

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A Brief History of Hongkong

THE island of Hongkong, the most eastern of the British possessions, situated at the mouth of the Pearl River, about ninety miles from Canton, is eleven miles long, seven wide, and about twenty-seven in circumference. The name "Hongkong" signifies fragrant mountain, so named on account of the abundance of fragrant shrubbery which covers the mountain slope.

Before the British took possession of the island, it had scarcely any history. It was scantily peopled by fishermen; but in 1841 it was ceded to Great Britain by the Chinese government. This was not done, however, without some difficulty. England felt the need of a place on the coast where British trade might be controlled and protected, and where merchants and officials might be freed from the insulting requirements of the Chinese authorities. As early as 1834 England's representative in Canton, having sufficient foresight to see the great commercial and naval advantages that would come to Britain from a possession so admirably situated, urged the home government to send a force from India to take possession of Hongkong. Later the chief super-

intendent of trade required that all the ships of Her Majesty's subjects, at the outer anchorages of Canton, should proceed to Hongkong, hoist their colors, and be prepared to resist all attacks of the Chinese government. When the British community left Canton, Macao, being a Portuguese colony, offered them protection from the enemy; but when the Chinese threatened bombardment of Macao on account of the refugees, the English felt they could no longer accept this hospitality, so took to ship, where they could make a home for themselves until the accomplishment of their object—the taking of Hongkong.

At first, progress was rapid. Queen's Road, now the principal street, was laid out for a length of three or four miles, and buildings were rapidly constructed. But things were soon checked, owing to the unhealthful condition arising from the upturning of the malarious soil. The abandonment of the island as a colony was seriously discussed. One man who recommended the idea of abandonment, cited, as a reason, the loss of two hundred fifty-seven men by death, from a

single regiment within twenty-one months, and of the Royal Artillery fifty-one out of one hundred thirty-five men died within the space of two years. He said it was a delusion to hope that Hongkong could ever become a commercial emporium like Singapore. But the governor argued against this pessimistic idea, and said time alone was required for the development of the colony, and for the correction of some of the evils which hindered its early progress. The governor lived to see his predictions largely fulfilled. The people continued to suffer from malaria for some time, and even now it has not entirely disappeared; but the colony is prosperous.

In 1862 the Hongkong mint was established. In 1874 one of the most destructive typhoons

a steamer, and take him to his native home in the country to die. God's promise in the ninety-first Psalm is especially comforting during this season to his believing children.

The government of Hongkong is administered by a governor, aided by an executive council consisting of five officials and two non-officials.

Hongkong is a free port. It is now the fourth city in the world in commercial importance. Trade consists chiefly in opium, cotton, sugar, salt, flour, oil, cotton and woolen goods, yarns, matches, metals, earthenware, amber, ivory, sandalwood, betel, granite, and vegetables. It possesses unrivaled steam communications. The European and American mail is conveyed twice a week. Several less important steamers also carry mail.

The harbor of Hongkong is one of the finest and most beautiful, having an area of ten square miles. With its diversified and varied shipping scenery, it presents an animated and imposing spectacle. It is enclosed on all sides by lofty hills, formerly destitute of foliage, but now the slopes are gradually covered with young forests, the result of the afforestation scheme of the government.

The city of Victoria is beautifully situated, the houses, many of them large and handsome, rising tier upon tier, from the water's edge to a height of over six hundred feet on the face of the

peak, while many bungalows are visible on the very summit of the hills. Seen from the water at night, when lamps twinkle among the trees and houses, the city, spreading along the shore for more than four miles, furnishes a sight not soon forgotten. The roads and streets are well built, and are clean, and many of them nicely shaded by spreading banyan trees. The European business quarters occupy the central portion of the city. The botanical gardens are situated just above the government house, and consist of finely laid out terraces, slopes, walks, and parterres. There are twelve or more churches, and many schools—government, parochial, and private.

There are printed here three daily English newspapers and two weekly. The native press is represented by four daily papers, also a Portuguese paper published weekly, besides a number of smaller papers.

The approaches to the port are well lighted. A lighthouse is situated at the western entrance, the light being a fixed dioptric of the fourth order, visible at a distance of fourteen miles;



PRINCESS AND QUEEN'S BUILDING IN HONGKONG

visited Hongkong, causing enormous damages and the loss of thousands of lives. The year 1894 is memorable, in the colony, as the disastrous year of the bubonic plague, from which twenty-five hundred persons died. A hundred died in a single day. The government used every measure to impede its progress and crush it out wherever possible. That portion of the city where it raged worst was cleared of inhabitants and destroyed, the government promising to reconstruct it in accordance with sanitary requirements. Special hospitals were erected, and the medical staff was increased by additions from army and navy and the coast ports. Then, as now, the plague disappeared gradually as the cooler weather came on. The past summer as many as thirty cases were reported in a day, but this means only a part of the actual number stricken, as the natives are not fond of reporting. When it is known that a member of a native family has the plague, it is quite common for the family to remove to other quarters, and leave the dead or dying in the vacated home, or else, if the sick can be moved without detection, they board

and the eastern approach is indicated by a group of flashing dioptric lights of the first order, visible at a distance of twenty-two miles. A lighthouse thirty miles distant from Hongkong is connected with the port by a cable, and the approach of vessels is signaled from it to the post-office.

The city is supplied with water from three immense reservoirs upon the mountain. The water is caught and conducted by means of little drains all about the surface of the mountain, into these large reservoirs, and from them through iron pipes to our homes. There is an electric-tram road in process of construction, but thus far our means of travel is by jinrikishas drawn by the natives.

IDA-M. THOMPSON.

GOOD MANNERS

In the Neighborhood

(Concluded)

THE homes of a neighborhood are known, not by their beautiful architecture, not by their splendid furnishings, nor yet by their lack of that which opulence affords, but by the manners which their children exhibit in every-day life. The city neighborhood suggests selfishness, while that of the country bespeaks generosity. How fortunate the children whose playhouse has a canopy of apple blossoms and a carpet of living green, whose companions are the birds, whose recreations consist in chasing the winged butterfly, playing hide-and-seek with the nimble squirrel, and watching the industrious swallows build their cozy mud houses under the eaves of the old barn! how fortunate the children who never know the evils of the city streets!

In these days of social clubs, dancing, theater-going, prize fighting, and other similar attractions, the subject of proper recreation has come to be one of serious moment to the followers of Christ. Children who are allowed to attend evil entertainments are truly objects of pity, while those who are reared amid surroundings that frown down everything in the way of recreation are deserving of sympathy. Some homes adopt the plan of work, work, work, from early dawn till late at night, with no rest or recreation in view this side of heaven. There is danger that too much greed and selfishness may close the eyes to eternal interests; that such individuals will miss the rest and peace which God designs his children to enjoy in this world, and thus miss the rest that remains for the people of God in the world to come. There are recreations that are perfectly proper for the Christian to engage in, and which are necessary to the highest development of the soul. One can accomplish more for the salvation of humanity by taking a day of rest and recreation when needed, than he can to plod along three hundred sixty-five days in the year, like a horse in a treadmill. The groves were made to be of benefit to humanity; and what can be more enjoyable than a day spent in the refreshing shade of "God's first temples," beside some rippling stream, or on the shore of some placid lake? Our Sabbath-schools would receive new inspiration by rightly spending a day amid such surroundings as these.

