

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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WE recently made a visit to the opposite end of the island upon which we are just now living. A white man, whom we often met in Tahiti and Raiatea, had invited us to visit him when we should come to Huahine, so we improved our first opportunity of doing so. This man's son came in their boat one day to bring cotton, and we went back with him. When we started from town, we thought we had quite a boat-load of people and luggage; but when we had gone part way, we drew up toward land and stopped.

The former king was one of our party. He has a great deal of land in various places on the island. We have been told that in olden times, wherever the king placed his feet upon the ground, that land would henceforth be his property. The king did not walk, but was carried about by strong men, and when he saw a piece of land that he would like for his own, he would ask to be set down there. They say that this is the reason why the royal family in each island owns so much land.

Well, we stopped at a place which belonged to this king, and the people living on the place brought four immense baskets full of breadfruit and emptied them into the boat, and also two large bunches of the same tied together. We



A COUNTRY VILLAGE ON HUAHINE

had thought before that the boat was full, but room was readily found for the extra cargo. Then a man climbed a coconut tree, and got a number of green nuts and husked them, and brought them into the boat. After getting started again, the king took the nuts, one at a time, broke a hole in the end, and passed one to each of us to drink. Nearly every one learns to like the water of the young coconuts, and it has this advantage, it is sure to be pure. The meat of the green nuts is very palatable, and more digestible than that of the ripe coconuts.

We were out about six hours before we reached our destination. After we had sailed for some distance, we came to the narrow pass between the two islands, where the wind was shut off by the hills. The water was very shallow in this pass, so the boys pushed the boat along by means of long poles until we got out on the other side of the island; then they had to row, as the wind was ahead.

We enjoyed the scenery, for Huahine is a very pretty island. Its scenery varies from that of Raiatea, for its surface is much more uneven, and the coast line more irregular. It was a bright moonlight evening, and we enjoyed our boat ride.

When we reached the house of our friend, it was already eight o'clock, and we soon began to feel sleepy. But our host had not had an opportunity of visiting with white people for several months, and he felt like talking, so we did not retire till after midnight. Though our hostess was not able to provide us with soft beds to sleep in, and we had to sleep on the floor right in the living-room, we were tired enough to sleep well. The children had a very large pet hog that was allowed to run about in the dooryard. In the middle of the night it would climb up on the veranda, and stand in the door, grunting. As we were sleeping on the floor near the open door, I felt afraid it would come into the house, and called "Mr. Cady to get up and drive it away. After being driven away the second time, it concluded to go under the house to sleep for the rest of the night, but it came back again another night. I learned afterward that it was in the habit of sleeping on the veranda floor, and that it had just come up there to sleep, and probably would not have come in the house at all.

We had a pleasant and, we trust, a profitable visit with this family. The man is not religious, and has never taken any interest in spiritual things, but we tried to help him to see the importance of preparing for the future life, and hope that some seed may sink into his heart and bear fruit. His wife is a native woman, and they have a fine family of eight children. The wife is an industrious woman, and the children have been taught to do their share of the household duties. Fish is one of their principal ar-



MT. TAPU AT MAEVA ON HUAHINE

ticles of diet, and the children spend much of their time out in the boat or the canoes fishing.

On Sunday, we went to visit another white man whose home was about two miles away. He is an aged man, and badly afflicted with dropsy. His wife, who died a few years ago, accepted the Sabbath truth, and was faithful to the light that she had until her death.

We also attended church in the native village near by, and in the evening Mr. Cady held a meeting there, illustrating his talk with some stereopticon views. A brother of the king recently died, and was buried beside the church, as that is the home district of that family. His widow is now giving new names in his memory to all the leading natives of the island. It is a custom among them, when a person dies, to give names to the relatives to commemorate some incident in connection with the dead friend. Then the people are called by these new names. Because of this, a native always has a goodly number of names. The people of the island are also all in mourning for the prince who died, though they are not required to wear black continually. If they have one black dress and wear it occasionally, that is all they consider necessary. The men wear a band of black crape around the sleeve of their coat, and sometimes have a band of crape on the hat. The women want black hats also for mourning, and as they have no material here for making black hats in the natural color, they take any hat and paint it with black stain, which does very well.

When we got ready to come home, our kind friends brought us back in their boat around the opposite side of the island from which we had gone. All our journey was made in the lagoon, where the large waves of the ocean were shut out by the coral reef. In only one place we had to pass very near an opening in the reef, and though it was for only a short distance that our boat was rocked by the swells from the open sea, it made us feel quite uncomfortable for a while.

We passed by Mount Tapu (Sacred), which looms up behind the village of Maeva. This mountain stands out alone, away from the other mountains, and is shaped differently from all



other mountains of this island. The people have an old legend, saying that their heathen god Oro brought it over from the island of Moorea, which is a hundred miles away, and planted it here ages ago.

We are always glad to get back into the place we call home, even though it may be only a temporary one and affording but few conveniences. We have a hearty invitation from this family to visit them again, and though it is inconvenient to go so far in a small boat, we hope to go again sometime.

MRS. B. J. CADY.



### Odd Features of Russian Life The Passport

It requires a passport to get into the czar's dominions, and one to get out. Every citizen of Russia, foreigner or native, must have his permit to live in that country. If he wishes to go from one town to another, he must notify the police, for that department of the government must know where each person in the whole empire sleeps every night. No one can buy a ticket for a railway or steamboat trip without showing a permit to leave. No hotel will entertain a guest until he shows his passport. It is well to have that precious document where one can readily lay hands upon it, for a well-known writer says, "There is no power on earth so arbitrary, so omnipresent, so omniscient, and so remorseless as the Russian police." I read not long since of one man who mislaid his passport and was not able to produce it instantly when called for, and he was immediately sent to prison. His wife found the paper, and in a few hours after the arrest was made took it to the police headquarters. She did not get a hearing for more than a week, and then her husband was kept in jail a month to punish him for the trouble he had caused.

### The Two Classes

An American visiting Russia asked: "Why has your government spent so much for public libraries, for art galleries and pictures, for academies of science, schools and museums for the promotion of the useful arts, and utterly failed to provide means for the education of the youth? Why do you have such a splendid university and so few common schools?" The reply was: "There are two classes of people in Russia,—the upper and lower classes, the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor. The government provides instruction for the upper classes, and amusement for the lower classes. The sons and daughters of the nobles must be educated, but the children of the lower classes we prefer to remain in ignorance. The less they know, the better."

