

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Korean Sketches Costumes of the People

WEALTHY Koreans wear garments of rich and costly silks; but I prefer to describe the costume of the masses. The most marked peculiarity of the clothing worn is that almost every garment is white, or at least uncolored, though it may not be bleached. However, small children are often dressed in very bright colors, with somewhat startling combinations. I have seen a small jacket with body and sleeves of pink, collar of greenish yellow, cuffs of bright blue, and a sash or tie of a rich red. The jackets worn by boys are often of a pale-pink color. The long outer garments for men are sometimes black. The hats and jackets of the servants are black or some dark color. Men and boys wear a loose-fitting jacket reaching to the waist. The sleeves are loose and rather short. The pantaloons are very loose and baggy, and are made with a wide band. They are confined about the waist by a cord, the upper part of the band hanging down over the cord. A sleeveless waistcoat or vest is sometimes worn over the jacket just as described. The feet are covered with socks made of white cloth, padded with cotton; these reach several inches above the ankles. The wide trouser legs are wrapped about the ankles, over the socks, and then tied with a cord or narrow band. Over the socks are worn slippers of white rawhide or slipper-like sandals, which so enclose the feet that they require no fastenings. The former are worn by well-to-do people.

This is the costume worn about home. But when a Korean gentleman goes abroad, he dons a long loose gown or coat, reaching almost to the ankles; and a hat with a small, tapering crown, and a stiff, straight rim. The material for summer clothing may be of cotton or linen, often very light and gauzy. Winter garments are made warm by being padded with cotton.

Women and girls wear a waist or jacket barely long enough to allow sleeves to be set in; an under garment very much like the pantaloons worn by the men; and over this a long, full skirt, with a wide band at the waist. This band covers the breast and reaches to the short jacket, at least in the case of well-dressed and modest ladies. With the common people in their work-a-day clothes, the jacket falls considerably short of our ideas of modesty, leaving the breasts exposed. The footwear of women does not differ ma-

terially from that of men. The common head-dress worn by women is simply a wide piece of white cloth folded, and tied about the head with a single knot, the ends hanging down behind; or so starched and tied, that the ends project upward behind the head. Arranged in this way, it looks very quaint and tasty.

A Korean has no pockets in his clothes; so his purse and tobacco pouch, and possibly a knife

and a spectacle case, dangle from bright-colored cords tied about his waist. His long-stemmed pipe, a constant companion, he usually carries in his hand.

Korean women wear very few ornaments. Occasionally one sees a girl with ear-rings made simply of silver wire with the ends twisted together. Some women wear silver finger-rings, two on a finger, yet so thick and wide that

they are removed when their owner has work to do. But if these people have few outward adornments, it may be all the easier to teach them how to possess "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

F. W. FIELD.

It Pays

IN 1877, when Stanley, after following the course of the great Kongo, gave to the world a knowledge of this unknown river and country bordering its banks, this part of Africa was wholly unknown to civilized man. Since Stanley's unparalleled effort in following this mysterious river, and since steamers have been placed upon its mighty bosom, there has been a wonderful change in the region. Missions have been established at many points along the Kongo, going eastward from the west coast; and now that the secret of its sources is out, this part of Africa is open alike to missionary and merchant. Thus Inner Africa—full of running streams and far-stretching lakes, with its richness of tropical verdure, and abundance of animal life—is open to the possibilities of commerce, agriculture, and enlightenment. But do not think for a moment that the work of the missionary is an

easy one. While many hundreds of the natives living near the banks of the Kongo have embraced Christianity during the last fifteen years, the most of the people in this dark country require years of patient teaching and example. An interesting incident illustrating this is found in the *Christian Express*, taken from the *Missionary Herald*, entitled, "A Soul's Awakening:"—

He is sitting on the veranda just outside my



KOREAN MUSICIANS

doorway, very slowly and very earnestly repeating the letters and syllables in our school primer. He is about twenty-eight years old, as near as one can judge. His face has been cicatrized until it can be called almost a typical Ngombe face. But Sweye is a typical Ngombe man no longer, for the work of the Holy Spirit has entered his heart, and is manifesting itself in various ways, one of which is this steadfast application to the Book, so that by and by he may be able to read the Word of God in his own tongue. The Ngombes are naturally warlike, blood-thirsty, and are cannibals. Sweye daily seems to grow more and more gentle in disposition, no longer delights in scenes of blood and cruelty, and would be hurt if one suggested that he ate human flesh. I look at him as he spells out his letters, and all unconsciously contorts his lips as he so deliberately utters the sounds of some of the syllables; and knowing something of the man before me, I see a vision of our first adult Ngombe Christian. I have had many a talk with Sweye. He was one of our workmen during my first term of residence at Bopoto, and showed on more than one occasion to what depth of iniquity a heathen could sink. So far as he was concerned, our teaching seemed to fall on barren soil. No fruits became apparent; even the first tender shoots of promise failed to appear. Two, four, six, seven years have passed. During three different terms of service at the mission Sweye has heard in song and in addresses the things concerning the kingdom of God, and just as at dawn the night gradually gives place to light, so the heart of Sweye seems to have received the true light, and for him the thick darkness is surely past.

Although I had spoken personally and directly to him before concerning his soul's salvation, Sweye first responded really seriously only a few months ago. It was after a Sunday morning service in our school chapel. Although no longer a workman, Sweye had come from his village, and had been in attendance. He was standing on the steps which lead up the hill. Under the shadow of the acacia tree he was waiting, instead



KOREAN GENTLEMAN IN FULL DRESS

of walking homeward. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and attempted to drive home a point in the morning's discourse. To my joy his face lit up in quick response. Had he been waiting for my words? I seized the opportunity, and took him along to my home. He had, he said, already begun to pray in his village. What those first attempts at prayer were is known only to the Father of spirits. As this untutored savage first breathed out in human speech the aspirations of his soul toward God, and life, and light, I think there was joy in the presence of the angels of God. "Behold, he prayeth!" Even if one had heard those broken utterances, he would reverently drop the veil of the sanctuary into which that soul had entered as Sweye first communed with his Maker and new-found Father and God.

Sweye became a marked man. By many a fireside in the long evenings he had to uphold his faith in God, and Jesus, and prayer, against the arguments and superstitions of his townspeople. Faithfully he stood the test, and each discussion strengthened his faith. For Sweye it was no longer demon worship, but the worship of God; no longer faith in charms and fetishes, but faith in Jesus Christ. Then came ridicule, and Sweye has come off conqueror. The shafts of ridicule have not wounded him through the joints of his armor. "I have determined," said Sweye one day, "to obey God, to possess only my present wife, and to remain faithful to her." Those who know the Upper Kongo, and are familiar with the Upper Kongo native and his ways, will best appreciate what this decision meant for Sweye, and how much it cost him.

A little time ago Sweye paid a visit to Bosoitunda, a Ngombe village in the interior on the south bank of the river, where as yet no missionary has been, and Sweye became the first messenger of God to these people. Telling me afterward about his visit, he said: "Before I got into the canoe to go up, I stood on the beach, closed my eyes, and prayed aloud that God would bless me on the journey; and when I had crossed the river, I prayed again before I went inland. I was sitting one day in Bosoitunda, and the people came and said: 'Why do your white men teach the book palaver every day?' I said: 'Stay awhile, and I will tell you.' Then I said: 'The white men came a long time ago to tell us about God. You say you have only heard indirectly about the palaver of God, and that you do not understand very clearly. Have patience and I will tell you. God is in heaven, and he made all things. He is our Chief and Father. He does not like bac palaver. You who are here! Do not steal. That is the palaver of God. You who are here! Do not kill. That is the palaver of God. You who are here! Do not commit adultery. That is the palaver of God. You who are here! Do not lie. That is the palaver of God.'

