

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Riga to Northern Caucasus—II

RELIEVED and happy indeed were we to quietly purchase our railway ticket, and without any difficulty take leave of Riga, the city which has caused us no little anxiety. Our ticket was for a journey of nearly a thousand miles, and cost



AMONG THE KOLMUCKS, OR WESTERN RUSSIANS

us only seven dollars. In our company were several of our friends who had been present at the meeting in Riga. They were from various parts of the North Russian Mission field, and were now returning to their homes, where they would take up anew their toil in shop, factory, or farming community. About eighty per cent of the adult laborers in Russia belong to the agricultural class, and twelve per cent more are employed in other rural pursuits; it is therefore not strange that the larger number of believers in the third angel's message here are farmers.

As we would not have an opportunity to see and counsel with the brethren for a long time, the greater part of the night was spent without sleep, for Brother Conradi wished to improve every moment in assisting our fellow workers to better understand the best way of spreading the message, and in encouraging them to rely wholly on God in attempting the accomplishment of the great task before them. We sat in the midst of the fumes of that cheap Russian tobacco, which is so largely used by the common people, with windows closed, in the dim lights afforded by the low, blickering candles, as the train slowly moved up the Duna River. But our hearts were filled with thanksgiving, because we saw the eagerness with which our brethren listened to

the truth of God, and seemed to receive every ray of light that came to them. Thus the night passed, and the hours of the morning dawned, and as one by one the brethren left us, we found ourselves alone, in the midst of the ever-changing crowd of Poles, Jews, Esthonians, Lettonians, Germans, and Russians, each one bent on his own special mission, whether it was in search of work in the factories, or as small tradesmen and salesmen, or as mere unemployed country peasants, with their stupid-looking faces, which showed no marked signs of ambition or

independence. It must be remembered that the Russian serfs were not freed until 1861, and that to this day most of the peasants manifest the traits of a serf. They are fatalists. They accept good or ill as coming from God; and it never occurs to them that they have any right to ask for the good, or to try to surmount the evil. To submit is their lot, hard though that lot may be. This is a cardinal principle of their crude philosophy.

The next morning we reached Dvinsk, or Dunaburg, a city of about seventy-two thousand two hundred inhabitants. It is the chief strategic city for the defense of the Duna. Here have occurred some of the great battles between the Swedes, Russians, and Poles, and the city has several times in the past changed masters.

One hundred eighty-three miles farther to the

southeast is the city of Vitebsk, capital of the Great Russian government of the same name. Here are a large number of Jews (a race one frequently meets in his travels in Russia), and they are among the most highly educated and progressive of the smaller merchants in the cities. From this, however, it is not to be understood that there is no ignorance, and suffering, and poverty among them, for their lot as a nation is a hard one. White Russians are in the predominance; then come Letts, Jews, Great Russians, and Poles.

We next came to the city of Smo'ensk, which is the capital and largest city of a second of the Great Russian provinces through which we were to pass, that is, the government of Smolensk. This city is on the Dnieper, and it has been called the "key and the door" to Russia. It has therefore been a city much desired by contending armies, and in the early part of the sixteenth century, which has been called the time of blood for this city, it was taken by the Muscovites; in 1610 it was seized by the Poles; and finally in 1686 was turned over to Russia. The larger part of the city was burned in 1812, when the French under Napoleon advanced on the place; on his return from Moscow, Napoleon spent four days here, trying to reorganize his troops. The government of Smolensk has an area of 21,638 square miles, and a population of over one and a half millions. It is stated that forty per cent of the children of school age receive no schooling. However, there are some things which are helpful to the poorer classes, for example, there is a mutual fire insurance society among all the peasants. A little more than one third of the land is in forests; almost one and a third million acres are unfit for cultivation; thirty per cent of the land is under cultivation, and twenty per cent is meadow land. Many of the peasants leave home in the winter months in search of work. We have met quite a number thus going about. Often they steal their ride on the cars. Frequently a poor mother with two or three children appeals to the passengers for a few copeks, which she will use in bribing the train officials for her passage. There is, indeed, in all parts of the country a great deal



CITY OF RIGA

of begging. Many go about begging for money with which to erect cathedrals and monasteries, as well as asking alms for private purposes.

Manufacturing is not very well developed. The country as yet does not yield enough grain to supply the wants of the inhabitants; it must be imported from other provinces.

We changed cars in Smolensk, for Orel, which we reached at seven o'clock Monday morning. Very little sleep did we have. The cars were more crowded, and the disturbance caused by the shuffle of the peasants' feet as they entered and left the car with their great bundles, and the fleas, and the ever-present tobacco fumes, kept us awake most of the night.

Orel, which has about seventy thousand inhabitants, is the capital of the government of Orel, a government containing about eighteen thousand square miles, and over two million inhabitants. In the eastern part of the province, where the famous black earth of South Russia begins, enough grain is raised for home consumption, but in the other parts some must still be imported. About sixty-two per cent of the land is under cultivation.

We changed cars again, this time for Charkov,



NORTH RUSSIAN PEASANTRY

but we had it still more uncomfortable and crowded than before, and the cars were very dirty. The bad air in the car was stifling. Our fellow passengers were of a rougher and more rowdyish class.

We passed through the city of Kursk, the chief city of the government by that name, and it is in this government that we first met with the real black earth region—a region that is so very fruitful that it does not need to be fertilized; and yet it is said that the strength of the land is fast being used up by this crude method of agriculture. Here the peasants raise enough and to spare. The government contains nearly eighteen thousand square miles, and about two and a half millions of people, seventy-six per cent of Great Russians, and twenty-four per cent of Little Russians. Here two thirds of the land is under cultivation. Large villages are found in this neighborhood. There is much emigration from the province, as the small allotments of land which the peasants have received do not permit them to make a living for such large families as they must often provide for. Most of the emigrants go to Siberia. One finds a great many bees here. Rye is a heavy crop, and grain is exported. Domestic and petty trades are on the increase. Flouring mills and sugar works are also to be found. In this province over one million pairs of boots are made annually, and six hundred thousand icons and shrines (worth ninety-five thousand dollars), while toys, caps, and pottery are also manufactured. The country and district councils (*zemstvos*) have helped forward education some, so that ten per cent of the people can read and write. There is quite an active trade in grain, hemp, hempseed oil, sheepskins, hides, tallow, felt goods, wax, honey, and leather goods.

We will in our next paper write of our stay in Charkov, where it was our privilege to have a little rest, and see one of the Russian Church feast-day processions.

GUY DAIL.

