

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 30, 1905

No. 22



## Psalm Ninety-one

In the secret of the Highest I'm abiding,  
In the shadow of Almighty I am hiding,  
In my Refuge and my Fortress I am resting,  
In deliverance from the fowler I am trusting.

With the feathers of his pinions shall he cover  
All his children, as a hen her brood doth hover,  
And the terror of the night shall not alarm me,  
And the arrow of the day shall never harm me.

Though a thousand at my side shall oft be smitten,  
And ten thousand at my right hand, as is written;  
I shall see it, but it never shall come nigh me,  
For a shield and for a buckler shall his truth be.

From all evil and from plagues shall I be shielded  
With his sword, which for me is ever wielded,  
And my refuge in the time of desolation  
Is the stronghold of my Father's habitation.

In the hands of holy angels I am holden,  
Lest my feet by jagged rocks be bruised and swollen.

I can tread upon the adder or the lion  
Or her whelps, or even trample on the dragon.

Just because His love hath won my heart's endeavor,  
He hath promised to be with me to deliver  
Me from trouble and oppression,  
And to satisfy my soul with his salvation.

J. M. C. JOHNSON.

## The Saviour's Love

"I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. 31:3. Our hearts thrill within us as we read those beautiful words written in our Holy Guide-book, because one so infinitely above us should condescend to look upon us, frail creatures of dust. And yet everything in creation is willing to come under the controlling influence of our Heavenly Father, but man, the crowning work of creation, made in the image and likeness of God. Wonderful opportunities Adam had as he walked and talked face to face with God and his Elder Brother.

God intended to reveal to man many things that are now mysteries. Man's thinking would have been in harmony with God's. But since sin came, it is different. For has not God said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." But the repentant sinner, though steeped in sin to a crimson dye, may come to the throne of grace, and find acceptance in the name of Jesus, who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And yet we wonder at the children of Israel's murmuring by the way, when they had the visible presence of the Everlasting Arm in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. How great have been our opportunities for spiritual development

as we have had all the experiences of former ages to take for our example. "All these things . . . are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

And we on the very borders of the eternal world, the heavenly Canaan, when trials and temptations come, forget to feed upon the heavenly manna, though it is within our reach in abundant measure; but, like Israel of old, we turn to the flesh-pots of Egypt, forgetting that "to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." If we would only realize that the Lord is sufficient for us in all our sorrows, and learn to know his voice as the sheep know the shepherd's, how much more peaceful and blessed would be our lives! A sweet radiance would shine out to others as we come in contact with our fellow men. "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." We would have more of that perfect love that Christ had for us, and a great deal more of the true missionary spirit.

Surely the Lord is long-suffering toward us, and he remembers we are but dust. He says that he has not chosen us because we were more in number, but because we were the fewest of all people, and again, "O Israel, fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

And at times when we feel that everything is lost, when perplexities deepen on every hand, and Satan seems to be conquering, and we about to give up to despair, how often the blessed assurance comes to us, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

If we but take the first steps toward God, he sees us afar off and advances to meet us, and in his joy that we have come, forgets all our shortcomings, and exclaims, as did the father of the prodigal, "This my son . . . was lost, and is found."

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Does it not seem selfish on our part that when God has given us life, health, and happiness, we refuse to come to him, and are slow to tell others of his wonderful love toward us while we were aliens and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel?

MARTHA GYLES.

## "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

MARTIN LUTHER was born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483, a poor miner's son. His heart was full of music when he was a boy, and he used to sing from door to door. After he became a man, and had led in the great revolt from the superstitions, sins, and injustices of the Roman Catholic Church, he did two things that, more than all others, established Protestantism firmly,—he translated the Bible into the language of the common people, and he wrote hymns also in their every-day language, to be sung to attractive, familiar tunes.

The first printed hymn-book was published at Wittenberg in 1524,—eight hymns with tunes,

and four of them by Luther. Since that beginning it is said that Germans have written more than one hundred thousand hymns, and the greatest of all is this hymn of Luther's. Luther wrote some thirty-six hymns in all, but this is his noblest. Some say that the strong tune to which the hymn is always sung was composed by Luther, but he probably merely adapted a tune already in existence.

The hymn was written about 1528, and though many attempts have been made to associate it with various stirring events in the life of the great Reformer, it is not known what occasion prompted it. He based it on the forty-sixth psalm, but it does not follow the course of the psalm; it merely catches up and carries on the psalm's leading thought.

Whatever its origin, it had an immediate influence in Germany, and became for the Reformation what the great French hymn, La Marseillaise, became to France. It is now the national hymn of the fatherland.

Dr. Benson says: "It was sung at Augsburg during the Diet and in all the churches of Saxony, often against the protest of the priest. It was sung in the streets; and, so heard, comforted the hearts of Melancthon, Jonas, and Cruciger, as they entered Weimar, when banished from Wittenberg in 1547.

"It was sung by poor Protestant emigrants on their way into exile, and by martyrs at their death. It is woven into the web of history of Reformation times, and it became the true national hymn of Protestant Germany.

"Gustavus Adolphus ordered it sung by his army before the battle of Leipzig, in 1631, and on the field of that battle it was repeated, more than two centuries afterward, by the throng assembled at the jubilee of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. Again it was the battle hymn of his army at Lutzen, in 1632, in which the king was slain, but his army won the victory.

"It has had a part in countless celebrations commemorating the men and events of the Reformation; and its first line is engraved on the base of Luther's monument at Wittenberg."

Luther comforted his own heart with the hymn, and when his great cause seemed almost lost, he would turn to his friend Melancthon and say, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm."

There is a story of the use of it by the German troops lodged in a church after the battle of Sedan. They were too excited to sleep. At last some one began to play Luther's hymn upon the organ. The soldiers united in a splendid outburst of song, after which they fell into peaceful slumber.

The hymn has been translated into English more than eighty times, but only twice with such success that the result has won popular favor.

Our favorite American version is that by Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, a great German scholar, himself a poet of no mean ability, whose translation appeared in 1852. Longfellow has a version in his "Golden Legend," and one of Whittier's war poems is in Luther's meter, and has the same name. Here is Dr. Hedge's translation of this great soul-stirring hymn:—



"A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper he amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing:  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

"Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing:  
Dost ask who that may be?—  
Christ Jesus, it is he;  
Lord Sabaoth his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

"And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us:  
The prince of darkness grim,—  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.

"That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through him who with us sideth:  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill:  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever."

—Amos R. Wells, in *Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

### A Story of a Song

OF all the stories concerning the dear, familiar hymns, I think none has moved me more than one old one told me of that grand old hymn, "Coronation."

"It was years ago," said my friend, "and I had gone back to the old homestead to spend Thanksgiving as usual. There was a houseful of us—uncles, aunts, and cousins—and, of course, we young folks were anxious for a frolic.

"It had been unusually cold, the river was frozen over, and looked perfectly safe, as well as beautifully clear and smooth.

"I'll tell you," said my cousin Richard, the afternoon before Thanksgiving, 'why can not we young folks skate across the river, have supper at the hotel, and come home by moonlight? Grandma and Aunt Martha will be glad to have us out of the way so they can finish their preparations for to-morrow, and we will have a jolly good time.'

