

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## "How Shall We Find the Way?"

A FEW years ago my husband and I were crossing Central China, with Mr. Hudson Taylor, to a distant conference of missionaries. We were traveling at the greatest speed attainable, across a very populous part of the country. The journey took us two months—our wedding tour, as it happened—and three weeks out of the time we spent on wheelbarrows.

One morning we came to a bright little Chinese town by the roadside, where the barrow-men wanted to stay for their midday rest and meal. They wheeled the barrow into the yard of the little inn, and I passed into the inner courtyard, where I knew the women of the household would be assembled. Here we found the landlord's wife and mother and other people, and they asked us many questions. When they learned the object of our journey, they said: "Oh, are you religious teachers? That is exceedingly interesting, because here in this town we are all religious women, and we would like to hear what you have to say." Will you notice that fact in passing? There, far away in the heart of China, in that one little town, they all call themselves religious women. They continued "We have a great religious society here, to which we all belong. The leader of our society is a very intelligent woman, who can read, and she would like to hear what you have to say. We give our money to the worship of the gods; we do all we can to obtain merit in the life to come. Sit down and rest awhile, and we will gather together the women of this town that they may come and hear what you have to tell us about right living."

In a little while the courtyard was filled with eighty or a hundred people, who crowded about us, so friendly and anxious to hear our message. No Christian had ever been there before, so far as we could tell, and not one of those people had heard the precious name of Jesus. Oh, what a joy to tell them! But they were interested, that is the point; they were longing to hear. And I want you to remember that there are towns and cities all over China more or less like this.

They kept saying to me, "We have sent for the leader of our society, and she will soon be here. She can read; and we want her to know all that you can tell us." But it seemed a long, long time before she could be found. At length the crowd parted, and I looked up. How I wish I could make you see that woman as I saw her then! She was quite young—tall, graceful, and slender; a girl of about twenty-four, with an intelligent, sweet face—a sad face, but wistful and eager. She came forward as quickly as she could on her little, bound feet, holding out both hands, and, taking mine in hers as I rose to meet her, she said, "Are you the religious teacher

who has come from the other side of the world?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am."

"Oh, do sit down, and tell me! I want to hear." And forthwith she sat down on the mat beside me, and with no further questions, still holding my hand in hers, she waited. How would you have felt? I had only a few minutes in which to tell a soul of Jesus. With a cry to the Holy Spirit for his enlightenment, and a heart full of longing love, I began:—

"Little sister, you can read?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I can read."

"Well, here in these books is a message from the God of heaven, who loves us." I can not tell you all that passed between us, deeply interesting though it was, but she understood every word, and responded eagerly. I put before her an outline of the gospel—God, sin, the punishment of sin in the future, the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection of Jesus Christ, substitution, faith, and so on. And she kept saying, "Oh, but how wonderful! Is it really true? We never heard these things before."

But the moments went by so quickly, and the barrow-men were impatient to start. At length I saw that I must go, and putting the Gospels and tracts into her hand, I said, "Little sister, it is all here. When we are gone, you will —"

"What?" she said; "what did you say? When you are gone? Why, elder sister, you are not going away! Those barrow-men are not calling for you, surely?" I told her all about our journey, explaining that we could not possibly stay. "Oh, but there must be a mistake!" she exclaimed. "We never heard these things before, never. You can not go away to-day. Stay with us here one moon or longer and teach us these things. They are exceedingly important! We can not let you go to-day."

It was very difficult to make her understand. Why, if we had stayed there, we might have stayed every day of that journey; for in those two months we came to only two places where missionaries were preaching Christ. At length she said, "Oh, elder sister, if you leave us, I am so afraid that we shall not be able to find the way! How shall we find the way?" I told her that the Lord Jesus would never leave her; that he would be there all the time; and that she must pray to him day by day, and put her hand in his, and trust him to lead her safely home.

"Oh, but," she said, "I am afraid that we shall not be able to find the way!"

At length I had to go, and she came out to me in the courtyard, holding my hand all the time, and in the middle of the courtyard she stopped me. She was looking bright and eager again, and said, "Elder sister, tell me one thing—you will not be very long gone, will you? You will soon come back again to our town, and tell us more about these things? Will it be this next moon, or the moon after?"

I did not know what to say. I thought of that long journey of two months and more—of all those hundreds of towns and cities in a district we were hoping to evangelize. I knew there was but little hope of our ever being in that neigh-

borhood again. But she would have an answer. With tears I said, "Dear little sister, I will come back if I possibly can. And I will come back as soon as I can. But I can not say just when it will be."

"Oh," she said, the tears springing to her eyes, "O elder sister, are we only to hear this once?" It was her last word. She went out with me to the street, and dropped my hand in silence, as I got on the barrow. I looked back as long as I could, and still saw her standing, the books in her hand. But I have never seen her since. That is ten years ago, and so far as I know, no other missionary has visited that town or district. Certainly there is no one there to-day telling of Jesus. O friends, is it right? Is that what the Lord intended? Can it be pleasing to him that we should live as if no such needs existed? Do we really love him? Do we care?

A dear girl who went out to China as a missionary was asked what had led to her taking this step. She replied: "I seemed to see the Lord Jesus Christ standing alone among the heathen dumb! No one to speak for him; no one through whose life he can pour the love of his heart; waiting for you and me to come to his side and be lips for him, and love for him, and win those waiting souls to him." Do you see Jesus Christ standing among the heathen dumb?—Mrs. Howard Taylor, China Inland Mission.

## Burning the Bridges Behind

THAT is a beautiful story which tells how Elijah came one day striding across the great farm which belonged to the father of Elisha, having his heart bent on calling that young man to God's work. The Spirit of God had spoken to him, and had put it in his heart to go and win Elisha to set himself apart to the work of the Lord, and fit himself to become, after a while, his own successor.

The way in which Elijah performed his errand is just like him. Elijah was one of those original characters who always do a thing in their own way. He had been alone a great deal, and he was not a man given to talking overmuch, but he never failed to make people understand what he meant. So that day, when he came walking across the field where the twelve plows were slowly cutting their way, pulled by the lazy and sluggish oxen, Elijah waited until the last team came along, where his young friend Elisha held the plow. Without saying a word, he took the great sheepskin mantle, the sign of his prophetic office, from his own shoulders, and threw it around the shoulders of the boy, and walked away. Elisha was at first astonished and full of wonder, and then the meaning flashed upon him. The prophet meant that he was called of God to fit himself to be his prophet. He must leave the farm, and set himself apart to such studies and to such service as would make him fit for the work to which God had thus so strangely called him.

Elisha's decision of character comes out well



in his conduct at this time. He does not wait, but at once decides. Leaving the oxen standing in the furrow, he runs after Elijah, and says, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." And when he gets permission, he goes back and makes his arrangements to at once obey God's call.

