

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### A Visit to Riga of Russia

THE city of St. Petersburg, as you can see by taking a good map, is located between two seas, the Baltic and the Ladoga, and all the country round about is low. The trip from St. Petersburg to Riga, which was our next stopping place, lay through some fertile tracts of land. There were well-cultivated farms, and forests now and then. This was my first trip on a Russian train, and I saw that the third-class cars offered one a good opportunity to observe the customs, dress, manners, habits, and characters of the middle and lower classes.

As we left the city, our companions crossed themselves three times. This is done by the members of the Greek Catholic Church as a sort of prayer, on starting to travel, or at the completion of a journey, or before and after meal-time.

I am sure you would be interested in the home-made sheepskin head-gear, and the heavy fur or sheepskin coats the peasants wear. The smooth side of the skin is out, so the fur of the coat comes next to the clothing underneath.

We passed through lands tilled by the Esthonians and Lettonians, as well as those worked by Germans, Poles, and Russians. The cars are separated into sections, intended to accommodate twenty-four or more persons, giving them sleeping room at night. The upper shelf, intended for the luggage, of which there is a great deal, can be cleared off, and also used to lie on. Indeed, I prefer this, as it is in the top of the car, and nearer one of the three small circular ventilators. The windows are double. There are so-called non-smokers, but only so-called, and every one is supposed to smoke—if not from choice, at least from compulsion, taking his inhalations of that cheap, foul, poisonous, barbaric North American weed, second-hand. At every station the passenger can secure hot water for his tea. The Russians are great tea-drinkers, and always carry their teapots with them on the journey.

One of the chief places we passed between Petersburg and Riga was Pskow. It is situated in the midst of great flax farms, and produces linen, leather, and canvas for sails of ships. The city was founded perhaps by Ogla, wife of Igors, in 975 A. D., and became a great trading place during the Middle Ages,—a republic belonging to the Hausa league,—but lost its independence

under the Mongolian dominion. The city had a day of great anxiety in 1570. It was besieged by Ivan IV (The Terrible), as he suspected its citizens guilty of treachery. The czar had just come from the church where he had been worshipping, and passed by the cell of a monk, who, feigning imbecility, offered him a piece of raw meat. The religious monarch answered: "I am a Christian, and eat no flesh during the great fasts." "But," replied Monk Salos, "you do much worse; you nourish yourself from human flesh and blood, forgetting not only the fasts, but God himself. If you will lift your hand against a single citizen of this city that is consecrated to God, the Most High will destroy you with

and to take separate hacks, and drive to our lodgings in separate parties, so as to avoid attracting attention. We quickly left our car, and were off from the depot in short notice. I was not permitted to attend a single meeting, and after two days Brother Conradi had me separate entirely from him, taking a room with his most dangerous papers and books, in the hotel Victoria. As they spoke German here, I got on all right. We secreted part of his things in various secure places, so that we hoped they could not be found. I never knew so fully what a loss of liberty means, as I did in Riga. The first Russian prisoner I saw was in this city. He was dressed in the dirty grey prison clothes, marched through the streets between two saber-armed soldiers. Said Brother Conradi to me: "That's just the way they do here. I know what that means, I tell you."

I used to wonder how I would feel to be in a place where there was some genuine danger to me or my friends. I do not wonder about that any more; I know just how I should feel. I was not in danger, as I was kept away from all the meetings, and was not connected with them in any way. But I did feel anxious that God might protect our brethren, especially Brother Conradi, because I knew of the important appointments he wanted to meet in the immediate future. I can assure you there is no particular



MARKET SCENE IN A LARGE INTERIOR KOREAN TOWN

lightning." At these words the hitherto clear sky became covered with clouds, and Ivan departed.

Near by is the village of Wibutka, the birthplace of the holy Olga, a country maiden, whom Igor of Kief met on a hunting tour, and elevated to become his consort. After he was killed in a battle with the Drewlier, she conducted the government herself during the minority of her son Swjatoslaw. She was a woman of strong spiritual tendencies, and was baptized in Constantinople, and received the name of Helena, and when she died she was canonized. The eleventh day of July is observed in her honor.

As we came into Riga, at the first depot Brother Gaede came into our car, and said: "Well, the police are after us. Sabbath they came into our meeting, and took the names of all present, broke up the meeting, took away our passports, and forbade our having any other gathering. But we must trust God, and it may yet come out all right. They came to my house, and took all my reports, and books, and papers—everything. However, we have fortunately secured a hall away off in another part of the city." We were instructed to recognize and greet none of our brethren whom we might see at the depot,

pleasure in the sensations one has during such a time as our Riga experience gave us.

Riga is really a German city. It also belonged to the Hausa league. In some respects the place is in advance of St. Petersburg. The streets are better paved, and cleaner, and there are electric street-cars. The Germans, Lettonians, and Esthonians are, in general, Lutherans. The population of this city is about two hundred eighty-three thousand. It surprises me that in the older part of the city they still maintain their narrow streets. I saw fine buildings on some of the narrow, crooked streets. In the town, I saw several large cannon-balls, which had lodged in the walls, I suppose, during some siege or battle. There is some building going on, and Riga seems to be a growing, prosperous city.

Of course the Russians belong to the established church; though I noticed that the pictures of saints, and the other things pertaining to this worship were not in the depot itself, as in most Russian cities, but in a small chapel built in front of the station. There are a number of Jews here, and some Poles.

The city is in a sandy location, on both sides of the Duna, which forms a harbor deep enough

for the accommodation of ocean steamers. There are a number of factories; but commerce is of the greatest importance, and it is carried on by German and English capitalists. Salt, herring, coal, petroleum, railroad rails, and building stone are the chief articles of import, while flax, hemp, linseed-oil, tobacco, grain, and ship-building lumber are exported.

We left Riga on the evening after the Sabbath.  
GUY DAIL.

### City Scenes in Korea

THE ports of Korea are lively places, with their mixture of native, Japanese, and Chinese inhabitants; and there is much of interest to be seen in these cities. But for a genuine view of Korean city life, one should visit one of the large interior cities, where foreign influence has not penetrated deeply. Such a place is Pyeng Yang, the ancient capital, situated on the Tadong River, about seventy miles from the western coast.

The authentic records of Pyeng Yang are said to reach back to the times of David and Solomon. The city is surrounded by a wall of stone and earth, only the outer facing of stone, and the inner facing of the battlement, being laid with lime mortar. Of the several gates, the principal one is in the east wall, next to the river. It is surmounted by an imposing pavilion supported by immense pillars of cedar. The tiled roof of this pavilion has widely projecting, deeply curved eaves, so characteristic of Oriental temples and similar structures. The wall has not been kept in repair, and in several places it is so broken down that foot-paths run over it into the city.