"Some young men commenced to laugh and talk, but an elder of the people said: 'You young men sit quiet; I think this is a good palaver. Let us all hear it.' When all was quiet again, I said: 'If we die, and we die with good hearts, and if we have believed and obeyed God who is above, and Jesus his Son, our bodies, when burned, will return to dust, but our spirits will go to God. If we die with the palaver of God, we shall go to God, but if we die with bad hearts, we shall be destroyed. Jesus, the Son of God, died for men, and took the punishment of sin. He will judge all men, and those who believe on him and are on the good path will live with God, where there is no sickness, or pain, or trouble. What I say is true, for our white men teach us.' Then I sang to them:—

"Akongo Sango su bato,
Obolondo njea e we;
Iso boditi na opipu,
Iso bene ko bogwa.
O Akongo! O Akongo!
Bo'ngaka bobengeja."

"God the Father of thy children,
Lead us on thy path alway;
We, alas, have naught but weakness;
Dying men, to thee we pray.
God, Jehovah! God, Jehovah!
Help us in our need we pray."

"After singing some hymns, I said: 'Shut your eyes,' and I prayed: 'God, Father! I am here. I have told these people about you. Help them. Jesus, I want you to go with me when I return home. Drive away all my foolishness. I can not go aright unless you are with me.'"

Said Sweye to me on another occasion: "One day Ngako [a relative] and I, with others, went to the islands. We became very hungry, for all

our food was gone. Ngako said: 'We will return to-morrow.' I called the boys who were with us, some of whom had worked at the mission, and I said: 'Let us pray to God about food for our journey.' We shut our eyes. I prayed to God about giving us food. We all slept. In the morning before we embarked in the canoe, I prayed again. I said: 'God, Father, we go to our village with hunger; you can help us by giving us food on our way, so that we reach our homes with joy.' We paddled along, and after some time landed on an island. I was still in the canoe, when I heard Ngako shouting my name. 'Sweye, come; come quickly!' I went, and there was food for our dinner. Ngako said: 'Sweye, I believe in your God.'

Last Sunday Sweye came to our chapel service, bringing seven others with him. Yesterday he said: "I pray every night before I go to sleep." "And your wife?" I remarked. "If she says anything," said Sweye, "I appeal to her to be quiet, and she remains quiet until I have finished."

Sweye as yet does not profess to be a Christian. He has not applied for church-membership, nor has he yet spoken about baptism. He only says that "the palaver of God is much in his heart now," and that "he wants to walk on the good path," and this beautiful humility adds an additional charm to the beauty of the spiritual flower which seems to be opening day by day in his soul.

Such "awakenings" as this of Sweye should fill our hearts with a zeal to do our part in making it possible for many more to be led into the light of the gospel. The third angel's message has not been taken to the shores of the Kongo, but many earnest, sacrificing men and women have entered into this country from the west coast, and missions and schools have given the old, old story to the darkened minds of the poor African.

MRS. L. E. LABONTE.

"More Than Any Man"

His weary head drooped sadly, with not a hand to stay;

While from the thorn-wounds dropping, his life-blood oozed away.



The death dew from his forehead none wiped with tender care,
Nor for my dying Saviour sent up a word of prayer.

Kind hands smooth out my pillow, and fan my fevered cheek;
Attentive ears bend o'er me to catch my accents weak;

And tender hands and gentle are laid on brow and hair,
While for me every moment there rises pleading prayer.

Upon the cross uplifted his tender hands were nailed;
His feet with travel weary, on cruel spikes impaled.

The air was filled with curses, with jeers and scoffings loud,
While 'round my dying Saviour there surged a mocking crowd.

My limbs with softest linen are covered tenderly;
Dear hearts and eyes untiring wake day and night for me.

The room is cool and silent to soothe the head that aches;
And all my bed in sickness, my Heavenly Father makes.

He died. A Roman soldier from out the cruel band
About the cross of Jesus, stretched forth an impious hand,
And with the spear he carried he drew a healing tide

Of blood and water mingled, from out my Saviour's side.

But if I die my people will stand o'er me and weep;

With loving hands and tender, they'll robe me for my sleep.

And through the darksome valley where He went all alone,

His feet, which went before me, shall keep step with my own.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Science Stories

The Edison of the Plant World

A Dialogue Condensation of Two Articles in the Century Magazine for March and April, 1905

What is the new fadeless flower?

The Australian starflower cultivated so as to make it larger, more beautiful, fragrant, and keeping fresh for months, so that it has been suggested that it might replace artificial flowers in millinery.

Who developed it?

Luther Burbank, a native of Massachusetts, who went to Santa Rosa, California, when about twenty-five years old, and has been experimenting there with plants for thirty years.

What other flowers has he produced?

A dahlia of great beauty with the scent of the magnolia; the Shasta daisy, five to seven inches in diameter; a fine verbena with the fragrance of arbutus; callas ranging from an inch and a half to nearly a foot across; a gladiolus that bears blossoms all around its stalk; an amaryllis with a huge flower; a blue poppy; and many varieties of larkspur, lilies, and other flowers.

What has he done to improve fruits?

He has greatly developed blackberries, has produced a thornless blackberry and a white blackberry, a plum with the flavor of a Bartlett pear, a plum without a stone, a very large prune, a walnut having a very thin shell and white meat without any bitter taste. He has secured a walnut-tree that will grow faster than any other tree in the temperate zone, a chestnut-tree that bears nuts when eighteen months old, and peach- and plum-trees that can endure the freezing of their buds.

What new fruits has he produced?

The plumcot, combining characteristics of the plum and the apricot; the primus berry, something between the blackberry and the raspberry; and the pomato, an excellent fruit made to grow on a potato plant.

Have any of his products come into common use?

The Burbank potato, a result of his work when a boy, and the Wickson and other varieties of plums, are well known.

What experiments promise to be of special importance?

Those by which he has succeeded in gaining a thornless cactus that will thrive in any climate, furnishing an abundance of food for animals, and a delicious fruit for human beings.

How are such results reached?

By keen observation of individual plants, careful selection of the fittest specimens, and innumerable experiments in combining different ones by fertilizing the flower of one with pollen from another.

How long has Mr. Burbank been doing this?

Thirty years. For twelve years he has devoted his time wholly to breeding plants.

How many investigations has he made?

On more than twenty-five hundred species of plants, involving the use, on an average, of a million new plants a year, and in some cases a million plants in a single test.

What is the need of so many?

Because only very infrequent specimens may show the peculiarity that he is trying to develop. Fourteen heaps of berry bushes, containing twenty-five thousand bushes apiece, were destroyed as useless for his special purpose at one time.

How are the specimens chosen?

By his almost unerring judgment as the plants are put before him. In one case a test was made. Several thousand seedlings were brought to him, and he classified them at once into three grades

of quality. All were planted, and after they had grown long enough, it was found that he was right in every case.

How has he obtained means to carry on his work?

By great economy and sacrifices. Since he gave up his nursery business in 1893 to have his time free for experiments, he has worked at a loss every year. He has refused offers of help that would at all affect his independence. The Carnegie Institution has now granted him ten thousand dollars a year for ten years, so that experiments may be carried still further by this man who has brought forward more new varieties of plants than any other man in history.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Some By-Products of Camphor

CAMPBOR is found in the form of crystals in the wood tissues, and is separated from the crude oil by double distillation. From the first distillation is secured an oxidized product, camphogenotol, the principle of the camphor oils of commerce.