Now, the thing that impresses me most is the way Elisha commits himself without reservation to this new decision. Naturally he was driving the best oxen himself, but he unhitched them from the plow, drove them home, and killed them to furnish food for his farewell banquet to his friends. If there had been any doubts in his mind about sticking to his purpose, and carrying it through at any cost, he would never have killed his favorite yoke of oxen, and made this big feast, calling so much attention to his changed career. But this young farmer had no doubt about the future. He had been called of God, and he had yielded to it, not for a day, or a year, but for life.

Now that was the very wisest thing Elisha could have done. I have no doubt that afterward he was sometimes tempted to go back to the old life; but the fact that he had openly announced to all his friends that he had accepted the call of God for special service was a great safeguard for him, and a great help in resisting temptation to give up. He had burned his way of retreat. This proverb, "burning the bridges behind," comes, as we all know, from the fact that more than once a great general, in order to make retreat impossible to his army, has burned up the bridges behind him, or burned the boats by which he came to land, so that victory or death is the only alternative. If there is any fight in a man, it will come out under those circumstances. There is always great power in such a public confession of one's purpose.

Luke tells us, in his story of the Acts of the Apostles, that in Ephesus a number of swindlers who had been getting rich by cheating the people, and playing on their superstitions and follies, became convicted of sin under the preaching of Paul, and determining to lead honest Christian lives in the future, they brought their manuscripts, which were worth a small fortune, and made a bonfire in the streets, and burned them before the people. And we are not astonished when Luke says that it had a tremendous influence, and that "mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." Now, any one can see that those men acted wisely. If they had kept those manuscripts, the first time they were out of work, and were having rather a hard time to get along, the devil would have tempted them to go back to their old swindling habits; but when they burned them up, they put an end to that kind of temptation.

Both of these stories are full of instruction and inspiration to any person who has made up his mind to lead the Christian life. The wise way is the frankest. To let the whole world know it, and take an aggressive, positive course is the way of least resistance. If we go timidly along as though we were only half sure of our purpose, it is a kind of invitation to attack from every mischievous associate, and every open or covert enemy of Christ. But if we frankly show our colors as an avowed and determined friend of Jesus, we put everybody who is not a Christian on the defensive, and the advantage of position at once becomes our own. This advantage is very great; for the conscience of every man or woman we meet who is a Christian is on our side.

Great growth in character, and large development in the Christian graces, can come only to a heart unreservedly given up to Christ. Give your heart to be the garden of the Lord, and then, whether the north wind of trial or the south wind of sympathy shall blow over your garden, the Holy Spirit shall cultivate divine graces in your soul, and Christ shall pluck fragrant flowers

in abundance there, for his joy and delight.—  
*Louis Albert Banks, in Christian Advocate.*

### Some Lessons from the Battle of Mukden

As I have been reading of that vast Japanese victory at which the world is wondering, it has seemed to me wealthy with lessons for the personal life.

For, after all, for every one of us life is a battle—against foes outward and inward; against difficulties, disappointments, a thousand opponents. Every life, if it amounts to anything, must be a battle won. I am sure that great Japanese victory may have, for any one who would make the most of his own life, most valuable impulse and suggestion.

First lesson for the personal life from that victory, is the need of *general intelligence* for the successful waging of life's battle.

Times have changed. In the old time the victory hung upon preponderating brawn rather than brain. When David vanquished Goliath, Hebrew and Philistine gazed upon the contest of the champions from their respective camps. Yet even then the conflict turned upon the intelligent and dexterous use of the sling. But, speaking generally, hope of victory would, in the old time, usually depend upon Goliath's brawn. Not he who could think the quickest, but he who could strike the hardest, would be most likely to be the winner.

But times have changed. The implements of warfare which science has put into the hands of combatants demand intelligence for their wielding.

I have seen it authoritatively stated that either ninety-four or ninety-six per cent of the rank and file of the Russian army can not read or write. Only one-quarter of the Russian youth of school age are receiving any education at all. There are mitigations of this last statement I have no space for mentioning, but the truth holds that there is an immense amount of the most stolid ignorance in the Russian peasant class, whence the rank and file of the Russian army are chiefly drawn. Such ignorance may be even heroically enduring, but it can never for long hold its own against a confronting general intelligence.

#### Compulsory Intelligence

But long ago the Japanese emperor made proclamation that there was to be no Japanese village in which there was a family illiterate, nor any one in any family who could not read and write. Intelligence in Japan is compulsory.

Take an instance of the way in which a general intelligence can focus itself to special ends. Warships for both Russia and Japan were at the same time building in Cramp's shipyard near Philadelphia. The Russians spent most of their time in drinking, and rarely came near their ship. The Japanese watched every piece which went into the structure of their ship, and knew the reason and use of it. "It is only such intimate knowledge," says the one who tells about it, "that can use so intricate a machinery as a modern warship to its full capacity." And what is true of modern warships on the sea is as true of modern guns upon the land.

It was the so superior general intelligence of the Japanese that equipped them for their victory.

Is not this a lesson worth the heeding by any one who would successfully wage his life's battle?

Second lesson for the personal life in that great Japanese victory, is the necessity of the most thorough *preparation* for life's battle.

I suppose there never was another nation entering a great conflict that was so thoroughly prepared as were the Japanese—in accurate knowledge of the country in which the armies would clash, in the most particular care about the carry-

ing and feeding of troops, in the scouting parties of physicians pointing out the pools and springs whence the soldiers might safely drink, in the careful instruction of the troops about the first treatment of wounds, in elaborate hospital arrangements, in the sort of drill and sort of uniform for various climates—in ten thousand other items.

Is not here a lesson worth heeding by anybody who would successfully wage the battle of a life? There must be preparation for it, if life's battle is to be well won.

And youth is the time for preparation. He who lets his youth speed without making the preparation must be always handicapped.

Third lesson for the personal life in that great victory, is the power of a *right initiative*.

Have you noticed the moment the great Japanese general Oyama seized for the bringing on of the conflict which has been won so mightily?

It was just that opportune moment at the ending of the long Manchurian winter before the spring sun had softened the frost-hardened roads. So there was chance for the swift encircling flank marches which have made the victory. Such another moment the whole round year would not present. That propitious moment, and with the power of a wise initiative, Oyama seized.

Is there not here, too, a lesson worth everybody's heeding? Thomas Carlyle used to say, "Grasp opportunity by the forelock; she has no back hair."

And let us learn this other personal life lesson from this great victory: the force of a *mighty motive*. It is patriotism with the Japanese.

But for each of us, pushing the battle of his individual life, there may be a motive nobler, stronger. We have opened our hearts and lives to the highest motives possible, when, with the great apostle, we can sincerely say, "For to me to live is Christ."—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D.*

#### Faith

WITH faith's fine ear I listen and hear  
The things that will soon be true,  
The rapturous song of the white-robed throng,  
Far up in the shining blue.  
I hear the throng in the land of song,  
More sweet than the song of birds,  
And the voices dear, they sound so near  
I can almost hear the words.

