comforted by them, but continued to go astray, the angels would look sad and weep. They would bear the tidings upward, and all the angels in the city would weep, and then with a loud voice say Amen. But if the saints fixed their eyes upon the prize before them, and glorified God by praising him, then the angels would bear the glad tidings to the city, and the angels in the city would touch their golden harps and sing with a loud voice, Alleluia! and the heavenly arches would ring with their lovely songs."—*Early Writings,* pages 31, 32.

3. As heavenly angels attend us all through life, though unseen to us, they doubtless make a faithful record of all the acts of our lives, and in the judgment will be there ministering unto Him who sits as Judge. The very angel who made the record of your life will be there to bear witness to its truthfulness, whether dark or fair.



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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

It has been suggested that it would be well for the basket makers to order material by the pound from the academy at South Lancaster, Massachusetts.

THE Reading Circle now numbers more than one hundred readers; but the editor would like at least two hundred names before giving the list in the INSTRUCTOR. Are there not others who can find time and inclination to read five books of worth during the year 1905?

"THE annual expenditures in the United States for various objects during the year 1904 are stated as follows: Liquor, \$1,200,000,000; tobacco, \$600,000,000; jewelry, \$450,000,000; dress, \$250,000,000; church expenses, \$125,000,000; home missions, \$12,000,000; and foreign missions, \$5,000,000. Here are figures that ought to make every professed Christian blush for shame. The amounts spent for liquor and tobacco are truly staggering." It is to be hoped that Christians have had no part in making these figures.

The Cost of Firing Cannon

MODERN naval warfare, says *Leslie's Weekly*, is one of the most costly things that can be imagined, and a combat between two fleets means the expenditure of vast sums of money.

Some idea of the high cost can be arrived at by taking a Japanese warship like the "Kasuga" or "Nysshin" and calculating the number of shots she would discharge, say, at Port Arthur.

The first-named ship carries four cannon, which cost \$30,000 each. One of these guns can fire two shots a minute, and every shot cost \$400, thus in five minutes these four cannon can discharge forty bombs at a cost of \$16,000. The smaller cannon cost \$18,000, and every shot they fire means an expenditure of seventy dollars. They are very rapid, and it is estimated that in five minutes the twelve cannon could discharge shot to the value of nearly \$35,000.—*Selected.*

Messages and Vetoes

THE message of the president at the opening of a session of Congress is always an important document. It is awaited with interest not merely by Congress itself, but by the whole country. Frequently it causes earnest discussion in other countries.

The Constitution requires the president from time to time to "give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to its consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

Washington and John Adams obeyed this mandate of the Constitution by delivering oral addresses. The democratic Jefferson set the precedent of written communications, and all of

his successors have followed this precedent.

It has thus come about that an American president never enters either house of Congress for the purpose of influencing its action, nor has he any official representative in the Capitol, although certain senators and congressmen may be identified with his policies. His only recognized means of initiating legislation is by a message; even in that he does not submit specific laws. Lincoln once sent the draft of a bill with a brief message asking for its passage, but a debate at once arose as to the president's right to submit bills, and the example has not been followed.

But the president finds it easy enough to let Congress know what he desires. The cabinet officers are frequently public men of long experience and large personal followings, and they are expected to support the recommendations of their chief.

The importance of a message may lie in the information it conveys, no less than in its recommendations. This is particularly true of messages in regard to foreign affairs. The famous message concerning the Venezuelan boundary commanded the attention of the world for both reasons. An obscure situation was explained, and a policy was announced in which two continents were intensely interested.

The provisions of the Constitution regarding the president's veto are very general. When a bill is presented to the president, "if he approve, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it, with his objections." Taken literally, this clause justifies the president in exercising a perfectly free judgment upon every act submitted to him.

But taken in connection with the first sentence of the Constitution, "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives," there is reason for a more limited conception of the veto power.

While Congress is in session, if in ten days the president neither signs nor vetoes the bill which is passed, the bill becomes a law without his signature. The effect is precisely the same as if he had signed it.

Presidents have at times used this method to emphasize the fact that they were not satisfied with a measure which they were yet unwilling to veto.