"There are kinds of recreation which are highly beneficial to both mind and body. An enlightened, discriminating mind will find abundant means for entertainment and diversion from sources not only innocent, but instructive. Recreation in the open air, the contemplation of the works of God in nature, will be of the highest benefit." We are further instructed that "among the most dangerous resorts for pleasure is the

theater. Instead of being a school of morality and virtue, as is so often claimed, it is the very hotbed of immorality. Vicious habits and sinful propensities are strengthened and confirmed by these entertainments. Low songs, lewd gestures, expressions, and attitudes deprave the imagination, and debase the morals. Every youth who habitually attends such exhibitions will be corrupted in principle. There is no influence in our land more powerful to poison the imagination, to destroy religious impressions, and to blunt the relish for the tranquil pleasures and sober realities of life than theatrical amusements. The love for these scenes increases with every indulgence as the desire for intoxicating drink strengthens with its use. The only safe course is to shun the theater, the circus, and every other questionable place of amusement."

One of the bright spots in the shadows of the past, is that of an evening spent in a private home with the young people of College View, Nebraska. The program included some innocent outdoor and indoor games, music, and helpful words of instruction from a minister, also from an educational professor and a sanitarium physician. I am sure it was an uplifting occasion, and one well calculated to assist all present to reach a higher plane of being.

"But," says one, "if we have an occasion for neighborhood or Sabbath-school recreation, the boys and girls will talk with one another." That may be; but the Bible in no place prohibits it. The Creator made us social beings, and we who have bidden adieu to the spring-time of life can by no means crush out this tendency in those who are enjoying the sunny days of youth; nor should we wish to do so. It must be proper that boys and girls should treat one another with courtesy, or they never would have been placed in the same family. The trouble is not that they will talk with one another, but that they have been receiving such ill training that they will not always know when to speak or what to say.

Children and young people should be so educated that they will be at ease when in company, and not always appear to be on a strain. They should be so self-possessed that they will not be lost in a fog of perplexity when circumstances demand that they manifest calm dignity, refinement, and heaven-born sociability. If girls who do not preserve the dignity of womanhood, when in the presence of boys and young men, could hear what the young men say about them, they surely would not wish to give further cause for such criticism, unless they lightly esteem the honor of a "spotless reputation." Young ladies who cultivate the habit of calling up boys and young men over the telephone, just for the purpose of having something to say, are not raising themselves in the estimation of the young men, and might employ their time to better advantage. "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ."

Many of the recreations and entertainments of the present time are of such a character that a Christian can not participate in them and preserve his integrity. Kissing plays are a snare of Satan to entrap souls; and no boy or girl who desires to be kept from falling, should countenance anything so foreign to all that is good, pure, and true. Should you be so circumstanced as to be called upon unexpectedly to join in such an undignified pastime, have sufficient moral stamina and Christian courage to decline. Your good example may save a soul; and you will be esteemed all the more highly if others are made to understand that your ideas of propriety are not so commonplace as to permit you to indulge in promiscuous kissing. O that our boys and girls, before whom are such infinite possibilities for good, would place a higher estimate upon true

manhood and womanhood; that they would abandon forever the low moral plane on which so many now dwell, and take their permanent stand on higher ground.

Satan has so set his wily snares that the association of boys and girls together has come to be a serious question. It seems impossible for many to receive even the simplest courtesies of mere friendship without imagining that the giver must have matrimony as the objective point, when the giver never has thought of it. In the good old days when boys and girls could "choose up and spell down," with no risk of encumbering themselves with lifelong partners, there was more of the invigorating atmosphere of unalloyed friendship than exists to-day. But it is sweet to believe that there are yet a few young people numbered among "the salt of the earth," who recognize simple friendship when they see it; who appreciate the acquaintance of great souls whose conversation is elevating and profitable, and includes nothing that would suggest sentimentalism. Sensible boys and girls have no desire to converse with those who are so depraved in their ideas as to think that they should pay the penalty of matrimony for the privilege. Sensible boys and girls are not easily caught by cheap bait. Sensible boys and girls prefer to get something else into their heads before settling down to the realities of married life; they prefer to fit themselves for usefulness before the golden opportunity is gone, and gone forever.

This is an age of sentimentalism. Boys are so prone to imagine themselves to be in love, and girls are so anxious to get married, that they unfit themselves for either happiness or usefulness. If girls were less easily won, boys would respect and esteem them more highly than they do at present. Matrimony is not the chief end of life, and boys and girls should not permit this theme to take possession of their thoughts while they should be receiving an educational training that will fit them to do a grand work for humanity. Many of our youth are turning their backs to the opportunities of the hour by joining their life interests with those who have little or no interest in true heart religion. One can not afford to run the risk of imperiling his soul and blighting the hopes of a lifetime in such a summary manner.

Dear young friends, where are your thoughts? and whither do your footsteps tend?

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

A Hard Word

PERSEVERANCE! Can you spell it?
And it's meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work, or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred, even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning, you can tell it!

— Selected.

How "Abide with Me" Was Written

AT the age of fifty-four Lyte found himself doomed to die of consumption, and in sorrow at having to leave his task unfinished, he prayed that at the least it might be granted to him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. Then on the last evening he ever spent at Brixham, after preaching his farewell sermon, he took his pen, and as the sun was setting over the ships that lay in the harbor, he wrote "Abide with Me." Next morning he started for the Riviera, and there died a month later.— Selected.

"A SUNNY temper is a heart-opener. It brings shy people out of their reserves, and makes them expand in its presence as the flower opens to the sun. It takes the suspicious off their guard, and makes them respond with trust and warmth."

Science Stories

The Beginning of Plants

THERE are many seeds so small that we can not see them with the naked eye. The seeds of all toadstools can be seen only by the help of a powerful microscope. It takes from two to four thousand toadstool seeds laid end to end to reach one inch. The size of a seed does not appear to make any difference in its life. It contains the germ that, properly planted and cared for, will swell, sprout, grow into the same kind and sized plant that bore it. The seed of the giant sequoia of California, through the largest of which a street-car can run or a load of hay be drawn, is not so large as the seed of the little parsley. The poet has written, "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow."

Every plant grows from a seed. There are many plants which grow from roots and cuttings, but the plants these roots and cuttings are taken from began in seeds. Let us see how.



a. Corn germ.
b. Corn sprouting

When seeds are ripe, perfected, they usually fall to the ground. They may be blown to a distance by the wind, carried off by birds, or scattered by their explosive seed pods. Some, like the burdock and Spanish needle, have hooks, which catch on one's clothes, the wool of sheep, or hair of animals, and are carried away from home to start new patches for themselves. Perfect seeds are alive. Many kinds sprout, or germinate, as soon as they strike the ground. Others do not germinate until the next spring. Some seeds, if not planted, die in a year or two. Some—the seeds of the sensitive plant—keep alive for as many as sixty years. The way to tell whether or not seeds are alive is to place them on wet cotton, in a warm place, under a tumbler. If alive, they will sprout.