Among the by-products may be mentioned crude camphor oil, which comes out simultaneously with the camphor; white oil, obtained by sublimating the crude oil, and used in the manufacture of soap. Red oil also is obtained from the crude camphor oil, as well as black oil, which is extensively used in the preparation of varnishes.

A turpentine is secured from the white oil that is in great demand for medical and industrial purposes. From red oil is obtained the product known as safrol, employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of perfumery, and also soap; and a disinfectant is also distilled from red oil, after the addition of other substances claimed to kill the cholera bacillus. Another product is an insecticide, which, when mingled with one hundred parts of water, destroys insects injurious to farm crops.—*Search-Light*.

A Dangerous Liquid

A SOLID-GOLD bottle stood on the chemist's table, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. "In that bottle," said the chemist, "my hydrofluoric acid is kept. Hydrofluoric acid is used in glass-etching. The etching on glass thermometers is all done with it. It is colorless. It looks like water. But a drop of it on your hand would bore through to the other side like a bullet. Its inhalation is sure death.

"Hydrofluoric acid can be kept safely in gold bottles alone. Sometimes bottles of India-rubber, of lead, or of platinum are used. None of these, though, is as safe as gold.

"Even when this acid is in a gold bottle, precautions must be taken with it. It is volatile, and hence a paraffin-covered plate must be clamped tight over the bottle's mouth. Also, the temperature of the room must not rise over sixty degrees, or the gold bottle will burst.

"This acid, whose sole use is in glass-etching, is probably the most dangerous thing in the world to work with. The steeple-jack, the lion tamer, the diver, even the Japanese and Russian soldier, do not take their lives in their hands to half the extent the glass-etcher does when, with his gold vial of hydrofluoric acid, he etches the scales on our thermometers."

A Dog That Kept Chickens

A BIG St. Bernard dog used to go with the farmer's wife when she collected the chickens to coop them for the night. She carried an apronful at a time, returning for the rest, which, in the meantime, had scattered in the long grass at the foot of the hill. After two or three trips, the St. Bernard, which had been watching her, thought of a better way. When she came back,

she found him lying with his great paws outstretched in a circle, within which he had corralled the rest of the brood, and was keeping them for her. Would all of us be as thoughtful as that?—*Junior Christian Endeavor World*.



Worth Receiving

THE following letter is one written recently by a young man to his sister. It contains so much good counsel for all young people that I begged permission to give it to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

MY DEAR SISTER: I hope you are enjoying your work and the associations in Washington. Everything will be new and strange to you. You will be surrounded by new faces; the ways of the people will be quite different; and because of this you will probably often feel lonely—a loneliness bordering on to homesickness. But I do hope not. I have suffered so much from it that I wish others who go away from home might be free from it.

I shall enjoy talking with you about your first experience away in a large city, and comparing notes. How well I remember the first time I went to New York. I hope you will enjoy living in Washington, and that you will avail yourself of the many opportunities that you will have there of becoming informed. Do not be satisfied with simply working in Washington. Learn Washington. Those things that are new and that you can not understand, do not pass by until you do understand. In this way you will pick up information; your mind will become trained to observation, and whenever you go to other places, you will at once notice the difference in the two places, and learn readily the peculiarities and characteristics of a place. I remember when I went to New York, I was impressed by some examples of architecture that I thought especially fine, though I did not know why, and did not understand their technical construction. So I began to read up on architecture, and attended some lectures on styles and orders of architecture. You can not appreciate the good this did me. I never went to a large church or to a public building without enjoying a study of the architecture, knowing what period of history was represented in the different styles or "orders" of columns. Then I read the history of New York, and learned the places of historical interest, and in every way tried to become familiar with all that went on about me; and when I came to London, I could appreciate it heartily. I thoroughly enjoy studying the architecture here; studying the local history of London, and studying the people. So you are surrounded by wonderful opportunities if you take advantage of them, as I am sure you will.

It always made me out of patience to see the girls working away there in Battle Creek without any care of improving their minds and to make the best of their time. I hope, dear, that you won't do that. I want to see you become clever and well developed in every way. It always seemed to me a miserable way of getting through life, being a lady stenographer, or worker of any kind, and simply working for a weekly or monthly wage, and having nothing to work to, no desire to get anything out of life outside of her daily life. But when one conceives an intense love for the mind, and seeks to develop it, and make the most of everything that comes into her life, then life becomes worth living. I sometimes think that I may be a sort of heathen, a mind worshiper. But I love my mind, and I so much enjoy training it and improving it as far as possible. I am not clever, and can never hope to be. But I do sometimes feel a sort of satisfaction in believing that I have endeavored at all times to improve what the Lord gave me to begin with. I admire a sharp, keen brain; one that is refined, cultured, and well-informed, and think that this is to be desired by every one, above all by a Christian.

Your brother,

"So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

In Girlhood's Hour

Having Fun

ISABEL and Carrie have been talking to me for the last half-hour, fairly bubbling over with fun. They laugh as naturally as birds sing; they are at what a disapproving old gentleman calls the giggling age. I don't mind their laughing, it is not ill-humored, and if at sixteen one doesn't see the fun that brightens the day's work, one will never see it. A quick perception of the ludicrous is as useful as salt in porridge.

The girl who is born without an appreciation of fun is to be pitied. She will miss two thirds of life's pleasure as she journeys. Well did Shakespeare tell us,—

"The merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad heart tires in a mile—oh."

And long before Shakespeare, Solomon affirmed, "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

Having said this, may I be pardoned if I suggest that in girlhood's precious hour, we must have certain protections and boundaries about our fun? Suppose our home daughter is going on a trip across the continent. She may travel from New York to San Francisco, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, in absolute safety, without embarrassment, without insult, if she simply behaves like "a lady," refrains from making acquaintances with strangers, especially with men, and preserves her dignity.

A party of young girls one day lately thronged into a public conveyance in which I was seated. In effect they swarmed over it like bees on a bough. They laughed and talked loudly, mentioning names freely; they were rude and boisterous; they so possessed the car that the business man who was reading the newspaper folded it up with a sigh, and the pallid woman who had a headache looked as if undergoing torture. This was having fun at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Such pretty girls, too! I felt sorry to have them show so little breeding, and so much selfish unconcern about other people.

When a company of young folk, girls and boys, are going anywhere on an excursion or picnic, or wherever there may be fun afoot, they should have a chaperon with them. Some older friend, a married woman, or a spinster who has left her giddy days behind, a mother, or an aunt, should accompany the young people, not to hinder or repress their fun, but on occasion to keep it from flowing into mistaken channels. A father, if he have time to spare, is a delightful chaperon. Should a sudden calamity occur, or an unforeseen delay, as when a carriage breaks down, or a yacht is becalmed for hours, it is pleasant for every one to have an experienced friend at hand who will know what to do, and by her very presence calm the fears of the timid. Besides, though young people sometimes overlook this, the fathers and mothers at home are concerned about them while they are absent, are anxious if there be any postponement of their return, and feel much more at ease if some one be in the group who is charged with its care, and to some extent responsible. This is so generally understood and accepted now that on sleigh ride and straw ride and mountain climb and moonlight sail, girls and boys are, as a matter of course, provided with a suitable chaperon.

Having fun is right, but in the fun there must be no malice. Need I tell girls that practical jokes of every kind are in very bad taste, and are what we call bad form? Surprise parties are seldom in order. Never should a girl join one, unless she is assured that at least one member of the family to be visited has been taken into the secret. One never knows how inopportune a surprise party may be, nor how unwelcome, so that the precaution mentioned above should never

be omitted, and the fun should be made free from all objections, before it begins.