Passing along the main streets, we find them thronged with white-robed people. The shops are quite small, and open to the street. Many traders, both men and women, sit in the street with their small stock of wares before them. There is loud bantering and sharp bargaining over prices; for there seems to be no "one-priced stores" in Korea. Men driving cattle or ponies bearing bulky loads of fuel or fodder, shout to the people to make room; for even the principal streets are quite narrow. In front of the butcher shops the fresh hides of the beeves are spread down in the street

under the feet of the crowd, till dry. Women of the better class glide along with eyes peering from the folds of long white or green garments thrown over their heads and clutched about their faces. Here comes another shy woman almost hidden by a basket-like hat larger than an ordinary clothes-basket. She supports the sides with her hands, and elevates the front end enough to enable her to see the way.

Many of the houses in the main part of the city are two stories in height, with tile roofs. But in the outskirts they are little, if any, superior to the country cottages. We notice that some of the dwellings lack doors and windows, and are told that these were broken up and used for fuel last spring by the Japanese soldiers while on their way to the war. The soldiers forcibly occupied many houses, as the weather was still cold; and the people have not all been able to repair the damage done to their dwellings.

Passing now toward the great eastern gate, we notice a constant stream of men carrying buckets of water from the river, which we learn is the source of the city's water-supply. This river water, dipped up among the boats which line the bank, is doubtless not the cleanest; but



it is probably cleaner than the water from any wells that might be sunk within the city walls. For there seems to be an utter lack of sewers and drains, and of any provision for removing the filth of the streets. The wonder is that people in such spotless garments can keep looking so clean in the midst of such surroundings. Pyeng Yang is certainly in dire need of proper sanitation.

The space between the eastern wall and the river is well covered with buildings. Here are to be found many Japanese houses. The river front is crowded with *sampans* and strange-looking Korean and Chinese junks. All is now bustle and confusion; for the tide is just beginning to ebb, and many boats are preparing to start down the river. A din of voices fills the air. The hoarse shouts of the crowd on shore mingle with the sonorous chant of boatmen as they labor together at the heavy cable which draws in their anchor. We step into our sampan, and are soon floating along between bold, rocky bluffs and pleasant fields, far from the city's noise.  
F. W. FIELD.

### Just Be Glad

A MOCKING-BIRD is singing on a limb of the China-tree by the gate, and he hops and dances about, his little black eyes gleaming like stars. Every morning for a month or more he has been there singing, and it is always the same joyful, thankful song.

He has learned a lesson that some persons have not yet learned. While his heart is filled with thankfulness, there is no room for envy, covetousness, or any of the peace-destroying sentiments; so he thinks of his blessings, and begins each day with his cheery song; and if his duties are not pressing, he comes back again and again during the day and sings. Wise little bird!

He is not singing alone for his own enjoyment; for near by, hidden in the fragrant honeysuckle vine is a little nest woven very skilfully, and in the nest are four dainty, spotted eggs, and his mate. She is too busy to sing if she could, but why should she sing when her protector keeps guard and sings for her the daintiest of cradle songs? Many of these songs he has learned from his feathered friends, and a few are of his own composing. Each of the concerts given for his mate are concluded with one of his own, and it sounds something like the cry of a sentry on guard, and his mate, watching him so proudly, understands that "all is well."

His life is a simple one, and he has to work hard sometimes to keep himself and his little family from hunger, but it makes no difference in his song, and why should it? The work only gives him strength, and his voice a clearer tone: it is one of the blessings for which he is thankful.

There are people whose lives are simple and filled with homely duties. They have health and loving families and friends; but their days are seldom begun with a song of thanksgiving. You can tell by looking at their faces that their hearts are filled with something besides peace and gratitude. I wonder why.

"Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't  
Have, you know!  
What we've met of stormy pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow.

"For, we know, not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put away our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad."

J. W. PEABODY.

### Cement Buildings

INQUIRY has been made by some interested in the Washington work, about the kind of buildings which have been erected, and especially concerning the material used for building purposes. I shall endeavor to give the desired information briefly and plainly.

Three buildings have been erected, which are of an economical, yet neat, design, being simply plain, straight structures with hipped roofs. These buildings are called cement because the first story of each is composed of a mixture of cement and stone. As the stone is kept from the outside of the wall, the appearance is that of a solid cement structure.

To construct a cement wall equal in durability to an ordinary stone wall, is a simple matter, and costs much less than one made of brick. As the cement is put into the wall while it is soft, the first thing to do is to erect what is known as a "form," which is simply a box built just the height, size, and shape of the desired wall. Care must be taken to keep it straight and plumb on the sides, and level on top. The form should be made of two-inch-thick material, with sufficiently heavy standards, or upright pieces, placed four or five feet apart, to prevent it from springing, which would make an ugly bulge in the wall. Dressed plank of a uniform width should be used for the outside of the wall, covering the cracks with molding of some plain design, to give the appearance, when the form is removed, of mortar joints or of cut stone.

The two sides of the form are securely fastened together either by passing long bolts through the bottom of the standards or by twisting a heavy wire around them, and nailing a strip across the top of the wall. The window- and door-frames are all set in place before any cement is put into the form.

Now everything is ready for the cement, which is a mixture consisting of one part of cement and two or two and one-half parts of good sharp sand.

The stones are placed in the form, care being taken not to put too many in one place, or closer than one inch to the face of the wall. Now water is mixed with the cement and sand until a thin mortar is produced; this is poured over the stones, and the operation is repeated until the form is full. Then it is allowed to stand until well hardened, which takes about thirty-six hours.

After the cement has hardened, the form is removed, and the wall is better than one of brick or stone, as it is all one solid piece.

Persons desiring to build will find cement an economical and very substantial foundation for any frame or brick building.

The construction can be made even more simple than by the method described, as any good heavy boards, whether rough or smooth, may be used for the form. The cement may be mixed with coarse gravel, using one part of cement with seven parts of gravel. This should only be dampened with water, and shoveled into the form, no stone being used except that which is in the gravel.  
A. L. PHILBRICK.

## HEALTH HINTS

### Hothouses for Germs

Do you know what an incubator is?

Certainly; it is a box for keeping eggs warm so they will hatch.

Right; but there are incubators for growing germs, as well as for hatching eggs.

Incubators for growing germs! Do not germs grow fast enough without having incubators?

It is necessary sometimes to grow germs in order to study them, or in order to determine the nature of certain diseases. As you have already learned, many germs grow better in a moderately warm temperature than in a cool one.

If I were to ask you what a refrigerator is, you would probably answer, It is a box for keeping foods cold so they will not spoil. But why does cold keep the food from spoiling?—Because the germs, when it is cold, grow very slowly, if at all.