"So about four o'clock we started. Some of our number could not skate, so we who were skaters got sleds and drew the rest.

"We reached our destination all right, and, with ravenous appetites, had a fine time over our supper, laughing and talking until it was time to start for home.

"It happened on our return journey that Richard, who was the best skater in the party, and I were side by side in front; behind us was a row of skaters hand in hand, every other one having a sled in tow.

"We had not gone very far before, to my unspeakable horror, I was sure that the ice was bending in front of us. I looked again, straining my eyes and trying to think that I was mistaken, but, even in the uproar about me, it seemed to me that I could hear it crack.

"I looked at Richard. I could not have spoken to save my life; my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I felt the perspiration coming out on my forehead in great drops.

"I thought of everything in those few terrible seconds. Like a flash it went through my mind that we might possibly get through in safety if we could only keep in motion as we were; but, if the rest suspected our danger and there

was a panic, those on the sleds, at least, would probably be drowned.

"Richard read my thoughts, and, though his face was drawn and white with horror, his voice was perfectly clear and natural.

"Let's have a good sing!' he called out, without turning; 'it will help us to keep step.'

"Then he struck up instantly into 'Coronation.'

"For a minute the party were taken by surprise, but before we had gotten through the first verse, every one in the crowd was singing.

"We flew over the ice, though it seemed to me the others must hear, as I did, that awful crack, crack of the ice. Thank God we were past the middle of the river, where the ice was thinnest! Would the verses hold out until we reached the bank? Did Richard know them all? He had a magnificent voice, but I had never heard him sing before, nor have I since, as he did that night.

"Let every kindred, every tribe,'—

"Yes, we should be out of danger before the verse was finished, I was sure.

"To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him Lord of all.'

"The last words rolled out triumphantly as we reached the bank.

"After we had reached home, and were all gathered round the open fire, we told our story. The faces of the merry company grew suddenly very grave; no one could speak for a minute or two, but we drew closer together, and then my grandfather poured out his heart in thanksgiving to God."—Kate S. Gates.

### "The Little Cares"

THE little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields, above the sea,  
Among the winds at play,  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,  
I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay,  
Among the husking of the corn  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—  
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

### Tens of Thousands Perishing

HON. GEO. W. STUBBS, the judge of a juvenile court, in Indianapolis, says that the cigarette is mainly responsible for the trouble in the cases of more than six hundred boys who have been brought into his court, many of whom were charged with some grievous, debasing, criminal action. In strong terms he condemns the use of the cigarette.

E. E. York, superintendent of the Indiana Boys' School at Plainfield, says that out of six hundred boys admitted to that institution during the last three years, sixty per cent were known to have been cigarette fiends, while less positive evidence at hand shows that ninety per cent formed the habit that sapped their virtue and strength at an early age. Nervous, listless, no energy nor ambition, emaciated, bleary-eyed, and agonizing deaths is the record he gives.

And now, dear reader, who can tell but that some of these boys would have been saved from this soul- and body-destroying habit if we, as a people, had only put forth the effort that we could and should have made years ago? We have only to multiply this one juvenile court, and this one boys' school by the thousands of cities, to see what an army of boys are fast placing themselves where they can no more discern sacred things than could the two sons of Aaron.

The hour is late, the time of work is nearly past, and yet we may save some. The situation demands haste. Shall we arise to the demands of the hour? Why should not our Sabbath-schools everywhere arise as one man to the rescue, and throw out the life-line? By your co-operation, that journal *Save the Boys*, set as a safeguard against rum and tobacco, may have a larger circulation, for which its readers are calling. Some of our Sabbath-schools are using clubs of them, and report a blessing in the work. Why should not all do something? Why not order now? Price, only 30 cents a year. In clubs of five or more to one address, 25 cents each. Address *Save the Boys*, 118 W. Minnehaha Boul., Minneapolis, Minn.

### "He Scaleth Up the Hand of Every Man"

A YOUNG man upon being asked to give his opinion concerning a fellow student's stability and consecration, would not permit an evil insinuation to escape his lips, and answered simply "Time will tell."

Sometimes the temptation comes for us to perform "Time's" duty. We forget that our lips have been set apart for a holy use, that God has put a new song in our mouth, even praises. The enemy deceives us to defraud the one for whom the Spirit is working.

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? . . . He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor receiveth a reproach against his neighbor."

The time is now far spent. We are doing a great work, and dare not "come down" to worry over the supposed misdeeds of others. The disciples were so busy proclaiming the risen Saviour that they had no time to censure Thomas. They let the Lord convince their brother while they prayed and praised. The Lord wants strong symmetrical, consecrated characters upon which to lay the burdens of so great a cause. If we have failed to meet his requirements, and have dwarfed our souls by watching with critical eye a struggling fellow Christian, the Lord has had to pass us by, and choose the worthier one to bear responsibilities.

When tempted to tear down the structure a brother Christian is laboring to build, "refrain . . . if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Satan is the destroyer. Let him find some one else to carry on his work. We can not safely unite in it. It is ours to rear beautiful structures which God can "keep."

MRS. J. C. BROWER.

### God's Ways

HEAR what God says: "One of you shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." That is God's arithmetic. Twice one thousand is two thousand in our mathematics, but in God's arithmetic twice one thousand is ten thousand. God is sublimely indifferent to numbers. It is not quantity, but quality for which God cares; he would rather have one consecrated man or woman than a thousand who are half-hearted in his service; and so he keeps sifting down, and down, and down, just as he did Gideon's great multitude, till he gets the choice "three hundred" with whom he can do mighty works. Will you be one of the "three hundred?"—Arthur T. Pierson.

"Look for the light the shadow proves."

"IGNORANCE is the mother of all evils."



# Science Stories

## Steamship Stopped by an Octopus

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company's large vessel, the "Peru," that has just arrived at San Francisco from a Central American port, had a most remarkable experience. While steaming along one day off the Mexican coast, the captain of the "Peru," who was on the bridge, noticed that for some time the vessel was not making her usual speed. He sent word down to the chief engineer inquiring the cause of the slowing down. To the captain's surprise, the engineer affirmed that the engines were running at the customary speed. The captain and engineer began immediately to investigate the cause. Finally the mystery was solved on looking down over the steamer's bow. Stretched across the prow was discovered a monster octopus, or devilfish. It was of immense size, weighing not less than four tons, some of the giant tentacles, or arms, being fully twenty feet long. This octopus was one of the largest ever seen anywhere. So huge was the hideous creature that it made the sharp prow of the "Peru" like a blunt scow, and greatly retarded the steamer's speed. How to get rid of the monster was a question. The steamer was stopped and repeatedly backed hard and fast, but that signally failed to dislodge the devilfish. Finally a brave seaman was cautiously let down by a rope over the bow. The octopus is a very dangerous creature; and if a person is caught by one of its long, slimy arms, escape from a fearful death is almost impossible. The sailor was armed with a powerful steel hook to which was fastened a rope. With great caution the sharp hook was fastened into the central part of the octopus, and the rope wrapped around the vessel's capstan. When the windlass began tightening the rope, the huge creature loosened its fearful grip on the vessel, and finally dropped off into the sea. It made frantic struggles with its many long, snake-like tentacles, and the sailor had a very narrow escape from being caught in their folds. So strong was the strain that the powerful steel hook was straightened out before the monster was dislodged.