The harps by angelic fingers swept  
Have never a note of pain,  
And never a chord of sadness crept  
Into their glad refrain.  
Oh, the songs of love that are sung above,  
The heart-sense, listening hears,  
Till we long the more for the farther shore,  
For the land undimmed by tears!

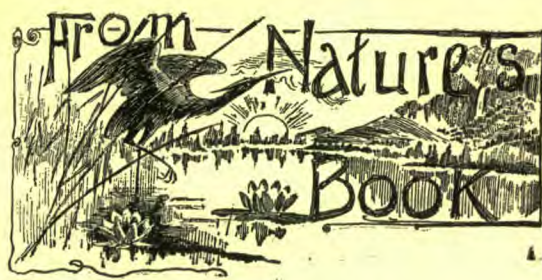
And faith's bright eyes look up to the skies,  
And away in the life to be  
We see the hands of the loved that stand  
By the shining crystal sea.  
We see each face with its tender grace,  
And eyes with love that glow,  
And brows so white, where the curls lay bright,  
Like sunbeams o'er the snow.

And angel feet, so pure and sweet,  
We see on the shining strand,  
Till desire grows strong, and our spirits long  
For the better, the dear home land.  
The Saviour waits at the pearly gate  
For the children bowed with care,  
To welcome home when our work is done,  
To the mansions bright and fair.

L. D. SANTEE.

AN elephant, it is said, can pull its entire weight, while a horse can pull but one sixth of its weight. Two elephants, in carefully arranged tests, raised sixty-five hundred pounds. One raised a safe weighing more than a ton. Recently there was a tug of war between elephants and a locomotive, in which the huge beasts nearly succeeded in wrecking the engines.





Spring-time Sights and Sounds

ON such a cherry, sunny day,  
When nature calls us all away  
To haunts of shade and sunny nook  
Beside some gurgling, prattling brook,  
Think you that I'll resist the call  
And stay indoors?—No, not at all!

So here I am, and oh, how good  
To see and smell the spring-time wood!  
The rain has left it fresh and sweet,  
And all about my rustic seat  
The violet's sweet faces peep,  
And dandelions vigil keep.

And I have brought a book along,—  
'Twill vex my eyes, but they are strong.  
But who could read and get the sense  
When all these birds their noise commence?

Just there, not thirty steps from me,  
High up the trunk of that dead tree  
Two noisy redheads have their nest,  
And every time when from their quest  
For bugs and worms they chatter back,  
They stop to give the bark a crack.  
With rat-a-tat and then a thump,  
With ease side-stepping on the stump,  
They circle round the old white bole,  
And stick their heads into their hole.

See that one hanging from a twig—  
An acrobat with crimson wig!  
Depend on him to find the bugs;  
He knows the haunts of juicy slugs;  
And such a lot of them he'll need  
For four small mouths he has to feed.

And near me, saucy, rude, and bold,  
Two English sparrows fuss and scold;  
A half a dozen, bolder still,  
Are splashing in a little rill.

Now watch that robin! Only see!  
I do believe he's teasing me.  
He hops this way close as he dares,  
Then stands with long-stretched neck and stares!  
The saucy fellow, watch his eye!  
The smallest bugs and worms he'll spy,  
And long before they've time to think,  
He swallows them, without a wink!

And that gay singer, where is he?  
He's perched away where I can't see;  
But such a song, such jolly notes,  
Come not from any common throats.  
Ah, there he is! I know him now,  
His whistled song ends with, Meow!

Ah, there! my lad! How do you do?  
I'm wondering who invited you.  
You're welcome, though, just come along—  
Don't interrupt the catbird's song.  
Well, run along, if you think best,  
And curl up in your lofty nest.  
Don't think you're hidden, for I see  
Your bushy tail around the tree.

And that small goldfinch,—now don't stir  
Or you will surely frighten her;  
She's come for lunch at Elm Tree Inn;  
I wonder how she likes the din.

And there upon another tree  
A tiny wren has come to see  
What kind of place will be the best  
For her to build her summer nest.  
But noisiest of all the folks  
In hair, or fur, or feather cloaks  
That occupy these woods and ways  
I think the prize goes to the jays.  
Just now are gathered in a tree,  
The tallest one that I can see.  
At least a dozen, beauties, too!  
But what are they about to do?  
Why, it's a dance! Just watch them now!  
Just see them strut, and nod, and bow!  
And hear them jabber, scold, and call!  
A monk would laugh to see it all!

There! Hear that redbird's whistled call!  
The clearest, sweetest note of all!  
Now would not any boy be proud  
If he could whistle half so loud?  
Just listen!

MAX HILL.

The Growth of Early Spring Flowers

WHEN the first growing days of spring come, and after the rains the April sun bursts out as warm as June, we stand amazed at the sudden transformation that takes place in the landscape. The leaves seem not to grow, but actually to jump out. In a few days the trees which had been covered by a faint, misty haze of green, spring into full leaf, and only the oaks and beeches remind us that winter is not far behind us. The flowers appear as suddenly, and hepaticas, bloodroot, and violets soon gladden our eyes.

How is this sudden growth possible? If the trees and herbs were obliged to wait until they had slowly made the food required for this transformation, a few warm days and soaking showers would have little effect in bringing it about. All through the previous summer the surplus food-substances formed in the leaves, the starch-factories of the plant, have been carried



DANDELION

to safe places in stem and root, and laid up for future use. Through the winter this store of food has lain safely, waiting for its appointed time, and as soon as the rain and sun have started the buds, the starch absorbs moisture, and is turned into a sort of sugary sap, which takes up more room than the dry starch, and forces its way into every twig of the tree. The growing buds absorb this sweet sap and unfold with marvelous rapidity.

If we examine any very early herb, we shall find somewhere at the base a storehouse of food. Let us look, for instance, at one of our commonest weeds, the dandelion. If we pull up a plant, we shall see a long, tapering, fleshy root which is full of food, put there during the previous summer. In the spring the new leaves do not have to make food before other leaves and flowers can develop, but they can draw on the prepared store. The dandelion uses its root for its storehouse, so do the carrot and the beet, the radish and the turnip, which are used by us for food. Other plants store their food in their stems. Many of our spring plants have large, creeping, underground stems, which throw up new shoots every year. The Solomon's-seal takes its name from the seal-like scar at each place where a shoot has grown and withered in former years, and the bloodroot is named from the red juice which fills its underground stem, and stains our fingers, making us look guilty of some crime. But it is not a crime to pick all the bloodroot that we want. Safe beneath the ground are the tiny forming buds that will throw up the blossoms and leaves next year, and we can not hurt them. But the wild

flowers which have no creeping underground stems provided with buds, depend on their seeds for future descendants, and we must not pick them all. The violet and anemone also have a storehouse in their underground stems, and the stem of the violet is covered with fleshy teeth. The teeth are the remains of former leaves, while the upper part above the ground has withered



ANEMONE

away. In the anemone the underground sheaths are modified leaves, and from their axils spring branches to continue the growth for the following year.