One Out of Five

"ONE fifth of all the women of the world are found in the homes of China. One baby girl out of every five is cradled in a Chinese mother's arms, unwelcomed and unloved, except by that poor mother's heart. One little maiden out of every five grows up in ignorance and neglect, drudging in the daily toil of some poor Chinese family, or crying over the pain of her crippled feet in the seclusion of a wealthier home. Among all the youthful brides who day by day pass from the shelter of their childhood's home, one out of every five goes weeping in China to the tyranny of the mother-in-law she dreads, and the indifference of a husband she has never seen. . . . One out of every five, at the close of earthly life, passes into the shadow and terror that surrounds a Chinese grave, never having heard of Him who alone can rob death of its sting. One fifth of all the women are waiting, waiting in China, for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. What a burden of responsibility does this lay upon us—the women of Christendom!"

This expression, "one out of five," will give our readers some idea about the homes in populous China, but I believe they will be interested to hear something more about the children of China. I will therefore translate some from a pamphlet written by a Swedish friend and missionary in China:—

All our readers have heard something about China, the "Middle Kingdom," with its immense population, but few have a clear idea of the strange life and customs of the people of this kingdom. A short biography of one of the dark-haired girls of this ancient land, as told by herself, may interest those who are waiting for the prophecy to be fulfilled: And these from the land of Sinim.

Chen po po is now an old widow, who about three years ago joined the Swedish Mission church in the great city of Wu-chang. Chen is her name, and po po a common title for old women among the common people. The place where she was born, nearly sixty years ago, is Uin-kin-ngan. Her father's name was Niu-ien-long. The grandfather was, according to Chinese custom, the head of the house. Ien-long included, he had four sons who were married, and these, with their wives and children, lived in his family.

The subject of this story was the first daughter in the house, and she was given a place in the family circle. It was decided that she for the present should be educated in the home. Had she happened to be the second, third, fourth, or fifth child, she would undoubtedly have been sold or put to death. By this time she was called "kuniang," daughter. At the age of three she was betrothed, and at the age of nine her mother-in-law came to take her to her home. According to Chinese custom, she was carried in a sedan-chair to the home of her mother-in-law. It was the first time she ever had a ride, and it was much more enjoyable than walking the distance on her tiny bound feet. Although she enjoyed the pleasant ride, she could not keep the tears back as she had to leave the old home and go to live with strangers. She said that she wept constantly for the first three days, and could not eat, and drank only a little tea.

Her new home was situated in a village called Ma-ko-teng, seven miles from her parents' home. At the arrival she was met by two older sisters-in-law, who as soon as the chair stopped, asked her to step out. She had been carefully taught not to obey before the call had been thrice repeated, and she followed her mother's teaching concerning this point of etiquette. Her sisters-in-law led her into the house directly to the idol's "Kuan-in." She made a bow and prostrated herself upon the floor, and knocked her head four

times, and then repeated the bow, and then the religious ceremonies were over. Now the neighbors came in to see her. They urged her to be of good courage and not weep, but her head sank heavier, and the tears constantly rolled down her cheeks. They asked her to eat, but she had no appetite. O, how far she was from home! How strange and cold the new home appeared! only strange people on every side. With anxious mind she thought of the ill treatment she might meet, for she had heard much about how severely mothers-in-law treated their daughters-in-law. If she only had known the children's best friend, Jesus! But how could she know him whose name and loving-kindness she had never heard about?

After three days she must begin to work. Her work was to spin cotton, braid trimmings, carry water, gather fuel, and plant and harvest rice, besides various other duties. When half a year was gone, her mother came to take her home to stay two months, according to the Chinese custom. Even at home she had to work hard because her mother was a poor widow; but nevertheless she felt very happy those two months she was with her mother at home again, and all her surroundings, though poor and simple, were familiar and loving to her. No place was like home.

The time went fast, and soon she had to depart for her new home.

The mother-in-law treated her fairly well, and did neither beat nor scold her. In this respect she was fortunate compared with many of her native sisters, and especially so when she compared her lot with that of a cousin, Hong-um. They were brought up together, and had to move from home at the same time. Hong-um was two years younger, and had to leave home at seven to come under the control of her mother-in-law. Her food was very poor, and mixed with chaff. Although she was so young and weakened from poor and scanty nourishment, she had to work very hard, and endure scolding and whipping. If the boy to whom she was betrothed, and his brothers, wished to scratch, pinch, and beat her, she dared not complain. Neither to satisfy her hunger did she dare ask for some of the same food her torturers ate. No wonder that the poor ill-treated child was nearly brought to despair. Several times she fled home to her mother, but was soon brought back and punished. At last she grew worse, and the neighbors pitied her misfortune. Was there any consolation for her little heart? Had not the Saviour of love offered his life even for her? Yes, indeed, if she only had known the peace and rest he is so willing to give the weary and heavy laden!

But how do you think her own mother felt when she saw her little girl's suffering? The mother's heart bled in sympathy, and in an hour of unspeakable despair, she hanged her child in a tree, because she would rather see her die than to have her live such a miserable life. But her cousin observed the awful deed, and hurried after a knife and cut the rope. She fell unconscious to the ground as if she were dead, and her mother and cousin wept bitterly. By and by she regained consciousness. After this she was allowed to remain two years with her own mother.

As stated before, the cousin was comparatively well treated, and the time passed away in peace. She had never seen her father-in-law nor her future husband. They lived in another province, and worked at a trade. First, when she was eighteen years old, the father-in-law came home. He had been away from home thirteen years, and did not even remember his own small cottage. During his stay at home, he also treated his daughter-in-law very well. After a year he went back to Honan, the province he visited before.

IDA PILQUIST.

(To be concluded)

Good for Evil

WHEN Madame Sontag first began her musical career in Vienna, she was hissed off the stage by her rival, Amelia Steinenger. Years went by; and one day, in her glory, Madame Sontag was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she noticed a little girl leading a blind woman along the walk. She called to her and said: "Who is that you are leading?"

"Why," said the little girl, "don't you know? That is my mother, Amelia Steinenger. She used to be the great singer once, but she lost her voice; and then she cried so much about it that her eyes went blind."

"Give her my love," said Madame Sontag, and tell her that in a few days an old acquaintance will call upon her."

The next week in the city of Berlin, a vast multitude gathered at a benefit for the poor blind woman, and it is said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she never sang before, and to the day of her death she took care of Amelia Steinenger, and then she took care of her child after her.—*Exchange*.

The Coming of the Lord

I CAN see the Saviour coming,
Floating downward from on high;
And the angels all are with him,
And they shout the victory cry.
For the saints on earth have gathered
At the trumpet's note of doom,
And the Lord has come to take them
To their everlasting home.

I can hear the sinners calling,
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall;
Hide us from the face of Jesus,
He has seen and knoweth all."
And from his righteous judgment
Sinners can make no appeal;
They have broke the law of Jesus,
And that law shall with them deal.

Let the wicked now take warning
Awhile the Saviour gently pleads;
Happy is the soul that listens,
And the angel's message heeds;
For the prize is life eternal,
Ages with the Lord to be,
And to sing and shout his praises
Throughout all eternity.

MORRIS E. GRESS.

