

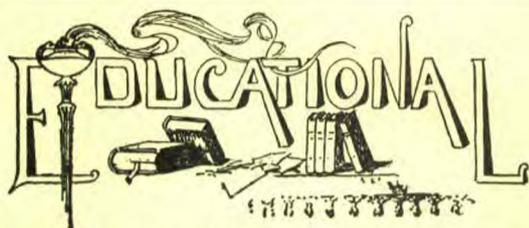
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THE CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 6



## Benjamin Franklin: Two Hundred Years Ago

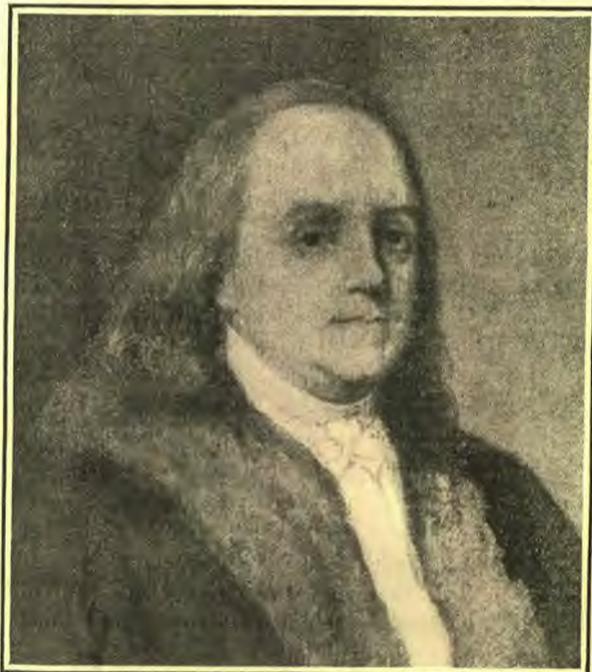
THE bicentennial celebration of the birth of Benjamin Franklin brought before the public the greatest American in all this country's history. Washington was, of course, our most distinguished soldier, Hamilton our greatest financier, and Jefferson our ablest legislator. But Franklin fought in more exacting battles than ever fell to Washington's lot; Franklin steered the country's finances through a greater crisis than even Hamilton had to cope with; and Franklin contracted alliances without which Jefferson's great Declaration of Independence would have proved mere grandiloquence. Moreover, Franklin is noteworthy in that he was distinctly self-made. To young people his career must forever stand as the brightest example of what sturdy devotion to present duty may accomplish when ideals are kept constantly in view, and persistence is recognized as a very real virtue.

Franklin was born in Boston on Sunday, Jan. 17, 1706, in a house on what is now Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church. The very day upon which he came into the world, he was carried across the street in his proud father's arms to be baptized. The church of that famous christening was not the present one, however, but the first meeting-house on that same site, a little cedar building erected in 1669, which stood until 1729, when it was removed to make way for the present structure. Soon after Benjamin's birth his father moved to a house at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets, a small but comfortable dwelling of wood, where the blue ball of the dyer could be seen by many passers-by, and where the father and mother with their ten children lived for long years a frugal though happy life. It was from this home that the boy Benjamin went out at the age of seven and "gave too much for his whistle;" from here also he took his way daily, first to the Boston grammar school, and later to a commercial establishment kept by Mr. George Brownell. Finally it was from here that he was apprenticed to his brother's trade as printer after abundantly demonstrating that he would never be a great success at his father's occupation of candle-making. But finding his brother a hard master, he left him and stole away by sea to Philadelphia.

Franklin was always an engaging fellow, and in Philadelphia as elsewhere he found people anxious to help him. Yet we are glad, for the sake of other youth, that things were not made too easy for him, and that he, too, was sometimes deceived by false promises. The heartless trick played upon him by Sir William Keith, for instance, endears his career to us as an unbroken succession of fortunate experiences could never have done, and it made him all the stronger.

Keith was one of those "promise" people by whom, at one time or another, most of us have our faith in human nature tried. He wanted to set Franklin up in business for himself and give him all the public printing of the Pennsylvania province, of which he was governor. To this end he encouraged the lad to go to London to buy types. Letters to make it all easy should be forthcoming, he averred. Yet, when Franklin reached London, he found no letters, and he had to shift for himself as best he could. During a whole year and a half, therefore, he knocked about in that great city, indulging in many follies he would probably have avoided had he but been near those who cared for him, and for whom he cared.