In all our bulbous plants, snowdrops, crocuses, tulips, adder's-tongues, and trilliums, the food is stored in the base of the stem or in the bases of the leaves. The green leaves of a tulip die down to the ground after flowering-time is over, but it has first deposited its provision for the following spring

in the underground part of the leaves, which become fleshy and gorged with nourishment.

We call these storehouses bulbs, and the name is given in common speech to the underground part of the crocus also, where the food, instead of being stored in the bases of leaves, is collected in the base of the stem.

Any organ of the plant may thus be utilized as a storehouse of food, and we can name many examples of plants which so use their roots, their stems, and their leaves. In our trees the food is stored principally in the branches, where it is close at hand to supply plenty of sap to every little bud as soon as it begins to swell in the spring-time.—Jane H. Newell, in "Flower and Fruit."

A Dog's Gratitude

THE appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, as minister to Switzerland, calls to mind an incident of his university days which has never been made public before, and sheds an interesting light upon a trait in his

character which but few of his friends appreciate. This is his love for animals, especially dogs. While Dr. Hill was president of the University of Rochester, he owned a beautiful Irish setter, of which he was exceedingly proud, and the two were seldom seen apart. Occasionally the dog would bring a friend to the house, and was never disappointed in the manner of its entertainment. One dark and stormy night late in November Dr. Hill was reading in the hall of his home when he was arrested by a sound of scratching against the storm-house door. Thinking that perhaps his Irish setter had been shut out in the rain and cold, he arose and threw open the portal. A drenched and sorry figure stood in the glare of the light. It was an aged dog, of the breed of the doctor's favorite, but worn and weak with hunger



ADDER'S-TONGUE AND BLOODROOT



and exposure. It stood half crouching, and wagging its drooping tail with hesitating and doubtful motion. Touched by the helplessness of the animal, Dr. Hill called it in, made it lie down in front of the fire, and then with his own hands gave it something to eat. The food was devoured ravenously, and after every scrap had been consumed, the thankful old setter rubbed its scarred muzzle against its host's hand. Dr. Hill decided to keep it for a while, at least, and gave orders that it should be treated with kindness and consideration. But its stay was not destined to be long continued, for one day it fell sick, and lay in the kitchen by the fire, growing weaker hour by hour.

One evening Dr. Hill sat at the desk in his study, deeply immersed in work, when he was aroused by a faint scratching at the door, like that which had taken him to the storm-house three nights before. He arose and opened the door. Tottering and swaying, the wasted tramp dragged its feet inside with a heroic but difficult wag. Dr. Hill went back to his desk, and was soon buried in the depths of work. Thus he sat in the rim of light from his reading-lamp for an hour. Of a sudden he felt a pressure on his foot. Looking down, he saw the old dog lying at "charge," with his weary head resting on his friend's foot.

Something in the attitude struck the student, and he leaned forward and touched the quiet muzzle. Then he lifted it. It dropped back limp and inert. The old dog was dead.

"The tears sprang to my eyes," said Dr. Hill when he told the story afterward. "My heart was never more deeply touched. I thought I understood dog nature before, but after that I saw that I had but reached the threshold. Driven through the world with kicks and cuffs, worn and weary, the dying dog knew his end was approaching, and with the warmth of gratitude to me, who had taken compassion upon him, the faithful creature dragged himself to my side and breathed his life out in one last expression of his thanks." — *Selected.*



## THE MAY FIELD STUDY

(May 13)

### OPENING EXERCISES:—

- Singing.
- Prayer. (Let several take part.)
- Scripture lesson.

### REMARKS BY THE LEADER.

"The Work Fitted the Time." See Editorial, *Review*, March 16.

### FIELD STUDY:—

- "A Journey to the West Coast of South America," *Review*, March 23.
- "The Boys' School, Canton, China," *Review*, March 23.
- "Buluwayo Mission," *Review*, March 30.
- "Our Nyassaland School," *Review*, April 6.
- "Our New Mission Station," *Review*, April 6.
- Brief Messages from Thos. H. Davis, Geo. F. Enoch, F. W. Spies, W. S. Hyatt, W. Robinson, H. C. Goodrich, L. R. Conradi, H. H. Votaw, C. E. Rentfro, F. B. Armitage, A. G. Watson.

### CLOSING EXERCISES:—

- Prayer for the fields.
- Song.

### Note

Use the map. If you do not have one, draw an

outline map on the blackboard or a large sheet of paper. Note the fields from which our messages come to-day: West Indies, Central America, Chile, Ecuador, Brazil, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Asia Minor, Africa, India, China, and the East Indies. Put a cross or star on the map to designate each field represented. This will produce a vivid picture of the work in hand, as well as show something of the work yet to be done.

E. H.

## Baptism

THAT baptism is clearly taught in the Scriptures, no student of the Bible can question. This divine rite was established by the Lord himself. It is a part of the great gospel commission which the Saviour gave before he ascended to heaven. He commanded, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Matt. 28:19, 20. And in this same commission he gives the assurance that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Mark 16:16. Some say, Is baptism a saving ordinance? Well, it certainly is as much so as any other thing the Lord has commanded.

The Saviour, when on earth, was our example. We are exhorted to walk in his steps (1 Peter 2:21; 1 John 2:6), and we find him at the beginning of his public ministry, coming to John the Baptist to be baptized, to "fulfil all righteousness." Matt. 3:15. On the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit of God wrought in great power among the people, causing them to exclaim, "What shall we do?" Peter said, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2:38.

Repentance and faith in our Lord as a Saviour, precede baptism, and only those who are old enough to understandingly repent of their sins, and believe, and have by faith accepted Jesus as their Redeemer, are proper subjects for baptism. Sprinkling and infant baptism are both pagan rites. It is through baptism, and not by observing Sunday, that we commemorate the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." Rom. 6:4, 5.

Much theological discussion has been engaged in concerning the "mode" of baptism. This is wholly unnecessary. It is scarcely proper to speak of the "mode" of baptism, for baptism is baptism, and there is only one way (Eph. 4:5), and any so-called "mode" is simply a perversion. The Bible is very plain in reference to the matter, and no technical examination of texts in Greek or Hebrew is necessary to determine which of the so-called "modes" is the proper one.

Smith in his Bible Dictionary truly says, "Baptism properly and literally means *immersion*." The Greek word should have been so translated, and Rotherham in his excellent translation of the New Testament has so rendered it throughout. But there is no room even for cavil from the Authorized Version. We are "buried with him by baptism," "planted together in the likeness of his death." These figures indicate unmistakably the "mode." John the Baptist baptized "in the river" (Mark 1:5), and on a certain occasion "was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, because there was much water there." John 3:23. It does not require "much water"

either to sprinkle or to pour, but it does to immerse. "And being immersed, Jesus straightway went up from the water; and, behold! opened to him were the heavens, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and coming upon him." Matt. 3:16, Rotherham's Translation.