A seed contains the germ of a new plant. This germ is surrounded with more or less food for the young plant. Over the whole is a skin or hull. Soak a grain of corn or a chestnut or a bean until it is soft; then carefully split it across its width. At the point you will find the germ nicely folded up. All the matter about it is food stored for it to consume when it is ready for it.

When a seed strikes the ground, and is on a spot which suits it (it may be in a crack of the soil or rain may splash dirt over it, or a bird may scratch earth to it), dampness, moisture, warmth, passing in through the hull, swell it, the hull bursts, the germ unfolds. The part of the germ stem which first comes from the hull turns downward, and strikes for the ground beneath it. This is the root. It then branches, grows in size and length, branching all the while as it has more work to do in passing up to the branches and leaves above the food it collects. The roots are not dumb waiters, as we shall see.



a. Bean splitting. b. Bean sprouting. c. Seed-leaves and second leaves.

The other end of the germ stem always turns upward. The seed leaves (those which were along with it in the seed) seek the light, air, and sun warmth. The stem grows longer, the leaves get above the ground, spread themselves out, and begin their work of changing, with the help of the light and air, the food passed up by the roots

into new wood, new leaves, and all that goes to make a little plant or a giant tree. Between the two seed-leaves a tiny bud shows itself. It swells, and opens into two leaves. The stem under these grows, and hoists them higher. This budding, stem growing, branching, goes on until the plant, or whatever it is, is finished far enough to bear blossoms and ripen its seeds.

The best way to learn and remember how a plant begins is to lightly plant a lot of seeds—clover, corn, wheat, or morning-glory—in a flower pot. After the seeds swell, each day take one up and examine it closely. By doing this you will make nature tell you very pleasant stories, and show you a great deal that you ought to know.

The food that is collected by the rootlets in the ground, and is passed up by them, is not ready for the use of the branches and leaves. It all has to go to the leaves to be cooked, as it were, by the light and air. It then returns through the cells of the plant to make wood, roots, even leaves. The extra matter which surrounded the germ in the seed, fed the very young plant until it spread its seed-leaves, and could begin business for itself. If you cover a thrifty plant with anything that will keep out all the light and air, the leaves will whiten, and the plant will die. The roots are busy all the time, but the food they pass up does not get properly changed. It is not digestible by the plant. The plant dies of starvation.

In the bean, which is a very interesting seed to study while germinating, the food for the young plants is stored in the two thick seed-leaves, which are the two halves of the bean. It is these seed-leaves which we eat, and which are so luscious in the lima bean. Large beans should always be planted with the stem side down. The great seed-leaves (halves of each bean) will



This branching goes on

be set right to push up through the earth. I know a gentleman who left the city to try farming (of course, he believed he knew all about it), who, when his lima beans came up, thought they were wrong side up. So he turned them all! The acorn swells, bursts the hull, and divides like the bean. So does the chestnut. But the two halves remain in the hull, and are not made use of as first leaves. They furnish food for the young plants. Acorns grow prettily when set in a hole in a card over a glass of water. The lower part of the acorn should always touch the water. The growth of peas can be watched by the same plan. Many of the plans of plant growth, with good plain descriptions and illustrations, can be found in "How Plants Grow: A Botany for Young People," by Prof. Asa Gray.

A great number of plants and trees have the power of starting new growths from their roots, or cuttings of their branches. The locust and ailantus trees are well-known tree producers from their roots. Yet they both grow plenty of seeds. Potatoes are not the seed of the potato plant. The seed grows on the top of the potato vines. Yet pieces of potato, each having one or two "eyes," or sprouts, upon it, are always planted to grow the new crops from.

Strawberry plants, dewberry vines, wild raspberries, run out arms or shoots along the ground. At a joint, roots are thrown out, which grow into new plants. Grape-vines can be increased in this way.

A common plan for getting the kind of fruit wanted is to take a cutting from, say an apple-tree, cut the lower end wedge shape, and insert it in a split made in the stump, or in a branch of another apple-tree. As many kinds of apples can be grown on one tree as there are branches to

place cuttings in. This is called grafting. The begonias, cacti, and several other plants can be grown by planting in the earth the edges of pieces of their leaves.

The grand purpose and work of every living thing is to produce after its kind. The efforts of plants to do this in several ways is truly wonderful.

But, after all, the little seed is the true beginning. A good many habits, besides those of plants, grow from very small beginnings. In starting a crop of habits, choose them as carefully as you do seeds,—plant the best only, cultivate well, keep clean of weeds.—Charles McIlvaine, in *Sunday School Times*.

THE spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With her slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;

And with her comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths her delightful hours,—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these fleeting things.

—N. P. Willis.

The Sign of the Stork

IN a certain town in Norway the figure of a stork appears on the church and over many of the houses. Tourists who go there often find on sale on every hand, images of the stork in silver and gilt, or carved in wood. The story of the origin of this sign of the stork is unusual and interesting. The hero of the tale is Conrad Jonassen, whose name will be forever associated with the stork.

Many years ago, when Conrad was a boy, a stork built its nest on the roof of the house. Conrad and his mother fed the bird, and so encouraged its return. In time the boy went to sea. One day the ship fell into the hands of pirates, and he, with his shipmates, was sold into slavery in Africa. Hardships and indignities of all sorts were heaped upon them for three years. One day Conrad saw a stork flying about overhead, and was filled with homesick longings. He whistled to the bird as he used to do at home, and to his delight the stork came near and finally alighted, as if expecting to be fed. He had nothing to give the bird then, but the next day he saved a part of his breakfast, hoping that the stork would come again. It did, and for several days continued to come.

At length it occurred to the homesick slave that the stork would soon be flying north again, and



like an inspiration came the thought that by means of the bird he could send a message which might possibly fall into the hands of friends. He wrote a few lines on a bit of tough paper, and bound it fast to the stork's leg. A few days later the bird disappeared.

One day Mrs. Jonassen noticed the stork, which had returned again to its nest on the roof, picking at something on its leg. She fed the bird, caught it, and removed the bit of paper. Fancy the mother's feelings when she found it to be a message from her own son, long since given up for lost. News too good to believe!

It would be too long a story to tell of the interest of the parish, of the money raised, the expedition sent to rescue Conrad and his mates. All this took place, however, and Conrad Jonassen came home. In after-years he became a rich man, and did much for the welfare of his native town. The stork was never forgotten, and it is small wonder that it became the emblem of the Norwegian town.—*Outlook*.

Storks Play Games

A TAME stork has been known to join children playing hide-and-seek, to run when touched, and to distinguish the child whose turn it was to pursue the rest so well as to be on its guard along with the others. The Germans and Dutch esteem it a good omen when a stork builds its coarse nest of sticks on their housetop. Innumerable stories are current among different nations, ascribing to the stork gratitude, chastity, parental affection, conjugal fidelity, and filial piety. In the Tyrol, for example, a male stork refused to migrate, and passed several winters with his mate, who being wounded, could not fly. The regularity of its migrations has made it the subject of comment in all history, both sacred and profane.—*Steele's Zoology*.