When an opportunity to return home presented



itself, it was very eagerly seized. On the voyage the chastened youth drew up the following resolutions with which to govern his new life: "(1) It is necessary for me to be extremely frugal for some time till I have paid what I owe; (2) to endeavor to speak truth in every instance, to give nobody expectations that are not likely to be answered, but aim at sincerity in every word and action, the most amiable excellence in a rational being; (3) to apply myself industriously to whatever business I take in hand, and not divert my mind from my business by any foolish project of growing suddenly rich; for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty; (4) I resolve to speak ill of no man whatever, . . . but rather by some means excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasions speak all the good I know of everybody."

It was, perhaps, in pursuance of this last resolution that Franklin told himself, when he met Sir William Keith on the street, soon after his return to Philadelphia: "Having little to give, he gave expectations. It was a habit he had acquired from wishing to please everybody. He was otherwise an ingenious, sensible man, a pretty good writer, and a good governor for the

people. . . . Several of our best laws were of his planning." Rather magnanimous, this, from the poor boy whom Keith had bitterly deceived.

The setting-up as a printer had only been delayed, however. Scarcely had Franklin returned to Philadelphia when he found himself able to launch, with the aid of a partner, upon an independent business career. The new firm began very prudently. Its members realized that they were the third printing house in a town which at best had very little printing to do. Obviously whatever additional business might accrue would have to be created. To Franklin the natural way to create business was to start a newspaper. There was at this time but one paper in Philadelphia; but the fact that this paid enormously, though it was direfully dull, argued well for the future of a live sheet. When Franklin began to issue *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, therefore, on Oct. 2, 1729, he found an eager public ready to buy the paper. Still, it was hard getting started, especially hard during the year 1730, when Franklin, at the age of twenty-three, not only borrowed to buy out his partner, but also brought home as wife the Deborah Read whom he had long loved.

### A Happy Home

Both undertakings proved successful. For forty years the couple lived together, and, as Franklin puts it, "ever endeavored to make each other happy," though their home at first was plain and frugal in the extreme. The introduction of a silver spoon was such an event as to inspire a long paragraph in the autobiography!

Yet there was no want in the little household, and the head of the home had time, after printing his paper and distributing it himself by means of a wheelbarrow, to interest himself in the conduct of a young men's club (the Junto), to start the first library this country ever possessed, to establish a hospital, to organize what has now grown to be the University of Pennsylvania, to form a fire company, and to reform the system by which the city was policed at night. These activities were only a few of many, too. Franklin has proved in his own person that the man who is busiest has often the most leisure in which to serve his community. And it is worthy of note, also, that he who was to become our greatest statesman had, while still a young man, been a useful and alert private citizen.

Outside of Philadelphia, Franklin first won reputation by means of his famous almanac. Every printer in the country published some kind of an almanac in those days, but that of Poor Richard (first issued in December, 1732) speedily outranked all rivals because it was at once keen, witty, patriotic, and moral in the best sense of that word. By casting into homely epigrams what the colonists already believed about life, character, and the political situation, it became the schoolmaster, no less revered than popular, of a sturdy but unformed young nation.

Its publisher grew to be a man of importance. From 1736 on we find him filling public office;

by 1753 he is postmaster-general, a position which brought him directly into contact with the ministers of the English king, and gave him his first opportunity to show those worthies that the American colonies must be treated with consideration and respect.

Franklin it was who first clear-sightedly pointed out that taxation without representation is a wrong no Englishman may endure. In letters written in December, 1754, he plainly stated his opinion of such taxation, "that it would be treating the colonists as a conquered people, and not as true British subjects." From this position he never retreated, and in due time, as we well know, the axiom became a doctrine for which Americans were glad to die.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Franklin's name was very well known in Europe as well as in his own country. His writings had been collected into a volume, and after publication in England were translated into Italian, German, and Latin. Already, too, the sage had flown his famous kite, and won from Kant the title "Prometheus of modern times."

Upon Franklin's first visit to England there is not space here to dwell. His errand was one which concerned his province rather than the colonies as a whole, and he performed it ably. It is important to us chiefly because it supplied opportunity for the formation of those friendships which proved of so great value to America when the time of real trouble came.