The "Peru" was detained some time by the octopus, and the thrilling incident caused intense excitement among the many passengers. This is the first instance on record, so far known, where a large steamer was stopped by a devilfish.—*J. Mayne Baltimore, in Children's Visitor.*

## How Corks Are Made

CORK, as most persons know, is the outer bark of an evergreen oak-tree which grows in Spain, Portugal, Algeria, Morocco, and to some extent in Italy. Its peculiar properties, especially its lightness and its compressibility, make it valuable for scores of purposes, but its original use, in the manufacture of corks, or stoppers for bottles, still consumes the greater part of all that is brought to market.

The cork oak varies in diameter from six inches to three feet. By a generous provision of nature, the tree may be periodically stripped of its outer bark without losing its life.

Twenty years is the usual age at which the first cutting is made. After that the cork may be harvested about every ten years. The first cut, which is called virgin bark, is of little value, as it is coarse in texture and deeply seamed. The tree may be expected to live and yield cork until it is one hundred fifty years old.

In Spain and some other European countries corks are still made by hand, each one being pared from a square block by a common knife.

In this country, where are made the finest corks in the world, the work is done by machinery, all of which is of American invention and manufacture. Every boy who has ever whittled a cork for a fishing "bob" or a pop-gun pellet knows how difficult the material is to cut smoothly. To do it well his knife must be as sharp as a razor, and must be used with a drawing motion, not a mere pressure; and if the cork be wet, so much the better. The same difficulties confront the manufacturer by machinery, and are met in the same way.

The bark, after having been wet, and then allowed to remain for a time in damp cellars to soften, goes first to the stripping-machines, which reduce it to slabs of a size proportionate to the corks to be made. These machines are merely small iron tables, through which appear very thin steel disks, like circular saws, except that they have no teeth. They are really keen-edged steel knives, as thin as paper, and running at a high rate of speed, but so smoothly that they seem to the spectator to be standing still.

The little slabs or strips of cork go next to the "blockers." The cutters here are cylindrical steel punches, or tubes, with razor edges. They



THE OCTOPUS, OR DEVILFISH

are arranged in rows or "gangs," and instead of being simply pressed through the cork, are also revolving at high speed, and so cut their way through. Having perforated the slab, the cutters back away automatically, while plungers like pistons working in the cylinders come forward and punch out the cores, which, for some purposes, are already finished corks.

They are, of course, perfectly cylindrical, that is, without taper, and in that form they are preferred by bottlers of effervescent liquids because their shape enables them the better to resist the pressure of the restrained gases.

But for the use of druggists, who are the great users of corks and need the very finest, a tapering stopper is preferred, and this necessitates another operation. The tapering-machines are run mostly by young women. Each machine consists of a little lathe which centers the cylindrical cork automatically, and then brings it into contact with the edge of the cutting-knife, which, like the cutter of the slicing-machine, is a very thin steel disk. As the cork touches this knife, a thin shaving rises and curls away, light as a puff of smoke.

One who knows nothing of the machinery could see no reason for it, but during the second that the cork has been in contact with the apparently motionless disk some dozen yards of flying, razor-edged steel have been at work, and the cork is now a perfect truncated cone, with a fine, satin-like surface and an even and regular taper. By hand, a very rapid and skilful cutter can turn out twelve or fourteen gross in a day. With these machines one girl will produce four hundred twenty gross.

There are few businesses in which the quantity of waste material is so large as in the manufacture of corks. In the best-managed factories it ranges from sixty to seventy per cent; but American ingenuity and industrial development have succeeded in transforming it into a source

of profit. By grinding the waste to various degrees of fineness and pressing it, with glue or shellac, into various shapes, it is made useful for the inner soles of shoes, for bath-room mats, for insulation in refrigerating plants, and the deadening of sound in apartment-houses, the making of bicycle handles and the grips of tennis rackets, fly-rods and golf clubs; and there are dozens of other uses for the waste which are quite as interesting.

A few years ago one manufacturer of corks was paying a teamster a dollar a load to cart away his waste and dump it on a refuse heap. To-day he receives sixty dollars a ton for the very cheapest quality of this waste.—*Edward Williston Frenz, in Youth's Companion.*

## Why Weeds Are Weeds

LUTHER BURBANK, famed in horticultural pursuits and a grafter of the fashions of grafting that brings forth good, and even better, fruits and flowers and vegetables, thus tells why weeds are weeds:—

"Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped, trampled on, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or, perhaps, are suffering with cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests, or a lack of nourishing food or sunshine. There is not a weed alive which will not, sooner or later, respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection."

Luther Burbank speaks as one having authority, and is possessed of knowledge that makes his authority well-nigh binding. It is easy to recall the one-time weeds that have, by study and cultivation, come to be the producers of flowers, and it is not much more than a generation when even the succulent and the delicious tomato was regarded as nothing but the product of a weed to be avoided, as it is to-day in many parts of Germany. The earth annually offers treasures of the field hidden in ugly weeds, and only needing the "good cultivation and persistent selection" recommended by Mr. Burbank to make of them useful servants to man, instead of noxious plants to be avoided.

The suggestion of Mr. Burbank might be applied to other things than weeds of the forest or of the field. There are weeds growing in the streets and in the slums and in the tenements of every city in the United States, noxious and growing to be dangerous to organized society, but which, with good cultivation and persistent selection, would come to a growth beneficial to themselves and to society. And the good cultivation and persistent selection that would bring forth good fruits from the weeds of the streets and alleys are equally applicable to the weeds gathered into penal institutions.—*San Jose Herald.*

## A Fun-Loving Moth

It has undoubtedly occurred many times to many people, says a writer in an exchange, that insects have a sense of humor. But never in serious literature on subjects of natural history have I seen any reference to evidence that insects possess, even in the slightest degree, this very human attribute. Ernest Thompson Seton and others attribute to higher orders of animals almost every human faculty; but insects have been signalized in history for their perseverance, industry, and thrift alone, and have for ages most properly been held up as models to those humans who happen to lack in energy, application, and providence.

My observation enables me to say positively that insects have a distinct and well-developed sense of humor—an appreciation of play which is the foundation of all fun.



I own a very handsomely marked young coach dog that, like all youthful canines, takes an active interest in everything animate in the world of nature that is presented to his notice. One summer afternoon the dog became interested in a little yellow moth that flew under his nose as he lay at my feet on the piazza at my country home, and a chase across the lawn ensued, the moth keeping just out of reach of the dog, and leading it around and around the yard. Finally the dog tired and lay down on the grass, still watching the moth, which settled down on a clover stem a few feet away, lazily waving its wings in a manner to hold the dog's attention. When the dog had rested, he again chased the moth until he grew tired, and again lay down to rest, when the moth, as before, wafted down, and again waited for him to recoup his energies. Desiring to possess the bright little yellow "bird," the dog, having learned that speed did not avail, then crept up carefully on the moth where it was resting, and just as he was ready to pounce upon it, the moth fluttered up from under the dog's nose, and led him away for another chase. When the dog finally gave up in disgust, that tantalizing little breath of yellow floated up under the dog's very nose, and challenged him again to the inevitable romp.