Some germs which grow slowly at ordinary room temperature, grow more rapidly at the temperature of the body. Some are so particular that they will not grow at all unless the temperature is exactly to suit them. It is fortunate for people that such germs do not grow well outside of the body; for some of them are most dangerous disease germs, and if they could multiply outside of the body, they would be able to do more damage than they now can.

As a rule, disease germs grow much better at body temperature than at a lower temperature; and some will not grow at all unless the temperature is very near that of the body. There are a few, as the germs of cholera and typhoid fever, which may grow at much lower temperatures.

Sometimes bacteriologists want to study these germs, their habits and growth, or perhaps they want to test some water or milk in order to determine whether it contains certain dangerous bacteria. For this purpose it is often necessary to plant the germs in the proper "soil" in a glass tube or other vessel prepared especially for that purpose, and set it in the incubator for one or more days. In growing germs artificially the attempt is made to find the "soil" on which the germ grows most readily, and then keep it at the temperature most suitable. In some cases (the germ of consumption, for example) the growth is very slow, several weeks being required to make a perceptible growth, even when the conditions are most favorable.

#### Disease Germs

I have spoken about how plants and animals help each other to live, and how we germs help both plants and animals. Now one does not help the others from any benevolent motive. There is, between the different forms of life, a constant struggle for existence. The cow crops off the grass as fast as it grows. The pig picks up the acorns; and, if he is successful, he leaves none to be buried and form new trees. One animal or bird or fish preys upon another. So while each living thing in some way contributes to the lives of others, it is also true that many live at the expense of others.

In some cases this is more marked than in others, one being sometimes living completely at the expense of another. The mistletoe gets its main subsistence from the oak; and many growing mistletoes cause the tree to become unhealthy. Tapeworms in men and animals exist at the expense of the higher life, using the nourishment that was intended for their host. They can not gain a living otherwise. These are called parasites, the animal or plant on which they live, being called the host.

There are parasites among plants, among animals, and among germs. The parasites among germs are capable of living in the body of some living animal, and of producing substances injurious to the health of the animal. What we call contagious and infectious diseases are usually produced by some parasitic germ which gains a foothold in the body, and is transferred in some way from one animal to another or from one person to another.

There is a vast difference between the germ as a parasite and most other parasites. The mistletoe damages the oak principally by stealing its nourishment. In the same way a tapeworm injures the person whose intestine it inhabits. The person has an enormous appetite, and eats

large quantities, but remains thin because a goodly portion of the nourishment intended for the man goes to feed the worm.

There are many germs—millions of them—in the intestines of man, using the food, and, worse still, converting it into substances more or less injurious to the man. They are always present, and in case of overindulgence or when wrong combinations of food are eaten, as milk and sugar, or milk and fruit, or fruit and vegetables, especially when in large amounts, these germs seem to have a regular picnic; but it is not a picnic for the person who ate injudiciously.

What is known as a "weak stomach" is often the result of allowing these germs to grow too rapidly by wrong habits of eating. It is much easier to avoid a "weak stomach" by right living than it is to cure the stomach after it has become weak.

But these germs are not necessarily parasites, as the word is generally used. There are still other germs, which, perhaps, can not thrive well outside of the body, that, as they consume food and grow, produce certain poisons, some of them much more violent than strychnin,—poisons of which the very minutest dose, too small to be measured by any but the most delicate instruments, will produce alarming symptoms, and even death. Such germs as the lockjaw and diphtheria germs belong to this class.

#### Lockjaw

Long before any one knew anything about germs, there were savage tribes who used to poison their arrows by dipping them into garden soil, or into the blood of some animal which died of lockjaw. Even a slight scratch on a person from an arrow so infected, was liable to be followed by lockjaw and death. It is now known that these lockjaw germs are often present in ordinary garden soil, and may be on old nails, so that a wound by a hoe or rake or by a nail (it does not need to be rusty) may end in lockjaw.

Many cases of lockjaw have occurred as a result of using toy pistols, because the earth used in making up the cartridges happened to contain some of the lockjaw germs. Accidental wounds with these toy pistols, some of the infected earth being left in contact with the wounded surface, often ended fatally. But I shall say more later about how doctors now go to work to save people who have been infected with lockjaw germs.

It is well now to remind you that any wound made by a dirty tool, and which does not cause free bleeding, is especially dangerous, and should be freely opened and disinfected. It takes two or three weeks to develop lockjaw so that it can be recognized, and when it gets that far, the patient usually dies.

#### Diphtheria

The diphtheria germ produces a poison which not only cooks the lining of the throat, turning it white, but which damages the kidneys, causes a fever, paralyzes muscles, and often ends in the death of the patient.

So far as is known, diphtheria germs do not grow in a state of nature outside of the animal body; so that every case of diphtheria must come from some other case, or from somebody who is carrying around a growth of diphtheria germs in his throat.

For it seems now that the diphtheria germs, and pneumonia germs also, may be present in the mouths of many persons who do not have the disease. This is especially so in the case of pneumonia germs, which are found in the mouths of many healthy persons.

These germs are there, and grow, but do not get a foothold in the tissues until, perhaps, "a cold is caught" as a result of exposure, and the pneumonia germs then easily get a start in the weakened tissues, and produce their dangerous poisons from which one seldom fully recovers.

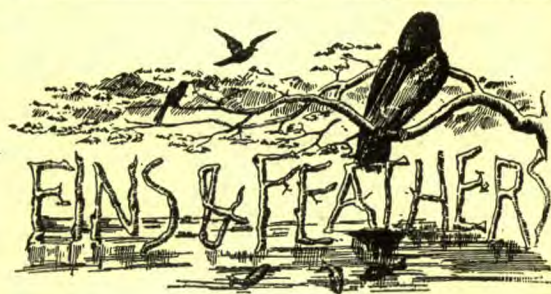
#### Germ Diseases

Diseases which are "catching" or infectious, which travel in epidemics, attacking many persons in one locality at a time, are usually due to the presence of micro-organisms. In regard to some of the most common diseases, as scarlet fever and measles, it is not yet definitely known what is the nature of the cause, though from the similarity to other infectious diseases it is supposed that each must result from some kind of micro-organism.

The diseases which are now recognized as due to some germ, or micro-organism, include the following: typhoid fever, diphtheria, influenza, or "grip," Asiatic cholera, dysentery, plague, yellow fever, leprosy, erysipelas, tuberculosis, malaria, lockjaw, pneumonia, boils, abscesses, etc.; among the diseases which are generally supposed to be due to micro-organisms are smallpox, measles, scarlatina, and cancer.

To this list might be added rheumatism, with valvular heart-disease, and disease of the kidneys.

MIKE ROBE.