The story is related of a little girl who, wishing to be baptized, was asked by her pastor, who believed in sprinkling, how she wished to be baptized. She replied, "Just like Jesus was." He turned to some of his assistants and said, "We shall have to take this girl to the river." How true; for Jesus, when he was baptized in Jordan, "went up straightway out of the water."

The same truth is stated in the narrative concerning Philip and the eunuch. When Philip joined himself to the chariot, he found the eunuch reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Philip "began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." As they were riding along, the eunuch said, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" In preaching Christ to him he had preached baptism, and the Spirit of God convicted the eunuch of his duty to obey in this holy ordinance. "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8:35-37. "And he ordered the chariot to stand still, and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the chamberlain, and he immersed him." Verse 38, Rotherham's Translation. As soon as he fully believed, he was baptized. So was also the Philippian jailer. When he saw the prison doors open, but all the prisoners safe, he exclaimed, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway." Acts 16:30-33. He was not baptized in the house as those who argue in favor of sprinkling declare; for they came into the house after the baptism. Verse 34.

The believer is married to Christ (Rom. 7:4), and baptism is the ceremony which unites him to his Lord, and places him in the royal family. We are baptized "into the name [or family] of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28:19, R. V. In the marriage relation the prospective bridegroom selects from another family a lady of another name; she consents to give up her own family and name, and they are married, and the bride becomes a member of another family, and takes the name of the bridegroom. When the ceremony is pronounced which legally makes them one, her name is changed, and she is a member of a new family. So with us. We are all members of another family, children of wrath, aliens. But by faith we become children of God and united to Christ. He adopts us into his family, on condition of our obedience, and death to every known sin. Baptism is the outward symbol of this inward work, by which we say to all the world that from henceforth we are members of the family of God. What a high and exalted privilege! Children of the royal family indeed! And having become members of this royal household, how circumspectly we should walk, lest we through sin bring reproach and disgrace upon the family. How necessary it is that we become indeed *dead* to sin before we are buried in the sacred rite of baptism. "For as many of you as have been baptized unto Christ have put on Christ." Gal. 3:27. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Col. 3:1. G. B. THOMPSON.

SIXTY-EIGHT newspapers out of every one hundred in the world are printed in English.





### The Waking of the Johnny Jump-up Family

FATHER JUMP-UP had slept till he was tired, and felt that it was time to get up. But it was still early for his neighbors to bestir themselves, and everything was cold and cheerless, so, although restless and impatient, Father Jump-up very wisely remained quiet in his snug quarters until a time when his surroundings warmed up a little, and the air became mild enough to allow his venturing out into it without shivering until his ribs ached.

Such a time finally came. Uncle Sunbeam, the Jump-ups' furnaceman, began work, and what a wonderful change soon took place under his skilful management! Very soon a gentle warmth began to creep about into nook and cranny and crevice, till at last the entire premises were delightfully cozy and comfortable; then with an air plainly expressing his approval of Uncle Sunbeam, Father Jump-up gave Mother Jump-up a nudge as a hint for her to follow, and crept carefully from beneath the coverlet, and peeped out to see what sort of weather it was.

He could not have asked for better. The sky was bright, the grass green, and the air as pleasant as air could be, while the thorn-apple tree above his head was like a white umbrella made of flowers. Father Jump-up was not sorry that he awakened so early, the better to enjoy it all.

Then Mother Jump-up gave their oldest son a nudge, saying, "Wake daughter!" and slipping into a new green gown, came out beside Father Jump-up; and they nodded and smiled at each other while exclaiming repeatedly, "This is delightful!"

Then Son Jump-up gave Daughter Jump-up a nudge, saying, "Wake brother, it's time to get up!" and he sprang out of bed, and hastened to join Father and Mother Jump-up in the fresh air and sunshine. Almost the first thing a little breeze tapped him playfully in the face, but he only bobbed good-naturedly about, looked up at the thorn-apple tree, and declared with the others, "This is delightful!"

Daughter Jump-up at once grew wide-awake. She did not even wait to rub her eyes, but giving Brother Jump-up a shake, she cried, "Get up, brother, and wake sister!" tumbled out of bed, and hurried away to romp with her brother, and young Neighbor Fern, who was crowding into the group to join their games.

Brother Jump-up felt there must be great fun somewhere, of which he was getting no share, and in a sudden hurry to get out and see, he gave Sister Jump-up a tremendous poke, and shouted, "Get up! Get up! Here I go!" and sure enough, out he went, and was soon on the green grass with the others; while Sister Jump-up followed just as quickly as possible, after getting into a nice spring frock and opening the big front door.

They all had breakfast under the thorn-apple tree, and Neighbor Fern was very sociable, remaining to breakfast with them, and behaving almost like a Jump-up himself.

But there was another member of the Jump-up family,—the baby, which has not been mentioned. He was allowed to sleep longer than the others, being the youngest, and such a little fellow; but presently, Mother Jump-up said, "My dear, is it not now time to wake Johnny? He should be taking his morning sun-bath."

Father Jump-up nodded, and called, "Johnny, Johnny, get up!" And Mother Jump-up called also, "Johnny, get up, Johnny!" And Son Jump-up echoed, "Get up, Johnny!" And Daughter Jump-up cried, "Johnny! Johnny!" And Brother Jump-up shouted, "Johnny! Come on, Johnny!" And lastly, Sister Jump-up piped shrilly, "John-e-e! John-e-ee! Get u-u-u-up!"

Baby Jump-up heard all the calls, and awoke. But he did not cry nor pout like some babies I have seen when their naps are disturbed. Instead, he smiled as brightly as could be, stretched himself, pulled on a cunning little blue hood with a green pointed collar about the neck, and crawled out of his cradle as quickly as he could, to toddle into the open air where the others were all expecting him and waiting to give him a royal welcome.

blue hood was so sweet and gentle that it could easily be seen that fine clothes were little to

Johnny, and that he would be the same lovely darling in a blue hood, a yellow hood, or no hood at all. His brothers and sisters were always happy when playing with Johnny Jump-up, never complaining of getting tired, nor of the baby's being such a bother, and each was kind, loving, and patient with the other the whole delightful time they spent together beneath the thorn-apple tree.

And a bird as blue as Johnny's hood, flying into the white umbrella, turned his head sideways to look at the Jump-up baby, as much as to say, "Well, if there isn't Johnny Jump-up, awake and out already!" And the sky of a paler blue than the hood, smiled down to say, "Little Johnny Jump-up, you are not a lazy baby!" While a small stream, blue like the sky, flowing about the roots of the thorn-apple tree, gave Johnny Jump-up a drink whenever he was thirsty, and all day long gurgled baby talk, which the blue bird, the blue sky, the blue stream itself, and even the blue-hooded baby fully understood.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### A Spring Chorus

OH, such a commotion under the ground  
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"  
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
Such whispering to and fro!  
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked;  
" 'Tis time to start, you know."  
"Almost, my dear," the Willow replied,  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the ground—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,  
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."  
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,  
"My silver and gold I'll bring."  
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,  
"My Hyacinth bells shall ring."  
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
And sweet grew the air of spring.  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the ground—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,  
Imprisoned in walls of brown,  
They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud,

And the sleet and the hail came down;  
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress  
Or fashioned her beautiful crown,  
And now they are coming to brighten the world,  
Still shadowed by winter's frown;  
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"  
In a chorus soft and low,  
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

—Harper's Young People.