The children of the upper classes are educated by private teachers until they are advanced sufficiently to enter the university. One writer who visited Russia in 1888 says: "There is not a schoolhouse to be seen from the boundary to the capital." The same writer describes the country life of the common people: "How the people live is a mystery. The ordinary traveler sees only their little gardens, where is grown a scanty allowance of potatoes, corn, turnips, and cabbage. They eat when they are hungry, generally cabbage soup, which is always simmering on the fire, are drunk as often as they can get *vodka*, and when night comes, curl up somewhere on the floor in a warm place, like a kitten or a caterpillar. In the cabins one seldom finds a bed or a table or a chair, and very few dishes. They have no comforts whatever, not even what we consider the necessities of life.

"The uneducated peasant is never a nihilist,

never an atheist. Of his scanty earnings one third goes to the church and another third to the crown, and both exactions are paid without the slightest resistance. The *mujik* [peasant] is only glad that the priest and tax-gatherers do not take all. He expects no more than his father got, which was nothing. The most striking characteristics of the Russian peasant are sadness and submission."

In every collection of cabins of the lower class rises a splendid temple with a gilded dome, sheltering treasures of silver and gold and jewels. To the poor Russian this church with its marble pillars, priceless pictures and ornamentations, is a representation of the heaven which the priests teach him is waiting for those who "say their prayers, fast on fast days, and obey the czar."

The church of St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg cost sixteen million dollars, one million more than the Capitol at Washington. "There are diamonds enough in the churches to make every distressed family in the empire comfortable, and to build schoolhouses in every town; there is gilding enough, and vessels of silver and gold enough, to clothe all the naked and feed all the hungry in Russia; but the veneration of the people is so great that the beggars who sit before the doors of the churches give half the alms they receive to enrich the overflowing treasuries of the priests."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

### The Captain's Well

[Amesbury having been the home of both Captain Bagley and the poet Whittier, it is quite fitting that Whittier should have told in rhyme the story of the Captain's shipwreck on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert. This poem is an interesting one for recitation.—Ed.]

From pain and peril, by land and main,  
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

And like one from the dead, the threshold cross'd  
Of his wondering home, that had mourned him  
lost,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,  
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came, he called for his spade.  
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;  
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered: "but under this sod  
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,  
And right before you the Merrimac,

"And look you up, or look you down,  
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;  
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know.  
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

"You had better consult, before you dig,  
Some water witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,  
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

"In the Arab desert, where shade is none,  
The waterless land of sand and sun,

"Under the pitiless, brazen sky  
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

"My crazed brain listened in fever dreams  
For flash of buckets and ripple of streams;

"And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,  
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

"Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,  
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

"Then something tender, and sad, and mild  
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

"Rebuked my frenzy; and bowing my head,  
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

"Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;  
Take me out of this land accurst;

"And if ever I reach my home again,  
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

"I will dig a well for the passers-by,  
And none shall suffer from thirst as I.

"I saw, as I prayed, my home once more,  
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,  
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground.

"The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,  
The brook with its dam and gray grist-mill,

"And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,  
The very place where my well must be.

"God heard my prayer in that evil day;  
He led my feet in their homeward way,

"From false mirage and dried up well,  
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

"Till I saw at last through the coast-hill's gap,  
A city held in its stony lap,

"The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,  
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

"For there was a ship at anchor lying,  
A Christian flag at its masthead flying,

"And sweetest of sounds to my homesick ear  
Was my native tongue in the sailor's cheer.

"Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again  
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain,

"And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,  
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His kindred wept, and his neighbors said:  
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,  
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last, from the loosened earth,  
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,  
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word,  
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,  
And he sat by his roadside well content;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,  
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,  
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

And grateful at heart, his memory went  
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came  
To the earth of iron and sea of flame.

And when a wayfarer weary and hot,  
Kept to the midroad, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;  
"He don't know the value of water," he said;

"Had he prayed for a drop as I have done,  
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell  
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

ONE of the finest sewing-machines ever made has just been completed. It was ordered by President Roosevelt for the empress of Japan, in recognition of the courtesies extended to Miss Alice Roosevelt during her recent visit to Japan. At one end of the machine, attached to the gold-plated iron-work, are the American and Japanese coat-of-arms.





## THE HOME CIRCLE

### *The Spirit's Family*

Gal. 5:22, 23

MERCY, Faith, and Grace three sisters are;  
We live with Love, and Trust's our sweetest brother.

In Hope we all delight, she is our cousin dear;  
All live to love and help each other.  
Joy comes to visit us betimes,  
And Peace's our constant guest.  
Our many welcome friends we entertain,  
They to our home much comfort bring;  
One has a name that's Long with suffering added,  
Another has a Gentle cognomen.  
Goodness is an heir with all the Meek,  
And Temperance's our adopted daughter.  
Some old-time kindred are not living,  
They died a sudden, violent death;  
But sometimes from their grave they rise  
To lead our feet as in the days of yore.  
Clad in the spotless robe of Christ,  
Our armor bright alway,  
Those passions buried long ago  
Can not o'er us bear sway.  
Our table's spread with diet rare;  
The staple is the bread of life.  
Fruits of the Spirit garnish well;  
We eat, rejoice, and are content.  
Our conversation must become the saints;  
Rich ornament—the quiet Spirit,  
Which mitigates our murmurings and complaints.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

### *The Sweetness of Girlhood*

GIRLHOOD and young womanhood are such pure and sweet and beautiful things, when they are what God intended them to be, that it fills one with unspeakable regret to see a young girl's life fall short of its appointed beauty. And every young girl's life falls short of this beauty if it lacks in modesty, in dignity, in purity of thought and speech, in gentleness and kindness. The bold girl of pronounced dress and speech, the girl who is noisy and who seeks to be "dashing," the girl whose parents sorrowfully admit that she is "beyond them"—this girl is treading on dangerous ground, and her life is falling far short of the sweetness of girlhood.—*Selected.*

### *A True Story*

I AM going to tell you a story which was related to me the other day by a friend, and perhaps it will help you as it has helped me, to see the beauty of taking pride in the performance of even the commonest tasks.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "I disliked very much to do mending; and as one of my duties each week was to darn the rents in my stockings, this task was a most disagreeable one to me, and one which I always dreaded as I saw the family ironing being sorted and folded away. But there was no escape from the object of my dislike; it was one of the unchangeable decrees of my wise mother that those stockings should be darned, and that by me.

"One day I was particularly obstinate about the matter, and mother, without any arguments or persuasions, shut me in my room and told me I must remain there until my task was done.

"I sat for a long time without doing anything except thinking hard and bitterly about my lot, then at last, with a very martyr-like air, I went to work and finally earned my emancipation.