#### How Fishes See in Deep Waters

PROF. A. BRAUER, of Marburg, describes the light organs of deep-sea phosphorescent fishes. He says there are four important kinds of light organs. One kind of tentacle light organ consists of strands of the dorsal fin. One or two of these are usually on the forehead; but in some fishes they are on the nose and can be thrown forward while the fish is swimming. Another kind lies on the lower side of the body toward the tail, and is provided with a circular reflector that sparkles with violet, red, or green light. Another kind consists of masses of closed glands on barbels at the base of the tail fin, or on the gill covers. A fourth kind consists of small flat plates or cells massed in the skin over the stomach or back. These cells are filled with highly refracting granules. In all these various kinds, the light seems to be made by the gland cells.

#### Tame Humming-birds

Of all birds the humming-birds, especially when young, seem to display the least fear, says a writer in *Country Life in America*. It is a difficult matter to train a young canary bird to follow one about the house or to come when called, yet we have had several humming-birds which were perfectly domesticated, and more thoroughly tame

than any other bird I have seen. Two humming-birds that grew up with us were given a small place in a closet in our sleeping apartment. At



the first approach of daylight they would fly out into the room, the door being left ajar, and directly to the bed, hovering over my face, their loud humming noise awakening me at once. There was no mistaking that the birds wished their breakfast, and they could not be driven away. At times I would pretend not to see them, and they would finally alight on the bed, uttering the quaint little sound, now perhaps a protest, then would hover over my eyes, so near that the wind from the rapidly moving wings was quite

sufficient to arouse me. When I held out my finger, one or both would alight upon it, and gaze at me in a manner which spoke volumes to any one imaginative enough to think he understood the language of birds when they are hungry.

Their food consisted of sugar and water, which was fed to them with a chopstick-like straw. Immediately upon seeing it they would poise in the air and lick the drop on the tip until they were satisfied. Occasionally they would poise before the big red flowers printed on the curtains. They recognized the pictures of flowers on sight, and endeavored to press their bills into them. Artificial flowers were approached in the same way. In a word, these most helpless, the smallest of all birds, required no education, no training from parents; it was all instinctive.

The absolute lack of fear was the most interesting. The birds followed us about the house, went to their mistress when called, flew down from an upper room at a call, following the stairway, when an ordinary bird would have kept close to the ceiling, butting its head against it. At meal-times they would often come to the table, perching among the flowers or upon some object on the table or about the dining-room.—*Selected.*

#### No God?

IN earth and sea and sky is seen  
A wondrous, mighty plan,  
Produced upon a living screen,  
With skill unknown to man.

O! fool that in thy heart hath said,  
"I know there is no God."  
How couldst thou look above thy head,  
Or touch the common clod,

Or hear the birds, or smell the bud,  
With bursting fragrance sweet,  
And fail to recognize thy God  
In each pulsating beat?

Throughout his boundless universe  
His ceaseless scepter sways,  
And all except thy heart perverse  
His sovereign will obeys.

There's reverence in every part,  
There's worship in the whole,  
There's nothing heedless but thy heart,  
Or senseless but thy soul.

J. M. C. JOHNSON.

#### Bird Sympathy

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD North Carolina boy tells in *Bird-Lore* how he observed the sympathy that birds have for one another. Noticing a crippled sparrow, he caught it to see if he could do anything for it. While he sat on a stump to examine it, the hurt bird screamed and fluttered in a pitiful way. Soon thirteen partridges (bob-whites) came down near the place, and he counted seven jays, four brown thrashers, eleven towhees, sixteen chipping sparrows, and about twenty-five white-throated sparrows, or peabody birds, all of which began to scream and scold at him. Besides these, a red-headed woodpecker kept flying around his head, threatening to attack him.

He was glad to find that the bird had not been shot, but was the victim of a large tick, of which he relieved it. He carried the sparrow home, and fed and nursed it until it was strong enough to be set free.—*Girls' Companion.*

#### A Fine Puzzle Aquarium

WHEN cousin Tom sent me a list of the contents of his aquarium, I was very much surprised, but when I came to see them, they did not seem so strange to me, in fact, they are just what any one would expect to see in a well-stocked collection of fish. Do you recognize them?

1. A sphere.
2. A heavenly body.
3. A heavenly body.

4. A shaft of light.
5. Something often worn in winter.
6. A beautiful insect.
7. A weapon.
8. Part of a shoe.
9. A carpenter's tool.
10. A sovereign.
11. A dog.
12. A part of the ear.
13. A ferocious animal.
14. An implement used by blacksmiths.
15. A bowman.
16. A guide.
17. Master of a trading vessel.
18. A machine for destroying ships.

[I will print the list as given by the first boy or girl who sends in a correct solution to the puzzle. Get the names any way you can.—Ed.]

—*The Brown Book.*



"THE present moment is divinely sent,  
The present duty is thy Master's will.  
O thou who longest for some noble work,  
Do thou this hour thy given task fulfil;  
And thou shalt find, though small at first it seemed,  
It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed!"

### THE WEEKLY STUDY

#### Paul's Arrival at Jerusalem

##### OPENING EXERCISES.

TEXT FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Luke 14:33.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 21:1-15.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 203-207.

##### TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Leaves Miletus.
- Reaches the island of Coos.
- Arrives at Rhodes.
- Stops next at Patara.
- Changes ship.
- Sails past Cyprus.
- Lands at Tyre.
- Prays on beach.
- Departs for Ptolemais.
- Reaches Cæsarea.
- Departs for Jerusalem.

##### Notes

The island of Coos lies south from Miletus about forty miles, and is about twenty-three miles in length. It contained a town of the same name, which was surrounded with fortifications, and was the seat of a medical school, also a temple of the god of healing.

Rhodes was a noted island in Paul's day. It was the point from which Greek geographers reckoned their meridians of latitude and longitude. It contained the celebrated "Colossus of Rhodes," one of the wonders of the world, which was destroyed by an earthquake in B. C. 224.

The distance from Patara to Tyre is over three hundred miles. Read Ezekiel, chapters 26, 27; Isaiah, chapter 23, for a description of Tyre. Paul improved the days spent here while waiting for the ship to exchange cargoes to strengthen the brethren. As at Miletus, they held a most precious prayer-meeting on the beach, and Paul, regardless of their exhortation not to go up to Jerusalem, continued his journey.

Paul remained one day at Ptolemais, and here, as at Tyre, he visited the believers, and gave them the consolation of the gospel. In some of

these things is revealed the tremendous burden carried by the apostle for the churches.

The journey to Cæsarea was doubtless made on foot. Here was the home of Philip, the evangelist, who was one of the seven mentioned in Acts 6:1-6. Four of his daughters had the spirit of prophecy, and gave such instruction to the church as the Lord was pleased to reveal in vision. Here the prophet Agabus gave a dramatic revelation of the trials which awaited the apostle at Jerusalem.