Science Stories

The Viper, or Adder

How closely certain words are connected with certain ideas! Just repeat to yourself the word *dove*. How soothing, how sweet, how fully blended with lovely attributes! Now try the word *viper*. Do you not feel a shivery sensation creeping down your spine, and does it not seem instantly as if every tender feeling went out of your heart? And yet, as a word, *viper* is just as innocent as *dove*. It is the association, don't you see? Names suggest the qualities of the people or things that bear the names. From the innocent letters that make up the word *viper* we get an impression of all that is repulsive and deadly. And this impression is well carried out by the family of serpents that bear the name.

The Old World vipers are somewhat like the New World rattlesnakes, only they lack the pits on the side of the face and the rattles. But in deadly venom they are much alike. There are about twenty varieties variously distributed over the world, but the greater number are found in tropical countries. In Africa they are particularly numerous and deadly. The vipers have robust bodies, short tails, a triangular-shaped head. The eye is of medium size, with a pupil set vertically. One of the African vipers that is

almost as deadly as the cobra is the horned viper. It is a most repulsive-looking creature, of a pale, brownish color above, with blotches of a darker shade. Above each eye is erected a spine, or horn, that helps to give this animal its ferocious aspect. The natives of the country impute to these horns wonderful curative virtues. Sometimes this serpent has been kept in confinement over two years without taking a particle of nourishment, and yet has seemed to be in a healthy condition.

Another deadly member of the viper family is that called *Vipera aspis*, or asp. The bite of this serpent is most painful, and often fatal.

Another variety is found in England, and is the only venomous reptile that inhabits the island. Its bite is very poisonous. This snake is also called the adder. Horses and dogs are often bitten by it; and the bite, though always causing intense suffering, is not always fatal.

The viper remains torpid in holes during the winter months, often great numbers of them twining together in a repulsive ball. But, though torpid in winter, it is alert and ready to attack in warm weather, and faces a suspected enemy with body closely coiled, head and neck raised and ready to strike as soon as it comes within reach.

In Africa there is a viper called the puff-adder, which distends itself when angry. It must be related to our Southern blowing-viper, with which most plantation children are familiar. From this puff-adder the bushmen of India obtain the virus with which they tip their poisoned arrows, of

which we hear so much in accounts of Indian warfare.—*Eva Williams Malone*.

A Peculiar Fish

THERE is a kind of fish that swims in the deep seas which is very rare, and a great curiosity. Its common name is the torch fish, but very learned people call it *linophryne lucifer*. It is a queer creature, with triangular jaws, filled with long, slender teeth, a cartridge-shaped tongue, and body very much like a worn-out old shoe that has become so limp it can not hold itself up in shape any more.

The most remarkable thing about this strange fish is that on the tip of its long pipe-stem nose there is an egg-shaped object that the fish can light up like a bull's-eye lantern whenever he wants to, and put it out again when he so pleases. This lantern does not serve as a guide to him in his wanderings, but is used as a trap to entice unwary and innocent little fool fishes. When this deep-sea lucifer is hungry, he just lights his lamp, which is a peculiar kind of lip with phosphorus on it, opens his mouth, and waves before it a slender cord-like appendage that grows from beneath his lower jaw. The small fishes mistake the light for a certain kind of toothsome firefly that is down in the sea, and in their scramble for this dainty they sail right into lucifer's mouth, which is gaping wide open to receive them. When he has had all the dinner he wants, he turns off the light, and goes away about other business.—*Selected*.

What to Say and What not to Say

Don't Say:—

He *died with* pneumonia.
He *donated* five dollars to the society.

NOTE.—"Give" is preferable to "donate," unless the gift is important and special.

He *don't* like to do it; The bell *don't* ring.
I *don't* hardly know.

NOTE.—"I hardly know," is correct. "I don't hardly know," conveys the meaning that I *do know*.

I *don't doubt in my mind* that he will come.

NOTE.—"In my mind" is superfluous.

This is different *to* that;
This is different *than* that.

NOTE.—A thing differs from another when it is unlike it, but it does not differ *to* it, nor is it different *than* it.

I fear that I shall *discommode* you.
Each one of the students *have their own* room.

I wish each one present would express *their* opinion.

Either he or she *are going*;
Neither he nor she *are going*.

NOTE.—When singular subjects are connected by "or" or "nor," the singular verb is required.

His hands were in position before him, ready *either to attack or defend*.

He attempted *to follow up*, but wisely forbore, and contented himself with blocking and covering up the whirlwind his blow had raised.

In so far as disappointment was his, she shared it with him, but that was all.

NOTE.—"In" is superfluous in the phrase "in so far as."

My wife made this announcement, tragically sinking into a chair as if its import *was* too great to be borne standing up.

NOTE.—The subjunctive, and not the indicative form, is always required after "as if."

On the night of his mysterious advent, the Prophet had found his people in a condition of mental chaos—as *liable* to repudiate as to accept the seeker for their confidence.

NOTE.—"Likely," and not "liable" is the correct word, for the reason that it is used with reference to "accept" as well as to "repudiate." "Liable" is properly used only in reference to a possibility of exposure to evil, to danger, to censure, and the like. Note that while "likely" refers to a contingent event usually regarded as favorable, it may be used to express mere *external probability*.—*Correct English*.

Say:—

He *died* of pneumonia.
He *gave* five dollars to the society.

He *doesn't* like to do it; The bell *doesn't* ring.
I *hardly* know.

I *don't doubt* that he will come.

This is different *from* that.

I fear that I shall *incommode* you.
Each one of the students *has his* (or her) own room.

I wish each one present would express *his* (or her, or his or her) opinion.

Either he or she *is going*;
Neither he nor she *is going*.

His hands were in position before him, ready *either to attack or to defend*.

He attempted *to follow up*, but wisely forbore, and contented himself with blocking and covering up the whirlwind *that* his blow had raised.

So far as disappointment was his, she shared it with him, but that was all.

My wife made this announcement, tragically sinking into a chair as if its import *were* too great to be borne standing up.

On the night of his mysterious advent, the Prophet had found his people in a condition of mental chaos—as *likely* to repudiate as to accept the seeker for their confidence.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Our Conversation

1. What is the ninth commandment?

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Ex. 20:16.

2. How may we see good days?

"For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." 1 Peter 3:10.

3. How do we speak?

"For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Matt. 12:34.

4. Can man control his tongue?

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." James 3:8.

5. Then how only can the tongue be controlled?

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13.

6. How will our words stand in the Judgment?

"But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12:36, 37.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



Arrival at Home

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Acts 28:1-16.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 272-279.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

- Name of island.
- Condition of the people.
- Great miracle.
- Publius healed.
- Others healed.
- Sailed.
- Arrival at Rhegium.
- Arrival at Puteoli.
- Met by brethren.
- Paul's courage.
- Enter Rome.