"I immediately went to one of the neighbors and related the whole affair, dwelling particularly upon how much I thought I had been mistreated. The kind lady listened patiently to my tale of woe, then she said, 'Little girl, would you like to hear a story?' I was eager, of course, and so she began:—

"I am going to tell you something that happened to me when I was a little girl. I had a beautiful new pink dress, and one day I put it on and went out to play. I was so careful not to soil it, for mother had taken pains to make it just as I wanted it. I can never tell you how it happened, but I can feel the pang yet; I was climbing a tree, when all at once I looked down, and there was a big zigzag rent in the side of the skirt. I burst into tears, for now my dress was ruined, and quickly I ran into the house to show it to mother. 'Never mind, dear,' she said, gently, 'I'll mend it for you.' And mend it she did, putting into it the most beautiful needlework I have ever seen. I sat by her and watched her ply the stitches with the airy deftness that a spider would put into his silken web. When she had finished, the work looked like a piece of beautiful embroidery. Every time I wore that dress and looked at that bit of exquisite needlework, I resolved to try to learn to mend as beautifully as mother did. Don't you think you could learn to like mending, dear, if you would try to make it look beautiful?"

"I said I thought I could, and from that day to this I have taken a genuine pleasure in doing the thing that I once so despised, and all because I have learned the pleasure there is in taking real pride in my work. And if I do say it to my own credit, one of the things that I can do best is mending."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

### *Our Little Women Among Ourselves*

THIS talk and some others that are to follow it are meant neither for the little girls nor for the young ladies. They are intended for you, Dorothy, and you, Letitia, and you, Jane and Elizabeth; for girls who have reached the border land that is bounded by twelve on one side and sixteen on the other. There are ever so many of you, and I can think, as I sit with my pen in my hand, of many more lovely names besides those I have mentioned. Grace and Janet, Anne and Mary and Katherine, Edith, Amy and Ethel and Eleanor, but I am not making out a catalogue, and so I will stop. Come right in, whatever your name is. Do you know I am glad that you have adopted the present good fashion of using your baptismal names in full, except in the family. Pet names are appropriate there, and we always like Betty and Bessie and Nellie and Dolly when we are speaking to somebody we love dearly, and know very well. But for the signature of a letter and for presentation to strangers or any public use, a girl should not condescend to a diminutive, but use her full name. It is more dignified to do this.

I sometimes wonder whether you girls know how much pleasure you give us all by simply being alive. When I take a seat in a street-car and presently at a corner it stops, and a half dozen merry schoolgirls enter, with their arms full of books, and with their happy, low-voiced chatter, I feel as if the day had grown brighter, and the prosaic car had turned into a flower garden. I like to watch these young girls. I am sorry when sometimes their spirits run away with them, and they talk too loudly, and forget to offer seats to older people, and name their friends and classmates so distinctly that strangers can hear. Once in a while when something very exciting has happened in school, they forget that we must never take strangers into our confidence when we are in a public place. I have seen tired

people straighten up and look cheerful just because a bright, light-hearted schoolgirl has taken a seat opposite them. One of the best things any of us can do is to go about the world with happy looks. A fretful, peevish expression is like a cloud that darkens the sky.

Each of you is important in some home, as an individual girl. Each of you is dearly loved by parents, teachers, brothers, and sisters. No one in this life of ours stands alone. We all belong somehow to one another. We ought not to think too highly of ourselves, but, on the other hand, you and I must not undervalue the place God has given us.

He expects you, wherever you are, to help somebody else. Your father, your mother, your big brother, or your little one, the maid in the kitchen, the teacher at her desk, every one of these people has some need of you, little or large. I knew a teacher whom her girls very much disliked. They thought her cross and unsympathetic, and they did nothing for her beyond their duty, which was to behave well and recite when called upon. One day a girl named Edith brought this unpopular teacher a bunch of beautiful roses, and was surprised to see her eyes fill with tears. She said, "I thank you so much. They have roses like this at home, and I am very homesick."

After a while when the girls found out that this teacher had some deep griefs to bear, they were much kinder in their manner to her, and her reserve thawed out, so that they became friends.

The best thing we can do for any one in this world of ours is to show ourselves friendly. I hope to talk to you about some little every-day things which you and I care about. Perhaps I may touch on some of our problems. You have yours, and I have mine. How are we to solve them? Though you are so young, you begin to see that life is not all ease, and that you must sometimes make decisions without much help from other people. Let me tell you that there is always help with the best Friend of all. I hope you feel that you belong to Jesus Christ, and that you are trying every day to pattern your life by his. If you do this, you will never come to a place so difficult that he will not take your hand and lead you safely over it.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### *Things that Have Never Been Done*

"THERE are lots of things that never have been done," was the reply of Dr. Henry van Dyke to a person who had expressed surprise at an original piece of work in a long-cultivated field which the talented author was just completing. We are quite inclined to take it for granted, most of us, that everything worth doing has already been done. It is only because our vision is dull. Along comes some clear-sighted, wide-awake spirit, and sees a hundred new things to do where we saw none. There are lots of big things that never have been done. Not all the great pictures have been painted, nor all the great poems written, nor all the splendid sermons preached, nor all the notable discoveries made, nor all the noble deeds done. The world of opportunity is vastly larger than the world of accomplishment. He who thinks otherwise has a limited view of life. The great new things are not for most of us, it is true. It takes the gifted soul to find and do them. But then, there are lots of *little* things that never have been done. And they are worth



while, too, as well as the big things. All that it needs is a sharpened wit and an alert and devoted spirit to discover some very fine and beautiful things that no one has thought of doing that will make the world, or some one in it, richer and happier. Wordsworth claimed to be a great discoverer when he found out how beautiful the modest, unnoticed little celandine is. We may be discoverers, inventors, of things that never have been seen or done before, if we are open-eyed and earnest-hearted.—*Selected.*



### Russia—1 Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

Map Study.

Russia.

Odd Features of Russian Life. (Second Page.)

Music.

Sabbath-keeping in the Crimea.

Weekly Offering.

#### Program Helps

**MAP STUDY:** Carefully prepare a map of Russia, showing the entire extent of territory in both Europe and Asia. Mark Siberia and the Crimea. The latter is the comparatively small peninsula extending into the Black Sea. Mark the White, Baltic, Black, and Caspian Seas. Draw the Sea of Azof, east of the Crimea. Draw the Ural and Caucasus Mountains, the principal rivers and cities.

Conduct the map study as you would a geography lesson. Whenever reference is made in any of the exercises to definite localities, have them pointed out on the map.

If the map is drawn on a large sheet of paper, it will be convenient for future reference. In this respect it is better than a blackboard map.