Note the rendering of Acts 21:13 in the American Revised Version. "Then Paul answered, What do ye, weeping and breaking my heart?" The tendency of the weeping and exhortations of Paul's brethren was to take the heart out of him, so to speak. But note his indomitable determination and dauntless courage: "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." This is the spirit of a true missionary.

"Philip, the evangelist, was bound to Paul by ties of the deepest sympathy. A man of clear discernment and sterling integrity, Philip had been the first to break away from the bondage of Jewish prejudice, and thus had helped prepare the way for the apostle's work. . . . Precious hours were these that Paul and Philip spent in each other's society; thrilling were the memories that they recalled of the day when the light which had shone upon the face of Stephen, upturned to heaven as he suffered martyrdom, flashing in its glory upon Saul the persecutor, bringing him, a helpless supplicant, to the feet of Jesus."

"The time soon came for the brief stay at Cæsarea to end, and, accompanied by some of the Cæsarean brethren, Paul and his company set out for Jerusalem, their hearts deeply shadowed by the presentiment of coming evil."

G. B. T.

#### Death of the Children

ONE by one we lay away the children,  
Weeping, lay them in the silent tomb;  
Pure are they from all the earth's pollution,  
Fair as summer roses in their bloom.  
Sweeter are their voices than the morning,  
Sweeter than the notes the wild birds pour;  
Long we list, but silence is unbroken;  
We shall hear their tones on earth no more.

One by one I see the children dying,  
Hushed by death, the sweet and childish tone,  
And for them I hear the mourners crying,  
Some in palace, some in hovels lone.  
Many mothers, with heart-broken grieving,  
Look on vacant crib, with empty arms;  
Death has called the young, the home bereaving;  
And the joys of life have lost their charms.

One by one our household buds are falling,  
In the morning, noon, or close of day,  
And for them are sad hearts vainly calling  
With a cry of pain that swells for aye;  
Dimpled hands, and shining baby tresses,  
How the childish tones our hearts did thrill!  
How we yearn to give them our caresses!  
But, alas, the baby heart is still.

One by one the angels cull our flowers,  
But they'll blossom in the shining land,  
And within fair heaven's fadeless bowers  
We shall see the dimpled baby hands,  
Childish notes will swell with angel chorus  
Where life's crystal waters gently flow;  
Sunny curls will rest on baby foreheads,  
Like fair sunbeams resting on the snow.

L. D. SANTEE.

"BETTER die than lie."

"HE is all fault who hath no fault at all."

"You can not hope too much, but you may easily despond too much."

"WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."



**The Spider's Lesson**



A SPIDER was spinning his web one day, Spinning it ever so strong, And the work to him seemed nothing but play As he drew each thread along.

At last he had made a circle complete, A fabric dainty as lace;

Each part of the work exquisitely neat, And every strand in its place.

He wearied not once, no laggard was he, And soon he was well repaid; A prettier web there never could be Than this small weaver had made.

Thus a good example to all he sets Of cheerfulness, patience, and skill, The one who over his work always frets Never can work with a will.

— Selected.

**"Those Missionary Potatoes"**

It was not a very large church, nor was it nicely furnished; just a plain, square, bare building. Here James and Stephen Holt came every Sunday of their lives.

One Sunday they stood together over by the stove, waiting for the Sunday-school to begin, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for that church; the people were not used to having collections. However, some of them thought it was about time for them to begin to give. But the Holt boys had not a cent to give that day.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a pair of white even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around the old church. What should he spy lying in one corner under a seat but a potato!

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought the things here for the folks. I say, Stephie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea," he said, eagerly. "Let's do it."

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest."

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put a half on a plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, but suppose we carry it home, and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There will be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them, and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and smiled.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything like it.

"Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I would make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that piece of ground? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The church had a taste of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for the big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, and wrote out in their very best hand the following sentences forty-one times:—

"This is a missionary potato. Its price is ten cents. It is from the best stock known. It will be sold to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring, and give every one of its children to missions. Signed by James and Stephen Holt."

Every shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for each one of them. Imagine the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt each put two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. Ever since then they have had a missionary garden, and both gardens thrive.—*Regions Beyond.*

**A Love-letter from God**



FEW days ago a little girl sent a box of spring wild flowers to me. There was no writing in the box; at least you might have said there was no writing in it; but as I opened the little box, and looked at the dainty blossoms,

I found a dear little letter. Here are a few words from what I read:—

"I love you, Elder Warren. I gathered these flowers for you. I think of you, and want you to be happy. I am taking the time and pains to send these to you, to remind you that I love you."

Don't you think that was a sweet little letter? But that is not all. When I had looked a little more carefully, I read something more, from some *One* else. Here are a few of the words:—

"I love you, Luther Warren. I planted these flowers for you. I made them grow. I painted their beautiful colors. I put the perfume in them. I love you, and desire to make you happy.

These blossoms are to remind you that I am thinking of you. I am getting a place ready for you, where the flowers will never fade. I want you to be ready to come and live with me. And I also put it into the heart of that little girl to send these flowers to you. *Her* love is *my* gift to you also. When I was in the world, my heart was cheered with the love of little children. I know what will cheer and encourage you. I am always thinking and planning for you, because I love you."

Oh don't you think that was the sweetest kind of a love-letter?

Get your Bible and read James, the first chapter and seventeenth verse.

Now, dear boys and girls, open your eyes, and look around you. See if you can find some love-letters from God to you. Try to make out *all* the words.

You like to get letters, don't you? Do you know how to answer God's letters?

LUTHER WARREN.

324 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**Fountain of Peace**



HERE are many lepers in the mission fields of South China, —poor outcasts, obliged to keep apart from the community, and often grateful for the smallest kindness.

They become quite skilful in devising small interests to brighten their days, every

little novelty being welcomed and utilized by the stronger ones. The missionary's visits are especially welcomed; often his approach is watched for and hailed from far away, and a smiling group of pitiful figures "hastens slowly" to greet him.

We know how surprisingly the sunshine, given the least chink of an opening, darts into the grimiest corners; just so that spirit sunshine, which has its source in the Sun of Righteousness, rays into the very darkest and most suffering of these sorely afflicted lives.

One little plan of some of the lepers is to choose at baptism, each for himself, a new name,—a name which shall suggest at each hearing the new and nobler life now to be lived. They take the utmost interest in selecting these names, often choosing some poetic expression such as, "Garment of Praise," "Mercy of God," "Loving-kindness," "Hopeful," and so forth.

One man, a sad wreck of humanity outwardly, chose for himself the name "Fountain of Peace." He said that, though he wasn't good for much, God had given him the gift of peace, and he hoped that some soul might be reminded *by the sound of his name* that there is a gift of peace waiting for every one. The choice of a name was his bit of Christian endeavor to pass on his own choice treasure.