In home life, the more fun, the more innocent hearty laughter, the more joy there is, the dearer will be the fellowship, and the firmer the household bond. A daughter who is in sympathy with her parents, a sister who loves her brothers, will help them not only to be cheerful, but day by day to have fun, to have what Rudyard Kipling happily calls, "Clean mirth." One who has the gift of amusing others is worth her weight in gold. Hers is the timely jest, the bright anecdote, the conundrum, the light touch that starts the ball of cheery talk.—Margaret E. Sangster, in *The Wellspring*.

Keep a Smile

KEEP a smile on your lips; it is better
To joyfully, hopefully try
For the end you would gain than to fetter
Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
But somewhere is shining a star.

—Nixon Waterman.

The League of the Golden Pen

"THE League of the Golden Pen" is the beautiful name given to a beautiful effort to make the world happier and more sunshiny. Its originator is Rev. E. H. Byington, of Beverly, Massachusetts. We can almost guess the purpose of the league from its name. It is the writing of letters "in the spirit of Christ to give gladness, comfort, counsel, and inspiration to others." "When such are written, the spirit of the writer translates the steel of the pen into gold." In this list, says Mr. Byington, may come family letters, if only there is plenty of love in them, letters to children which will make the bright eyes sparkle and the little feet dance as the child cries out, when he gets it, "O mother, I have a letter. Who do you suppose wrote it?"

It includes letters of praise to people who are doing some noble, self-sacrificing work in the world, and who get more "kicks than ha'pence," according to the old proverb. It would surprise many people to know how few letters of appreciation even those who are most appreciated for their life's work ever receive. They may be burdened with correspondence from all parts of the world; but in nine cases out of ten their mail will consist of letters asking for some favor, a money contribution, an article, a commendation, an introduction—a favor of some sort; a letter purely of appreciation would be to some like an oasis in the desert, not the gratitude which is a "lively appreciation of future favors," but gratitude pure and simple for some word well spoken or deed well done.

Mr. Byington, too, would have us write love-letters, however old we may be, love-letters to mother and father, to brother or sister or wife.

"Write your love-letter," he says; "put a stamp on it; and keep out of sight when it is delivered and read. Then note that new radiance in your mother's eye, and feel in the gentle pressure of her hand and the touch of the good-night kiss an unspeakable gladness." Even the bread-and-butter letters are not despised by Mr. Byington. Then surely these "love-letters" are not despised by those who receive them, if written in genuine heartiness.

You need not sign your name; for Mr. Byington believes in anonymous letters, if they are only of the right sort. He does not believe, of course, in rasping, ill-tempered, unkind anonymous letters. These are always cowardly; but he tells us that "often an anonymous letter, written with a golden pen, thrills and sustains more than one whose authorship is known."—Frances E. Clark, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



The Christian's Mission

"WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait."

Report from Hutchinson, Kansas

WE have a Young People's Society of seventeen members here in Hutchinson. All are active and willing to work in the Master's vineyard. We have not done much missionary work but I will speak of the few things we have done. The children of the church have a rack in one of the depots, and I keep it supplied with papers and tracts. We also take the *Signs*, and one of the members distributes them to the different hotels. We have been taking copies of the *Life Boat*, going to the jail with them and holding meetings, but our subscription has just expired. A number of missionary visits have been made, and missionary letters have been written. During the winter some of the members passed bills announcing a series of meetings which were being held. We are studying the lessons outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR*, and like them very much. We have seventeen members. Although we do but little, we hope to do better, and with the help of the Lord I know we shall succeed in our undertakings. We ask the prayers of all the young people for our work. CLARITA JAMESON.

Mt. Vernon Academy Missionary Society

WE thought that you would probably be interested to know of our work during the past year. We hold our meetings every Wednesday morning, in place of the usual chapel exercises; and we regret that we shall have but few more this year.

We have been greatly blessed during the past year, and feel that the Lord has been with us and helped us in many ways. We send papers each week to individuals who we think will be interested in the truth, and sometimes get good reports from them. This is encouraging to others besides those who send the papers. Although while in school we can not go out and give the message ourselves, we can send the printed pages, and eternity alone will reveal the good they have done.

A missionary spirit has pervaded the school this year, and it was greatly strengthened by the hearty response given to the call from Japan. The fact that we made up the money to buy the church for the Koreans has increased our interest in that field especially, and as we give to the different fields, the missionary spirit is developed.

The time for us to work is short, and we must make a speedy preparation to get out into active service, if we accomplish what the Lord would have us. The burden of warning the world of the coming destruction is placed upon the young people of to-day, and if we do not arouse and give it in all its power, others will take the place that we should have filled here on earth, and also in the world to come. We are all striving to gain that heavenly home, and how important it is that we commit our lives to God each day for service. It is only by thus momentarily committing our lives to him that we can become perfect. Several of the young men here have given their hearts to the foreign work, and it

is our prayer that many will go out from the different missionary Societies over the land.

ETHEL POPE, Secretary.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul's Address to the Mob

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 21:37-40; 22:1-29.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 218-222.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Paul makes known citizenship.
- Liberty given to speak.
- Tongue used.
- Birthplace.
- Early life.
- Details of conversion.
- Address interrupted.
- Imprisoned.
- Appeal to Roman law.
- Terror of the chief captain.

Notes

They cried out, "Away with him." Compare this cry raised against Paul with that raised against Christ. Luke 23:18; John 19:15.

A detailed account of Paul's conversion is given twice in the book of Acts, as spoken by the apostle on two separate occasions. There is power in telling what the Lord has done for our own soul. Ps. 66:16.

That which we have experienced in our own heart we can give to others, "Such as I have give I thee." When we have a deep, rich experience in the things of God, we can move others to love him. Give prayerful study to the narrative of Paul's conversion.

"In the midst of the tumult the apostle remained calm and self-possessed. His mind was stayed upon God, and he knew that angels of heaven were about him."

"Accustomed to look upon themselves as the only people favored of God they could not endure the thought that the despised Gentiles should share the privilege which had hitherto belonged exclusively to themselves. National pride bore down every argument which could influence their reason or command their reverence. An outburst of rage interrupted his speech, as all with one voice cried out, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live.' In their excitement they flung off their garments, as they had done years before at the martyrdom of Stephen, and threw dust into the air with frantic violence. This fresh outbreak threw the Roman captain into great perplexity. He had not understood Paul's Hebrew address, and concluded from the general excitement that his prisoner must be guilty of some great crime."

"The body of the apostle was stretched out, like that of a common malefactor, to receive the lashes. There was no friend to stand by him. He was in a Roman barracks, surrounded only by brutal soldiers. But, as on a former occasion at Philippi, he now rescued himself from this degradation, and gained advantage for the gospel, by appealing to his rights as a Roman citizen. . . . The preparation for torture went no farther, and those commissioned to conduct his examination left him. Paul was, however, still held in custody, as the nature of his offense had not yet been enquired into."