#### Russia

Russia was founded in the ninth century by the Norseman Ruric. The country was repeatedly overrun by Mongol hordes, conquering and being conquered in turn, until Ivan the Terrible, who first took the title of czar, came to the throne, and not only held his territory, but by successful conquest greatly extended it. His son was the last of the Ruric line. After several years of civil war the crown then fell (1613) to Michael Romanoff, ancestor of the present czar. At that time Russia was a powerful but barbarous empire, having only one seaport, Archangel, on the White Sea, and no navy. Shut off by the Swedes from the Baltic Sea, and by the Turks from the Black Sea, Russia had little contact with the rest of Europe until the time of Peter the Great. This ruler, who is described by the historian as "the most progressive of all the Russian monarchs," at the age of seventeen grasped the scepter of Russia, and at once began to elevate and civilize his savage subjects. He built a small fleet, sailed down the Don, captured Azof, and established Russia's first seaport on the south, on the coveted Black Sea.

Realizing his own and his country's need, this enterprising ruler resolved to visit foreign countries and learn the secret of their progress. "Leaving the government in the hands of an old noble, he accordingly went to Amsterdam, where he hired as a laborer in a shipyard. Under the name of Peter Zimmerman he plied his adz, earned his regular wages, lived in two rooms and a garret, mended his clothes, and cooked his own food. Meanwhile, besides learning how

to build a ship, he studied the manufactures and institutions of this famous Dutch city, where he picked up blacksmithing, and enough of cobbling to make a pair of slippers, and of surgery to bleed patients and pull teeth. Then, crossing to England, he was heartily received by William III, and presented with a fine yacht, which he soon learned to manage with the best of sailors."

Returning to Russia, Peter the Great began his reforms. He lessened the power of the nobles, and encouraged the women of rank to come out of their Oriental seclusion and mingle in society. Arithmetic was taught, and was introduced into the government offices, where previously accounts had been kept by a system of balls threaded on wire. He set up printing-presses; founded schools, hospitals, factories, and built wonderful St. Petersburg.

In order to gain a port on the Baltic Sea, he sent his reorganized army against Sweden. After his defeat he coolly said, "These Swedes, I knew, would beat us for a time, but they will soon teach us how to beat them." Prophetic words! and soon fulfilled.

The last act of Peter the Great was one of mercy. Overexposure while trying to rescue some shipwrecked sailors, resulted in the fever of which he died. His wife, Catherine the Great, succeeded him, and during her reign the Crimea was added to Russian territory, and by the enforced partitionment of Poland, Russia received one hundred eighty-one thousand additional square miles.

Russia is now the largest empire in the world. It comprises one seventh of the earth's land surface, with a population of nearly one hundred twenty-nine millions. The emperor, or czar, is an absolute monarch, advised by a council which he selects. Forty languages are spoken, French being the medium of court and diplomatic relations. Most of the people of Russia are Slavs, yet the Lapps and Finns in the northwest, and many tribes in the north and southeast are of the yellow race, distantly related to the Turks. There are also many Jews. Ever since the time of Peter the Great, Russia has offered many good openings for German industry, skill, and knowledge. By his invitation German miners, mechanics, and military men settled there. During the last century there has been a continual increase of immigration. German churches are in nearly all the larger cities.

In the north the people live by fishing, hunting, and lumbering, but the great industry of Russia is farming. Most of the land belongs to the government or to the nobles. The peasants, or farmers, are generally very poor. They live in villages, and the land adjoining is owned or rented by the whole village, and is then portioned out to each family according to the number of its members.

In their highest development the Russian people exhibit the qualities of a gifted race. In literature, music, painting, sculpture, astronomy, and chemistry, they have risen to distinction. The splendor, wealth, and luxury of the nobility and upper classes form the brighter side of a picture, whose shadows are darkened to blackness by the poverty, discontentment, and despair of the masses of common people.

#### Sabbath-Keepers in the Crimea

In 1881 efforts were made to interest some of the German people in this country in present truth. As these began to keep the Sabbath, they sent literature to friends among the German colonists in the Crimea, their old home. At Milltown, South Dakota, there was a Russian brother about sixty years of age who accepted the truth, and desired greatly to return to his native land, to circulate the message there. No one regarded this brother as a suitable missionary to send abroad, but the Lord does not look upon men's statures or their countenances, but upon their

hearts. He can use a very weak instrument to do a great work. This brother succeeded in securing sufficient means to take him nearly to the Crimea, and he sold his boots to procure funds to finish his journey. An impediment in his speech hindered him in talking, so he would hand a tract to a person and say, "I can not read this very well. Will you please read it to me?" Some who read became interested, and would ask to keep the tract. In this simple way, he scattered literature throughout that part of the Crimea. Years after this faithful brother's death, Elder L. R. Conradi found persons there who spoke of a good old man that came from America and scattered the seeds of truth. Information was received of thirteen who were keeping the Sabbath directly through the influence of his work.

In 1886 Elder Conradi visited the Crimea, and after holding a few meetings nineteen covenanted together to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and the first Seventh-day Adventist church in Russia was organized. After returning from the baptismal services, and while preparations were being made for the observance of the Lord's supper, Elder Conradi, and Brother Perk, his interpreter, were arrested for teaching "Jewish heresy," the punishment for which was banishment to Siberia. They were locked up in the prison at Perekop with eighty other inmates. Here they remained for forty days, suffering deprivations of every kind. Each Sunday the brethren came thirty-five miles, bringing fruit and bread, and endeavored to secure an interview with the prisoners. This was allowed but twice. Elder Conradi says: "They continued to come, and it was something of an encouragement to see them on the prairie beyond the prison walls, and to know that they saw us peering anxiously out of the prison windows."

The guard walking up and down the corridor would look in through a little hole in the door of the cell, and often see the brethren praying; he would then call out tauntingly, "Your God does not hear you." But God did hear, and provided a way of escape for his servants. The intervention of the United States minister had been solicited by the brethren at Basel. This minister was formerly from Michigan, and knew some of our people. When he was asked by the Russian officials, "Do you know assuredly that these Adventists are not Jews?" he was able to reply, "I know, and can assure you, that they are Christians." This answer opened the prison doors. Elder Conradi says: "All in the prison had expected us to be sent to Siberia. Every Monday a number of prisoners marched out, and their few belongings were put on a cart. With soldiers in front and soldiers behind, they started on the long tramp to Siberia. We did not know what morning we should have to march out in the same way, until the news came that we were free. As the guard led us out, he said, 'I am not worthy to lead you.' 'Why?' asked Brother Perk. 'O, your God has heard you,' he said."

After their release, they hired an old one-horse lumber wagon and drove twenty-five miles to Berdebulat, where some of the brethren lived. It was Friday, and the believers scattered for miles had gathered there for Sabbath meetings. It is not difficult to imagine that it was a joyful occasion for all present. The organization of the church and tract society was perfected, and several additional members added. The imprisonment of our brethren had only increased the interest, and the fact that they were forbidden to preach created a great demand for our reading-matter. Fifty Sabbath-keepers were reported as the result of this first visit to Russia. L. F. P.

"MAKE us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord."



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## My Name

My mama calls me Baby;  
I don't object at all,  
Although I'm almost seven,  
And growing very tall.