New Zealand Birds

It is curious how extraordinarily tame are the parrots, pigeons, and flightless birds as soon as you penetrate into one of the dense "bushes," or forests. They have no fear whatever of man, and they regard him simply as a curiosity. The small birds—the New Zealand robins and fantails, for instance—will actually perch on you if you keep perfectly still; and it is amusing to see the robin—which, by the way, is almost exactly like the British robin, except that he wears a white waistcoat instead of a red one—put out a wax match.

Light a match and put it down near you and stand still, and the robin, which is almost certain to be near you, will invariably fly down to it, and put it out with his beak, or fly away with it. He is a delightful little bird, and his little bold black eyes twinkle every bit as brightly as those of his British compatriot. If you chirp with your mouth in the same way that you persuade a weasel to look out of a stone wall into which you have seen him run, the little fantail gets desperately excited, and after flying close round you a minute or so, will just light on your head or shoulder for a moment, and then dart off, to return directly and repeat the process.—*Selected*.

A Toad's Appetite

THE toad is an exceedingly greedy animal. It feeds continuously throughout the night, and in twenty-four hours consumes a quantity of insects equal to about four times its stomach capacity. This has been definitely ascertained by studying the animals confined in cages. Their capacity for food is proportionate to the size of their stomachs and their powers of digestion. In one toad's stomach have been found seventy-seven thousand-legged worms, in another's thirty-seven tent caterpillars, in another's sixty-five gipsy-moth caterpillars, and in yet another's fifty-five army-worms. Thirty large celery caterpillars have been fed to a toad in less than three hours; another has been observed to "snap up eighty-six house-flies in less than ten minutes," while still another swallowed ninety rose-bugs.

Dr. Kirkland reckons that in ninety days (May, June, and July) a toad will destroy 9,720 injurious insects. Of this number about two thousand, perhaps, will be cutworms. Many gardeners give their children one cent for each cutworm found and destroyed, considering this a low

estimate of the damage caused by the pest. Even at so nominal a figure, the toad's services on this one item would come to twenty dollars. If other insects which it destroys be added, a year's work for one toad would come to at least forty dollars.

Thus it appears that the toad is conspicuously the friend of man, and nothing could be more foolish than the practise of killing these useful animals.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Fought to a Finish

"THE amazing strength of spiders is shown in a number of well-authenticated instances," says a biologist of the University of Pennsylvania. "We have an instance of a half-inch spider's catching a two-inch fish. The spider weighed fourteen grains. It was of the ground, or wolf, family. A British scientist came upon it struggling with the fish on the edge of a little pool. Its claws were buried in the fish's tail, it had the tail out of the water, but the head still remained underneath. Like a fiend the spider struggled to pull the fish up on the bank, and the fish struggled desperately to draw the spider into the pool.

"For ten minutes the scientist watched this silent and deadly fight. Then he hurried away, scientist-like, for a bottle to catch the fighters in. He was gone about half an hour, and, on his return, the end had come. The fish was dead, and the spider was slowly dragging it away."

Noble Aims

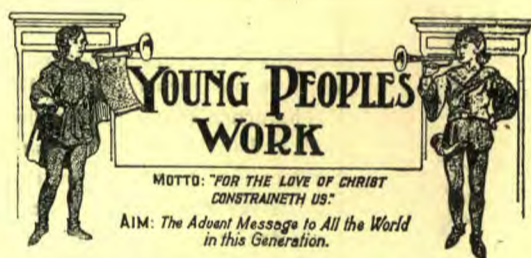
WHERE noble aims employ the hours,
Dull workshops turn to floral bowers.

—*Henry Davenport*.

Do It Now

OF proverbs and maxims we each have a store
Wise counsel and preaching we've all heard before;

But if you will try them I think you'll allow
The value of three little words: "Do it now!"
—*Selected*.



"DON'T nurse opportunity too long—take it into active partnership with you at once, lest it leave you for other company."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul's Experiences at Jerusalem

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 21: 15-40.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 207-218.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 2 Tim. 3: 12; Matt. 5: 10-12; Mark 10: 29, 30; 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Leaves Cæsarea for Jerusalem.
- Companions.
- Received by elders.
- Relates experiences.
- Many opponents.
- Nazarite vow.
- Mobbed.
- Great uproar.
- Carried to the castle.
- Paul makes known his citizenship.

Notes

This is Paul's fifth and last visit to Jerusalem. It marked a very important crisis in the work of the great apostle. Some four years had been covered by this fruitful missionary tour.

James and all the elders of the church were present, and received the apostle gladly. Note the statement "he rehearsed one by one the things which God had wrought among the Gentiles." This was a real missionary meeting, and furnishes us an example of how to have an interesting missionary meeting in our churches. Let all go to work and secure some items of personal missionary experience to "rehearse," and the church missionary meetings will be seasons of interest and refreshing.

Read Num. 6: 13-21 concerning the Nazarite vow. "Agrippa I, not long before, had given the same public expression of his sympathy with the Jews, on his arrival from Rome to take possession of his throne. And what the king had done for popularity, it was felt that the apostle might do for the sake of truth and peace."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

"The completion of this vow involved (Num. 6: 13-18) a considerable expense for the offerings to be presented in the temple; and it was a meritorious act to provide these offerings for the poorer Nazarites. St. Paul was requested to put himself under the vow with those other four, and to supply the cost of their offerings. He at once accepted the proposal."—*Bible Dictionary*.

"Paul's great object in visiting Jerusalem was to conciliate the church of Palestine. . . . He felt that if he could by any lawful concession on his part win them to the truth, he would remove a very great obstacle to the success of the gospel in other places. But he was not authorized of God to concede so much as they had asked. This concession was not in harmony with his teachings, nor with the firm integrity of his character. His advisers were not infallible. Though some of these men wrote under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, yet when not under its direct influence, they sometimes erred. . . . Instead of accomplishing the desired object, these efforts for conciliation only precipitated the crisis, hastened the predicted sufferings of Paul, separated him from his brethren in his labors, deprived the church of one of its strongest pillars, and brought sorrow to Christian hearts in every land."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*.

"Paul's first act (on reaching Jerusalem) was to present the contributions with which he had been entrusted. He had been careful to guard against the least occasion for suspicion in the administration of his trust, by causing delegates to be elected by the several churches to accompany him as joint trustees of the funds collected. These brethren were now called forward, and one by one they laid at the feet of James the offerings which the Gentile churches had freely given, although often from their deepest poverty."—*Id.* G. B. T.

Step Up Higher

If to-day you've made some progress,
Do not tire.
Sit not down!—upon the morrow
Step up higher!

If to-day you've felt a soul-growth
Then aspire!
Loftier ideals still await thee,
Step up higher!

If you've seen the mountain summits
Tipped with fire;
Beyond are scenes aflame with glory,
Step up higher!