Johnny did not get cold, for his blue hood fitted snugly. Mother Jump-up was much too careful a mother to allow her baby to go out to play on a fresh spring day without something on his head; and Johnny never displeased her by slyly leaving off his hood when she was not looking. The other children wore nothing but plain green suits, but none of them grumbled that Johnny's clothes were so much finer; instead, it seemed to please them that he was dressed so gaily, and the little face that looked out of the



## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

### More Waste-paper Baskets Model No. 6

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 3, 4, and 5, and braided straw. The base for each of the large baskets is seven inches in diameter. Make as previously directed.

Twenty-seven *double* stakes of No. 4 reed, each twenty-two inches long. Insert as directed in last lesson. Be *sure* to have the right number. Stakes may be pinched and turned up sharply, or turned gradually to form a roll, as in the one here shown. Rope twist and seven rows of triple twist of No. 3 reed. Evenly space the stakes while weaving the upsetting. When finished, cut each weaver, leaving the end on inside back of one stake. Five rows of braided straw follow the upsetting. This material can be obtained in a great variety of colors and widths. For the basket here described dark green and natural, one-half inch wide, were used. Dipping in warm water (not soaking) prepares it for use. It is somewhat difficult to shape a basket when using straw weavers, so an aid is provided by the



FIG. 1

use of a hoop or ring of coiled reeds tied inside the stakes to keep them properly slanted. Fig. 1. Still better than this is a large flower-pot, or anything of suitable size and shape, which may be slipped inside, and the basket woven tightly around it. An awl may be forced through the center of base and into a table or board to hold basket stationary, and yet allow it to revolve while being woven. To begin the weaving pass one end of the green straw *under* two pairs of stakes, *over* the first pair at *left* with the end just reaching to second pair. Fig. 1. Holding this in position with the left hand, work toward the right, passing the straw in front of one pair of stakes and back of the next—single weaving. Continue around the basket; when the first row is completed, cover the end that was left on the outside by passing the weaver in front of it, and pressing both down close to upsetting; pass under the next stake, still keeping the weaver close to upsetting. The next stroke begins the second row. Fig. 2. Complete five rows, and finish by passing the weaver *under* the same two pairs of stakes it was placed under at the start. Fig. 2. Carry weaver along *back* of last row of weaving a distance of three or four stakes; press it down securely to make a strong and straight finish. Above this put two rows of triple twist with number 3 reed. Then five inches (about fifteen rows) of natural straw braid. Begin and finish same as directed for the green. Two rows of triple twist, five of green straw, and four of waling twist complete the weaving. To prepare for the border invert the basket



FIG. 2

for a few moments in a dish pan or pail of hot water. Stakes must be under water clear to the basket. When well softened, take any pair, bring down in front of first pair at right, back of the next, in front of the next, and back of next, leaving the ends on inside of basket. Treat each stake in the same way, working toward the right. Fig. 3. Leave the first two loose, as the last two must be woven in below them in finishing. Make the border as close and even as possible. Cut ends so that each will rest against a stake. Do not cut too short.

The height and top diameter of the basket is eleven and one-half inches.

The second basket is the same as the first with the exception of a row of pairing above the last row of triple twist at top, and another just below the waling twist. The upper row of pairing is begun by doubling a long weaver, and placing it around one pair of stakes. There is no weaving between the two rows of pairing. The space thus left is called straight fitting. A ribbon, matching in color the straw at the bottom, was run through the open work.

About two feet of No. 5 reed will be required for each handle.

Cross the ends so as to leave in the center a loop two and one-half inches in diameter. Put each end through the loop three times. Cut the ends slanting. If properly made, this will be a perfect three-strand circle. To attach to the basket take an eighteen-inch piece of No. 3 reed, slip it back of one stake just below waling, bringing ends together in front. Twist them together to form a cord about one and one-half inches long. Slip a handle over this, and pass the ends through, one on either side of stake just above waling. Draw as tight as possible, and cross just back of the stake. Weave one to the right and one to left over and under stakes until secure.

The small basket may be used for a jardiniere. It has a three and one-half inch base. Height and top diameter six inches. Nineteen *double* stakes of No. 3 reed each thirteen inches long. Rope twist and six rows of triple twist of No. 2 reed. Three and one-half inches double weaving with No. 2 reeds. Four or five rows of waling. Border same as the large baskets.

Straw as well as reeds should be finished with one or two coats of shellac.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

Two thousand vessels of all sorts disappear, it is estimated by statisticians, in the sea annually, taking with them twelve thousand human beings, to death.

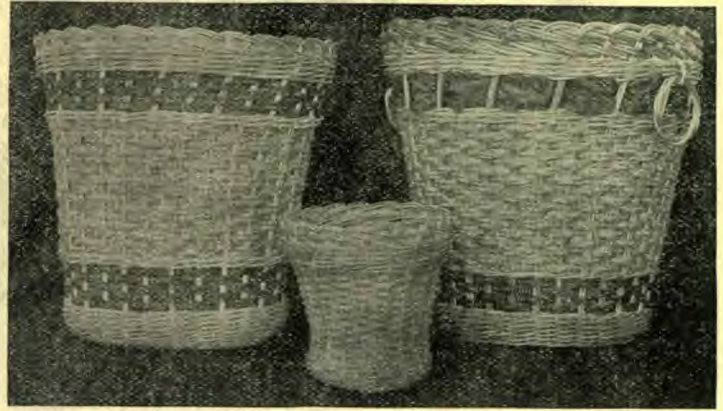


FIG. 4

### The President's Secretary

THE private secretary of the president has charge of the mail which comes to the executive office. These letters come from all parts of the country, from all classes of people, and relate to every conceivable subject, from an application for a place in the cabinet to one for a discarded necktie of the president.

This multitudinous and diverse mail is taken care of by correspondence clerks, who sift out those letters which are to be referred to the several departments and bureaus of the government. The utmost care and intelligence on the part of the clerical force still leave a large number of letters that must be brought to the private secretary, who is supposed to know the relative importance of the president's correspondents, and the bearing their letters have upon questions the president is likely to consider.

The secretary himself must read and answer these letters, so far as he can, while he must call the remainder to the direct attention of the president, and take his order concerning them.

A considerable proportion of the president's mail is of a confidential nature, from men who have studied public questions, and feel themselves qualified to offer suggestions or give advice, and from those who have information to impart that may be of value to the president. Obviously, all this information must be in the custody

of the private secretary, so that, at the proper time, it can be laid before the president to aid him in his decisions.