G. B. T.

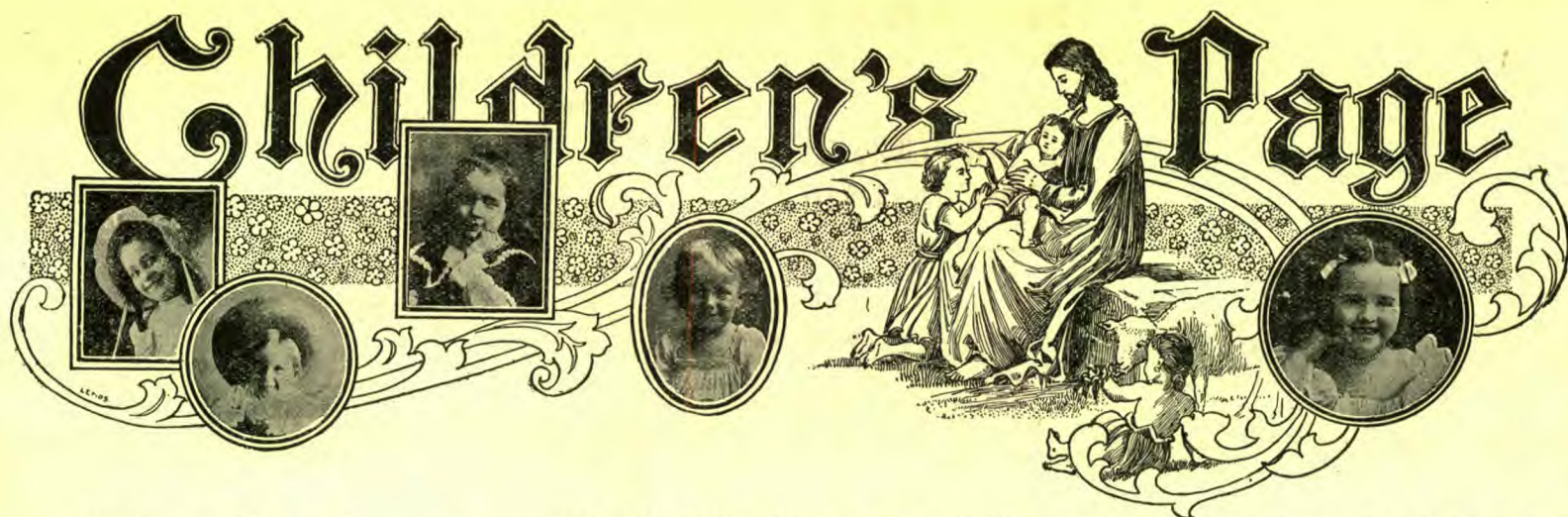
THE three great guiding principles of Mary Lyon's life were:—

"To know the need should prompt the deed."

"What ought to be done can be done; and if no one else is ready, you are the one to do it."

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."

These take away the pretexts which cover nearly all evasions of duty.



The Books of the Bible

In Genesis the world was made;
In Exodus the march is told;
Leviticus contains the law;
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again

We're urged to keep God's law alone;
And these five works of Moses make
Perhaps the oldest writings known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads;

In Judges oft the Jews rebel;
We read of David's name in Ruth,
And First and Second Samuel.

In First and Second Kings we read

How bad the Hebrew state became;

In First and Second Chronicles

Another history of the same.

In Ezra captive Jews return,

And Nehemiah builds the wall;

Queen Esther saves her race from death:

These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith;

The Psalms are David's songs of praise;

The Proverbs are to make us wise;

Ecclesiastes next portrays

How fleeting earthly pleasures are;

The Song of Solomon is all

About the love of Christ: and these

Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come,

While Jeremiah tells of woe,

And in his Lamentations mourns

The holy city's overthrow.

Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,

And Daniel foretells kings of old;

Hosea calls men to repent,

In Joel blessings are foretold.

Amos tells of wrath; and Edom

Obadiah's sent to warn;

While Jonah shows that Christ should die,

And Micah where he should be born.

In Nahum, Nineveh is seen;

In Habakkuk, Chaldea's guilt;

In Zephaniah, Judah's sins;

In Haggai, the temple built;

Zachariah speaks of Christ.

And Malachi, of John, his sign.

The Prophets number seventeen,

And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John

Tell what Christ did in every place;

Acts shows what the apostles did,

And Romans how we're saved by grace.

Corinthians instructs the church;

Galatians shows of faith alone;

Ephesians, true love; and in

Philippians God's grace is shown.

Colossians tells us more of Christ,

And Thessalonians of the end;

In Timothy and Titus both

Are rules for pastors to attend;

Philemon Christian friendship shows,

Then Hebrews clearly tells how all

The Jewish have prefigured Christ,

And these epistles are by Paul.

James shows that faith by works must live,

And Peter urges steadfastness,

While John exhorts to Christian love,

For those who have it God will bless.

Jude shows the end of evil men,

And Revelation tells of heaven.

This ends the whole New Testament,

And all the books are twenty-seven.

— Selected.

[Will not every boy and girl before writing a letter for the Letter Box read one of these books through, and tell us, when you write, which book you read, and what was one of the best lessons you learned from the reading? — Ed.]

Why the Mite Boxes Were Full

ROSELLA had a blue mite box. So had her brother Drew. The mite boxes had been given out in Sunday-school, and were to be kept two months. All the money saved in the mite boxes was to go toward sending the news about Jesus to the heathen girls and boys across the ocean. The Sunday-school superintendent said so. So did the sweet old, blind missionary woman, who had talked to the scholars.

Rosella and Drew carried their mite boxes across the fields toward their tent. They and their mother and aunt and cousins had come several miles from their farm to tent with a number of other folk near the Farmers' Co-operative Fruit-Drying Buildings during the fruit season, to cut fruit for drying.

Another girl was going across the fields with a blue mite box. She was the Chinese girl, Louie Ming, whose father and mother had come from the city to cook for some of the owners here.

"Louie Ming's got a mite box!" said Rosella.

Drew laughed.

"Suppose she'll save anything in it?" he asked.

"I don't believe she will," said Rosella.

Rosella and Drew carried their mite boxes into their mother's tent.

"We're going to cut apricots and peaches to help the heathen!" announced Rosella.

Mother nodded.

"We'll have a whole lot of money in our mite boxes when we carry them back," said Rosella.

"We'll see," said mother.

For two or three mornings Rosella and Drew rose early, and after breakfast hurried to the cutting-sheds to work. But after a while, Rosella and Drew grew tired. It was more fun to run over the fields, and mother never said Rosella and Drew must cut fruit, anyhow, though mother looked sober.

"The heathen children won't know," said Rosella to herself. "Suppose the heathen children were me, I wonder if they'd cut apricots every day to send me Bibles and missionaries? I don't believe they would."

The first month melted away. When it was over, Rosella had two nickels in her mite box, and Drew had three in his.

"The heathen children won't know," said Rosella.

But, one Saturday night, Rosella and Drew were going by the tent where Louie Ming lived. Inside the tent sat Louie Ming, with her week's pay in her lap. In the Chinese girl's hand was her blue mite box. Louie Ming was putting her money into her mite box, and did not notice Rosella and Drew.

"Why-ee!" whispered Rosella. "See there! Why, Drew! I do believe Louie Ming's putting every bit of her pay into her mite box! Do you suppose she knows what she's doing?"

Rosella and Drew stood watching.

"Do you suppose Louie Ming understands?" whispered Rosella again. "Why, she's giving it all! Drew she's been working in the cutting-sheds every time I've been there. She didn't cut fruit till she got her mite box! There! She's given every cent!"

Louie Ming looked up, and suddenly discov-

ered Rosella and Drew. Louie Ming looked half scared.

Rosella stepped toward the tent.

"What made you give all your money?" asked Rosella. "Why didn't you save some? You've worked hard for it. The heathen children wouldn't know if you kept some money for candy and things."

Louie Ming looked shy.

"You say wha' fo' I give money?" she asked, softly.

"Yes," said Rosella. "Why do you give so much?"