Off and on all that long summer afternoon these tactics were repeated, and I could not help concluding that the moth was deliberately making sport of that dog, and that in the oft-repeated tactics for attracting the dog was evidence that it was enjoying hugely the bright-spotted beast's ineffectual efforts at its capture, and the frequent evidence of anger and disgust at the failure.—*Selected.*

### Dogs That Wear Shoes

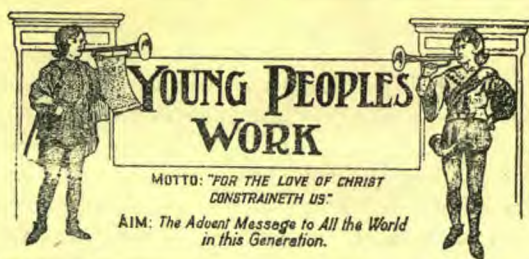
THE dogs that wear shoes are the Eskimo dogs. They do so only occasionally, and then not on account of the cold, for these shaggy animals are comfortable and frisky when a man would freeze to death. The *New England Farmer* gives some interesting items about them:—

"The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in the country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed. Then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth, and eats them up.

"Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska! Although they are only little fellows,—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland,—they are worth from \$75 to \$200 each,—more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw two hundred pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them; for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

"But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when the camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as near the men who own them as possible, and the miner can not wrap himself so closely that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning."—*The Wellspring.*

"THE voice of decision is the breath of destiny."



BEST of all, God is with us.—*John Wesley.*

## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul Before the Sanhedrin

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 22:30; 23:1-11.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Luke 21:12-18; Rev. 2:10.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 221-225.

#### TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Sanhedrin summoned.

Speaks to his inquisitors.

Smitten.

The chief inquisitor reproved.

Raises a dissension in the council.

Belief of Sadducees and Pharisees defined.

Great clamor.

Escorted by soldiers to the castle.

The Lord stood by him.

#### Notes

Sanhedrin, a Jewish council and tribunal, especially the supreme council of the Jewish nation, in existence from an uncertain time after the exile until A. D. 425, originating in the municipal council of Jerusalem, which gradually increased its functions. This supreme council, called also Great Sanhedrin, was composed of seventy-one priests, scribes, and elders of the people, and under the Romans was presided over by the high priest. It had not the power of inflicting death. The lesser sanhedrins, or provincial courts, were each composed of twenty-three members appointed by the Great Sanhedrin."—*Standard Dictionary.*

This council before which Paul is now arraigned is the same that he was once a member of, and before which Stephen stood. He no doubt recognized among the inquisitors, some whom he knew in the school of Gamaliel, and some were his associates in the persecutions of his earlier belief. The mind of the great apostle was doubtless subject to strange emotions as he stood a prisoner before this august tribunal. "Thou whited wall." The Saviour compared the hypocrites to "whited sepulchers." Matt. 23:27. "Lightfoot goes so far here, as to say that the words themselves mean that Annas had the semblance of the high priest's office without the reality."—*Conybeare and Howson.*

"God shall smite thee." These words of Paul to the high priest were not spoken in anger, but were prophetic. The high priest was murdered by assassins in the Jewish war.

"The apostle's bearing was calm and firm. The peace of Christ, ruling in his heart, was expressed upon his countenance."

"Paul was convinced that he could not hope for a fair trial and just decision at this tribunal. And his natural penetration and shrewdness enabled him to take advantage of the circumstances. The Sanhedrin council was made up of

Pharisees and Sadducees, who had long been at variance upon the doctrine of the resurrection. Knowing this, the apostle cried out in clear, decided tones, 'Brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.' These words, appealing to the sympathies of those who agreed with him in regard to the resurrection, brought a change in the council. . . . The Pharisees flattered themselves that they had found in Paul a champion against their powerful rivals; and their hatred against the Sadducees was even greater than their hatred against Christ and his apostles. With great vehemence they now began to vindicate Paul, using nearly the same language that Gamaliel had used many years before: 'We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God.' The sentence was hardly completed before the judgment hall became a scene of the wildest confusion. The Sadducees were eagerly trying to get possession of the apostle, that they might put him to death, and the Pharisees were as eagerly trying to protect him."

"And now he was in prison, and his enemies, in their desperate malice, would resort to any means to put him to death. Could it be that his work for the churches was closed, and that

ravening wolves were to enter in, not sparing the flock? The cause of Christ was near his heart. . . . In distress and discouragement he wept and prayed. The Lord was not unmindful of his servant. . . . And now the Lord stood by him and said, 'Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.'"

G. B. T.



### Report From Fernando, California

We enclose a photograph of the missionary acre planted by the members of the Young People's Society of Fernando College.

We hope this will be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, and will stimulate a desire among other Societies to take up a similar work.

Early in November of last year we secured permission of a gentleman living in Los Angeles to use a vacant lot of his located near the college campus.

Nearly two weeks were consumed in clearing, irrigating, and in other ways getting the ground in condition to be plowed. The young men of our Society did this work after the regular college industrial period, and, when necessary, at night, two whole nights being put in.

Upon the advice of our college business manager, we planted peas, spinach, and lettuce; the spinach and lettuce being set between the rows of peas.

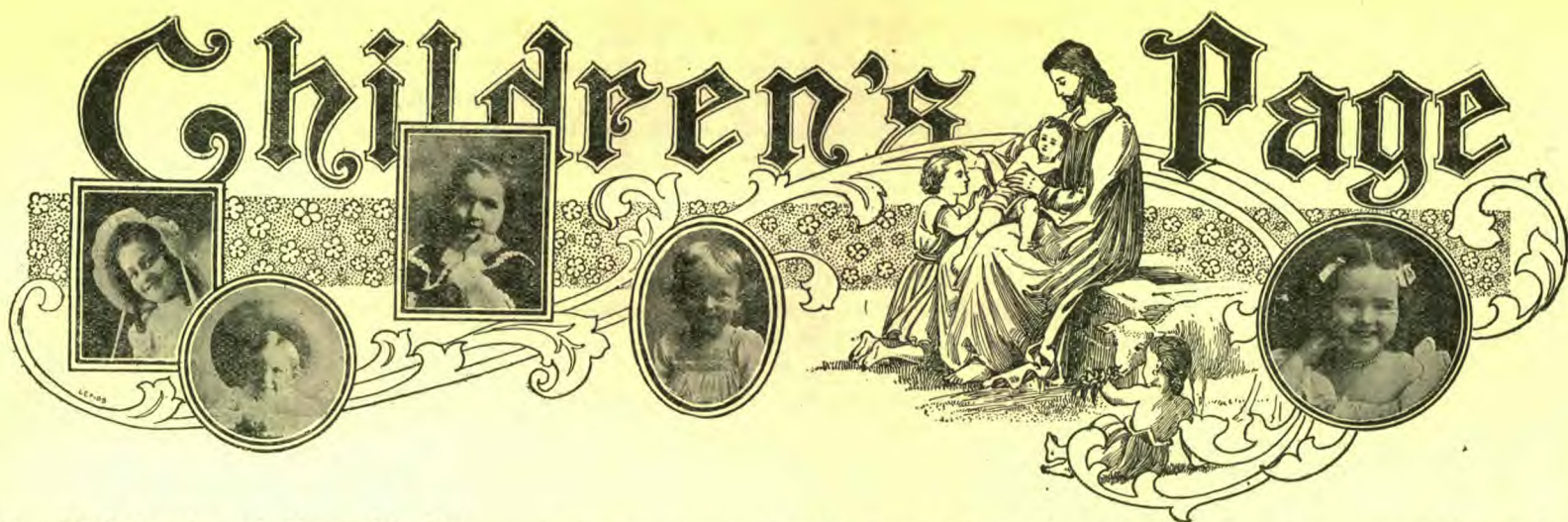
The young lady members volunteered to help us gather our crop. So far we have marketed about two hundred fifty pounds of peas; the bulk of our crop is to come later.