Under a tree near his hut, Fountain of Peace loved to rest, and there he dug his own grave—a common practise among older lepers whose strength suffices. To many such death has no sting, the last days of earth life being full of promise of new life.

There came a day when the missionary visiting the leper quarter missed the pathetic figure of Fountain of Peace, and asked, hastily, "Where is he?" thinking that the dear soul had perhaps "fallen asleep."

"O, in his own house!" was the reply.

The visitor hurried away to the little hut, his heart leaping with the thought that this suffering life, which had taught him such lessons of patient faith, might have slipped away into peace.

He shook the tight-shut door, and called out: "Fountain of Peace! Are you there?"

An amazing answer came back. "Yes! yes! Here I am! *How God gives me everything!* My hands were too sore to pull the door open, and here come you to let me out!"

The missionary lent his strength to the frail door, and soon had it open, disclosing the poor sufferer, whose bright face made a light in the dusky room.

"Now, Fountain of Peace, come out into the sunshine. It must have been very dreary shut in that way."

"O, no, church-father! It wasn't dreary. It is dark in the room, but it is bright in my soul. There is peace there, you know. I was sure some one would come."

The missionary said he had brought his camera, to take a photograph.

"O, church-father, take mine!" cried Fountain of Peace; "take it in my own place, by the tree!"

"Yes, surely. But can you walk so far this morning?"

"O, yes, yes, indeed!" said the poor fellow, happily; "I can get there, if you will wait a bit."

And walk there he did, though every step of that dolorous way, leading from poor home to open grave, was tracked with blood from those smitten feet!

Very happily, even merrily, sat the humble hero to have his picture taken, much honored by the attention, and far from thinking his lot a hard one. "This hath God wrought."

Some months ago, Fountain of Peace lived his last brave day on earth, and we are sure he will hear with joy the Saviour's call at the last day, and will come forth from the grave incorruptible. — *Mary E. Knowlton.*

## GOOD & MANNERS

### In the Neighborhood

A LADY who belonged to rather an unpopular church once said to me, "I like to have my neighbors learn to love me before they find out to what church I belong." There is a secret in knowing how to point souls to heaven without attracting their attention to anything of a personal nature. Jesus, when upon earth, did not always tell the people who he was. He quietly "went about doing good," spending his life in the service of humanity, while among the people repeatedly arose the query, "Who is this?" Many were made grateful for his benefits before they found out who he really was. It is not always necessary on first acquaintance to say, "I am a Methodist," "I am a Baptist," or "I am an Adventist." Be assured that if the life is what it should be, the query will be certain to arise in the neighborhood, "Who is this?" And how blessed it is to be able to give the desired information through the medium of kind acts and loving deeds.

"As a child, Jesus manifested a peculiar loveliness of disposition. His willing hands were ever ready to serve others. He manifested a patience that nothing could disturb, and a truth-

fulness that would never sacrifice integrity. In principle firm as a rock, his life revealed the grace of unselfish courtesy." "From his earliest years he was possessed of one purpose,— he lived to bless others."

Children and young people may imitate the divine example. They may find a work of kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness in the neighborhoods in which they live; and every one should appreciate "the day of small things." Flowers and fruit brighten the somber hues of the sick-room. Kindness to an unfortunate cripple affords enjoyment that words can not express. Many who do not attend Sabbath-school would appreciate clean copies of Sabbath-school papers. Children and young people may be induced to attend Sabbath-school with a little personal effort. Books, dolls, toys, and clothing which have been outgrown, serve a good purpose when given to children of the poor. Wealthy persons of the world gladly assist in such philanthropic work when politely informed of individual needs. Where new clothing is required, a contribution in money may be taken, and the garments made by a few who have tact in this direction. An older person may oversee this work. Be just as careful to have clothing for the poor fit properly as if it were your own. Poor persons sometimes have a keener sense of neatness than many who are better off financially. Garments should be cut economically, but of sufficient size so that they may be enlarged at seams, and lengthened at waist and hem. To many poor persons it would be as an oasis in a desert to receive an invitation to some hospitable home, to enjoy a day of recreation. A basket of good provisions or an order for groceries, is always welcome in the homes of the poor. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." If there are no poor persons in your own church, there are many all about you. "For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

In showing kindness to the poor, be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Poor persons do not always enjoy having their needs paraded before the public, and sometimes much tact is required in reaching them through the medium of benevolence. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Work energetically but quietly, and do not make public talk of personal matters. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father."

A circulating library in the home, open to the neighborhood every day in the year, containing good books, tracts, and papers, suited to all ages, would afford excellent mental food for all who would accept of the opportunity to avail themselves of it. Many persons greatly enjoy reading, and it is a privilege to add to the pleasure and benefit of others in this direction. The neighborhood affords many opportunities for lightening sorrows, alleviating sufferings, and adding to the comfort and happiness of others. Only by improving them does one find the highest happiness himself. One sorrowing heart comforted as the result of personal effort, affords more real pleasure than all the selfish enterprises of a whole lifetime. In the daily life one should speak the gospel, act the gospel, live the gospel. He should learn from the Great Teacher to say the right thing at the right time. His cheerfulness, courage, and hope should prove to his unbelieving neighbors that the Christian is the happiest person in all the world. To him every storm-cloud has its rainbow, every shadow has its sunshine, every tempest has its "Peace, be still;" and it matters not how dark and trackless may be his course over the sea of life, his eager ear catches the sweet, familiar echo which comes stealing through the mist of more than nineteen hundred years, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

Every child and youth may be agreeable and useful, as well as ornamental, in the neighborhood in which he lives. It is the privilege of every one to form such a beautiful symmetrical character that should life's mission call him to fields remote from familiar scenes, no one could bring truthfully any evil report of his former life. But one should be very careful that his conduct in the homes of his neighbors is such as to afford no just cause for adverse criticism. Do not be so rude as to open the door of another's home or apartments without first gaining permission to do so. Good manners forbids children's touching or handling things in the home of a mere acquaintance without first being granted the privilege. Many a lady learns to dread the calls of certain children of the neighborhood who make themselves so perfectly at home that they feel at liberty to go up-stairs and down, handling bric-a-brac and pictures, drumming upon musical instruments, perhaps looking into bureau drawers, or doing a score of other equally discourteous things. Such callers are a sore trial, and no one regrets the moment of their departure. Such placards as, "Hands Off," "Do not Handle," displayed in stores, exposition buildings, and elsewhere, would be quite unnecessary if children had been always taught the blessed principle of not meddling with things that do not belong to them. The fact that so many children are ill-mannered, closes the doors of many beautiful vacant homes to those who would gladly occupy them, and whose children may be refined and well-behaved. But in view of the appalling lack of proper education along these lines, surely no landlord can be blamed for taking this precaution. No one enjoys having flowers and shrubbery destroyed, verandas and woodwork marred, windows and plastering broken, and general havoc and ruin everywhere displayed, merely because of rude, ill-mannered children.