Notes

Instead of "Castor and Pollux" the American Revised Version gives the name of the vessel as "The Twin Brothers."

Notice how the Lord wrought through the apostle in healing Publius and others on the island. Compare with the gospel commission in Matt. 28:18-20; Mark 16:15-17.

Look up the geographical location of all the places mentioned in this lesson.

"On the arrival of the party at Appii Forum, which was a town where the mules were unfastened at the other end of the canal, and is described by the satirist as full of low tavern-keepers and barge men,—at that meeting place, where travelers from all parts of the empire had often crossed one another's path,—on that day, in the motley and vulgar crowd, some of the few Christians who were then in the world suddenly recognized one another, and emotions of holy joy and thanksgiving sanctified the place of coarse vice and vulgar traffic."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

"The travelers reach Appii Forum, forty miles from Rome. As they make their way through

the crowds that throng the great thoroughfare, the gray-haired old man, chained with a group of hardened-looking criminals, receives many a glance of scorn, and is made the subject of many a rude, mocking jest. Not one of all he meets bestows upon him a look of pity or sympathy. He meekly wears his chain, and silently, slowly pursues his way. Suddenly a cry of joy is heard, and a man springs out from the passing throng, and falls upon the prisoner's neck, embracing him with tears and rejoicing, as a son would welcome a long-absent father. Again and again is the scene repeated."

"At Rome the charge of the centurion Julius ended. Here he delivered up his prisoners to the captain of the emperor's guard. The good account which he gave of Paul, however, together with the letter of Festus, the procurator of Judea, caused the apostle to be favorably regarded by the chief captain, and instead of being thrown into prison, he was permitted to live in his own hired house. The trial of having constantly to be chained to a soldier was continued; but he was at liberty to receive his friends, and to labor for the advancement of the cause of Christ." G. B. T.

The Berkeley (Cal.) Society

Our Berkeley Society of young people is still in its infancy. We date our birth one year and a half ago. We owe our existence to the faithful labors of our pastor and his wife and daughter, as there are but few in our Society who have not received the truth through their personal labors.

As a Society of young people we earnestly desire to meet the mind of God in doing the work he would have us do in that important center of learning,—Berkeley, the university town.

In this center are to be found not only young men and women from all parts of the great State of California, but from almost every country and nation in the world. Thus our responsibility is greatly increased.

In view of this important center in which we find ourselves, and the great message now due to the world, we are earnestly endeavoring to qualify ourselves, by prayerful study of the Word, to become "laborers together with Him," that in "the meekness and gentleness of Christ" we may present these great themes in their original simplicity and clearness.

Our regular study, at present, is the Acts of the Apostles. Another very interesting and beneficial feature of our meeting is the brief Bible readings which every member is expected to prepare and give from memory before the Society. By thus hiding the Word of God in our hearts, we shall be able to give a reason of the hope that is within us, with meekness and fear.

We are glad to report some of the personal work done by the Society. This includes the purchase and distribution of literature, canvassing for our publications, and considerable Bible work from house to house. The sick have been visited, the needy helped, and the naked clothed.

What has been done seems as nothing when we see what is yet to be done. We sincerely hope that from this convention there will go forth a band of workers whose hearts the Lord has touched by a fresh baptism from above.

RETA BAILEY.

The Relative Importance of Meetings and Work

(Concluded)

In addition to the definition quoted, which Webster gives for meetings, is another in which there is a deep meaning; connected with the thoughts expressed in the prayer of Christ as recorded by John, it is freighted with eternal consequences. It is defined thus: A coming together, confluent—the running of one into

the other. Jesus prayed: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that *they also* might be sanctified through the truth. . . . That they *all* may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: . . . I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made *perfect* in one." What is needed more? What could be more important in this stage of the message than the fulfilment of this definition and the answering of this prayer? Without it what will all our efforts avail? Then as young people let us make this the aim of all our meetings, the burden of every prayer, and the melody of every song; for in it is the accomplishment of our work. Jesus prayed for this oneness, "that the *world* may *know* that thou hast sent me, and hast loved *them*, as thou hast loved me."

Work is the outgrowth of union; activity is the very condition of life. Christ says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." If Christ be in us, *we* shall work; for again he says, "I *will* work, and who can hinder it?" As soon as one comes to Christ, there is born in the heart a desire to make known to others the saving, sanctifying power of truth found in Jesus. And our abiding in him, our growth in the Christian graces, depend upon our activities for others. It is useless to endeavor to maintain a Christian life by passively accepting the blessings of heaven. Doing nothing for Christ is like trying to live by eating without working—weakness, decay, and death are the results.

Strength comes by exercise; the more vigorous the exercise, the stronger the muscle. So if we desire spiritual muscle, we must be engaged to the extent of our ability in blessing and helping those who need the help we can give them.

We have the assurance that "he that has *begun* a good work in you will perform it *until* the day of Jesus Christ." There is no release from the Christian warfare until that day. Then let us sing and do, as expressed, by William Miller:—

"We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home,"—

to see our motto ratified, our committee justified, our members sanctified, our hearers edified, our numbers multiplied, our leader satisfied, and the Lord glorified.

ANNA HIBBEN.

The Stream of Life

I SEEM to float, I seem to glide,
Softly along life's solemn tide;
On either hand, bold headlands gleam,
And valleys open as a dream.
The mountains lift their brows of flame,
Solemn and awful, e'er the same,
While past the isles of joys and fears,
Glides on the ripple of the years.

Within my bark, I lie and dream,
Floating adown life's wondrous stream,
By sheltered nooks, and vistas grand,
And loved ones waiting on the strand,
I can not stop, but e'er must go
On with the river's restless flow,
On, 'neath the shine, or rain, or tears,
*Adown the ripple of the years.

Above me are the bending skies,
Where storms are born, whence clouds arise,
And shadows vast, or sunny gleam,
Change oft the landscape of my dream,
And higher still, my home above,
Where Jesus reigns, and all is love,
And brightly paradise appears,
Beyond the ripple of the years.

O mystic stream! O deeps profound!
Thy billows never line can sound,
What passions thrill the human heart,
Whence joys arise, whence sorrows start,
While o'er life's wave the human soul
Drifts ever to some unseen goal,
But hope discerneth brighter spheres
Beyond the ripple of the years.

L. D. SANTEE.



Christ's Coming

CHRIST has said in his blest Word
That we must watch and pray,
For he wants us all to stand
In the great judgment day.

The day is fast approaching
When Jesus soon will come
To judge his waiting people,
And welcome them to their eternal home.

He will come to judge the world.
Some will flee at his call,
For they know that they have wronged him,
And soon that they will fall.

A light will come from heaven,
And great men will drop dead,
Because they have no faith
In Christ, who is the Head.

Then Christ will judge all people
According to his Word,
To see if they've been faithful
To him and his blessed Word.

The work is almost over,
The race is almost run,
For Christ has said in his Word,
"Surely, I quickly come."