When Franklin went for the second time to England (Dec. 9, 1764), it was with no purpose beyond the presentation and urging of a petition by which the king himself, instead of the proprietary descendants of William Penn, should govern Pennsylvania. Somewhat less than ten months, it was thought, would be necessary to dispatch this business. In fact, the deputy did not get home for ten years, and the special errand which had seemed all that he had to do soon sank into comparative insignificance. By reason of the "Stamp act" Franklin was gradually elevated into the position of American representative at the court of Great Britain.

His testimony at the bar of the House of Commons concerning the colonies is one of the most glorious episodes in his whole career. That he now fully understood the colonial sentiment, and was thoroughly in accord with it, every sentence of his replies makes clear. The colonists had, of course, been "boycotting" English importations to avoid paying the hateful tax, and this the English merchants could not bear. Consequently their representatives in Parliament demanded of Franklin whether, if the act were modified, the colonists would not submit to it. With brief decision he replied, "No, they will never submit to it." To the question, "If the act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences?" the answer came quickly, "A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends upon that respect and affection."

Soon after this the Stamp act was repealed. But Americans had now grown used to doing without things made in England, and they were none too ready to become the complacent customers of those who had been maltreating them. This vastly astonished Englishmen, who began to ask awed questions about the nature of the colonies. Franklin's humorous replies to some of these make interesting reading. To the absurd supposition that Americans could not make their own cloth because American sheep had little wool and that little of poor quality, he retorted, "The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon on four wheels to support and keep it from trailing on the ground." Thereupon the sober Britisher, having no idea that he was being played with, declared America an extraordinary place indeed.

During the last years of his English mission Franklin represented New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts, as well as Pennsylvania, and so great was his personal prestige that his position became one of notable dignity in spite of the unpopularity attaching to the American cause.

The ferment between the two countries soon grew to such proportions, however, that even Franklin could not be immune from insult, and after the affair of the Hutchinson letters he was glad indeed to return home.

The day following his return home after the long stay in England, Franklin was unanimously elected a delegate to the Provincial Congress. By subsequent re-elections he continued to sit in that body until his departure for France as representative of the revolted colonies. When the Declaration of Independence was to be framed, Franklin was chosen one of a committee of five appointed for that purpose.

Yet more than any of his countrymen the great philosopher still hoped that our differences with England might be amicably settled. To this end he had a long conference with Lord Howe after the battle of Long Island. But the affair at "Bunker Hill" worked an irrevocable change in his feelings. "If you flatter yourselves with beating us into submission, you know neither the people nor the country," he then wrote his English friends.

The service Franklin performed in France for the struggling young republic, which in September, 1776, sent him to Paris as its envoy, is from any point of view the most valuable of his whole life. He was the one man for the place; for he had warm friends among the best intellectual set in Paris; he spoke the language fluently; and, most important of all, he possessed that temper of mind which alone can deal successfully with the French people. When chosen by Congress for the post, he whispered to Dr. Rush, "I am old and good for nothing; but, as the storekeepers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag end, and you may have me for what you please." Franklin might well have been fagged by age. He was now a septuagenarian; yet his mind was never keener, his judgment never more sound, his self-control never more admirable, than during the nine years of his stay in Paris. To the earlier of those years we owe that co-operation on France's part which enabled us to conquer the British; to the period after the treaty of peace had been signed we owe that cordiality which has ever since existed between this country and our sister republic.

Up to the very last this greatest of Americans held public office. Though he tried repeatedly to become merely a private citizen free to enjoy the leisure he had so signally earned, his country could never bear to give him up. He passed away, surrounded by his loving family, April 17, 1790. The Congress of France wore crape in his honor, and at the opening of the National Assembly Mirabeau delivered an impassioned eulogy upon his life and works. England, too, mourned him deeply, for he had many tried and true friends there. America has never ceased to render tribute to him. The things he wrote, the acts he did, the stories he told, *the man he was*, have become a vital and valued part of our national heritage.—*Mary Caroline Crawford, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### The Time of the End

(Continued)

#### The Increase of Knowledge

As a result of many running to and fro, knowledge is to be increased. The time was when modes of travel were primitive, slow, and wearisome. It was not then uncommon to find aged persons who had never been more than a few miles from their birthplace. If an invention

was made, there was no newspaper to herald it, no telegraph to flash the news at lightning speed across the country, no cable to speed the information from continent to continent, and no steam railway train or steamship to carry it from place to place for service. This state of things did not induce invention. Since 1798, when the time of the end was reached, when many were to run to and fro, and knowledge to be increased, we have had all these inventions rushing in upon us as if on purpose to fulfil this prophecy.