We feel that the Lord has greatly blessed us in this our first effort of the kind, and we hope to realize a generous sum to send to the needy Southern field. Perhaps we may be able to tell you how much later on.

E. M. ADAMS, *President,*

T. W. WALTERS, *Corresponding Secretary.*





### A New Celebration of Memorial Day

"I took especial care in selecting a program suited to the day, both years I have been here," said Miss Clark, "and I didn't succeed in arousing an atom of enthusiasm either time. Indeed, Mr. Washburne, I should be afraid to name a half-dozen in the room who have an idea of Memorial day beyond the vacation it brings."

There was a trace of indulgence in the principal's smile, as he waited for Miss Clark to continue. She was a good teacher. There was no other, perhaps, as good in the Graydon schools, but she was just a trifle intense on some subjects, Memorial day might be one of them.

"I wanted to ask you why I have so dismally failed to get the spirit of the time. The day ought to mean something. If it does not, exercises of commemoration are surely better left alone." The principal's smile and its meaning were not lost on the under teacher, yet she went on, "I do not feel that I can humiliate myself by a repetition of the farce of the past two years."

Professor Washburne raised his eye-brows: "My dear Miss Clark, you would not advocate abandoning the exercises! We would have the whole Grand Army down on us. As for your programs these preceding years, I can think of nothing to criticize in them. According to my memory, they were wisely chosen, and well carried out—very well, I should say; though, if they have not proved satisfactory to you, suppose you try something different—out of the ordinary, say, this year."

"Anything I please?"

"Anything," assented the principal, cheerfully, and turned to his desk.

All the way home, Persis Clark was saying over to herself, "I must think of something—something that will make them understand."

That plural pronoun was sufficiently clear to herself. Her they's, their's, and them's always meant the roomful of rollicking, mischievous, but loving—Persis knew that—girls and boys. She had reached no conclusion yet, when, after supper, she brought out two portraits. She was apt to get these out when perplexed. They were unfailing helps over hard places. One was a soldier, strong and handsome, and the other a white-haired, frail old man. The glow of pride in the gallant soldier softened to tender reverence as she studied the face of the latter portrait.

This was the face she had known, and she felt the smile in the eyes. She remembered just how the stool must be placed, so that he might stroke her hair where it rested against his "well knee;" and the sound of his voice, softly modulated for her own especial hearing, was still in her ears. She had asked oftenest for stories of her soldier picture—and just here came Miss Clark's inspiration.

"Teacher's a-goin' to tell us something nice," whispered Dickie Hall to his seat mate next morning. Others had spied an anticipated pleasure in Miss Clark's face, and there was a small fever of excitement by the time the last gong had sounded.

"Next Friday," said Miss Clark, "will be Memorial day, and I have been planning something for our Thursday afternoon exercises."

There was no mistaking the dismal falling off of interest in her listeners, but Miss Clark was undaunted. "I am thinking that instead of remembering these brave ones collectively, as we have done, this year we will be a little selfish, perhaps, and think and talk of those of them who belonged just to us. I mean those who were our relatives or dear friends of our families. I shall not ask for the names of your heroes yet. Think of it, and talk it over at home this noon and evening, and to-morrow morning we will begin to write their names in the two scrolls on the front board. In one we will place the names of soldiers buried in Graydon cemetery, and those buried elsewhere in the other.

"Now about our exercises for Thursday afternoon. I want each of you to be prepared with some story of your own soldier hero, and we will tell these stories, and sing our national songs."

"And don't we have to get poems?" broke in Archie MacClain.

"Not a poem, Archie," declared Miss Clark, and the room echoed with relieved sighs.

"On Friday morning we will meet here and go together to the cemetery to decorate our soldiers' graves there, so I wish you to take great care in getting stories of our other heroes, for those who are buried far away from friends—perhaps no one even knows where—ought to have especial remembrance on Memorial day."

At recess the space round Miss Clark's desk was crowded, and that evening she was detained so long that she was surprised to find one of her pupils still lingering on the steps.

"Not gone yet, Frances?" she inquired. "Why, I believe you were waiting for me."

"I wanted to tell you," said the child, with the swift directness of a reserved nature, "that my grandfather, Francis Key Lane, is buried here at Graydon. He was a soldier, and I'd love to have him remembered, only I was afraid I could not tell you before the rest."

Miss Clark only said, "I will write his name the first thing in the morning, Frances."

The words had brought to mind a chivalrous, old-school gentleman, standing with hat in hand while she spoke with his granddaughter. Persis remembered now that she had not met them together since the last long vacation.

Frances was one of the teacher's responsibilities. She was too quiet and reserved. She needed the "chummy" companionship of her mates. Whether her association always with older people had been the bar to childish comradeship, or whether the reserve was in accord with the mother's desire, Persis could not decide. She had wished to meet Mrs. Westing, but had found her engaged when she called. Perhaps this interest in common might bring her closer to her mates.

Graydon had never known such a research in family history as that of the next few days; and in connection with the study of family heroes, the nation's history advanced suddenly from a stupid text-book to a par with the most delightful fairy-tale extant. All the older members of families, with representatives in Room E, were forced into constant reminiscences; chance visitors did not escape; and never had old veterans been delighted

with larger or more appreciative audiences.

There was a single exception to this general thirst after information. On Wednesday afternoon, Frances had not yet mentioned Thursday's exercises at home. Her mother and herself, besides the maid of all work, made up the household; and it had been one of those times when Frances saw her mother only at very silent meal-times, followed by days when the typewriter clicked ceaselessly.

Frances listened as she came in from school. There was no sound of the busy little clicker, and she turned the knob of her mother's door softly. Three or four heavy envelopes lay stamped for the evening mail, and Mrs. Westing sat in an easy chair without even a tablet in sight.