If you've heard the Master's whisper,
Then draw nigher.
There is offered life to him who
Steps up higher!

—*Albert F. Caldwell*.

BE firm; one certain element in luck
Is genuine, solid old Teutonic pluck.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Striking Clocks

THE clocks struck one; and then they struck
Demanding shorter hours.
To suit the fashion of the hour
They walked out of their towers.

One went about the sleeping town
On this odd temporal mission,
And urged all clocks to go on a strike
To better their condition.

They gathered in the public square
To listen to haranguing,
And when the leaders made a point,
The clocks all made a clanging.

"In striking we have always led
(One old clock there made mention),
But lately other strikes than ours
Are claiming some attention.

"As near as I can understand,
These strikes for shorter hours
Would leave us broad, progressive clocks
Some leisure in our towers."

Then off they went to meet the Sun,
And left the sleeping peoples
With only watches there on watch
Amid the clockless steeples.

The Sun slacked never whit his pace,
Though loudly they made trial,
But all that day he marked the hours
Upon the court-house dial.

The clocks declared they should stand firm
Till all demands were ceded,
But when their mainsprings had run down
Some winding-up was needed.

Then one old clock declared his mind:
"I want no time to play.
I need each moment of my time
To tell the time of day.

"I find that Time goes calmly on
For every man and nation,
And striking clocks that go on strike
Must lose their occupation."

Then back they went to shelf and tower
With shame in all their places,
And to this day those clocks have held
Their hands before their faces.

—Joseph Blethen.

A Case of Need

[The incidents in this story happened in San Francisco a few weeks ago.]

EDWARD had his fork half-way to his mouth with a morsel of food on it. As Nana spoke, he laid it down, and looked across the table at her. "It seems as though I ought to save it," he said.

Nana laughed. "O, no," she answered; "eat it; there isn't enough of it to save."

"It's enough to choke a fellow," said Edward, gloomily.

Nana laughed again. "I shouldn't think it was big enough for that," she said. "You needn't look at me as though I had no feelings. I might as well laugh as cry, but I'm just as troubled as you are. Mama seems real weak to-day, and it's no wonder. There is nothing to tempt her to eat. She's been crying, too. She turned her head away quick when I went to ask her how to make that miserable sloppy gruel that she couldn't eat, after all. I almost told Dr. Colton this morning when he talked about all those delicacies, that he might as well order gold-dust."

"Did he say she must have them?"

"Not exactly; he only spoke of it as a matter of course. 'Give her nourishing food,' he said; 'broths, and fruits, oranges and pineapples, anything that she fancies.' It all sounds so easy

when he gets it off! I almost giggled; it seemed so funny to think of our being able to buy them! Mama shook her head at me. I guess she was afraid I was going to disgrace her by saying some such thing."

"Mama ought to have what the doctor orders. We can't expect her to get strong if she doesn't."

"I know it," said Nana. "But what can we do? I should be willing to beg if mama would let me. I thought of it last night when I stopped at Benham's, and saw them unpacking a great box filled with fruit. I know I could have said: 'O do please give me one orange and a little piece of pineapple for mama!' If it hadn't been for mama's asking me questions, I believe I should have done it."

"Something has got to be done," said Edward,



as he pushed his empty plate away and rose up. His sister did not look encouraged. They had both said that before, and meant it; yet nothing had been done.

Edward was nearly fifteen, and his sister Nana, a year and a half younger, thought him almost a man; but he felt bitterly that he could not earn a man's wages.

Both of these young people, however, seemed older than they were, for the reason that almost from babyhood they had shared their mother's cares and troubles, and tried to help her plan.

Little Sara, their eight-year-old sister, was just beginning to talk plainly when the father died, and trouble began. The pale little mother, who had never been strong, did her best. She gave up the front room of their small house for a store, and had moved into it whatever things were given to her after the auction sale at her husband's store. A queer, tumbled-up mass of things there were. Many of them nobody wanted, and the little mother did not know how to arrange those that might have been sold. She had never learned how to keep store. But she managed to get enough to feed and clothe them and keep the children in school, until she fell ill.

Then the two older ones tried to shoulder her burdens. Edward found, after long hunting, a place as errand boy in a down-town grocery; and Nana was housekeeper, nurse, and saleswoman at home. Customers did not hinder her

much. Sometimes for days together the little bell over the front door did not ring.

It rang that day just as Edward pushed back his chair. Nana answered it, and came back smiling.

"Ten whole cents!" she said, holding up the dime. "The first sale I have had to-day."

It was very still in the little kitchen after Edward had gone back to the store and Nana to her mother. Little Sara was alone with Betsey Amelia, her one dear dolly. If you had been watching her, you would have noticed that the little girl hugged Betsey Amelia very often; and sometimes, after she had put her face down to the doll's, there would be tears on Betsey Amelia's painted cheeks.

A great thought that meant a great sacrifice had come to little Sara. In order to understand it, you will have to know about Philip.

Philip was a boy who went to the public school where little Sara went, and who had been for some weeks trying to raise twenty-five dollars with which to buy a pony. All the children in school had heard about it. When Philip had twenty dollars, he was in despair for the other five. The owner of the pony would agree to wait for him but one more day. Then Philip had a bright thought — his bicycle. What should a boy with a pony want of a bicycle? He tried to find a purchaser among the boys, and failed. Then he advertised in the morning papers: —

"FOR SALE: A first-class bicycle in good order, for five dollars. A case of necessity."

Within twenty-four hours Philip's bicycle had changed hands, and he was the owner of a pony. It is true that Philip's

father said the wheel was worth more than the pony; but Philip did not think so, and little Sara did not know it. Advertising was the way to sell things. That was what little Sara had learned.

She had but one thing of her "very truly own" that she thought anybody would care to buy, and that was her dear and dearly loved Betsy Amelia. Could she part with her? — Yes, for mama's sake, she could. A doll not so pretty as she, and not quite so large, stood in a show-window that little Sara passed on her way to school, and was marked "Only one dollar." Little Sara was no dunce; she knew that one dollar would buy several oranges, and a pineapple, and berries, and even cream. What if she had a whole dollar to spend for mama? Wouldn't anybody who cared at all for dolls be glad to give a dollar for Betsy Amelia? Little Sara felt sure of it. Left to herself that afternoon, she worked hard, and printed her advertisement.

"FOR SALE: A dear dollie named Betsey Amelia for one dollar. A case of need."

When she went to school the next morning, she took her advertisement along, and stopped at the office of *The Daily Bulletin*, the editor of which was a good friend of hers. He always said, "Good morning, Mouse," when she met him, and often exchanged for a kiss an orange or a red-cheeked apple. He had often told her that his girls were all boys, and she could play that a piece of her was his little daughter.

He took her advertisement with a grave face,

and was very businesslike indeed; only he asked her one queer question.

"Isn't 'Betsey-Amelia-For-One-Dollar' a rather unusual name for a doll?"

"Why, why! Mr. Patten, what *can* you mean?" said little Sara; "that isn't her name: it is just Betsey Amelia."

"O," said the editor, meekly, "I didn't understand." As little Sara closed the door, she thought she heard him laugh; but she might have been mistaken.