My papa calls me Sunshine,  
And that's a jolly name;  
It always bears the promise  
Of story, song, or game.

And Johnny calls me Toddles,  
And trots me on his knee;  
He is the *best* big brother  
That ever I did see.

But when I write a letter  
To dear Miss Jones, in town,  
My mama bids me sign it  
Agatha Doris Brown.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## How Johnny Was Cured

JOHNNY was a great brag; a brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate telling of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim, "Pooh, that's nothing! Who couldn't do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mama were busily engaged in sewing, sister Alice and little Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, came up to his brother, remarking, "Look at my drawing, Johnny, that I made to-day in school; isn't it pretty good?"

"Pooh! Call that good? You ought to see the one I drew in school to-day. It beats that all hollow!" answered Johnny, contemptuously.

Joe looked rather crestfallen, but made no answer to his brother's remarks. Little Alice left her chair, and going to Joe, asked him to let her look at the drawing.

"I wish I could draw as well as you, Joe," she said, hoping to bring back Joe's good spirits.

Pretty soon Johnny left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on as before.

Papa was still reading, grandma and mama sewing, and Alice and Joe were busy with their books.

"At last I have finished this hem," said grandma, folding up the napkin she had been hemming.

"Pooh!" said mama, contemptuously, "I've hemmed two while you were doing that one."

All looked at mama, for who would have believed she would have spoken in that manner to grandma?

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, and not a word did any one speak.

"Papa, look at my paper," said Alice; "I have done every one of my examples, and have not made a mistake," and crossing the room, she handed the paper to her father.

"Pooh! That's nothing," answered papa; "you ought to see the way I could do examples when I went to school."

Poor little Alice looked as if she would cry at such discouraging remarks from papa, who generally was so kind; but papa drew the little girl to him and whispered a few words in her ear that caused her to smile again.

Silence reigned for a few moments.

"My flowers look so well I believe they will begin to bloom soon," remarked mama.

"Pooh! You think they look well!" put in grandma, crossly. "You ought to see Mrs. Brown's flowers; they have bloomed all winter, and are still full of buds."

What could be the matter with the folks? thought Johnny, that they were all in such bad humor to-night.

When papa remarked that he was weighed that day, and that he weighed one hundred eighty-seven pounds, which was "doing pretty well" for him, mama said, "Pooh! You call that 'doing pretty well'? Old Mr. Mason weighs two hundred twenty-five pounds, and no one ever heard him brag of it, either."

Everybody laughed out loud. Papa just



AGATHA DORIS BROWN

shouted, and grandma left the room because she was choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all looking at him. He began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes.

"Papa, were you laughing at me?"

"Well, not exactly laughing at you, but we thought we would see how you thought it sounded to hear us all bragging on our accomplishments, but mama rather spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Whenever Johnny was tempted to brag on himself, he remembered the night the family at home tried doing the same thing.—Eudora Lee.

## A Disturber of the Peace

(Concluded)

ABOUT this time the man noticed that he could no longer play with the cat as of old. He seemed nervous, and, if the man attempted to play with him, made protest which ended eventually in some scratches and bites that, to the man, were quite unwelcome. The cat was slowly losing its gentleness, as well as its timidity and love of peace.

It had begun the work of making war,—a war on the birds,—that knew no cessation from

morning until night. A strange sort of wildness was creeping into its nature and character. It began to be disobedient, artful, cunning, deceptive.

The man became alarmed, and sought to stop the bad work begun, but it was too late. Every effort he made in the way of attempting to check the cat, ended in utter failure. It was impossible to watch the cat only on occasions. And hour by hour these efforts were being neutralized by a steady, determined effort on the part of the cat to make war on the birds. Hour by hour it made every effort that a cat's brain could invent.

Some wrens built a nest that summer in the box on the pole. The cat spent hours at a time chasing after those wrens. When the cat came near the pole and the nest, the wrens had a

queer way of flying down almost within reach of him and then off again in a tantalizing way that put the cat into a perfect tremor and frenzy of excitement. It was their way of enticing the cat away from the nest and the young wrens. It certainly worked, but it was demoralizing to the cat; it seemed to make him sure that in time his patience would be rewarded, since each time he came so near to seizing the feathered prey.

And that was not all of it, for the wrens had a queer way, also, of keeping up a constant, scolding chatter, which the cat attempted to answer in kind. They would alight near the cat and chatter as only a wren can. The cat would rise up as high as it could, open its lips and bare its teeth, then chatter as nearly like the wrens as a cat ever can. At such times its whole body would quiver with the intensity of its excitement. It would become so eager that it would attempt impossible things, and threaten to go mad. Too much excitement is not good for anybody, not even a cat.

The results of all this were only too plainly being seen in the changing nature of the cat. It was absolutely impossible to pet him at all. Any attempt to do it would call forth a warning cry and show a nervousness and a wildness that were positively forbidding.

But the cat caught no birds, not one. After spending hours and days and no end of labor and subtlety in vain, the cat seemed to realize that it might as well quit or find some other way. Many a cat has reached this same point of experience and given up the task as a hopeless one, but not so with this cat. He was made of sterner stuff. He had too much of his wild progenitor's blood in his nature ever to give up while a bird flew and he had his living powers.

I know not how he learned the way, perhaps by chance, but learn he certainly did, and it was a way that was most fatefully effective. He found how even birds may be caught quite easily—even though the cat is white and has black spots. He discovered that cunning could do what strength and agility never can do. It was a long, waiting game, that took much patience and self-control. Nevertheless, it got the birds, and so it paid.

The cat had learned a lesson that it is often supposed only man can learn. Many a man has learned that brains will often do what muscles alone can never do. And many other men know that this is so, but find it easier to work their muscles than to work their brains.

It was quite a secret for a cat to discover, but nothing is more certain than that it did discover this very thing. We are not writing fiction, but



fact. In the realm of nature-study and descriptions, nothing else will do; all else is misleading and pernicious.

Having learned the great secret, the cat stopped jumping into the air when a bird went by. He stopped his stealthy prowling after one when it alighted on the ground. He stopped chasing the wrens all about the yard. He began a new set of tactics.

He found some places where there were more birds than in other places. He frequented these places. And he came back with birds. How did he accomplish it?

One day the man saw the cat disappear in a clump of grass. The cat remained away some time. The man was busy with his work, and an hour went by. Still the cat was not to be seen.

Then the man went over to the clump of grass—the secret was out. The cat buried himself in the grass, and when the birds came down to feed, he seized them promptly without fuss or failure.

Of course, it was a waiting game that took self-control and patience. Such a secret, however, once in the possession of such a cat, you may be sure there would follow plenty of trouble for the bird world.