"You are all through?" The wistful hope in the inquiry brought a pang to the mother's heart.

"All through," she answered, drawing the child into her arms. "Poor, lonely, neglected little daughter! Does she know that mother would give her more time if she could?"

A swift kiss was an instant denial of neglect. "But, O mother, if you only could take time to come to the exercises to-morrow," and Miss Clark would never have recognized the shy Frances in her eager description of what these exercises were to be. "A few of the names are of soldiers in Cuba and the Philippines, but nearly all are those who fought in the Civil War; and, mother, I know you would love to see how beautiful grandfather's name looks at the very top of the scroll. I can hardly tell which story to tell about him! It will do you good to come"—Frances broke off like the snap of a thread. There was such a strange look on mother's face.

"If you had only risked bothering me, dear," said her mother after a moment, "it would have been better than putting grandfather in a false light. They wouldn't want him with their heroes, Francie. I can not understand how it came you did not know, did not learn from his stories, that grandfather was a Confederate soldier."

"I never knew—I don't think grandfather ever said,"—faltered Frances, crushed by the magnitude of her mistake.

Neither of them could know that grandfather, with the chivalry of that highest type of knight-hood—a gentleman—had carefully avoided in his stories anything bringing in a question of sides. He deemed this a courtesy due to the child's dead father, and the people among whom she lived, that her mind should not be prejudiced with the knowledge that he and they had once been enemies.—*Margaret Beardsley, in the Wellspring.*

(To be concluded)

### Mr. Gladstone When a Boy

It is not always safe to follow the example of good and great men, even when advised to do so. The following personal incident once related by the famous English statesman, Gladstone, to a small visitor, is a case in point. He said:—

"When I was a little chap, just leaving off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to me while



visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted to have me as his guest.

"My good father, as he parted with me on my way to his lordship's, said, 'Now, William, when at his lordship's board, be sure you do exactly as he does.' Well, I went to the good man's house, and sat down at the table and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent, of course, on following my father's orders to do exactly as his lordship. When the guests had been served, his lordship looked up from his plate, and soon sneezed several times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noticed he had done. Nothing was said, the meal continued without interruption for a few minutes, when his lordship exclaimed, 'A beastly draught,' and wheeling around in his chair, called to his valet to close a door that had been left open near his lordship's seat.

"Again I watched him, then, repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair, and gave a similar command to the valet.

"There was silence; his lordship's brow knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot.

"At last he spoke, his voice not harsh, but determined.

"See here, William, are you imitating me?" he asked.

"O, no, your lordship," I stammered out.

"Well, what does this mean?"

"Only, your lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did."

"His lordship laughed merrily, then, turning to his guests, said: 'I am taught a lesson. I must not do that which I would not have others do.'"

Then, closing his story with his little visitor, Mr. Gladstone said: "Little man, always be careful never to do anything because other people do it, unless you are certain it is good and pleasing unto God."—*Selected.*

## HEALTH HINTS

### Means by Which Diseases Are Transmitted

#### Dust

PERHAPS you have entered a room some bright morning when the shutters were closed, allowing the sun's rays to enter through a small crack. You could see the path of the rays, and could see in this path countless little floating particles. As you caused currents of air by your motion, you could see the particles in the sunbeam move rapidly, some passing out into the darkness, and others entering the light. Did it occur to you that similar dust particles are everywhere, in the room, and not only in the room, but throughout all the air? These dust particles, we are told, are a great advantage in some ways. If it were not for them, there would be no blue sky, but only pitchy blackness,—an intense sunlight with an equally intense darkness all around. The contrast would be painful. There are many other ways, perhaps, that the presence of dust in the air modifies conditions, but the fact which will be of most interest to you will be that many of the dust particles are living particles, capable of growing, and of producing more like themselves.

No matter how carefully the room has been dusted one day, the next morning will show the presence on mantle or polished furniture of a fine layer of dust which settled during the day.

If we were to prepare some sterile *culture media* (gardens for germs to grow in) in the form of a specially prepared jelly or the half of a cooked potato, and expose it for a short time so that the dust could fall on it, and then cover it up from the air, we would find, at the end of twenty-four hours, a number of growths. Some might be white, some gray, some yellow, or red, or other colors. Some of them would doubtless be molds and yeasts, but there would probably be some bacteria present. Each of these growths, some of them the size of a pin's head, others perhaps as large as a dime or larger, is the progeny of one germ which has fallen on the surface.

It is possible to draw milk from a cow into a sterile tube, and cork it from the air, keeping it free from germs and perfectly sweet. But if it were exposed in a bucket to the air for even a few seconds, it would be impossible to keep it from souring without heating it, as even this short exposure would be sufficient to insure some germs or yeasts falling into it.

Most of the germs in the air are quite harmless; but the germs from patients having some contagious disease get into the air, and, of course, gain admission with other germs to places where they cause mischief.

You will now understand that it is no mere whim that leads good housekeepers to use a damp cloth instead of a dust brush to dust the furniture. A dust brush merely throws a lot more germs into the air to float around, and it is more than likely that some of the germs stirred up are harmful.

You will also understand why it is, after a dry, windy spell, many people find that they have "caught cold," or feel miserable with aching bones, or give other evidence of infection. Dust is not only inconvenient and unpleasant; it is often dangerous.

Careful examinations have revealed the presence of the germs of consumption in the dust over the door-casing and window-casing and on the top of the bedstead in a consumptive's room, even when he has been careful in regard to what he coughed up. In coughing, small pieces of phlegm are sometimes dislodged,—too small, perhaps, to see, and yet large enough to contain tubercle bacilli. These minute particles may float in the air some time and then settle. Think of the condition when one sweeps a room or uses a duster in a way to raise a dust, even if the dust is not coarse enough to be perceptible!

A patient's room should be mopped with a broom covered with a damp cloth, and the walls and furniture should be gone over with a damp cloth. It is much better if the cloth is dampened in a disinfectant solution, such as one part of bichlorid of mercury to one thousand of water.

#### Water

Water nearly always contains germs. They are present in well water, in spring water, in river and lake water, and in ocean water. They grow quite freely in water, but as a rule the water germs do not thrive at body temperature, and so are harmless. But there are some disease germs which thrive in the water, and by this means cause serious epidemics. Cholera is especially transmitted in this way. The great epidemics of cholera which nearly encircled the earth have usually followed water-ways, taking the various cities, one after another, on a certain river. In some cases part of a city has been smitten, while another part escaped, and it was found to be due to the fact that they had different water-supplies, one supply being contaminated, and the other not.

Typhoid fever is also caused in a similar way. In both these diseases the discharges from the patients somehow get into the water-supply, and then the germs multiply, perhaps, or at least they

are there in sufficient numbers to infect the people who drink the water.

Recently the Potomac River was known to contain typhoid germs. In a town on a creek emptying into the river there was an epidemic of typhoid fever, and doubtless the discharges were not in all cases properly disinfected.