The secretary comes into contact with the public by personal interviews with the thousands of persons who call at the executive office. In the first days of an administration the number of these is legion; and every day there are scores of men and women to be seen and their wishes heard. They are to be treated in such manner as shall best facilitate their business or satisfy their curiosity.

Nearly all of them want to see the president, which, of course, is impossible. The secretary must try to explain this satisfactorily to them, help them to obtain access to the officer in immediate control of that branch of the government in which their business lies; listen patiently to their explanations; hear those who come to submit plans and policies of administration; determine who, if any, shall be granted an audience with the president, and arrange for the interview.



The secretary must be able to give to the president, in advance of the time set for the interview, a brief of what he is to hear, thus saving his time and patience, and also smoothing the way of the one who is to have the audience.

Not a few of the callers are the fathers or mothers or wives of those who have been condemned to imprisonment or to death, and for whom executive clemency is invoked. Of course in all capital cases the president grants a personal interview; but in many others the secretary has the task of satisfying those interested with a reference to, or securing for them a word with, the head of the Department of Justice.

Both through the mail and by personal interview the secretary meets and must deal with that large class of people called "cranks." Of these there are the dangerous and the harmless; the one who cherishes revenge for fancied slight, and he who wants the president to help him to a patent for perpetual motion, or she who wants him to assist her in recovering an imaginary fortune. Men and women laboring under all manner of delusions travel hundreds and thousands of miles to see the president.

It is no easy task to argue many of these out of their insane desires long enough to prevent an outbreak of violence. Some must be committed to the police or to asylums. Guiteau was a frequent visitor at the White House, and excited suspicion, but unfortunately he was permitted to go without surveillance or restraint. Against such as Guiteau the secretary and doorkeepers must ever be on guard.

Another way in which the secretary can be of large help to the president is in his relations with the press. The gentlemen who represent newspapers in Washington are generally picked men, who can be taken into the largest confidence. It is of the highest importance to have the public correctly informed concerning many phases of public affairs, and the secretary can always rely upon the newspaper representatives to second his desires in this regard.

The president's secretary should know what is proper news, and be not only on good terms, but on the best of terms, with the press; for it is true that public men and public questions depend much on the attitude the newspapers hold toward them.

The president's secretary must be in close touch with members of Congress, for he is the medium of communication between the president and such of them as the president may desire to confer with. Senators and representatives have *entree* to the president's room during the regularly appointed hours of the morning, but they are often compelled to attend committee meetings before the houses convene, and then they tell the secretary of the business they wish to present to the president.

Sometimes the senator or representative prefers to explain his desire or view to the secretary, trusting him to bring the matter fully to the president's attention when a favorable opportunity occurs. At rare intervals, possibly, a congressman may have something disagreeable to say, which had better be said to the secretary than to the president; and yet it may be really important that some portion of the communication should have the president's consideration.

The secretary will have confidential relations with the heads of the departments, commonly known as cabinet ministers. To these he can be of much help, inasmuch as to him come suggestions or complaints, both by letter and orally, affecting all branches of the administration. In many such instances the private secretary can deal directly with the department chiefs, thus saving the president from annoyance, and facilitating the work of the departments.

Outside the nine great departments of the  
(Continued on page eight)

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VII—The Marriage at Cana

(May 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Verse 5.

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there; and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

"When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew); the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; but when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him. After this he went down to Capernaum, he, and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples: and they continued there not many days.

"And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise. And his disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.

"Then answered the Jews and said unto him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body. When therefore he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them; and they believed the scripture, and the word which Jesus had said."

#### Questions

1. Where were Jesus and his disciples invited not long after this? In what place was this wedding? Who was there?
2. Before the feast ended, what was found to be lacking? Who came and told Jesus? What does this show that Mary believed? What did she tell the servants to do?
3. Tell how Mary's faith was rewarded. To whom did Jesus tell the servants to carry some of the wine? What did the governor of the feast say when he had tasted it?
4. What was the result of this miracle? To what large city did Jesus now go? Who went with him?
5. What feast was now at hand? Where did Jesus go? What did he find in the temple? What had the Lord said his house should be

called? Isa. 56:7. When he came down upon Mount Sinai, what was placed around the mount? See Ex. 19:12, 13. What does this show?

6. What did Jesus do when he saw the money-changers and the marketmen in the court of the temple? What did he say? What power attended his words? What scripture came into the minds of his disciples?

7. What did the Jews say to Jesus? How did he answer them? What did the Jews suppose that he meant by these words? Of what did he really speak? When did his disciples afterward remember these words?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VII—Fallen Angels and Their Work

(May 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Eph. 6:11.

#### Questions

1. What controversy did the prophet see take place in heaven? Rev. 12:7-9.
2. Why were some of the angels cast out of heaven? 2 Peter 2:4.
3. Who was the leader in their sin? Matt. 25:41.
4. Whence did Satan fall? Luke 10:18; note 1.
5. Into what place were Satan and his angels cast? Rev. 12:9; Job 2:2.
6. How did he begin his work? With what result? Gen. 3:1-7; note 2.
7. Against what must we all now fight? Eph. 6:10-13.
8. How is the deceptive power of Satan being manifest in the last days? Matt. 24:24.
9. Why is this true? Rev. 12:12.
10. Into what may these angels transform themselves? 2 Cor. 11:14.
11. What are we bidden to do? 1 John 4:1.
12. By what are we to test the spirits? Matt. 7:20; Isa. 8:20.
13. What will be the end of Satan and his angels? Matt. 25:41; Eze. 28:18.
14. Through whom may we become victors over these foes? 1 Cor. 15:57.

#### Notes

1. Satan was one of the covering cherubs, created for this very position, and stood next to Christ in position and power. He was the leader of the heavenly choir ("Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. I, page 28). He allowed pride to enter into his heart, and, becoming jealous of Christ, and dissatisfied with the position given him by the Creator, he sought to exalt himself above God. It is impossible to explain or fully to understand how sin entered into his heart; this is the mystery of sin. But the fact remains nevertheless. Having whispered his dissatisfaction among the angelic host, he succeeded in leading almost one third of the loyal angels into rebellion. Rev. 12:4. These angels, under the leadership of that master mind who led them into ruin, are all engaged in deceiving souls. As the end grows nearer, they become more active in their warfare, till all the world, except a remnant whose names are in the book of life, comes at last under their control.

2. Note that Satan began his work of rebellion against God in this earth by questioning what Jehovah had said, and creating doubt in the mind as to the faithfulness of his word. His method has in no way changed. Every suggestion, no matter from what source it may come, which tends to in any way weaken faith in God's word, is inspired by Satan, who well knows that his attacks are vain so long as we hold fast to the Scriptures of truth.