The cat would carry all the slaughtered birds to a place under the back porch, and there leave the bones and feathers. By this means the man knew just how many birds the cat was getting each day.

It was a sad record. Some days the cat would get but one bird, some days as high as three, and finally, in one afternoon it caught five! That determined the man to do what for some time he had been meditating. The man loved the birds. He had watched them for years. More than this, it had been against the man's plans from the first to have a cat on the place, and now he owned a cat that could beat any other in the country for the slaughtering of birds.

So the man decided that the cat must die. It would take all the nerve he could muster to do it, for he had learned to think a great deal of the cat. But he loved the birds, too, and it was the life of one cat against the lives of perhaps hundreds of birds.

The man had been saddened as he had seen the cat being slowly transformed into a wild, savage, plundering creature. He had watched the cat go slowly to the bad. He had been powerless to prevent the sad ruin of a creature that once was almost an ideal kitten. Obedience, honesty, gentleness,—these had been the cat's cardinal virtues; but they were slowly being sacrificed for the wild, savage prompting that pushed the cat on to its end. It was a deplorable case of a cat's downfall, and all because of its appetite for birds.

Of course, in a sense, the cat was but following its nature, but it was to the utter perversion of all the good and best that belonged to it.

If the man would have had to use violence, I do not think he would ever have attempted to destroy the cat. But there was a way to do it easily, with chloroform.

He waited. He hoped that the cat would quit. And while he hoped and waited, the cat killed birds.

One day the cat brought in two robins, a wren, a rose-breasted grosbeak, and a bluebird. That ended it.

You may not like the way the man did with the cat. Perhaps you would care more for the cat than for the birds. But he loved the birds, and he simply could not bear to see his cat going thus to the bad.—*L. A. Reed, in "My Garden Neighbors."*

"FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."

## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

### Work for Little Fingers—No. 2

You all know what this is, I am sure, and no doubt many of you have made something that looks just like it. I wonder how you did it. Did you ever think that there is always a best way of doing everything, no matter how small it is?—a best way of washing dishes and caring for the towels, of sweeping and dusting a room, of airing and making a bed, or mending your



FIG. 1

clothes,—always a best way, whether it is helping mama in the house or papa out of doors, or studying your lessons, or—would you believe it?—a best way even of playing. I would like it very much if you would study out some of the best ways of doing things, and tell us about them in the Letter Box. Don't think that any thing is too small. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing your best, and it may help some one else to do his best. Do you know that when Jesus was a little boy helping his father Joseph in the carpenter shop at Nazareth, he took the greatest pains to do everything in the very best way? He was never satisfied unless his work was perfect, and he has sent us a letter\* telling us about it, to encourage us to do our work well, too; so we are sure that it will please him for us to try.

Those who worked faithfully until they could make the envelope well, will have no difficulty with the windmill. Of course, first of all, you must see that your paper is just right—that is, eight inches square. If you have bought a package of the paper specially prepared for this work, use the plain manila paper for the drawings, and the colored paper for the models. The drawings are made for practise, so that you will be able to work on the colored paper without danger of spoiling it. Make each drawing as neatly as possible, number each in order as they are given, and keep them in some safe place until we are ready to make an envelope for them by and by.

The drawing for the windmill is the same as for the envelope, except that both lines are drawn entirely across the paper. Do not be satisfied until they are sharp and clear, and as straight as the edge of the ruler. Of course they must touch the corners of the paper. Now look closely at Fig. 2 and see if you can find four points, or dots—two on each line—not far from where the lines cross each other. To find the place for these points on your drawing, place the ruler across the paper just as when you drew one of the lines, only be sure to have the left end of the ruler (where the numbering of the inches begins) just even with one corner of the paper, and the thin edge of the ruler along beside the line. The point should be placed on the line

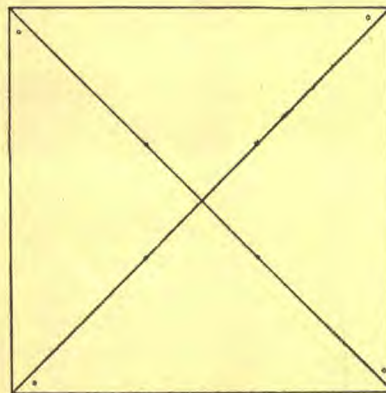


FIG. 2

just four inches from the corner. Make the point by putting the point of your pencil down exactly opposite the four-inch mark; press lightly and roll the pencil between the thumb and forefinger without moving it along on the paper. This will give you just what you want—a small round point. Measure from each corner, and make points in the same way.

Now look closely at Fig. 2 again, and notice the very small circles, or rings, near each corner of the drawing. These show where small holes are to be made in the model. Be very careful to place them exactly as you see them in Fig. 2. This finishes the drawing.

Now make the same drawing on a sheet of colored paper. Then take a pair of sharp scissors, and beginning at one corner, cut right on the line until you reach the first point. Be careful to stay right at the point. Cut from each corner in the same way. Try to make each cut perfectly smooth. To do this open the scissors wide and close slowly on the line. This is better than making many short cuts. Notice that you now have eight sharp corners instead of four square ones. Next you will need a handle, a common pin, and two pieces of cardboard about the size of your thumb nail. These may be either round or square. The handle may be a willow or alder shoot or a smoothly whittled piece of pine six or eight inches long and as large around as a lead-pencil. Make a hole with the pin through the center of each piece of cardboard, through the center of the windmill just where the lines cross, and through each of the corners that were marked for this purpose, also in one end of the handle. Now we are ready to put it together. First put the pin through one of the pieces of cardboard. Push it clear through to the head. Now with the windmill lying on the table before you, pick up one of the corners that has a hole through it, bring it over to the center, and push the pin down through the hole. Do the same with each corner that has a hole through it, four altogether. Compare with Fig. 1 and see if you have it right. Then carefully push the pin through the hole in the center of the windmill, then through the other piece of cardboard, and well down into the end of the handle. Perhaps it may slip out of your fingers before you have finished, and fly apart, but never mind; you can try again, and when you have it all safely fastened, you have earned a good long run out of doors. Take the windmill along and see if you can count its outstretched corners while it is whirling around.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

### Clinching One's Work

ON a railroad train one afternoon a young lady sat down beside a window where the blind had been drawn

down by the previous occupant of the seat. She at once raised it part way, but it gradually worked down again, and in the course of a few minutes completely covered the window once more. Again she pushed it up, and again it worked its way down and shut out the light. Three or four times the young lady raised the blind, and each time she had her work to do over, simply because she did not raise it high enough to be caught by the little spring at the side of the window.