The people of Washington, knowing nothing of this, went on drinking the Potomac water. Finally an epidemic of typhoid broke out in the city, and it was learned that the Potomac water was unsafe. Immediately the health officers warned the people to boil the water, and the school authorities made provision to have all drinking water for the public schools boiled. This has caused much dissatisfaction because there was no means provided for cooling the water, so it had to be drunk in a lukewarm condition. But unpleasant as it was, this precaution has probably saved many young lives to the District.

River water which passes large towns and cities is never safe. Cities which can secure their water from mountain lakes are fortunate indeed. The city of Chicago draws its water from Lake Michigan, its intake pipes reaching several miles out into the lake. But the sewage of the immense city was formerly dumped into the lake, so that the water was nearly always more or less contaminated. Now that the sewage is carried by canal into the Mississippi River, the water of Chicago and the health of the people are far better; but the cities which get their water-supply from the Mississippi below where the Illinois River enters it, complain bitterly that Chicago's sewage is polluting their drinking water. Naturally, the people of Chicago do not believe it.

Water from shallow wells, from wells, especially, situated in the vicinity of privy vaults, cesspools, or wells in towns not provided with a sewerage system, is dangerous, and the water should certainly be boiled if it must be used.

Many a family would save expensive doctor bills, and perhaps funeral bills, and keep some of their loved ones who are carried away because of bad water, if they would boil all suspicious water. It does not follow that water is good because it is cold, clear, and has no bad taste or smell.

A simple way to test water is to take a clean glass, put in some of the water and a teaspoonful of white sugar. This should be covered to keep out the dust, and set in a warm place, but not in direct sunlight. If in two days the water becomes cloudy, there is organic matter present in sufficient quantity to render the water decidedly unsafe to use. If the water remains clear, it is not an absolute proof of its purity.

It is said that a lemon squeezed into a glass of water will destroy cholera germs if present; but we are not troubled with cholera here, and are not likely to be. Typhoid germs are not so easily killed, although it is now said that a minute quantity of copper sulphate or bluestone dissolved in the water,—too small in quantity to have any effect whatever on the health of people who drink it—will destroy all typhoid germs. If this is found to be true, cities will doubtless adopt the plan of using the copper salt to disinfect the water in their large reservoirs.

Distillation is another method which is superior to boiling, but it is more troublesome. In boiling, the germs are killed, but they are left in the water, with all their products, and, perhaps, much other organic matter. But when water is distilled, the germs and the organic matter are left behind.

Distilled water is simply water that has been turned to steam, and then cooled down again to water. If you hold a cold cup in the steam coming from a teakettle, water will gather in drops on the side of it. This is condensed steam, or "distilled water." It is sterilized,—free from



germs,—and also quite free from other impurities. All hardness, all organic matter, is gone. It is sterile, soft, and nearly pure.

Persons who are used to spring water will find boiled water or distilled water very insipid. It can be improved somewhat by pouring back and forth from one vessel to another in order to incorporate air. But one does not take long to get used to boiled or distilled water.

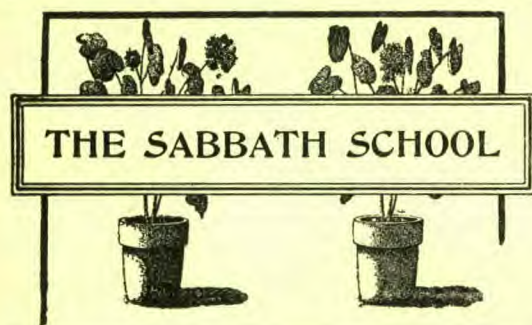
MIKE ROBE.

"His favor waits upon our faith."

"THE faith of one has often meant the fortune of many."

"THE main thing is that a man shall believe something which will govern his life; but let that something be truth."

"JUST as a thin sheet of oiled paper will stop the strongest electrical current, so the films of unbelief, self-love, and sin will stop the operation of the Spirit of God in a man."



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XI—Jesus Heals the Man at Bethesda

(June 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 5.

MEMORY VERSE: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Verse 24.

"After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

"And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the Sabbath. The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the Sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk. Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place.

"Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee. The men departed, and told the Jews that it was

Jesus, which had made him whole. And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath day. But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

"Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God. Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth: and he will show him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men shall honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man.

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation. . . .

"I receive not honor from men. But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive. How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only? Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?"

#### Questions

1. On what occasion did Jesus again visit Jerusalem? Where was the pool of Bethesda? What is a pool? Who were gathered in the five porches that surround the pool of Bethesda at the time when Jesus was there? For what were they waiting?

2. What one of these many sufferers was especially mentioned. How long had he been afflicted? Why had he not been healed? Who saw him lying by the edge of the pool?

3. What question did Jesus ask this man? Repeat his answer. What did Jesus then command him to do? What was the result? How did the man show his faith? How might he have missed this great blessing of health?

4. On what day was this miracle performed? Who saw the man as he went on his way carrying his bed? What did they ask him? How did he answer them?

5. What did the Jews then try to find out? Did the man know who had healed him? Afterward where did Jesus find the man who had been healed? What warning did he give him? What do these words show?

6. To whom did the man now give the glory for his recovery? What did the Jews then try to do? Why? What did Jesus say to them? What was there in this answer that made the Jews still more angry?

7. From whom did Jesus tell them he received his power? What had the Father shown the Son? Unto whom has he committed all judgment? Why? Whom did these Jews pretend to honor? Can any one honor God who does not honor his Son?

8. What must be done by all who are saved? What hour is coming? What will be heard at that day? Who will come forth? Who will have life? What authority has been committed to Jesus? Why is he alone able to judge men?

9. From whom did Jesus not receive honor? What did he tell his accusers that he knew? Why could they not believe? Did Jesus accuse them to his Father? What man whose writings they professed to believe did accuse them? If they had really believed what Moses wrote, what would they have known?

"WHEN the task thou performest is irksome and long,

Or thy brain is perplexed by doubt or by fear,

Fling open the window, and let in the song  
God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer."



### XI—The Gift of Prophecy

(June 10)

MEMORY VERSE: "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." 2 Chron. 20:20.

#### Questions

1. What is to be the result of the pouring out of God's Spirit in the last days? Acts 2:17, 18.

2. How many are included in this promise? Verses 38, 39.

3. Whom is the gift of prophecy especially to benefit? 1 Cor. 14:22.

4. How does the Lord reveal himself to those who have the prophetic gift? Num. 12:6.

5. Against what are we cautioned? Deut. 13:1-3; Matt. 24:24.

6. How may we distinguish the true from the false? Matt. 7:20; Isa. 8:20; note 1.

7. How did the prophets of old speak? 2 Peter 1:21.

8. Show that there will be an exercise of the prophetic gift in the last days? Joel 2:28, 29.

9. What can you say of the manifestation of this gift in the early church? Acts 11:27, 28; 13:1; 21:8, 9.

10. What is the condition of the people where there is no vision? Prov. 29:18.

11. What is said of the presence of this gift in the remnant church? Rev. 12:17; 19:10; note 2.

12. What cheering promise is made to those who believe the Lord's prophets? 2 Chron. 20:20.

#### Notes

1. Counterfeit money being in circulation in no way discounts the genuine currency; neither will the fact that false prophets are in the earth in any way affect the work of the true prophets. The fact that we are warned against false prophets is evidence that the manifestations of the genuine will be in the earth. If all were to be counterfeit, the Lord could have said, "Beware of prophets."