VERA E. TENNEY.

Aged fifteen.

"Unto Me"—A Dream

POSSIBLY Miss Heatherly would not have admitted that she was wealthy, but certainly she would not have denied that she was "very comfortably off."

She was considered a model of charity—one of those whose religion is "pure and undefiled." In the depths of her heart she thought so, too. She had known sorrow, and borne it well. She was sometimes lonely, yet never complained. She was invariably kind both to friends and to dependents. The spiritual welfare of her servants was never neglected by her. Her public religious duties were faithfully fulfilled.

She had been reading the last part of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel with a pleasant remembrance of the gifts of food and clothing she had that morning been distributing. Her heart thrilled with the sweetness of the thought that one day she would hear those blessed words addressed to herself: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

She looked around her room with a glow of satisfaction, appreciating her pretty things all the more because of the poverty and misery she had so lately witnessed.

Perhaps Miss Heatherly had slept for two hours when she awoke with a start; for it seemed to her that somebody called her by name. She sat up in bed, surprised to see the room full of soft light, like moonlight, and, to her wonder and awe, a figure, clothed in white robes and crowned with thorns, standing in the midst—a figure so familiar to her thoughts, beautiful, majestic, and serene—the Lord she loved, the Lord who died for her.

An overwhelming sense of sin and short-coming made her cover her face with her hands when she met his grave, loving regard, while the

self-abhorring cry of Peter rose involuntarily to her lips, Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful creature!

As if in answer to that cry, he spoke, "Arise, follow me."

In a few moments, as it seemed, they had left behind the wealthy suburb, and were in the center of the poorest quarter of the town. Miss Heatherly's Guide stopped at the door of a wretched, tumble-down house in a narrow alley.

The alley and the house were alike familiar to the lady, so was the low, ruinous-looking attic, wherein she presently stood with her dread companion. She had been there that very morning to take a blanket for the poor, rheumatic old man who rented the miserable place. A sense of satisfaction stole into her mind as she remembered that gift and the grateful pleasure of the recipient.

Why had she been afraid? Surely the Lord was about to commend her for her charity. The attic was very dark, but the radiance emanating from the figure of the Saviour fell full upon the pallet where the old man lay. It was bitterly cold. The broken window was stuffed with rags; but the wind and sleet, which had seemed to Miss Heatherly to cease when she was in the street, found only too free an entrance. The grate was empty, so was the cupboard. Cold and hungry, the man had gone to bed, and in spite of the blanket, he was evidently cold still. Obeying a motion of her Guide, Miss Heatherly approached the pallet. It consisted of a very old, torn, straw mattress, with the occupant's coat for a pillow.

"O, my old bones! my poor old aching bones!" he muttered, shivering audibly; "'tis a bonnie bit o' blanket, and a rare kind thing of a lady like that to bring it to the likes o' me, but I thought as how blankets was warmer, surely I did. Why, three on 'em would hardly keep my old bones warm. Eh, good Lord, if I could get a bit o' warmth into me, I'd not feel the hunger so much, maybe!"

Before Miss Heatherly's eyes came a swift vision of her own luxurious room and bed. She felt the thick, soft warmth of the blankets—three of them, and the best that money could buy—the silken coverlet, the cozy eider-down quilt. Then she saw again the poor pallet, covered with only the one thin, cheap blanket her charity had given to her brother's bitter need—saw and trembled. "Ye have done it unto me!" her Guide said, not reproachfully, only sadly.

Then he laid his hand on the old man's head, and his restless mutterings ceased. He had fallen asleep, and in his sleep he smiled.

It was dawn when the two unseen visitors re-issued into the street—cold, dark, winter dawn. The sleet had frozen on the pavement; the falling snow was blown into drifts by the piercing wind. This time Miss Heatherly was conscious of the cold; never had she experienced such a sensation in all her warm, guarded life. She would fain have crept closer to her Guide, whose viewless presence brightened many a worn, sad face as he passed by, but she dared not. Her heart was breaking with a passion of love, longing,

and remorse. How little, she thought, had she loved him before! How faithlessly she had served him! The praises of her bounty that she had heard, together with many others she had been wont to receive with outward deprecation and inward pride, were as so many wounds to her spirit. She to be praised for her charity? *She?*

She dashed the hot tears from her eyes as they paused before a doorstep, where sat a small, puny child, holding a yet smaller, punier child in her arms.

"I'm cold, Janie! I'm so cold!" wailed the latter over and over again in a kind of monotonous chant. "I'm so cold!"

"Oh, not cold, Bessie dear—not cold in them nice new clothes wot the lady give yer? Why, yer'd only rags afore!"

"I am cold, I am!" insisted Bessie, "and you're cold, too, 'cause I feel yer shivering."

"Shivering? Not me! Why, I've a shawl on," trying ineffectually to draw the small knitted square that covered her shoulders further on to her blue arms. "I'm a bit tired, mebbe, 'cause yer 'eavy, Bess; but we ain't cold, you and me."

"Oh, I am, I am! And so are you, Janie; you're a shivering worse and worse. The rags was warmer than these 'ere frocks."

Fain, fain, would the conscience-stricken listener have shut out the sight that—as the child ceased speaking—rose before her. There were her ample wardrobes, her closets, and some yet unpacked boxes, full of the costliest mantles and dresses. Silks, satins, velvets, laces, and furs all were there. In themselves they represented a small fortune. For the first time in her life the wearer sickened of them, turning away in almost despair to the spectacle of the two children whom her charity had clothed. How thin, how poor, how ugly were the garments she had bestowed upon them! Well might their little limbs be cold.

And again with solemn emphasis, the Lord spoke, "Ye have done it unto me."

Then he laid his pierced hands on the childish heads, and blessed them. As he did so, a city missionary came up to the two, who had begun to laugh and play merrily, and took them off with him to "give them some breakfast"—half wondering at the sudden glow of pleasure that filled his own heart. It was no rare thing for him to give away half his breakfast, or the whole of it, indeed, to some starving fellow creature.

Quick as thought the scene changed, and Miss Heatherly found herself in her own house. Her Guide was still with her. From room to room she followed him, compelled to note every useless or costly article, and seeming at the same time to see a dark background of rainy streets, of fireless attics, of bare rooms, and wretched cellars, wherein the Lord himself wandered homeless, lay in sickness, suffered hunger, calling for help—in vain. It was like a sword in her heart whet that accusing voice spoke for the last time.

"I gave thee all, and what hast thou given me in return? Thou hast spread a rich feast for thyself, and given me the cold remnants. Thou hast glorified self, and not thy Saviour. Lookest thou for reward? Yea, thou shalt have

it. A day is coming when thou shalt indeed hear the longed-for words which thou never thoughtest might condemn: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!'

With an exceeding bitter cry the remorseful woman fell upon her knees, catching wildly at the Lord's white robes as he was about to turn away.