The next day was Saturday, and little Sara arose early, and dressed Betsey Amelia in her best, and set her in the store window. She never had a chance to see *The Daily Bulletin*; but of course the editor put in her advertisement, and told where the doll was to be found; he had promised; and little Sara believed that people would begin to come early to look at the doll. She had not yet told either Nana or Philip. Indeed, she would have liked to make the dollar a surprise for both of them if she could. At the breakfast table came up a plan that she saw might help her do this.

"Do you suppose, Edward, I could leave little Sara to look after the store for two hours this morning? There is hardly ever a customer, especially in the morning; and mother wants me to go myself with that work she finished last week, and explain why it was so late, and show her about the bad place in the lace."

"I should think she might be clerk as well as not," said Edward, smiling at little Sara's eager face. "She knows the prices of things, and can count all the money she will get, I am sure."

Was everything ever better planned? What if she should have a whole dollar to give to Nana as soon as she got home! Then mother could have all she needed for over Sunday, and there was no money coming in from anywhere else. When Philip asked whether money was to be paid for the work that was to be taken home, Nana shook her head, and said, soberly, that it was to be charged on their coal bill. The thought of what she might do made little Sara feel almost happy in spite of the fact that she was to part with Betsey Amelia.

Never was there a neater-looking little saleswoman than the one who took her place in due time behind the counter, charged with watching two bells, the one on the door, and the one that her mother was to ring if she needed anything.

The door-bell rang first; but before it rang, a carriage stopped at the gate, and a lady stepped out of it.

"Is this the dolly that I saw advertised?" she began, looking smilingly at the small saleswoman and then at Betsey Amelia. "It is a dear little doll, I am sure. Is it yours, my dear? and may I be told what the 'case of need' is?"

Little Sara had not meant to tell, but the lady was so sweet that before she knew it, she was explaining the whole plan and the reason for it. The lady was pleased with it, too, and told little Sara that it was a very kind, unselfish thought, and that she would be glad to take the dolly, and considered two dollars not a cent too much to pay for one so neatly dressed. More than that, she looked at pins and thread and buttons and needles, and liked them so much that when she went away, she left five whole dollars in the cash-drawer, which had been empty for weeks. Little Sara was so excited that she forgot to feel bad about Betsey Amelia.

What a morning that was! No sooner had the first carriage rolled out of sight, than another stopped, and three ladies made their way to the door. The small clerk met them eagerly.

"O!" she said, "I'm sorry. I mean I'm glad;" then she stopped in confusion, and began again. "If you came to see dolly, she has been sold."

Of course they were sorry. Each lady had meant to have her. But they came in, and looked about them, and wanted tape and soap and pins

and hair curlers. While they were still there, others came, and little Sara began to think that something must have happened the night before to all the pins and needles in the city. How else could it be accounted for that so many ladies wanted them at once? Before Nana came back, every pin was sold; then they began on the buttons and thread. Never in its history had the little store had such a wonderful morning. The ladies kept coming, and every one of them asked about the "case of need," and every one of them bought what cost much more than the price of the doll.

"Isn't this the little girl who used to bring such nice cookies to school with her luncheon?" one lady asked. "My children used to have bites of them, and tell how good they were. I wish you had some of those for sale. But if your mama is ill, she can not make any, I suppose."

"My sister Nana knows how to make them," said little Sara, eagerly. "Mama said hers tasted every bit as good; and I know she would like to make you some."

Then every lady there wanted two dozen cookies as soon as she could get them.

When Nana reached home, she found a little saleswoman with cheeks so red that they almost seemed to blaze, and \$23.30 in the cash-drawer, and nine dozen cookies ordered.

But the strangest thing in that strange day happened at night, just as little Sara had laid her tired head on her pillow, and was trying to keep back the tears because for the first time in Betsey Amelia's life she was sleeping somewhere else than by her side. The little bell over the store door rang once more, and Edward answered it, to receive a box and a note for "Miss Sara Newton." The note read:—

"DEAR LITTLE SARA: My Lillian has been very happy to-day with Betsey Amelia; but to-night she thinks the dolly is homesick for her own dear mama, and wants her sent back to you with Lillian's love. I am sure you will keep her for my little lame Lillian's sake, for she truly wants to make you a present of her 'to keep,' she says."

And there, in the box, smiling her own sweet smile, was dear Betsey Amelia!

"I'm glad she's got back," said Edward, looking down on her, and speaking with a queer tremble in his voice. "I didn't know I loved dolls, but this one has cured mother, and made our fortune."—*Pansy, in Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

Saying "Thank You"

"TEN years ago," said a well-known clergyman recently, "one would have prophesied great things for that young man; but he never educated himself to say 'Thank you.' His life has become self-centered, and his influence is decreasing. I sometimes think he actually does not recognize a favor when he sees it."

The neglect to say "Thank you" does lead to a sort of dulness of perception, and fosters selfishness. To say "Thank you!" quickly and heartily, commends one to others, and stimulates his spiritual life.

Some people say that words cost nothing, and that they prefer to let their actions speak for them. But to omit saying "Thank you" is of itself an action, and an action which is distinctly an affront to the doer of the favor. By the glum silence and apparent indifference of the one whom he has assisted, the donor feels himself rebuffed. The favor he did may have been little enough, but surely worth a word or two of acknowledgment. Can he be expected to understand how the one whom he has aided or encouraged is planning to "pay him back" some day? The thought of "pay" would only seem another affront.

The doer of any kindness, slight or large, asks for no return. He is moved to his act by his

interest and sympathy. He asks only that the obligation be recognized. "Thank you" is simply the grateful acceptance of his kindly deed, which makes him feel glad that he has had the privilege of doing it.—*Wellspring.*

President Roosevelt and the Newsboy

A WAITER started to drive a newsboy from a restaurant in which Mr. Roosevelt was dining. He stopped the waiter, and bought a paper of the boy. Then, noticing that the boy was shivering, and looking hungrily at the tables, he called the head waiter, slipped a bill into his hand, and asked him to take the lad to the kitchen and give him a square meal.

After the boy had dined, Mr. Roosevelt made him take him to his home, which was in a poor garret. The family were Hungarians. The mother was too ill to work, and the boy was supporting her and three children. They were given money for their present needs, and charitable societies became interested in them. He finally got the boy a good place with a wealthy Hungarian. This is only one of many cases in which Mr. Roosevelt was kind to the poor in that part of the city, and it is no wonder that the Hungarians recently invited him to a dinner, and were so enthusiastic over his coming.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

God's Care

JUST as Dr. Judson had finished translating the New Testament into Burmese, he was cast into prison. His wife took the precious manuscript, and buried it in the ground. But if left there, it would soon decay, while to reveal its existence to its foes would surely lead to its destruction. So it was arranged that she should put it within a roll of cotton, and bring it to him in the form of a pillow, so hard and poor that even the keeper of the prison did not covet it. After seven months this pillow—so uninviting externally, so precious to him—was taken away, and then his wife redeemed it by giving a better one in exchange. Some time after, he was hurried off to another prison, leaving everything behind him, and his old pillow was thrown into the prison yard to be trodden under foot as worthless cotton; but after a few hours one of the native Christians discovered the roll, and took it home as a relic of the prisoner, and there, long afterward, the manuscript was found within the cotton, complete and uninjured. Surely the hand of the Lord was interposed to save from destruction the fruit of years of toil, so important for those who were to read the Burmese Bible.—*Selected.*

A Missionary Maiden

THE Lord is anxious to have all little children work for him. He says that he has a "book of remembrance" which is always before him, and in it are written the good words that are spoken by those who love him; and after Jesus comes, we can see it, if we are faithful.