Louie Ming looked down at the blue mite box. Somehow it seemed hard for Louie Ming to answer, at first. Then she spoke. "One time I have baby brudder," said Louie Ming, softly. "He die. Mu mudder cry—cry—cry. I cry—cry all time. I say, 'Never see poor little baby brudder again—never again!' An' I love little brudder. Then I go mission school. Teacher say, 'Louie Ming, love Jesus an' some day you go heaven an' see your baby brudder again.' Oh, teacher make me so happy! See little brudder again! I go home and tell my mudder. She not believe; but I get teacher to come tell. She talk about Jesus to my fader an' mudder. They learn love him. Some day we all go heaven an' see little brudder! Now I save money to put in mite box. Way over in China many little girls don't know about Jesus. Their little brudders die. They cry—cry—all the same me did. Maybe some my money send teacher tell those poor Chinese girls how go to heaven, see their baby brudders again. So I work very hard to put money in my box, because Jesus come into my heart."

Rosella did not answer. She stood looking at Louie Ming. Then suddenly Rosella turned and caught Drew's hand. She pulled him along till they were running toward their own tent. Rosella rushed in. The baby was sitting on the straw floor. Rosella caught him up.

"O baby, baby brother, don't you ever go and die!" cried Rosella, hugging him. "I couldn't spare you!"

"Goo!" said baby brother, holding out his arms to Drew.

Drew did not say anything, but he took baby brother.

"Drew," said Rosella, "I'm going straight to work! Aren't you? I'm ashamed of myself! To think a Chinese girl, who didn't use to know about Jesus once, would work so hard now for her mite box! And you and I haven't! Why, Drew Hopkins, I haven't acted as though I cared whether the heathen boys and girls knew about Jesus or not! I'm going to work to fill my mite box. Why, Drew, Louie Ming's box is 'most full! And she used to be a heathen!"

Drew nodded. He hugged baby brother tighter.

The next Monday Rosella and Drew began working hard cutting fruit.

How Rosella and Drew cut fruit the remaining month! How they saved, and how glad they were their mite boxes were heavy when the Sunday came to carry the mite boxes back!

The blind missionary woman was at Sunday-school again, and after Sunday-school the superintendent, who knew Rosella and Drew, intro-

duced them to the missionary. And the blind missionary said: "Bless the dear girl and boy that have cut peaches for two whole months to help send the gospel to heathen children!"

Then Rosella, being honest, could not bear to have the missionary think it had been two months instead of one, and Rosella suddenly burst out, half-crying, and said, "Oh, I wasn't so good as that! I didn't work two months, and I—I'm afraid if Louie Ming hadn't loved Jesus better'n I did, Drew and I wouldn't have had hardly any money in our mite boxes!"

So the blind missionary wanted to know about Louie Ming, and Rosella told the missionary all about her. Then the blind missionary kissed Louie Ming's cheek, and said, "Many that are last shall be first."

But Rosella was so glad that she and Drew had worked to send the news about Jesus to heathen children.—*Mary E. Bamford, in Over Sea and Land.*

"He's Barefoot"

ONE day as I was working near an open window, my attention was attracted to the conversation of some small boys who were playing outside. They had a wheelbarrow, and were wheeling something across the yard, a part of which was covered with stone chips from a newly built wall. One of the boys was barefoot, while the others had on shoes.

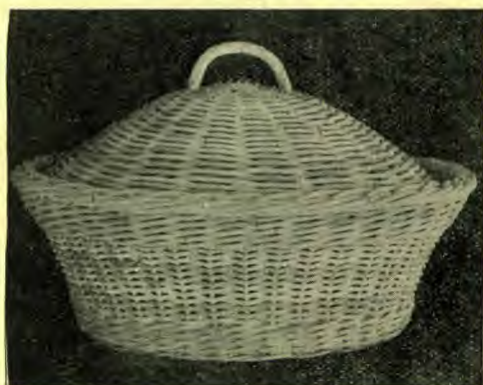
At the time when I noticed their play, they were trying to decide which of them should ride back in the empty wheelbarrow. Soon I heard one of the boys say, "Let Mike; he's barefoot." To this the others agreed, and Mike climbed into the wheelbarrow, and rode off.

Many times those words have come back to me, and forcibly impressed the lesson of unselfishness. How easy it would have been for one of the larger boys to claim the right to ride back, and leave Mike to walk barefooted over the stones. How easy it is for us all to forget, as we do so often, to give up to another the pleasure we ourselves would so much enjoy.

All around us are people longing for loving words and tender sympathy, so let us bestow upon them the fragrance of kindly deeds, thus helping them along in the upward way, cheering and brightening their lives, and asking God to develop in us the character of him "who went about doing good."

E. W. THURBER.

"THEY wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them."



AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

A Darning Basket

Model No. 7

MATERIAL, reeds Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Diameter of base, seven inches; top, ten inches; height, four inches. Thirty-seven stakes, sixteen inches long, of No. 4 reed. Insert one each side of each spoke but one. At the last spoke use but one, to make an odd number, as the stakes will be used singly. Use No. 3 reed for all the weaving.

Rope twist, three rows of triple twist, two inches of single weaving. Above the single weaving put one row of triple twist. At the point where this row ends, insert two new weavers, one in each of the first two vacant spaces at right of the three weavers already in use. These five weavers are used to form a ridge on which the cover may rest. Take the one at left, pass it to right in front of two stakes and back of three. This will bring it out in first vacant space at right. Continue the same stroke once around the basket, always taking the left weaver. Notice the ridge formed by passing back of three stakes. When a weaver reaches the space where the first extra one was inserted, lift the inserted end, pass the

other end back of it under the ridge, and draw it through to the front. Make the next stroke with left weaver, and bring this out back of second inserted weaver below the ridge. This completes the ridge, and leaves it straight and even. Cut these two weavers on outside of basket. With the remaining three weavers make three rows of triple twist. Using five weavers makes no difference on outside of basket, as each stroke is in front of two stakes, same as with triple twist. The border is slightly different from that on the "handy basket." Turn down four stakes each back of two. Pass the left one over the other three, in front of first standing stake, back of the next, and out at first vacant space at right. Lay first standing stake down back of it. Repeat until finished. Fig. 1. Weaving the last ends in may be somewhat perplexing, but will not be too difficult for those who have followed the work from the beginning.

For the cover use ten fifteen-inch spokes of No. 5 or No. 6 reed. Split five and insert five. Open the center as usual. Notice that the second row of pairs does not divide the first row, because there is now an even number of spokes.