"Oh, don't go! Oh, don't leave me in displeasure!" she cried, her tears bathing his feet. "O Lord, I have lived for self; I see it, I feel it now! But thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

Her voice broke in a choking sob, but still she gazed up in an agony of entreaty at the divine face, which, as she gazed, softened into a smile of such sweet forgiveness, such tender love, that it flooded her inmost soul with the very light of heaven. No words were needed; Lucy Heatherly knew herself forgiven—as only the crucified Jesus forgives—"all that debt."

Then, clasping her hands while still kneeling at her Lord's feet, she mutely offered to him her wealth, her time, her life, her all,—without one reserve,—and besought him of his mercy to accept the gift. Once more he smiled, and in the glory of that ineffable sunshine Miss Heatherly awoke.

Behold, it was a dream!—*Quiver.*

Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them

"COME here, Harold," said his uncle, as the next study hour approached, "I will show you a tiny insect that works havoc whenever it finds lodgment in the muscles of any living creature."

"O uncle! what an ugly looking worm it is! but it doesn't look so very tiny through this glass."

"No, for it is highly magnified. But little as it is, it is a great destroyer of muscular tissue; and when once introduced into the human body, it causes the most intense suffering, which often results in death. This little pink speck," said Uncle Frank, pointing to the tiny object under the lens, "is a small particle of the muscle of a man who died a victim to this little pest,—the *trichina spiralis*, or pork worm."

"Isn't it awful? But how did it get in the man's muscle?—I presume the man ate the pork. But still I don't see how one little worm like that could kill a man."

"But you see, there were myriads more in the poor fellow's muscles, as they multiply very fast."

"I wonder if the man knew what the matter was. People learn by using a microscope ever so many things that they never would know without it."

"That is true, Harold; and remember this: those who never make a right use of their eyes, fail in acquiring much true knowledge. There are some persons who seem to have closed their eyes to the beauty which God has placed all around them. Such persons never see a beautiful landscape or a lovely flower or a glorious sunset."

"I suppose you mean blind people, don't you, uncle?"

"O, no; I mean those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not. You know the human eye is so formed by our all-wise Creator that it acts in the capacity of both a microscope and a telescope. When used as a telescope, we may behold the wonders of the starry heavens, or gaze on the beauties of the distant landscape. But when we turn these same wonderful eyes of ours below, we are astonished at the myriads of objects which, although extremely small, are as perfect and their mechanism is as complete in each of their parts, as that of the largest animals. Then, of course, we are still more amazed when

we turn the wonderful little eye of the microscope upon them."

Just then Harold's mother came from the kitchen, where she had been preparing dinner.

"Look here, Brother Frank, I'd just like to see what this looks like under your glass," and she produced a small dried prune, selected from some she had been preparing for the table. It seemed covered with a kind of white dust, or powder; and it was this that she wished to examine.

Uncle Frank glanced at the dried fruit, and smiled, "All right, sister; you shall examine the white dust if you like, but I would advise you to wash your fruit very thoroughly before stewing it; for, well, how do you like the looks of this 'white dust' as you call it? Here, Harold, you may have the first look," said Uncle Frank as he adjusted his glass.

"O mama! do, do see! they are the funniest-looking bugs I ever saw. O, O! see that fellow; he seems to be trying to get loose from the glass where uncle has stuck him. What a funny long trunk he has; it's something like an elephant's; and I do believe I see his eyes. They are black as two little beads, and he seems to be looking all around; poor thing! he wants to get away;" and Harold laughed heartily as he made room for his mother to look at the curiosity.

"Well, well; I'd no idea that my prunes were the pasturing-ground of such strange creatures. Indeed, I shall take your advice and wash them well in several waters before venturing to serve the fruit."

"I think the grocer must have given you a lot of inferior fruit," smiled Uncle Frank; "for this little insect is not at all partial to fine, plump, healthy fruit. It is a sort of parasite, you see. We ought to look sharp before we



A FLEA

open our mouths to take anything into our stomachs. Now, here is a peculiar insect which I found some time ago in a sack of damaged flour.

Look, Harold, he is not very much of a beauty, but he is certainly an interesting creature."

"Ugh! do see him, ma! isn't he ugly! I won't dare to eat anything after a while."

"O my dear, do not be needlessly alarmed," said Uncle Frank. "You see, this fellow has no taste for good, wholesome flour; a kind of scavenger he is, answering very much the same purpose as the swine,—that of devouring stale and decomposing matter. We see in all this a wise arrangement of Providence; for were there no scavengers in sea or land, the very air we breathe would soon be so polluted with the odor of musty and decaying substances as to render it quite unfit to support human life. It is strange that even the most destructive and repulsive or mischievous insects have most wonderful and complex bodies. There is the flea, for example. Here he is, Harold, and a fine specimen, highly magnified."

"Dear me! I'm glad the fellow isn't really and truly so large as that; what long legs he has!"

"Yes, his hind legs are very long, and by their use the insect is capable of jumping great distances, for he is very muscular. Why, Harold, if you and I could jump as far according to our size and weight as a tiny flea, we need not jump many times to encircle the globe."

"How far can a flea jump, uncle?"

"I suppose about five or six feet, or at least six hundred times its own length; and so a man must jump the enormous distance of about 3,456 feet in order to do as well. But you would not

dream, perhaps, that these insects, ugly and loathsome as they seem to us, still have a love for their young, which they feed as carefully as a mother hen her brood of chicks. Wherever there are to be found the eggs of the flea, we can always find tiny particles of dried blood, which the wise mother places close by for the use of her babies when they are hatched; and indeed she actually feeds her larvæ with blood which she discharges from her own stomach."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

(To be continued)

Looking Homeward

I LONG to rest in that sheltered fold
Where no storms can come,
Where the very streets are paved with gold,
A peaceful home
Far from this old world's noise and crime,—
A quiet rest
Beyond the veil, the old veil of time,
Where all are blest.

I want to be there my Saviour to see
And ever adore,
And tell him I love him for loving me,
When the conflict's o'er,
For waiting for me to overcome
In this evil time.
O the patience and love of that saving One!
His love is mine.

If I may but labor while here I stay
A little while,
And bring him an offering, day by day,
Of loving toil,
Then I soon shall be where naught can destroy,
Nor sin can come
To ever disturb the eternal joy
Of that blessed home.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

Listening to God

A FRIEND of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman, who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man, "I expect that the Lord had a good many things to say to you, but you were too busy to listen, and so he had to put you on your back, that you might be able to give him time."

When he was going out, the thought struck him, "I, too, am a busy man, and the Lord may have to put me on my back, that he may tell me all he wishes."

So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's Spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach him and criticize the life of the previous day.—*F. B. Meyer.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—The Daughter of the Syrophenician Woman Healed

(September 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: he it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15:28.