2. In the life and work of Mrs. E. G. White, whose labors have been identified with this message from its rise, we have the clearest evidence that there is manifested the gift of prophecy as truly as in servants of the Lord in the past. The gift stands every Scriptural test, and through all the perplexities which have attended our work, this gift has been present to direct, and point out the right way. Read carefully the chapters written especially upon this subject in "Rise and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists," by Elder J. N. Loughborough.





ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE  
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.  
 222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . . . EDITOR

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

**Wonderful Power**

A SEEDLING of corn as it pushes its way up through the soil, lifts many hundred times its own weight, so great is the force of life working in the tiny plant. In "Patriarchs and Prophets" we are told that the Lord did not want the seventy men appointed to assist Moses. He preferred to have Moses carry the whole burden himself, and would have made him capable of its successful accomplishment had not his servant been inclined to magnify his responsibilities and perplexities.

So I believe the Lord wants to wonderfully endow his people with power, the power to do an almost incomprehensible amount of work. The Saviour's life tells us this. Adventists have already gained the reputation of being a busy people; but sometimes there may be activity without adequate results. God would give his people wisdom, efficiency, and endurance that would make them known everywhere as men and women of unparalleled service, interested in every good work and laboring for its attainment, but seeing in everything a means to the accomplishment of their one great aim, the preparation of a people for the coming of the Lord. Ought it not to be so that we could practically demonstrate our interest in the temperance work, rescue work, prison work, and every work of Christian reform, and still accomplish more in our regular lines of missionary effort than we are now doing? Recently Mr. Crafts, in a letter printed in one of the Washington papers, said that while the Adventists were very active in canvassing the city relative to Sunday legislation and religious instruction in the public schools, one did not find them canvassing the city in the interests of temperance and general reforms. While everything should be done with direct reference to leading the people to see the truth of the third angel's message, is not God able and anxious to give his people ability to do much more along many lines of reform than we are now doing? The ability of God's people to accomplish results should not be measured from the human standpoint. If they will keep their minds and hearts on the accomplishment of the great end placed distinctly before the remnant church, and work steadily toward its realization, God will give a wonderful breadth to their endeavors, and make them active in every good work. So let us do what we can to save the boys from using the cigarette; do what we can to reclaim the fallen; do what we can to loose the fetters that bind the prisoner; but let us not slacken our effort to scatter the pages of truth.

**Union College Labor Bureau**

A GREAT spiritual awakening has visited Union College, and, in consequence, many students are inquiring for opportunities to labor in some de-

partment of missionary work. To aid these students and other young people in finding suitable fields of labor, a permanent Labor Bureau has been organized by the faculty and board. The committee of seven represent different nationalities: *English*, C. C. Lewis, H. A. Morrison, M. E. Kern; *German*, A. Kunze, G. A. Grauer, *Swedish*, August Anderson; *Danish*, P. E. Berthelsen. It is the purpose of this committee to ascertain the addresses of students and others desiring to labor in the missionary work, and to correspond with conference officers and others in regard to these cases. We trust this effort will meet with hearty co-operation. Those who are interested are invited to write to any member of the committee. C. C. LEWIS.

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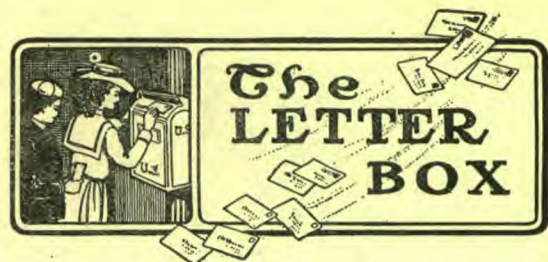
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JAPTON, ARK., March 3, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed find forty cents, for which send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for six months. I am so thankful to get it. I love to read the good letters in the Letter Box.

I would write more, but I am afraid that I will crowd out some one else. J. WESLEY OLIVER.

STEWARTSON, ILL., March 10, 1905.

DEAR READERS: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. It has many beautiful pieces in it, especially the "Children's Page." I am sixteen years old. I go to church-school and to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. There are six girls in our class. My Sabbath-school teacher is Mrs. Proctor. My church-school teacher is Miss Vesta Cash, and I like her very much. As this is my first letter, I will close, hoping it will be printed. ADA BLUE.

STEWARTSON, ILL., March 10, 1905.

DEAR READERS: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. It has many nice pieces in it. I anxiously look for the letters every week. I am seventeen years old. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath when the weather will permit. We have a nice class of six girls. Our teacher is Mrs. W. S. Proctor. I live four miles from Sabbath-school. I enjoy reading the pieces on Good Manners very much. As this is my first letter, I will close, hoping it will be printed.

ELMA TRUEBLOOD.

BURT, IOWA, Feb. 21, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a boy eleven years old. I have three brothers and one sister. We live on a farm about three miles from town. We all keep the Sabbath, and go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath when we can.

We have our Sabbath-school six miles from our place, and Mrs. Cotton is my Sabbath-school teacher, and I like her very well. I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much.

With love to all the readers, I close, hoping to meet Jesus when he comes.

HAROLD CHRISTENSON.

BLAIR, NEB.

DEAR READERS: I get my lessons from the INSTRUCTOR, and like the stories in it very much, also the letters. I am fourteen years old. I have three brothers and one sister; my two older brothers are attending Union College. I expect to attend this fall.

I would be very glad to hear from some of the readers of my age, and I will answer them.

Now I must close, hoping to meet you all in the beautiful new earth. JULIUS J. JOHNSON.

STEWARTSON, ILL., March 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have taken the INSTRUCTOR for several years. I think it is a good paper, and it is properly named.

Several of the young people of this Sabbath-school have been distributing the pamphlets entitled, "An Appeal to Clergy;" about one hundred were given away, and several hundred more have been ordered. I think this is a good work. I know that the Lord will bless us in our work.

We have church-school here this winter. I like to attend, because we have a good teacher; and I like her very much.

I must close before my letter gets too long.

ETHEL PROCTOR.

DENMARK, MAINE, March 11, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have not seen a letter in the INSTRUCTOR from this place. Our church is at Portland, Maine. We have taken the INSTRUCTOR two years. As my subscription has expired, I will renew. Mama sends for it one year in my name, and the next in sister Maud's name. I will send for it in my name this year. My sister is nine years old, and I am ten. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR. I am taking music lessons this winter. I like my music. Please find enclosed seventy-five cents for the INSTRUCTOR for one year. FRANK DAVIS.

**EGGS** White Leghorn. Prize Pedigree. Greatest layers. Don't sit. Rose-comb; does not freeze. Lay a month earlier than heavy fowls. At market prices I clear \$10 a month from 50 hens. Send \$1.50 for 30 eggs; or \$1 for 15, carefully packed and delivered to express company, Battle Creek, Mich. Address F. E. Belden.