When the second row of pairs is completed, drop the short weaver; with the long one pass in front of two spokes, and back of one. Fig. 2. (This gives the same effect as the triple twist.) Continue this weave until the cover is the right size, which is when the diameter is one-half inch less than that of the inside of basket just above cover ridge. In using larger or smaller reeds a different allowance would, of course, be necessary. Shape by bending spokes well from you and drawing weaver tight at each stroke. Bind off by passing

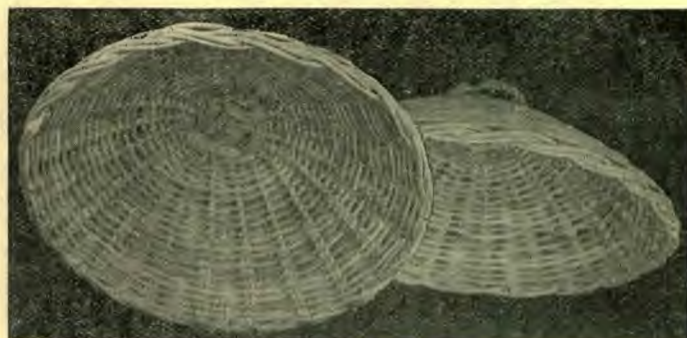


FIG. 3

weaver under last row of weaving at each downward stroke last time around. Cut spokes close to cover. Insert one nine-inch stake of No. 4 reed beside each spoke for border. Pinch close to cover. Hold the cover on edge with the under side toward worker. Turn two stakes down, each back of first one at its right. Pass left one in front of first standing stake at right, back of next, and out at first vacant space. Lay first standing stake down back of it. Repeat until border is finished. Fig. 3. It should be very firm and close. See that the cover is just the right size before trimming stakes. It should go on without crowding, and should not be so small as to slip below cover ridge. If it is a trifle large, it may be sufficiently reduced by giving each stake a firm pull. If a little small, lay it on the table right side up, and with the palms of the hands apply firm, even pressure to the top. If proper care is used in measuring, it will need no more adjusting than can be done in this way. But if necessary the border may be taken out, and more or less weaving used as the case may require. For the handle use a five-inch piece of No. 6 reed. Sharpen each end on the under side only a distance of half an inch. Insert slanted ends on top of middle spoke just outside of the two rows of pairs on either side of center. Wind same as handles on plain waste basket and handy basket. Use No. 1 reed for winding.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

New Lighting Apparatus for the Capitol

THE superintendent of the Capitol building has just completed the installation of an entire new set of lighting apparatus for the corridors of the building, at a cost of ten thousand five hundred dollars.

Of this amount about seven hundred dollars was expended on a single chandelier, one of the finest in any public building in Washington. In fact, the Capitol

building has some of the handsomest and most expensive chandeliers in Washington. The largest chandelier installed in the building is placed in the corridor just in front of the Supreme Court chamber. It is of such large proportion that an extra beam was placed in the ceiling to hold its weight. It is of bronze, and weighs about seventeen hundred pounds.—*The Washington Times.*

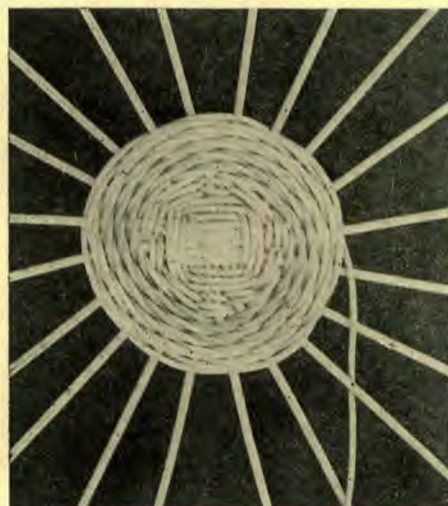
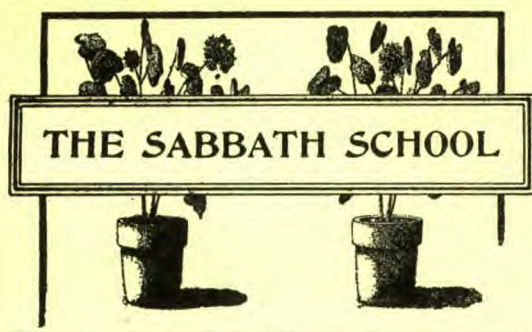


FIG. 2



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—The Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother—Other Miracles

(June 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 4:16 to 5:26.

MEMORY VERSE: "And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God." Luke 5:25.

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

"And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

"And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country. And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.

"But he passing through the midst of them went his way, and came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the Sabbath days. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power. . . .

"And he arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house. And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought him for her. And he stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and it left her: and immediately she arose and ministered unto them. Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them. . . .

"And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret, and saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their

nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.

"Now, when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.

"When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken: and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him. . . .

"And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them. And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before him. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus. And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

"And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone? But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins (he said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day."

Questions

1. What little town did Jesus now visit? What did he do on the Sabbath? What was given to him? What did he read? When he had finished, what did he do? What did he say?
2. To what did all who heard him bear witness? At what did they wonder? What did they say to one another? What did Jesus then tell them about his work? Of what incident in the life of Elijah did he speak? What in the life of Elisha?
3. When those in the synagogue heard these things, what did they do? How did Jesus escape from them? Where did he go? What did he do on the Sabbath?
4. Into what house did Jesus enter one day? Who lay ill there? What was Jesus asked to do? Tell how the woman was cured. Mark 1:31. What did she immediately do? At sunset who came to Jesus? How many who came were healed?
5. After this, where did Jesus teach the people? How great was the company? Into whose boat did he enter? When they had pushed off a little way from shore, what did Jesus do?

6. When he had finished teaching the people, what did Jesus command Simon to do? Did Simon obey willingly? What did he say? What do these words show? How many fishes were taken in the net? What happened to the ships?

7. What did Simon now do? Were the others astonished? What did Jesus say to Simon? What should he henceforth do? When the disciples had brought their ships to land, what did they do?

8. Who had gathered in a house one day to hear Jesus? As he was teaching, who was brought to him to be healed? What was it necessary to do in order to bring the sick man near Jesus? What did he say when he saw the man?

9. What did the scribes and Pharisees who were present at once begin to question in their hearts? What did Jesus know? How did he answer their unspoken thoughts?

10. What did Jesus now say to the sick of the palsy? What did the man immediately do? Whom did he glorify as he went to his own house? What was the effect of this miracle on that company?



X—The Gifts of the Spirit

(June 3)

MEMORY VERSE: "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." Eph. 4:8.

Questions

1. Concerning what are we admonished not to be ignorant? 1 Cor. 12:1.
2. What did Jesus give to men when he ascended? Eph. 4:8.
3. Are all the gifts of the Spirit the same? 1 Cor. 12:4-6.
4. Name some of these gifts. Eph. 4:11; 1 Cor. 12:8-10.
5. Where were they placed? 1 Cor. 12:28.
6. Why were they placed in the church? Eph. 4:12.
7. How long will they continue there? Eph. 4:13; 1 Cor. 1:7, 8; note 1.
8. When will the gifts of the Spirit be no longer needed in the church? 1 Cor. 13:8-10.
9. To what is the church in which all these gifts are doing their work, compared? 1 Cor. 12:22-27.
10. Does the Lord recognize any difference in these gifts? 1 Cor. 12:31.
11. Which one is the most important? 1 Cor. 14:1, 39; note 2.
12. What caution is given the church? 1 Thess. 5:19, 20.

Notes

1. So long as the Spirit of God is in the earth, the gifts of the Spirit will be seen in a greater or less degree. In the closing days of earth's history, when the power of Satan will be manifested in no ordinary manner, it is reasonable, as well as Scriptural, that the operations of the Holy Spirit will be witnessed in a special manner, and the gifts of the Spirit be revealed in the church. God placed these gifts in the church, "for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ," and they will remain there until the church militant becomes the church triumphant. Note that among other gifts in the church is that of prophecy. As this is the greatest gift (1 Cor. 14:1, 39), we may expect that it will be the leading gift.

2. The gift of prophecy is important because it teaches God's will, and all the other gifts in their fulness are dependent upon its reception. Only as the spirit of prophecy is confirmed in us, may we hope to have all the gifts. 1 Cor. 1:4-8.



Oh do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be strong men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"AMBASSADOR CHOATE, in being elected a bencher of the Middle Temple, receives the highest honor within the gift of British lawyers, an honor not conferred upon an American since the Revolution."

MRS. FAIRBANKS, wife of Vice-President Fairbanks, holds three collegiate degrees. She was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1872. Later she received the degree of bachelor of laws, and then took a full course of international law.