"Then came together unto him the Pharisees, and certain of the scribes, which came from Jerusalem. And when they saw some of his

disciples eat bread with defiled, that is to say, with unwashed hands, they found fault. For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables. Then the Pharisees and scribes asked him, Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashed hands? He answered and said unto them, Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandments of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups: and many other such like things ye do.

"And he said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, Honor thy father and thy mother; and, Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death: but ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; he shall be free. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or his mother; making the word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered: and many such like things do ye.

"And when he had called all the people unto him, he said unto them, Harken unto me every one of you, and understand: there is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

"And when he was entered into the house from the people, his disciples asked him concerning the parable. And he saith unto them, Are ye so without understanding also? Do ye not perceive, that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it can not defile him; because it entereth not into his heart, but into the belly, and goeth out into the draught, purging all meats? And he said, That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, fornications, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man.

"And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid. For a certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet: the woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

"And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

"And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the Sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his

fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

"And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."

Questions

1. Who came together to see Jesus? What did they see that gave them occasion to find fault? What did they ask the Master? How did Jesus answer them? How alone did they honor him? Why was their worship in vain?

2. What did they lay aside? What did they honor in place of the commandments of God? What commandment did Jesus especially mention? What had Moses written? Yet what did these teachers in Israel say? What did they allow men to do? How did they make the word of God of no effect?

3. Whom did Jesus now call to him? How did he gain their attention? What parable did he speak? What admonition did he give at its close?

4. When he had entered a house, what did his disciples ask him? What did Jesus say to them? How did he then explain the parable? What proceeds out of men's hearts? What always precedes an evil act? In order for the life to be pure, what must be done to the heart?

5. To what place did Jesus now go? Was his coming kept from the people? Who was in great trouble in that place? What were the people of this nation?—They were heathen. To what nation did she belong? Of whom had she heard? What did she do?

6. What request did the woman make when she fell at the feet of Jesus? How did the Jews regard those who did not worship the true God? Was this according to his will?

7. What did Jesus say to the woman? What beautiful answer did she make? By these words what did she show? How was her great faith rewarded?

8. Did Jesus perform other miracles at this place? What does this lead us to think?—That he had made this journey to heal this heathen woman's child, and to teach his disciples of his love for all nations.

9. When Jesus was come again to Galilee, who was brought to him? What did they beseech Jesus to do? Tell how this man was healed.

10. What did Jesus charge the people? How much was the wonderful story spread abroad? How did the people feel who heard of this miracle? What did they say of Jesus?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X—The Spirit of Sacrifice Is an Essential Part of Acceptable Worship

(September 2)

MEMORY VERSE: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." Ps. 116: 12-14.

Questions

1. What class of people especially are mentioned among those who will be gathered when Jesus comes? Ps. 50: 5.

2. What are we instructed to bring when we come together to worship? Ps. 96: 8.

3. How is each one to measure his gift? 1 Cor. 16: 1, 2.

4. What lesson did Jesus teach concerning this? Mark 12: 41-44.

5. What rule did David lay down as to the value of the gift? 2 Sam. 24: 24.

6. What warning did Jesus make against covetousness? Luke 12: 15; note 1.

7. Where is the heart of those who have heaped up treasures on earth? Luke 12: 34.

8. Where is the safest place to store up one's treasures? Matt. 6: 20, 21.

9. What offerings did the Lord anciently require of his people?—Trespass offerings, peace offerings, and thank offerings. Lev. 5: 5-7; 2 Sam. 24: 25; 2 Chron. 29: 31.

10. Besides the tithe, in what does he say his people have robbed him in these last days? Mal. 3: 8; note 2.

11. What instruction did the Saviour give the young ruler who desired to know what he must do to have eternal life? Luke 18: 22.

12. How did this affect the young man? Why? Luke 18: 23.

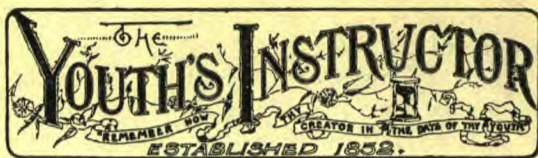
13. What example is left us of liberal giving in the days of the early church? 2 Cor. 8: 2-4.

14. What consecration always accompanies such giving? 2 Cor. 8: 5.

Notes

1. I saw that Satan bade his angels lay their snares especially for those who were looking for Christ's second appearing, and keeping all the commandments of God. Satan told his angels: . . . "Go, make the possessors of lands and money drunk with cares. . . . They may profess what they please, only make them care more for money than for the success of Christ's kingdom or the spread of the truths we hate. Present the world before them in the most attractive light, that they may love and idolize it. We must keep in our ranks all the means of which we can gain control. The more means the followers of Christ devote to his service, the more will they injure our kingdom by getting our subjects. As they appoint meetings in different places, we are in danger. Be very diligent then. Cause disturbance and confusion if possible. Destroy love for one another. *Discourage and dishearten their ministers; for we hate them.* Present every plausible excuse to those who have means, lest they hand it out. Control the money matters if you can, and drive their ministers to want and distress. *This will weaken their courage and zeal.* Battle every inch of the ground. Make covetousness and love of earthly treasures the ruling traits of their character. As long as these traits rule, salvation and grace stand back. Crowd every attraction around them, and they will be *surely ours.* And not only are we sure of them, but their hateful influence will not be exercised to lead others to heaven. When they shall attempt to give, put within them a grudging disposition, that it may be sparingly."—*Early Writings,* pages 128, 129.

2. "Upon what principle can it be said that we rob God in 'offerings,' if God has given to man nine-tenths of his income, and has only reserved the tithe as holy to himself?" God has not specified any particular amount that man should give in offerings; yet if we do not *recognize the obligation* we are under to God for what he *has done and is doing* for us in the gift of Jesus Christ, we show the basest ingratitude. When our friends have bestowed upon us some valuable gift, we look about us to see what we can do to reciprocate the favor. The greater the gift bestowed, the greater the sense of obligation and gratitude. If the trifling favors bestowed upon man by their fellows can call forth a return of "gifts," according to the receiver's ability, how much more should the "gift" of *life and redemption* call forth from man constant recognition of his obligations and gratitude to his Redeemer!



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"As the strength of iron receives the temper of steel, so many virtue is perfected in the fineness and brightness of honor."

XYHOLIN is a new fabric made of paper. It may be washed repeatedly without injury, and cloth for an entire suit of clothes costs only \$2.50, or less.

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that when a union worker procures the discharge of a non-union worker just because he is not a member of the union, damages may be collected from him.

LONDON'S streets, placed end to end in a continuous line, would extend from the Mansion House, across the entire continent of Europe, and into Asia. Its inhabitants exceed the population of Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Vienna put together.

A RUSSIAN medical investigator says that the Japanese are using the most harmless bullet known. Instead of being constructed to tear or poison the flesh, it is so made that its penetration of the tissue is marked only by a little red spot like that of an insect bite; and its velocity is such that the bullet gathers heat in its flight, which enables it to act as a germicide.