An ill-mannered child wants everything and everybody to subserve but one purpose, that of ministering to his selfish pleasure. It is little wonder that of some grown-up children it has been said that "they want the earth with a fence around it." Animals are not responsible for exhibitions of selfishness. How familiar to my childhood days was the sight of sheep, horses, or cattle crowding through the old-fashioned bars or a gap in the fence, beyond which stretched a green pasture or a tempting corn field on the dear old farm, each one with the single determination to get all he could for himself. Multitudes of human beings crowd through the apertures of life with exactly as little consideration for the comfort of others. They engage in disgraceful scrambles for seats in railway excursions or public halls, laying aside not only the etiquette of good society, but becoming seemingly oblivious to the most commonplace demands of good manners. On public occasions when a free lunch is to be enjoyed in nature's own dining-room, where the decorations consist of waving boughs, and the carpet is velvet sod; where feathered songsters, half hidden by the quivering foliage, render soulful music throughout the repast,—on occasions where everything is furnished gratuitously, ill-bred persons make a frantic effort to get through the bars to the tempting pastures beyond. Having succeeded in being among the first at table, they soon give evidence of thoughtfulness for future needs; for like the frugal squirrel, they improve the opportunity to lay up a store of tempting morsels for time to come. But the sad feature of it all is, such ill-mannered persons never find true happiness themselves, and their personal greed tends to mar the happiness of others. If such selfish individuals should win the fame of Alexander the Great, they, too, would sigh for other worlds to conquer. The ignorance of such persons is akin to that of the Roman soldier who came into possession of a leather bag filled with pearls; and

going on the supposition that "whatever was of no use could not possibly be of any value," he kept the bag, but threw the pearls away.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

(To be concluded)

**The Christian's Attributes**

THERE is no way, no other way,  
Than just to live from day to day  
Beneath the Father's care.  
There is no hope, no other hope,  
To lift the drooping spirit up,  
Than comes from trustful prayer.

There is no joy, no other joy,  
That will our griefs and pains alloy,  
Than thoughts of home and heaven.  
There is no peace, no other peace,  
That will our love to Him increase  
Like the peace that he has given.

There is no friend, no other friend,  
So true and faithful to the end,  
As him whose praise we sing.  
He loved us first, he loves us best,  
He makes for us a wedding feast:  
Our Saviour, Lord, and King.

IVA I. NAY.

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**VIII — Nicodemus Comes to Jesus**

(May 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Verse 16.

"There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

"Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be? Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things? And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

"He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already,

because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

"After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and baptized. And John also was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, because there was much water there: and they came, and were baptized. . . . And they came unto John, and said unto him, Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou barest witness, behold, the same baptizeth, and all men come to him.

"John answered and said, A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven. Ye yourselves bear me witness, that I said, I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before him. He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice: this my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease. . . .

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

**Questions**

1. Who was Nicodemus? Whom did he visit? Why did he come to Jesus at night? What did he call Jesus? Did he acknowledge him as the Messiah?
2. How did Jesus answer Nicodemus? Did he understand the Saviour's words? What did Jesus say must be done before one could enter the kingdom of God?
3. Can we understand just what it is to be "born of the Spirit"? To what did Jesus compare this new birth? Though the wind itself can not be seen, what is seen? What is also seen in the life of one who is born of the Spirit?—"When the Spirit of God takes possession of the heart, it transforms the life."
4. What question did Nicodemus now ask? How did Jesus answer him? What should one who was a master, or teacher of others, know? What only did Jesus speak? What question did Jesus now ask Nicodemus?
5. What did Jesus say must be done to the Son of man? Why was this necessary? For what reason alone did God give his Son? Memory Verse. In giving Jesus, what has he also given? Read Rom. 8:32. How ought we to receive this gracious Gift?
6. What did God not send his Son into the world to do? Who is condemned? Why? What is the condemnation of the world? Why do evil-doers hate the light?
7. After these things, where did Jesus go? Who was baptizing near that place? What did John's disciples say to him?
8. What did John tell them a man could receive? What did he remind them that he had often told them concerning himself? How did he compare his future work with that of Jesus? Yet how did he feel? Who only will have eternal life?

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON**

**VIII — Spiritualism**

(May 20)

MEMORY VERSE: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8: 20.

**Questions**

1. Define spiritualism. Note 1.
2. Did this doctrine exist in ancient times? Lev. 19: 31.
3. How did the Lord regard those who allied themselves with it? Lev. 20: 6, 27.
4. What does a man know after death about what is going on upon the earth? Job 4: 20, 21.
5. What does the wise man say of the knowledge of the dead? Eccl. 9: 5, 6.
6. In ancient times, when Saul turned away from God, to whom did he go? 1 Sam. 28: 6-10.
7. Give an account of that spiritualistic seance. Verses 11-20; note 2.
8. How did the Lord regard it? 1 Chron. 10: 13, 14.
9. To what will many seek in the last days? 1 Tim. 4: 1.
10. In what does modern spiritualism differ from that of ancient times? Note 3.
11. When encouraged to seek familiar spirits, to whom should God's people turn? Isa. 8: 19.
12. Through what agency will the people be deceived? 2 Cor. 11: 14.
13. What power is responsible for the miracles of the last days? Rev. 16: 14.
14. How is Satan's deceptive work described just before the coming of the Lord? 2 Thess. 2: 8-10; note 4.
15. Wherein is our only safety? Isa. 8: 20; Ps. 119: 105.

**Notes**

1. Spiritualism is defined as follows:—  
"The belief that the spirits of the dead in various ways to communicate with, and manifest their presence to, men, usually through the agency of a person called a medium."—*Standard Dictionary*.
- "The very central truth of spiritualism is the power and possibility of spirit return, under certain conditions, to communicate with those in the material form."—*N. F. Ravlin, Spiritualist lecturer*.
2. Samuel was dead and buried at Ramah (1 Sam. 28: 3), and consequently could not be present on this occasion. That no heavenly being was present, is clear, from the fact that because of his rebellious course, the Lord had refused to answer Saul (verse 6), and with this dark seance of Satan he could have nothing to do. One of the fallen angels, transformed into an angel of light, appeared, personating the aged prophet. In modern seances the same scenes are again enacted.
3. "The phenomenal aspect of modern spiritualism reproduces all essential principles of the magic, witchcraft, and sorcery of the past. The same powers are involved, the same intelligences are operating."—*J. J. Morse, in Practical Occultism*.
4. "I saw the rapidity with which this delusion was spreading. A train of cars was shown me, going with the speed of lightning. The angel bade me look carefully. I fixed my eyes on the train. It seemed that the whole world was on board; that there could not be one left. Said the angel, 'They are binding in bundles ready to burn.' Then he showed me the conductor, who looked like a stately, fair person, whom all the passengers looked up to and revered. I was perplexed, and asked my attending angel who it was. Said he, 'It is Satan. He is the conductor, in the form of an angel of light. He has taken the world captive. They are given over to strong delusions, to believe a lie, that they may be damned. This agent, the next highest in order to him, is the engineer, the other of his agents are employed in different offices as he may need them, and they are all going with lightning speed to perdition.'"—*Early Writings, page 4 (Supplement)*.