That is an illustration of the way in which many persons do their work. It is done just for the moment, with no thought of clinching it, of pushing it to the place where it will hold. To "cram" for examinations, instead of getting a thorough knowledge of the principles of a subject by daily study; to sew on the hook or

\* "Special Testimonies on Education," page 39.



eye or button that is dangling by a single thread, and leave till that convenient "some other time" the ones that are getting unpleasantly loose; to split and bring in just the few pieces of kindling that mother needs to start the fire to-night, instead of getting a good supply ahead; to flit a feather duster over the chairs and tables of a room in such a way that the dust settles down more heavily than before,—in all these ways we work for the minute, with the probability that we shall have practically the same work to do over again by and by. Perhaps it is only another way of repeating the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine," but that is a saying with a great deal of truth in it, and one that is well worth remembering. The people who clinch their work, who push it to the place where it holds with no danger of coming undone, are the ones who have time for fun as well as work, and who are not given to grumbling because certain tasks fall to them to be done.—*Alice L. Griggs.*



### "The Kind of Teacher I Like"

[At a recent Sabbath-school convention held at Santa Cruz, California, the following paper was presented by one of the members of the youth's class.—Ed.]

THE kind of Sabbath-school teacher I would like would be one whom I could love just for her goodness. It seems to me that to be "simply good" is a great thing; and one who could be content to be just good without any show, surely would be an ideal teacher, because she would have all those traits that we would want to imitate, and that would inspire us to do our best.

Then she would have the interest of the class at heart, so much so that we would feel it a pleasure to get all the good we could from the week's lesson.

We want our teacher always present, and right on time. It is bad enough for the pupils to be late, but if the teacher comes late, we might feel that it did not matter whether we were on time or not.

Of course no one wants a cross teacher; but then if she were good, she wouldn't be cross. But she must be firm. Everybody loves a kind, firm teacher; and we like to feel that there is a head to the class, and that we want to pay perfect attention, not because we are compelled to, but because our teacher is so lovely, and expects so much of us, that we want to do and be our very best, not only while we are in the class, but every day in the week and every week in the year, until we feel that we are growing more and more like the pattern our Great Teacher has given us.

But going back to our ideal Sabbath-school teacher, she must, of course, look neat, and have a pleasant face and manner. And I don't think any one cares in the least whether she is pretty or not, for are we not told that—

"Beautiful faces are they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there;  
It matters little if dark or fair?"

We as a class could do a great deal toward helping a teacher be just the kind we would like to have, I am sure. If our lessons were perfectly learned, and we were quiet and attentive and showed an interest in the truths taught, our teacher would only be too glad to help us in every way she could; and we would soon find that even if our teacher should not be just what we desire, we could do much toward helping her become an ideal teacher by simply doing our part, and being the kind of class she would like to have us be.

EDNA ROWE.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### IV—Jesus Comforts His Disciples

(January 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 14.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let not your heart be troubled." Verse 1.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

"Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. . . ."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

"Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. . . ."

"At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me."

"These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe."

#### Questions

1. In our last lesson where did we leave Jesus? Read Matt. 26: 18-20. Where was Judas?
2. What did Jesus do, after supper, as he and the eleven disciples still sat at the table?—He comforted, taught, and prayed for them. Where are these words of the Master's found?—In John 14, 15, 16, and 17.
3. With what words did Jesus begin his farewell talk with his disciples? Memory verse. Why will those who truly believe in God and in his Son, not be troubled or anxious?

4. What did Jesus say are in his Father's house? What was he going to prepare? What will Jesus do when he has prepared a place for his children? Why does he wish them to be where he is?

5. What did Jesus say concerning his going away? What question was asked by Thomas? How did Jesus answer this question? Who alone is *our* way to heaven?

6. In whose name should we always pray? What precious promise does Jesus make to all who pray "in my name"?

7. For what did Jesus say he would pray the Father? How long will the Comforter abide with those who love the Lord? What will he do for them? What did Jesus say that he himself would do?

8. What precious assurance of eternal life did Jesus now speak? Verse 19.

9. What will be done by all who truly love Jesus? Who will love them? What did Jesus promise to those who keep his commandments? What question did Judas ask at this time? Tell how Jesus answered this question.

10. What precious legacy did Jesus leave with his disciples? What are we told in another place about the peace that God gives to his children? Read Phil. 4:7.

11. Of what did Jesus again remind his disciples? In what way did he say they could show their love for him? What had he told them?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### III—The Testimony of the Scriptures Concerning the Being and Attributes of God—No. 2

(January 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Col. 1: 17.

#### Questions

1. In whose image was man created? Gen. 1: 26, 27.
2. In what way did Jesus represent his Father? Heb. 1: 3; note 2.
3. How intimate a relation did Moses enjoy with God? Deut. 34: 10.
4. What do all these scriptures indicate? Note 1.
5. What relation does God sustain to all material things? Eph. 3: 9.
6. How does the prophet describe this work of creation? Jer. 10: 12, 13.
7. What personal relation does God sustain to his children? Ps. 104: 10-14; Matt. 6: 9-11.
8. Where does God make his dwelling-place? Ps. 123: 1; John 20: 17; note 2.
9. Describe this dwelling-place as seen by the prophets. Eze. 1: 26-28; Rev. 4: 2, 3, 9-11.
10. Where did Jesus go to prepare a place for his believing children? John 14: 1.
11. Where does he promise to take those who are faithful to him? John 14: 2, 3.
12. When the redeemed occupy their homes in the new earth, where will God take up his abode? Rev. 21: 1-3.

#### Notes

1. "In the creation of man was manifest the agency of a personal God. When God had made man in his image, the human form was perfect in all its arrangements, but it was without life. Then a personal, self-existing God breathed into that form the breath of life, and man became a living, breathing, intelligent being."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, page 264.
2. The Bible teaches the omnipotence of God, but it just as plainly teaches that there is a dwelling-place where his personal presence is found, in a sense in which it is not found in any other place. God is a personal being, with a dwelling-place, but he is everywhere present by his Spirit.





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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.

IN one of our training-schools on a recent Sabbath afternoon the advanced reading class rendered a program of recitations from the psalms. Such memory drills are of incalculable worth and of exceptional interest to all who love to think upon the good and true.

FIVE dollars and seventy-five cents has been received on the fund providing a club of the INSTRUCTOR for India and Portugal. Four or five times as much will be needed. A church-school teacher sent in the five dollars. Are there not others who will respond? I am sure you do not want these papers to be stopped.

"If they had only cheered us that day we played at home half as hard as they cheered us away from home, we should have won the game," said the captain of an ambitious football team. Hearty encouragement at the right time has won great triumphs in almost every phase of life. In the daily conflicts and struggles where a brother or sister hopes to conquer some habit, to surmount some difficulty, to attain some goal in the pathway of Christian service, words of cheer and courage are of infinite importance. Let us not withhold them in the home, in the school, or in the church. Let us look diligently about lest any fail of the grace of God for lack of helpful words.