But the Lord has another "book of remembrance" in which are found the deeds of some of his good children who have lived in the past. He has given us this book so we may know what he thinks about our little acts; and this book—the Word of God—we all can and should study.

Once when Jesus was upon this earth, a woman made a great sacrifice to show her love for him because he had forgiven her sins. He so appreciated this sincere mark of faith and love that he said, "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

But many years before this, even before Christ came down to this world, a little girl did some missionary work, and did it in such a self-sacri-

ficing way that it pleased the Lord to record it in his book of remembrance. He did not give us her name, so we know that it was the work, and the spirit in which she entered upon it, that pleased the Lord. He desires all the children to learn about this, and know how they may, in one way at least, be laborers together with God.

She was a little Hebrew girl, and her mother had taught her about God and the prophets, and how to attend to the little things about the home and perform her tasks in a neat, orderly way.

One day this little maiden was taken captive by a band of Syrians, who were skirmishing around, and was carried many miles away from her home and friends. When her captors returned to their home, she became a servant, and waited upon the wife of a man named Naaman. But she did not complain, nor make her condition more unhappy by sullenness and discontent. She took a friendly interest in the family, and showed her faithfulness in all her work.

Naaman was a mighty man of wealth and power, and a captain, or commander, of the Syrian army. But great as he was, when he transgressed God's laws, he became sick, and was afflicted with leprosy. When the little girl saw how Naaman was suffering with this dread disease, she told Naaman's wife about the great prophet in Israel, and entreated that her master should go to him and be healed.

Naaman had so much confidence in the maiden that he immediately began preparations to go. The prophet was glad to relieve him of his affliction, and when he was healed, he was so happy that he exclaimed, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel."

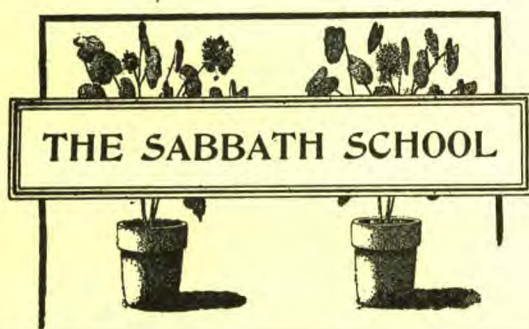
Little did the maiden realize the influence of those words. They would probably have been useless, however, had not her life been consistent with them. God wants all the children to remember that even a child is known by his doings.

CLAUDE HOLMES.

Love dwelleth not in lip-deaths.

Be not deaf to the sound that warns.

"THE great God of truth fill all thy hours with peace."



IX—Jesus Talks with a Woman of Samaria

(May 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4:14.

"When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples), he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey,

sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

"There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.) Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband and come hither. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.

"The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he. . . .

"The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? . . . And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did. So when the Samaritans were come unto him, they besought him that he would tarry with them: and he abode there two days. And many more believed because of his own word; and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world. . . .

"So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death. Then said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, and told him, saying, Thy son liveth. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that Jesus was at the same hour, in the

which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house."

Questions

1. As Jesus journeyed again to Galilee, to what city of Samaria did he come? Where did he sit down to rest? Who came to the well for water? What did Jesus ask her to give him?

2. Why was his request a surprise to this woman? What did Jesus tell her she would have done if she had known who it was that asked her for a drink? Did she understand what he meant? What did she ask?

3. What did Jesus say about the water of the well by which he sat? What of the "living water" that he gives to men? What did the woman now ask him to give to her? Did she yet understand his meaning?

4. What did Jesus now tell this woman to do? How did he show her that he knew of her past life? What did she say she now perceived?

5. What question did she now try to lead Jesus to settle? Did he answer her question? How did he say the true worshiper would worship the Father? How alone can he be worshiped?

6. Where did the woman now go? What did she say to the men of Sychar? What was the result of her invitation? What did the Samaritans ask Jesus to do? What was the result of his visit to Sychar?

7. To what place did he afterward go? Who came to him there? What did he beseech Jesus to do? How did Jesus test the faith of this man? What did the nobleman still entreat?

8. What glad words did Jesus speak to the anxious father? How did the nobleman show that he believed? Who met him on his way home? What good news did they bring?

9. What did the nobleman inquire of his servants? What did he thus know? What was the result of this miracle?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—The Holy Spirit

(May 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." John 16:13.

Questions

1. What promise did Jesus make just before his crucifixion? John 16:7.

2. What is meant by the Comforter? John 14:26; note 1.

3. What was the Holy Spirit to do for God's children? John 14:26.

4. How is this same work of the Spirit described later? 1 John 2:20, 27.

5. What was its mission to the world? John 16:8.

6. What is the agent used in conversion? Eze. 36:26, 27.

7. Describe the condition of those who do not have the Spirit abiding in them. Rom. 8:9.

8. How willing is God to give us his Spirit? Luke 11:13.

9. What precious experience will the Spirit bring to us? Rom. 8:14, 15.

10. What comes with the endowment of the Holy Spirit? Acts 1:8; Eph. 3:16.

11. Name the fruits of the Spirit. Gal. 5:22, 23.

12. What admonition is given? Eph. 4:30.

Note

Some conscientious souls are in distress at times, fearing that because of sin, the Spirit of God has been grieved from them forever. But notice that the first work of the Holy Spirit when it comes to the heart is to bring conviction of sin. Those who feel a real sorrow and conviction for sin may rest assured that the tender Spirit of God is still striving with them to forsake sin.



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It is well to stop often in our busy life and see to what we owe our joy of living. The commonest temporal blessings may not have received their share of recognition. To discover the numberless services rendered by one thing, and the infinite things that add their gift, whether large or small, to life's enjoyment, will make us both wiser and better. There is an appreciation of every-day blessings that can come only through our being deprived of them for a while. Whittier speaks of this in his poem, "The Captain's Well:"—

"'He don't know the value of water,' he said;
'Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,
He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well.'"

But there is an appreciation that comes through study and observation that enlarges our interests and affords a wholesome pleasure.