"Soiling another, will never make one clean."



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THE wear and tear on American railroads pulverizes, it is estimated, 427,000 tons of iron annually.

ONLY three times in more than a century has Easter fallen so late as it did this year, and only twice in the century to come will it occur on the twenty-third of April.

JANE EVANS, an ex-slave seventy-three years old, has just been graduated from an evening school. William Standifer, an ex-confederate soldier seventy years of age, has just started on a college course. Never too old to learn, notwithstanding some learned medical authorities.

THERE are six hundred seventy-one Carnegie libraries in the United States, all the States in the Union, except Arkansas and Rhode Island, have one or more. New York has one hundred twenty. England has three hundred twenty-five. Ireland thirty-one, New Zealand five, Tasmania and the West Indies each one.

ACCORDING to a foreign statistical return recently issued, the Norwegian and Swedish are the longest lived of the European nations; while the Spaniards are the shortest. The average term of life for Sweden and Norway is fifty years; England, forty-five years; Belgium, forty-four years; Prussia and Italy, thirty-nine years.

THE patent office gives many surprises. Calorit is one of the latest. It is a can of tomato soup, but not by any means an ordinary one. The punching of a few holes in one end, causes it to fizz, sputter, and steam precisely as if it were boiling, and it is doing that very thing. After a few moments the can may be opened at the other end, and hot tomato soup immediately served. Had the contents been any other kind of soup, cocoa, or coffee, the results would have been the same. The secret of this fire is that in the bottom of the can is a layer of quicklime, and one of cold water. The punching of the holes in the can allows the water to come in contact with the lime.

**Postage-stamp Landscapes**

THE monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have, in their leisure moments, decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage-stamps of all nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams, and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, and already between nine million and ten million stamps have been used.— *Selected.*

**Destruction of Niagara Falls**

"NIAGARA FALLS are doomed. Children already born, may yet walk dry-shod from the mainland to Goat Island, across the present bed of Niagara River." Mr. Alton D. Adams uses the quotation given above in an article in the March number of the *Cassier's Magazine*. Mr. Adams estimates that when all the works in operation, or now under construction, are carried out to their full capacity, at least forty-one per cent of the minimum discharge of Niagara will be diverted into these channels. Twenty-nine per cent has already been diverted from the main fall.

**The Bells of the Angels**

THERE comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,  
And whether I read it or dreamed it — ah, well,  
it matters not!  
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,  
And man may listen and harken to the wondrous music that rings.

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife,  
Heartache and weary longing, that throb in the pulses of life,  
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,  
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings;  
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,  
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.

Let us look in our hearts and question: Can pure thoughts enter in  
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?  
So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see  
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us — you and me.

— *Word and Work.***A Practical Test**

DOM PEDRO, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of practical turn of mind, as the following story told of him by a Spanish newspaper well illustrates:—

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after to-morrow," he said, "have your engine ready. We will have it coupled to my saloon-carriage, and will start. When going at full speed, I will give the signal to stop, and then we shall see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine, and on they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the engineer began to fear that the emperor had fallen asleep. Suddenly the engine came to a sharp curve around the edge of a cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the engineer saw a huge boulder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within two yards of the fatal block.

Here the emperor put his head out of his car window, and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to one side and go on," he said.

The engineer obeyed, and kicking the stone, was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more or less than a block of starch which the emperor had had made and placed on the rails the night before. It served its intended purpose well.— *Our Young Folks.*

**The Water-lily**

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne  
And lay in the silent sea,  
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she.  
What is the Lily dreaming of?  
Why crisp the waters blue?  
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!  
Her white leaves are glistening through.

— *O. W. Holmes.*

ALLEGAN, MICH., Feb. 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the Children's Page very much, and "Around the Work-Table" articles also. I have been successful with everything I have tried to make. I go to public school, and am in the eighth grade. We have no church-school here, but we hope to have one soon. I am thirteen years of age. I like my Sabbath-school teacher very much. I can not say too much for the INSTRUCTOR, indeed, it is an instructor to me. I sell the *Life Boat* every month. I hope to see you all in the earth made new.

J. D. McCoy.

HENDERSON, KY., Feb. 24, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I love to read the INSTRUCTOR. We take a club of five in our Sabbath-school, and all seem to enjoy it.

Our Sabbath-school is very small, there being only sixteen members. All are young people except Brother Callender, who is our superintendent; but we are trying to hold up the light to others and be faithful, so when Jesus comes he will take us home with him.

I think the article entitled "The Christian's Library," is excellent. The request for the young people to read five good books this year is a good plan. My sister and I have begun the work.

LIZZIE BOM.

CEDARTOWN, GA., March 16, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been thinking I would write to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for a long time, and now I am going to do it. I am thirteen years old. My mother died last year a short time after we moved here. She was very feeble, but a noble Christian Adventist. There is no other person of our belief in this town. My papa is a Baptist, so you see it is hard for me to keep the Sabbath all by myself; but I will do the best I can as long as I live. I believe the Lord has some work for me to do, and I want to do it. I took the INSTRUCTOR last year, but it did not come regularly. Please send it to me again this year; I will here enclose the money. I would be so glad if some one would write to me. I get so lonely never seeing one of our people. I will close for this time. I am a true friend of you all through Christ our Saviour.

NELLAH HARRISON.

SUTTON, QUEBEC, Feb. 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As not many letters from Canada have appeared in the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write one. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much. I especially liked the pieces entitled "Our Boys in Gray," "Gleanings from the Life of Luther," and other continued stories. I am thirteen years old, and attend the public school, as we are isolated Sabbath-keepers, and do not have church and church-school privileges; but we have a family Sabbath-school. I would like very much to attend a church-school, and hope that a way will open so I can next fall.

In compliance with your request in the INSTRUCTOR for all those who wish to read five books during 1905 to write you, I for one intend to read "The Desire of Ages," "Empires of the Bible," "Life of William Carey," "Thoughts on Daniel," and "Christ's Object Lessons." I also would like to read "The Great Nations of Today" if I have time. I am a subscriber and constant reader of *The Life Boat* and *Save the Boys*, both of which I like very much.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents, for which please continue my subscription to the INSTRUCTOR for one year, also fifty cents toward the One Hundred Thousand Dollar Fund.

FLOYD JONES.