"WHEN Mr. Gladstone was twenty-one years old, he made the following entry in his diary: 'In practise, the great end is that the love of God may become the habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: the spirit of love, of self-sacrifice, of purity, of energy.'"

THE Japanese are forming a colony in Texas, this State still having much land to spare for the industrious farmer. There has been some opposition to the colonization scheme; but the governor and other leading officials have succeeded in setting the door wide open to all thrifty, self-supporting Japanese.

You will see the pools and standing waters frozen through the winter, when the little running streams are bounding along between fringes of icy gems. Why is this? The streams have something else to do than stand still to be frozen up. Be like them. Keep your hearts warm by feeling for others, and your powers active by work done in earnest.—*John Hall.*

THE body of John Paul Jones was discovered in Paris on April 14, 1905, one hundred thirteen years after burial. It was identified by the highest medical experts, and is in a good state of preservation. The body had been soaked in alcohol and interred in a leaden coffin. It will doubtless be given appropriate burial in the Arlington National Cemetery.

IN the National Museum at Washington is the picture of the Dowager Empress of China that was on exhibition at the St. Louis exposition. It was painted by an American lady artist. The empress is a picture of vigor, with piercing black eyes, jet-black hair, and pretty little hands, whose nails, several inches long, are protected by golden shields like elongated thimbles. Tsi An is proud of her hands, which, according to Chinese ideas, are extremely beautiful. She has long black hair, which she wears parted in front, and brushed smoothly over her ears.

AN article which endeavored to answer the question, "Is Chicago Meat Clean?" appeared in a recent number of *Collier's Weekly*. After speaking in detail of the various phases of the work in the Chicago stock-yards, the author adroitly remarked, "And, incidentally, it is worth while to call attention to the fact that the stock-yard business in no way relates to or has any correlation with an art gallery or with any of the refinements of civilized life. Neither is it calculated to discourage any spectator who witnesses its operations from adopting and pursuing a vegetarian diet,"—a significant disclosure.

"WHEN miners go to work, their faces are clean, but at night they are black as coal; yet still their eyes are clean, because the tear-glands have washed away all impurities. Such is the influence of the Holy Spirit amid the impurities of the world."

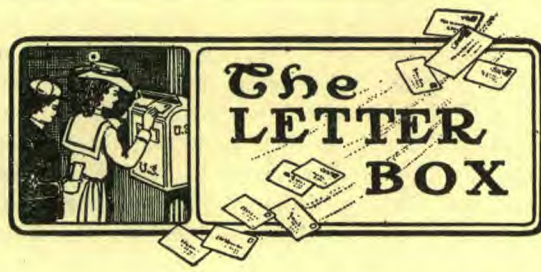
MARGARET GATTY, in one of her stories, tells of a schoolboy who had a high reputation as a mimic. It seemed as if he could be just like any one whom he pleased to imitate. But a wiser friend asked him to show how the handsomest boy in school looked, and how the best speaker declaimed. Then, as the young mimic found himself quite incompetent to do this, he realized that all his power of imitation lay in the direction of lowering his own standard, and of mimicking defects which had not yet become his own.—*W. F. Crafts.*

NEARLY three hundred fifty years ago Francis Xavier stood before the "Walled Kingdom," China, and as he felt the power of its adamantine exclusiveness and proud self-sufficiency, exclaimed, "O rock! rock! when wilt thou open to my Master?" Since then China has heard from on high a voice commanding it to throw open its doors, and though not knowing the full meaning of the command, she obeyed.

The gates are wide open, the people wait, but where are the ones with the Bread of life to disperse to the famishing multitude? Where are the Seventh-day Adventist young men and women who are ready to enter this field? Who has the money that is necessary to send them? We must hasten, else the gates will swing to again, never more to open.

Union College Calendar

THE Union College Calendar for 1905-06 is ready for delivery. Copies may be obtained free by addressing the president of Union College, College View, Nebraska.



ANOKA, MINN., April 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed please find some answers to the poem "Questions" by Mary Martin Morse. I am thirteen years old, and spend my summer out at a beautiful lake not far from here, and I love to watch the birds, fish, and flowers.

My dear child, I can tell which kinds of buds the soonest swell. It's the maple buds around our house, but remember I am only a city mouse.

I can tell, in our fine schoolroom, because the hepaticas under the hill can be seen in bloom.

Over the hill by that old mill, the May violets will be seen in bloom.

Down by the lake on that steep bank, the bluebells' chimes are rung; and yellow is the color of the adder's-tongue.

I can find the arbutus sprays, and its buds under the wintry snow doth stay.

I have seen acres of daisies nod; and the ground-sparrow builds his nest on the sod.

The humming-bird winters under Southern skies, and hundreds of miles the wild geese fly.

In his mouth the beaver has his saw; and from his Maker the raccoon studied law.

MARJORIE MITCHELL.

WEST WILTON, N. H., April 7, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS DICKERSON: In answer to the poem in the INSTRUCTOR of April 11, 1905, written by Mary Martin Morse, I write you, answering the questions which were asked.

Pussy-willow buds the soonest swell.

The hepaticas soonest bloom on the sunny side of a hill.

Clintonias grow low; their color is yellow.

Spring's violets soonest blow where it is the sunniest.

The bluebells' sweetest chimes are rung where they blossom the most. The adder's-tongue is yellow.

I can find the pinkest arbutus sprays. Its buds in the winter stay on the plant.

I have seen acres of daisies nod. Ground-sparrows and night-hawks build their nests on the ground.

The lark and eagle fly through the heaven's blue. Their message seems to come to me.

When their story is told, and I have heard, I can tell which song is sung by which bird.

The humming-bird winters under the Southern sky. The wild geese fly hundreds of miles.

I do not know what a veiro is. I would like to know very much. I think I have not seen more than three or four kinds of fish.

Squirrels provide their homes in holes in the ground sometimes, but they usually live in trees. They are like birds that go and come.

A rabbit's tail is about two inches long. There are dark rabbits and pale rabbits, but I have seen only the dark ones.

The red fox never climbs trees. I have never found any turtles' nests.

God gave the beaver his saw. The raccoon has never studied law.

From the grassy hillside where I have stood, the echo answers have come from the wood.

I have seen the fine lace that Jack Frost makes. I can not build a castle as frail and fair as the skill of Snow King piled up there.

I can not build a pattern like that on the ice-bound lake.

MABEL C. FRYE.

THE vireos are an interesting family. Of the six kinds that inhabit New England, five are reasonably plentiful, and of these the red-eyed is the most familiar. The iris of his eye is ruby-red, and he peers at you with sparkling eyes that look out between a white line and a brown stripe. He is a small bird; olive-green above, whitish below, shaded with greenish yellow on sides and on under tail and wing coverts. He is found everywhere, and if you do not see him, you hear him calling out in a very emphatic way, "You see it—you know it,—do you hear me? Do you believe it?" I hope, Miss Mabel, you will be successful in identifying this little songster during the summer.

The Canada goose, one of the most common wild species, often winters in Mexico, and spends the summer in Canada, and it does not take it long to make the journey across our country, being a very swift flyer. You know, perhaps, that the hawk can travel at the rate of one hundred fifty miles an hour; swallows and pigeons attain a speed of more than a mile a minute. The humming-bird—"that glittering fragment of a rainbow," as Mr. Audubon calls it—likes Cuba for a winter resort. Here in the National Museum is a dainty full-grown humming-bird about an inch long. Wouldn't it make an interesting little mother-bird?

The Youth's Instructor

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