Unique Features of an Afternoon Walk

I HAVE found too many interesting and instructive things in wood and meadow not to accept readily an invitation from a friend to take a walk in the country, and especially since we were to go with the purpose of finding something new. Brook and river, grove and meadow, hill and valley, were all visited, and we thoroughly enjoyed renewing our acquaintance with early spring blossoms and returning birds. The trees, too, were just shaking out their flower clusters, and unfolding the green leaves that had been so nicely tucked away for the winter. Already we had seen enough to make our walk worth while; but down by the Nashua near the old mill whose wheels were turned by the dark water, we came suddenly upon a unique procession. It consisted of twenty-four baby turtles all in a row. The little pedestrians were as much alike as peas in a pod, and not larger than a silver dollar. They had apparently just emerged from a sand hill, where they had passed the winter, oblivious alike to the discomforts and pleasures of the season. They were as dusty as the old miller himself, and were lining up, presumably for a bath in some meadow pool, or for a visit to last year's food haunts.

Later on in our walk as we came out of a pine grove, a large wire bird-house attracted our attention. In it sat a great owl alone. Near by were other cages in which flitted from perch to perch pretty juncos, Java sparrows, and dainty goldfinches; but the owl took no notice of his little feathered kin. His air suggested a sense of superiority; and he was not altogether amiable to us, seeming to regard our visit as an intrusion. We were kindly disposed, but every attempt to convince him of our interest only called forth from the grouty old fellow new signs of displeasure. Unwittingly, however, he afforded us

much amusement. His wonderful adeptness in turning his head from front to back, and the numberless repetitions of this feat, delightfully entertained us. One moment his great eyes would be full to the front, and if he heard an unfamiliar sound at the rear, instantly, without the slightest movement of any part of the body except the head, he would face the opposite direction.

Perhaps this performance had an especial fascination for us because we remembered how often in the physical culture class we had strained and creaked our own neck in the effort to direct the face even over the shoulder. So the marvelous ease with which the bird performed the impossible to us, won for him our admiration, despite his unfriendliness.

The lengthening shadows hastened our unwilling return, but just as we were passing through a narrow lane almost hidden by shrubs, trees, and overhanging branches from the grove at one side, we heard the clear, ringing note of the veery, or Wilson's thrush. To the lover of bird songs, this note is entrancingly sweet. We were constrained to linger. After the little fellow closed the entertainment, we went home with fresh interest in the world of life.

WERE I a skilful painter,
What should I paint for thee? —
A tiny spring bud peeping out
From a withered wintry tree.

—George McDonald.

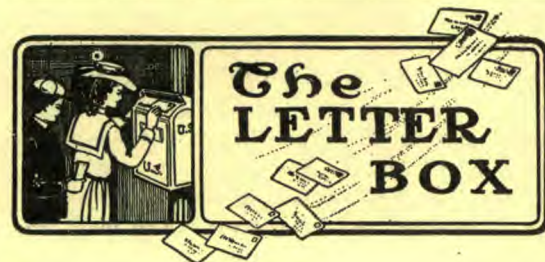
Errands for the Lord

It is expected that boys and girls will hold themselves in readiness to run errands. All should be alert to see what the Lord has for them to do, and be ever ready to take up special duties for him. Just now an earnest effort is being made to put the "good old Review" in the home of every Sabbath-keeping family. Why should not our young people see to it that every family in their church or company has the Review? The Lord wants us to do something, and do it now, and not stop till we get it done. And he wants our people to have the Review. The reports of the General Conference which is now in session are being printed in the Review; and those who subscribe for six months or a year do not have to pay anything extra for these reports. The rates are:—

12 months\$1.50
8 months 1.00
6 months75
3 months (April 1 to June 30)50

Let our young people take up this work.

M. E. KERN.



CHRISTIANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

DEAR EDITOR: I live in Christiana, a little mountain town of Jamaica. I am fifteen years old. I have been reading the INSTRUCTOR for several months. I think it is the best paper I ever saw. Elder J. A. Strickland came to our town and preached the advent message in a tent last November. Father and I began observing the Sabbath, along with all the other commandments, on the twenty-fourth day of December. I love the blessed truths of the everlasting gospel, and intend to devote my life to work for Christ.

WILFORD S. HARRIOTT.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for some time, and enjoy the

letters in it. I thought I would like to write one too. It is quite nice to read about other children, and how they enjoy the paper. I am fourteen years old, and have the privilege of going to Sabbath-school. It is about one mile from our place. I study the Intermediate lesson. I have two brothers and two sisters at the Avondale school. Pray for them, that they may be trained to be used in the service of the Lord. I have two sisters at home. I hope to meet all the readers in the earth made new. Miss Learned is my Sabbath-school teacher; I like her very much. I hope, as this is my first letter, that it will be accepted.

RUBY CODLING.

COORANBONG, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA,

March 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: We have taken the paper a long time, and have always enjoyed reading it. I am especially fond of the biographical and historical articles, and was much interested in those on the lives of Henry Clay and Eugene Field, which lately appeared in the INSTRUCTOR. I also enjoyed the articles on Celia Thaxter and Harriet Prescott Spofford. I wish an article on some noted person would appear every week; I should like to learn something about Frances E. Willard and Margaret Fuller.

I am attending the Avondale school at present. There is a good attendance this year. If any one attending the South Lancaster Academy, or any other of our colleges in America, would send me a circular of the school, I should be very glad.

CORA ROGERS.

CHRISTIANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

April 14, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am eleven years old, and have been in Jamaica about two and one-half years. We formerly lived in Virginia. My father is a minister, and was sent here by the Mission Board. When we first came, Jamaica seemed like a strange, far-off land, but we soon felt at home, and learned to love the place and the people. The weather all the year here is much like the month of June in Virginia. There is an abundance of delicious and nourishing fruits, and many lovely flowers. But the best of all is, there are many who have given their hearts to Jesus, and are keeping the Sabbath. The INSTRUCTOR reaches me every week, and it is indeed a welcome visitor; I always give it to some one else after I have read it. My little brother and I are raising chickens for the missionary Acre Fund. If I never see dear old America again, I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the glorious new earth.

WALTER E. STRICKLAND.

WE are glad to fill the Box this week with letters from our friends across the waters. There is coming a time soon when, as the apostle John says, there'll be "no more sea;" and all that separates friends will have passed away, and throughout an eternity there can be the fullest joy in association with loved ones. Miss Cora's letter reveals an interest in general knowledge that is praiseworthy, and I suppose Miss Ruby is looking forward to the time when she, too, will be in the Avondale school, preparing herself for earnest work in life. She can be stepping slowly up the ladder of knowledge even while at home, if she reads thoughtfully and wisely, and keeps eye and ear open to learn what she can by observation. Master Walter's description of Jamaica as a land of fruit and flowers, increases an interest already awakened in that island. His "delicious" fruits reminded me of a letter recently received from a friend in South Africa. He said the grapes there were luscious beyond description. Then, to stimulate my imagination a bit, he told me "to imagine all the good tastes of watermelon and ice-cream in one, but not in the least like either," and I would have something suggestive of the deliciousness of their grapes. But all this imagination unrewarded by even a taste of one real grape is rather unsatisfactory, don't you think?

I hope the missionary chickens in their usefulness will be a credit to the cause to which they are devoted. I am glad Master Wilford has seen the light of the third angel's message, and I sincerely hope he may be one who shall pass on the good news of a soon-coming Saviour to many who are now unaware of the approaching event.