A hundred years ago agricultural implements were crude and simple. They consisted chiefly of the plow, harrow, spade, hoe, hand rake, scythe, sickle, and wooden fork. The seed was sown by hand, and the entire crop harvested by hard manual labor. The grain was cut with the sickle, threshed with a flail or the treading of the horse, and cleaned by a wickerwork fan, used in a gentle breeze. The drills, seed sowers, cultivators, mowers, reapers, threshing-machines, and fanning-mills of our day were all unknown. They are the inventions of a time within the memory of living men. Now one ranch covers three million acres, raises from ten thousand to twenty thousand acres of corn and forage, and ships from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand head of cattle annually.

In marked contrast with the wooden mold-board plow, used by Daniel Webster on his father's farm, and the first crude steel mold-board plow, hand forged in 1837, now stands the enormous eight-gang steam plow capable of plowing from twenty-five to forty acres a day. From the old flail has developed the self-band-cutting, self-feeding, self-weighing, and self-stacking thresher. From the old sickle, the header and thresher, cutting and threshing forty acres of grain a day, has developed. In place of the old mowing scythe, we now have the auto-mower, and with all the comforts of an automobile we mow our grass. We load and stack and mow our hay with machinery. England has an auto-potato-digger, that digs, gathers, and delivers potatoes into baskets. From the old single-shovel plow we have advanced to the two-row corn-cultivator. Improved corn-planters, riding harrows, disks, cotton-gins, and a score of other labor-saving machines have been invented to make farming easy. We slaughter live stock by the aid of machinery, and pack it at the rate of 2,900,000 cattle, 155,000 calves, 9,325,000 hogs, and 3,600,000 sheep, annually. Eggs are packed by machinery at the rate of 27,080 an hour, and bread is baked in electric ovens. From "the old oaken bucket," we have invented pumping machinery until we have the electric turbine pump, handling 35,000 gallons of water a minute. It is said that this stream can be forced up a distance of two thousand feet. Stationary engines reaching the enormous test of 45,000 horse-power, in operation are so compact and unpretentious in appearance as scarcely to attract attention.

We examine the stars by telescope, and study nature through the microscope. We mine the precious metals by machinery, and smelt ores and minerals with a solar furnace. "A single yard of sunlight will melt silver, gold, glass, or wrought iron to a liquid, while two yards square of sunlight will develop heat more than one hundred times as hot as boiling water." In place of the old tallow dip, we have the electric light. The electric street-car and the automobile have largely taken the place of the horse and the ox of earlier days. Trolley sleepers now run between Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana. By the aid of the X-rays the surgeon looks through the human body, and the rays of radium penetrate three feet into iron. As an explosive it is stated that an ounce of radium would lift both the English and French fleets from the water. We have pressed liquid air into service for the surgeon, and its possibilities as a motor

power are being tested with promise. We talk by telephone and sing by phonograph and graphophone. We print the twelve-page daily at the rate of 96,000 an hour, on a double Sextuple press, and we send by telegraph one thousand words a minute, and over short-distance lines we send two thousand five hundred words a minute, while with the ordinary telegraph machines only about fifty words a minute are transmitted. We send wireless messages, fly in air-ships, and dive into ocean depths in submarine boats. We fell trees and saw them into lumber by compressed-air machinery, a thing unknown to our fathers. All sorts of work in steel is performed by machinery. We skim milk fresh from the cow, by the use of the separator, and hatch chickens by artificial methods. One incubator holds 7,500 eggs. We kill men with rapid-firing guns, shooting eight hundred times a minute, and defend our coasts with guns each weighing 291,000 pounds, 49.25 feet in length, with sixteen-inch bore, discharging its 2,400 pounds of solid cast-iron shot, by an explosion of 660 pounds of smokeless powder, at a velocity of 2,300 feet a second, an extreme range of twenty-one miles, capable of penetrating forty-six inches of solid steel, at the muzzle. Experts say that with the Brown six-inch wire tube gun, sending a shot at the enormous velocity of 3,500 feet a second, a hole can be bored through a vessel thirty miles distant.