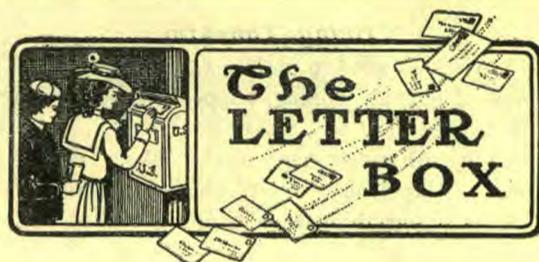
Early presidents were sparing in the use of the veto power. They signed bills which they did not in the fullest sense of the word "approve," because they held that they had not the right to employ the constitutional privilege for the purpose of reviewing the acts of Congress. When they returned bills, they did so because they regarded the measures as unconstitutional; what seemed merely inexpedient they signed.

The first president to transgress this rule when great measures were at stake was Mr. Tyler. His practise was roundly condemned by the Whigs, who regarded Mr. Tyler as a political traitor, and the Democrats, on the other hand, stood up as advocates of the "constitutional veto."

The more free interpretation of the president's right and duty grew gradually but steadily in favor, at least with the presidents themselves, and is now universally accepted. Each president has to decide questions for himself under the responsibility of his oath of office.

The veto power has, on the whole, been a useful and conservative instrument; and so long as the people are vigilant, it can never be an engine of oppression. It may delay, but can not prevent, what the people wish to have accomplished.—*Editor of Youth's Companion.*

"OVER my heart in the days that are flown
No love like a mother's love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours."



CUMBERLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA,

Feb. 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I live in the country one-half mile from town. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. We have no church-school here, so I go to public school. We are having a church built here now. I am in the Bible class in Sabbath-school. My father is my teacher. We all keep the Sabbath. I am thirteen years old.

VIOLA C. WHITE.

GENESEE, IDAHO, Feb. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. It is a great help to me. I go to church-school and Sabbath-school. We have a Young People's Society; we meet in the afternoon every other Sunday. We have seven members; our leader is Sister Camp. I am thirteen years old. As this is my first letter, I hope it will be printed.

FERN BANKS.

WORCESTER, MASS., March 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: We have just started a Young People's Society, and I would like you to put a notice of it in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We had our first meeting March 8, which was well attended. We sang a hymn; the secretary's report was read and accepted. We sang two more hymns, and then prayer was offered. Several pieces were read, one out of the INSTRUCTOR, and four out of the *Review*. We all had a blessed time, and I hope we shall have another just as good.

WALTER R. CHAPLIN, JR.,

Corresponding Secretary.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Feb. 27, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am eleven years old. I live in the city of Williamsport. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath day. I study at day-school geography, arithmetic, language, spelling, and other books. My teacher is Mr. Williams. I went to school last spring to Miss Murphy.

I like to make the things in the INSTRUCTOR, as the flying-top, carpet loom, and the lantern. I have written about as much as you will have room for.

HOWARD GRAVE.

FORD'S STORE, MD., Feb. 14, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am fourteen years old, and this is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and get the INSTRUCTOR. I enjoy reading it very much. We have a church-school of twenty-two scholars; eight of them have been baptized, and joined the church. I have begun to read the Bible through. My parents keep the Sabbath. Two of my brothers, two sisters, and myself were baptized last fall, so we are all trying to live so we can have a home in the new earth.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

LIZZIE HARVEY.

COLLEGE PLACE, WASH., Feb. 4, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am attending college here at Walla Walla, and am taking the preparatory course.

I get the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath. John Reith is my teacher. While reading that piece "Not Appreciated," I thought how true that is; for if things are done in a slipshod way, it leaves room for criticism. But if a person does everything the best he can, his employer notices it many times when he does not realize it; and a person feels better in the end, any way.

There are many good morals taught in the pages of the INSTRUCTOR, which would make a vast change in many if they only would think of them and try to profit by them.

There is a good interest taken in the work here. January 21 there were thirteen baptized during the fast falling snow. It is only lately that I have accepted this truth. I am doing what I can to spread it with what means I have.

After I finish reading the INSTRUCTOR, I send it away to a family I have known for some time. Perhaps you recognize my name as being on the subscription list a few years ago.

KEMPTON TURNER.