## The Proper Test

NAPOLEON once ordered, it is said, a coat of mail. In time the maker brought it to the great soldier, and guaranteed that it was all right, that it would afford absolute protection. "Put it on yourself, and let me test it," said Napoleon.

The "armor of God," which the soldiers of Jesus Christ have been commanded to put on, has been both guaranteed and proved by its Maker. Our Saviour, clothed in this armor, met and vanquished the foe; it resisted perfectly all the "fiery darts of the enemy." We can have therefore all confidence in its efficacy; for none of us will ever be subjected to so severe tests as was our beloved Commander.

## Just for the Boys and Girls

A LITTLE girl was talking with a lady friend who called at her home while her mother was out. She said very courteously to the lady during their conversation, "You ought to keep the Sabbath, Mrs. Blank; don't you think so?" "Perhaps I should, but I suppose you keep it because your papa and mama do," said the lady. The little girl replied that she did not, and proceeded to show from the Bible why she kept the Sabbath. I wonder whether all the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR would have done as well. I wish that those who send letters to the Letter Box

would give us three or four reasons why they keep the Sabbath, citing a text to prove their point, of course; why they believe the dead sleep, or are unconscious; and what will take place when the Saviour comes. You need not try to give texts on all the points, but choose one, and write about it. I think every boy and girl who is old enough to study the Intermediate Sabbath-school lessons ought to know the principal points of our belief as Seventh-day Adventists, and be able to give to others an intelligent reason for this faith. Boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age can often talk very agreeably and intelligently upon topics relating to geography, history, literature and current news. Only recently I read of a very little fellow who was being questioned with others about the great war between Japan and Russia. The boys answered readily and correctly. When the question came, "Who gained the victory?" this little fellow replied promptly, "President Roosevelt." Though the teacher doubtless intended Japan should have the honor, the boy had kept in touch with the news of the war sufficiently to know that the president had performed a very important part in the conflict. Boys and girls can do almost anything if they want to. Now down deep in your hearts, don't you want to know more about the Bible? Then study it during 1906 as you haven't before; know what we believe, and why we believe it. Miss Newcomer's Bible readings will help you.

## Eternal Life

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." John 10: 27, 28.

COUNT the bees that are roaming through clover,  
And the flowers that enamel the plain.  
Count everything, over and over,  
The fields, that are billowed with grain.  
Count how many stars in the heaven,  
Go reckon the sands on the shore,  
And when you the number have given,  
The years of your life are still more.

Yes, the years of our life are unmeasured,  
They are rich in their beauty and bliss,  
All the bright hopes of earth we have treasured  
Are dull in a gladness like this;  
Those beautiful seasons unnumbered  
Are ours, as a blessing from God;  
No clouds have the fair heavens clouded,  
There the footprints of sin never trod.

I dream of existence immortal,  
And my heart in its gladness grows strong,  
For those that cross over love's portal  
Have a life all unsullied with wrong,  
And those of our dear ones, our treasures,  
Who are taken by angels above,  
Will enjoy an existence unmeasured,  
And rejoice in the kingdom of love.

L. D. SANTEE.

## Our Grandfathers' Automobiles

THE automobile craze is not a new thing, it seems; for in England between 1820 and 1830 "steam wagons" were running on country roads, and they became so popular as to cause the stage-coach companies no little alarm.

These early automobiles were very primitive looking as compared with the fine machines with which we are now familiar, but it took no less courage to run them. They were all propelled by steam, and some of the fast ones (such as could attain a speed of twenty miles an hour) carried a steam pressure of three hundred or four hundred pounds to the square inch. Think of sitting above a "steam kettle" throbbing with such a pressure as this, and then see if you do not think these pioneer automobilists were brave.

It is stated that the "first steam coach ever constructed expressly for the conveyance of passengers on common roads was invented by Julius Griffiths, of Brompton, Middlesex, England, in 1821. There were twenty-nine of these "steam carriages" built in the vicinity of London in the year 1833.

UNCLE NELSON.



ARLINGTON, NEBRASKA.

EDITOR AND READERS: I have never seen a letter from this place, so I thought I would write. I am thirteen years old, and I am taking the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy reading it very much. I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. We sold our pony, so we can not go to church. There are seven in our family. We all keep the Sabbath but papa and one brother. There are two churches close by. We have twenty members in our church.

My teacher's name is Sister Stella Coley. She is a good teacher. I hope we can get a horse so we can go and learn the message.

ORPHA VORHIES.

MT. VERNON, WASH., Oct. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I was reading the letters in the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write too. We have a school of forty students here at the Forest Home Academy, and expect more. I am glad I can go to a school of this kind. I live at a town called Woodinville. My mother is a Sabbath-keeper, but my father doesn't keep any day. We have a Sabbath-school here every Sabbath, and a Young People's Society. The Lord is with us. Brother J. E. Vandemark is the pastor of this church.

This is the second term of school here. I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the earth made new. I hope this letter will be printed, but not to crowd out any other.

RAY BELL.

BIRKENDALE, ONTARIO, Dec. 17, 1905.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR READERS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear from your friend in the wilds of Canada. We moved here from Battle Creek three years ago last spring, to live with my aunt, as my mother was dead, and papa thought I needed some one to take care of me. Everything went well for a time, but at last as my aunts are Sunday-keepers, they told us that we must either work on the Sabbath or leave. Papa bought a thickly timbered lot of one hundred acres. He got out the logs, took them to the mill, and had them sawed into lumber. Then he built a house in the winter, and we moved into it the first day of February last.

He put two acres into crops in the spring, which yielded remarkably well.

My home is situated on the Lake of Bays, where moose, red deer, black bears, and other smaller game abound. An old doe and two fawns stayed around in the woods near the house nearly all summer.

There are many tourists here in the summer, and lumbermen in the winter.

I would like to tell you more about the wild animals here, but am afraid my letter would be too long.

I am fourteen years old, and keep house for papa. My ten-year-old brother and I rowed a mile across the lake to school every morning. I have gone as far as I can in this backwoods school, so have stopped.

This would be a fine place either in summer or in winter for a canvasser for our literature. We would board one free of charge, as we have not seen a Sabbath-keeper since we came here, and would greatly like too.

Your friend in the truth,

LURA ROBSON.

WE are very glad to hear from our friend across the line, and we shall expect to hear again. The oft-repeated maxim, "There's no loss without some gain," must be true in the experience of Miss Lura. She is young to have had such sorrow and responsibility come to her; but if she performs gracefully and worthily the duties that fall to her as housekeeper and home maker for her father and brother, she must be acquiring a knowledge and experience that she could not have gained otherwise. We hope that some one of our workers will take advantage of the generous offer made by this Christian home, and scatter rays of light in that vicinity.