We now have a machine for digging sewers, which moves along the street and plows a furrow twenty feet deep. Wells are bored and drilled by machinery. Houses are moved by traction-engines. Recently a church in Kansas was drawn forty-two miles by a traction-engine, and a court-house in Nebraska was moved by placing it bodily on flat cars, and drawing it from town to town on a railway train. Railway tricycles speed over the tracks by electricity, and railway locomotives are used as fire-engines. Railway wrecks are cleared by fifty-ton cranes transported by rail. Streets are concreted by machinery, and coal docks and water-main gates are operated by electricity. Fires are extinguished by automobile fire-engines that run through the streets at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Fire-escapes of many designs are provided. Bullet-proof automobile hospitals are used for army service. Melodious strains of deep-toned music flow from a gigantic organ with four metal flute stops, each sixteen feet long. It has base bourdons which give thirty-two vibrations a second, and is said to produce a deeper tone than any other organ in the world. There are two hundred independent stops and five bellows worked by electricity. The cost is fifty thousand dollars.

Money is kept in patent steel safes, and they are blown open by burglars with explosives, or entered by burning holes through them with thermit. It is proposed soon to erect an observatory at Washington, D. C., in which the great reflecting lens of John Peate, said to be the largest in the world, will be mounted. This lens is sixty-two inches in diameter, and five and three-eighths inches in thickness. Its weight is one thousand five hundred pounds, and it required two years to make it. It makes a hair visible a distance of three hundred feet. We have the recently invented hydroscope, an instrument for enabling one visually to examine submerged bodies and to see underneath vessels. It consists of a telescoping tube with one or more right-angle bends in which are placed mirrors. The lower part carries a number of incandescent lamps, which serve to illuminate the object to be examined. Lenses are arranged within the interior to condense the beam of light, and transmit it to the eye-piece at the upper end. A patent has been issued in the United States for embalming by encasing the corpse in a solid block of glass.

By the aid of wireless telegraphy daily papers

are printed on board vessels in mid ocean. Electric cars are soon to be attached to vessels, by means of which the approach of submarine torpedo-boats may be detected. The "electrical post" designed to dispatch letters and parcels along electric wires at the rate of two hundred fifty miles an hour is being promoted in England. The voice is photographed by the aid of chronophotography; and the photophone sends telephone messages along a ray of light without wires. The electric automatic shoe shiner has a capacity of eighteen hundred pairs a day. Life-saving globes, in place of life-boats, are now being considered for ship use. The British armored war automobile, mounted with maxim guns, is proving a success. Automobile merchandise delivery is now common in cities. Compressed-air carpet cleaners, do their work with great speed without the annoyance of dust. Automatic operating machinery for steamships unload the vessel, feed the furnace, and discharge the ashes with expedition. Safety baggage handlers unload twelve trunks in fifteen seconds without damage, by an air-pressure elevator in the baggage-car. Screw propellers, or water bicycles, are now used by swimmers. An electric base for baseball diamonds, reports by electric bell to the grand stand when touched. The nailless shoe is the latest invention in the horseshoe line. Edison's latest storage battery is a great improvement over earlier batteries.

Automobile blacksmith shops for army service is another use made of that favorite carriage. Peat is converted into coal by electricity. Submarine torpedo-boats are the terror of the seas. The pulse controller, invented by a French surgeon for use in surgical operations, shows the condition of the pulse while under chloroform or other anesthetic, by registering the pulse beat. The "boyless" elevator is so designed that the car will not leave the floor unless the door is tightly closed. The automatic telephone exchange and the electrical sculpturing machine indicate the central girl's release and the sculptor's disappearance. The expert sculptor's task of months is now the amateur's work of a day. An electric device to prevent head-on railway collisions is proving a success. The world's greatest search-light has just been made in Germany. This light has three hundred sixty million candle-power, and is electrically controlled by two levers. A railway machine now unloads rails while the train moves. England has produced a new automatic stoker to feed furnaces. Air brakes and interlocking machinery for switches and signals, have performed wonderful changes in handling trains. American compressed-air rock drills are the champions of the world at the present time. The linotype machine, which operates similar to a typewriter and does the work of many men, is one of the greatest inventions of the age. An instrument at the weather bureau records the direction and velocity of the wind, the sunlight, and the rainfall on the same sheet of paper. Uncle Sam is now letting contracts for laying tubes similar to the system used in large retail stores, to be used in the postal service in all the large cities in America. Appliances have been invented for the education of the deaf, dumb, and blind. Mines and manufactories abound with inventions.