PAPER made from corn-stalks is the latest advancement in paper-making. It is claimed that it can be manufactured at one third of the cost of that made from rags and wood fiber. A company has been organized to promote the enterprise, and the paper will soon be on the market. The inventor exhibits specimens equal in quality to fine linen paper. One sample very closely resembles Japanese vellum. This new method of paper-making means millions of dollars to farmers. It also is said to mean a marked decrease in the price of paper.

NATIVE African boys and girls who love this truth want pennies to put in the Sabbath-school collection, for they are anxious to have others hear the precious story of Jesus. Their parents earn but little, perhaps seventy-five cents a month; so, of course, there are not many extra pennies for the little people. But one beautiful thing about it is these boys are willing to work to earn an offering. Frequently they work hard for two days, and sometimes longer, for one penny, which is equal to two of our cents. We know that Jesus sees the love-gift of these African boys and girls, and commands angels to write their names in the heavenly record.

"A MAN with only one virtue is like an instrument with only one string; he can make some kind of noise, but not the full-toned music that God intended should come from his life. He was intended to be an orchestra, not a string. He says, 'I am honest,' and saws away on that one string until every one is tired. He is honest; but he is also discourteous and untidy and selfish. Don't be a one-stringed person."

Give, Give

THAT "giving does not impoverish" has been beautifully emphasized by a recent experience of one of our conferences. So urgent seemed the Washington call for means that the leading officers of this conference decided not to make any special call at their camp-meeting for the home work, but to allow the generosity of the people to be directed to the Washington work. A good donation to the One Hundred Thousand Dollar Fund therefore was the result.

Later one of our missionaries from Africa who was seeking to raise means for his field was allowed to visit the churches in this conference, to appeal to the people for Africa. His efforts met with a hearty response.

Next the doors of the churches were thrown open to a representative from the Southern field. After this a request came from the president of the General Conference that another worker from a needy field be allowed to solicit means through the State. Though the home treasury needed replenishing, and the officers were intending to make a call for means for the home interests, it was decided to again give way, this time to a representative from the Maritime provinces.

But somehow the home work did not suffer. Money to meet each demand came in unsolicited at the opportune time.

Both the spiritual and the temporal life are enriched by giving to the cause of God.

Phantom of Hope

I AM a young Japanese student in the Seventh-day Adventist night-school in San Francisco. One clear autumn day, when I was a little boy about ten years old, and was living in Hiroshima, Japan, I went with my brother on an excursion to a hill near the city.

When we reached the top of the hill and looked far away, we saw a fine mountain rising up nobly against the sky. The view excited our curiosity, and made us decide to go and climb the mountain.

It was afternoon, and we did not know how far it was, nor what way to take; but we started out. On, on we went through the hill paths, hoping that within a few hours we would arrive at the foot of the mountain. It was a long journey for us. But it seemed strange that though we had walked a long time and thought we had gone pretty far, we did not seem to be approaching the mountain.

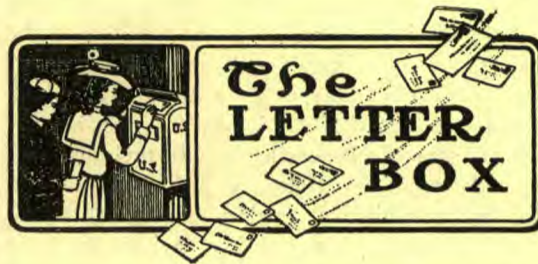
It seemed to stand at the same distance as we saw it at the starting place. We were discouraged, and consulted together whether we should go or not. Meanwhile the sun had set, leaving its reddish tint in the western sky, and the loneliness of evening began to reign. Therefore we put off our intention, and, disappointed and tired, returned home.

Over ten years have passed since that time, and now I am a grown man; but this recollection frequently occurs to my mind, and teaches me several lessons.

How often, in the days that have passed, I have been troubled by day-dreams! How many foolish things I have done in the past! How often have I striven after unattainable hopes! Let me bury my past as a past, let me look only forward, and honestly pursue my daily duty!

Let me say to my young friends as Christ said, "Be faithful in that which is least," and you will get splendid glory. "Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one." Therefore envy not the excellence of others, murmur not at your inferiority. Only earnestly do your duty and your very best.

HATSUO KODAMA.



BROOKFIELD, IND., July 14, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written before. I get the paper every week, and I like it very much; I can hardly wait from one week to another. I have sold four copies of *Life and Health*. I am eleven years old. I would like to hear from some of the INSTRUCTOR readers. I hope my letter is not too long, so I will close, with love, and thanks to the editor for such a nice paper.

CARRIE REESE.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., July 28, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written any before. I have four brothers and one sister, and we go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and get the INSTRUCTOR and *Little Friend*. I was twelve years old last June. In my Sabbath-school class there are five pupils. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Baker.

I hope this letter will not crowd out any other letter. I hope to meet all the little readers in the earth made new.

ADA RITZ.

MARCELINE, Mo., July 11, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the INSTRUCTOR very much; it is a very nice little paper. We are the only Sabbath-keepers here. We have our lesson every Sabbath morning from the INSTRUCTOR. I am twelve years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new. I would like to see this printed, as it is my first letter. Brother and Sister Steele are here giving Bible readings, and we hope to have a little Sabbath-school sometime.

DAISY NICOLA.

PINEY FLATS, TENN., Aug. 2, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines to the INSTRUCTOR as I have never written before. I receive the INSTRUCTOR every week, and am always glad to get it. I enjoy reading "Insects and Their Habits, and What Harold Learned About Them." We are the only Sabbath-keepers here; we would like some other family of Seventh-day Adventists to be here with us, so we could all have a nice little Sabbath-school. I have two brothers and one sister. I am older than they. I would like to see this letter printed if it doesn't crowd out any one's else. I would like for some of the INSTRUCTOR readers to write to me. I am fifteen years old.

WALTER C. RUMBLEY.

PINE CITY, WASH., July 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am twelve years old, and live about thirty-five miles from the nearest church-school. I go to public school, and am in the sixth grade. We get our Sabbath lessons out of the INSTRUCTOR. There are five little children that get their lessons out of the *Little Friend*, and I teach them. The first Sabbath of this year we began to learn verses out of the Bible; the first one began with the letter A. We have gone through the alphabet once, and are going through it again. I am trying to be a good Christian girl. I have not been baptized, but want to be as soon as I have a chance to attend some of the camp-meetings. My mama believes in the blessed truth, but my papa does not. I have a brother seven years of age and a sister eleven. We all keep the Sabbath except our dear papa, and we hope he will soon. We are trying to be good Christians so we can have a right to the tree of life, and enter in through the pearly gates into the city. Pray for us that we may be faithful to the end.

EULA ROBERTS.