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**Not Afraid**

A GENTLEMAN on boarding a train observed a family consisting of father, mother, two children, and a nurse, who were also just taking seats in the car. Very soon after the train started, the mother reached back to where the children were sitting, and without saying anything, lifted the younger child into her lap, put its face against her own, its arms about her neck, and then clasped her arms about the child's body. While the man was wondering what all this meant, the train dashed into the darkness of the tunnel. But there were no expressions of fear by the child: it could feel the warm touch of the mother, and it was unalarmed. So God foresees the temptations and trials coming to us, and prepares us for them. His thought is toward us afar off. Every Christian can testify to this precious, protecting, providing love of Christ.

**A Loyal Tribute**

A LITTLE fellow's loyalty to the love of God was revealed in his answer to a question asked by one much older than himself, but who was unwilling to acknowledge the loving care of the Lord for his children. The person said to the boy, "If the Lord loves you as you say he does, why does he not care for you better? Why does he not have some one send you some coal or give you a pair of shoes?" The little fellow thought a moment, and replied: "I dare say he does; but somebody forgets."

We are told by the spirit of prophecy that the Lord has made *definite personal provision* for the needs of all his children; that there are none in distress because the Father has not done his part. He has entrusted to one what is needed for another's comfort and necessity. The Lord meant by this plan to bind the human family together by chords of love, sympathy, and gratitude. If one receives a gift for another, gratitude and kindly feeling for the giver are awakened; and the one who made the gift is rewarded by having a keener interest and love created for the one whose needs he supplied. Had none ever "forgotten" to hand over what had been entrusted to him for dispensing to others, the present state of greed, covetousness, and distress in the world would have been impossible.

**The President's Secretary***(Continued from page seven)*

government, whose heads make up the cabinet, there are several independent bureaus, such as the Government Printing-office, the Civil Service Commission, the Commission for the Government of the District of Columbia, which are directly responsible to the president. With these the secretary has much to do in the name of and representing the president.

The private secretary has immediate charge of the executive mansion, and of the employees in and about the building. The Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds is in control of the property officially, but the secretary is the personal representative of the president and family in all matters pertaining to the economy of the executive office and of the home.

There are about fifty employees concerned with the president's house, from the clerks in the office and the force of doorkeepers to the domestic servants and the policemen who patrol the grounds. These are under the supervision of the private secretary. He is to look after the details of the public and official receptions, the state and other dinners given by the president, and the various social functions of which the White House is the center.

The secretary also arranges for the reception by the president of ambassadors and foreign ministers, who are presented by the Secretary of State according to formula determined by the State Department. It is desirable that there be no hitch in any of these, wherefore the secretary must see that the ceremony passes off with dignity and decorum.

The secretary is to be eyes and ears for the president, who is by necessity more or less secluded from touch with the outside. He is apt to hear only that which his callers and friends think he ought to know. There is much force in the suggestion that another cabinet officer be provided—a secretary to tell the president the truth. The private secretary may do this if his relation with the president be, as it should be, that of a confidential friend.

The secretary must read the newspapers sufficiently to know the drift of opinion and discussion regarding public questions. He must see and hear all he can that is going on about him, and faithfully report to the president such facts or conclusions as will be of help to him. He must be able to detect the difference between a passing clamor and what is likely to crystallize into public sentiment.

Often the president must send the secretary on tours of investigation. Confidential inquiries are to be made regarding persons or things, and these the secretary must conduct. The president needs facts, and figures, and information for messages to Congress, both regular and special. To gather these and to sift them properly for use by the president is the secretary's duty.

The actual mechanical preparation of the president's messages is under the care of the secretary. They must be copied, printed, and distributed; and to prevent them from being prematurely published, or their contents being substantially discovered in advance, requires great care and fidelity on the part of the secretary and his assistants.

On many occasions, and sometimes under difficult and delicate circumstances, the secretary must represent the president. At all times what he may say or do is liable to be so interpreted as to involve the president. Therefore, the crowning virtue of the secretary is wisely to understand the force of the adjective "private;" to keep always a bridle upon his tongue, and to clothe his conduct with prudence.

In this great country, with a stretch of territory so vast that some of it is in the light of day while other portions are shrouded in night, events are quite likely to occur at inconvenient seasons. The secretary may be awakened at any hour of the night to receive a telegram, and he must determine the necessity for immediate communication with the president, or with such member or members of the cabinet as may be able to take action without the president's presence.

It may happen that, when the president is temporarily absent from the capital, a cabinet officer may find it convenient to put the private secretary in the president's place long enough at

least to test whether the secretary can give a hint how the president would regard the question with which the department chief is dealing; or the secretary may be charged with a post-haste visit to the president, wherever he may be, to receive his judgment and order in the case.

Or the president may despatch his secretary to lay before an absent cabinet minister some question upon which the president desires information or counsel. The secretary is very often the medium of communication between the department heads and the president, duties in the highest degree confidential.

The private secretary generally accompanies the president whenever he may be traveling. Through him access to the president is had, and he represents the president in all business that may be necessary. Arrangements for train service and hotel accommodations are made through the secretary, who also keeps the run of the president's engagements, receives committees and callers, arranges with them as to the president's movements, and, in short, is responsible for the details of the trip.

Arduous as the duties of the private secretary are, and may become as the years add to their importance, there are many pleasures connected with the place, chiefest of which is the expression of confidence on the part of the president by virtue of the appointment. The secretary will feel amply repaid if that confidence is retained unimpaired.—*Maj. E. W. Halford, in Youth's Companion.*



SHREVEPORT, LA., Feb. 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: The INSTRUCTOR is a welcome visitor in our home each week, and I enjoy reading it very much. I am eleven years old. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. We have a good church-school. My aunt, Miss Katie Kickhaw, is our teacher. We live on a farm four miles from Shreveport. My papa is a market gardener. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

EVA L. ROACH.

KINGSVILLE, MO., Feb. 19, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am ten years old. I live on a farm just a quarter of a mile from the church. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I love to go and learn about the Lord. I am trying to be good, and I thank God for all the good readings, and I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the earth made new. Pray for me, that I may be faithful.

CLARENCE BOLEJACK.

DELTA, COLO., Feb. 18, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I will write you a few lines to tell you how much I appreciate the stories of the INSTRUCTOR, especially "Our Boys in Gray" and "From a Bolted Room." I am thirteen years old, and I go to a public school, and to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I am glad that we have a Letter Box, though I have never written before. The INSTRUCTOR is certainly the best paper in the world for the youth. I distribute tracts and loan books, and love to work for the Lord.

MAE JOHNSON.

GENESEE, IDAHO, Feb. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I go to church-school eight miles from Genesee. We have a Young People's Society, which meets every other Sunday at two o'clock; Sister Camp is our leader. I am twelve years old. We live on a farm of forty acres. I have two brothers and two sisters. I like to read the stories about the Yosemite Valley very much. I would like for some of the INSTRUCTOR readers to write to me. I hope this will be printed, as it is my first letter to the paper.

NELLIE YOUNG.