R. C. PORTER.

(To be concluded)

### Forget Yourself

FORGET yourself. You will never do anything great until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many. No matter what they do, they can never get away from themselves. They become warped upon the subject of self-analysis, wondering how they look, how they appear, what others will think of them, how they can enhance their own interests. In other words, every

thought and every effort seems to focus upon self; nothing radiates from them.

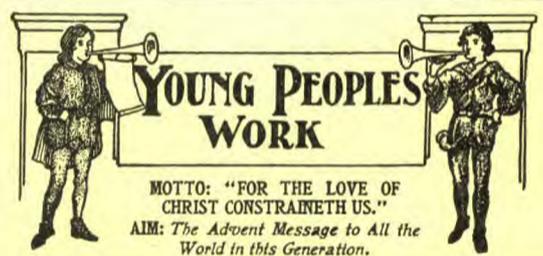
No one can grow while his thoughts are self-centered. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts as a paralysis to all expansion, strangles enlargement, kills aspiration, cripples executive ability. The mind which accomplishes things looks out, not in; it is focused upon its object, not upon itself.

The immortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The greatest prayers have been the silent longings, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered facing a critical audience. The daily desire is the perpetual prayer, the prayer that is heard and answered.—*Success.*

### More of the One Hundred Bible Questions

94. Did the apostle Paul have any brothers or sisters? Give proof.
95. What nationalities did the parents of Timothy represent?
96. Where did Paul and Timothy first meet?
97. Where was the term "Christians" first applied to disciples of Christ?
98. Who was Apollos?
99. Who said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," and where is the expression recorded?
100. What are the two special characteristics of the remnant church as recorded by John?

"STAND by your brother's side, man,  
And bid him clasp your hand;  
To him be just, and yield the trust  
That you from him demand.  
How simply wise with soul and eyes  
To trust and still be true—  
Do unto those we love, man,  
What we would have them do."



### THE WEEKLY STUDY

#### Our Work—The Field

Russia—3

Program

- SINGING, "Courage," No. 622.  
Scripture Study: Acts 12: 1-19.  
Prayer.  
Secretary's Report.  
Review of Russia.  
Our Work in Russia.  
Odd Features of Russian Life.  
Weekly Offering.  
Singing.

#### Program Helps

SCRIPTURE STUDY: Draw some parallels between the experiences recorded in the Scripture lesson and those of the brethren in Russia.

REVIEW OF RUSSIA: First review the map study indicated in a former lesson. Locate all the places mentioned in the series of lessons on Russia. Ask a few leading questions, like the following: Describe the condition of Russia in the early years of its history. What did Peter the Great do for Russia? Compare the extent of territory and population with other countries. Describe Siberia. Give a brief account of the exile system of Russia. In what manner did present truth enter that country? Relate briefly a few of the experiences connected with the work there. Describe some of the strange customs of that people.

OUR WORK IN RUSSIA: Consult our denomi-

national "Year-Book" and the files of the *Review* for additional information on this subject.

#### Our Work in Russia

The truth for this time has found an entrance into Russia. The seed has been planted, and God is giving the increase. All over the vast empire believers are scattered, and from them the light radiates. The work was not established there without cost, it is true; and dangers and difficulties are still in the way. Imprisonment and persecution threaten the laborer who presents the message. Were it not God's own cause, the difficulties would seem insurmountable. Just as truly as the enemies of the gospel in its earlier history could not bar its progress; just as certainly as the Reformation movement could not be thwarted, so it is now just as sure that the good tidings of a soon-coming Saviour must reach the dwellers in castle and cabin of the Russian empire. Could the veil be lifted, it would certainly reveal hundreds and thousands of Germans in Russia, and Russian natives also, investigating the truths of the message. Many are convicted. Some are yielding obedience.

On a second visit to Russia in 1890 Elder L. R. Conradi reported five hundred Sabbath-keepers. Small tracts were printed outside of the empire, and sent by letter post for the brethren to use. A few German books were sold. "Christian Temperance," by Mrs. E. G. White, was at last approved by the censor and its sale permitted. A small book of "Bible Readings" and a few tracts are the literature in Russian, Lettish, and Esthonian.

Very recently our brethren have been able to start a missionary paper printed in the Russian language. It is called the *Olive Tree*, and contains sixteen pages. Eight numbers are published annually.

The latest reports show that a conference has been organized embracing the German-speaking colonies in south Russia. The conference is composed of twenty-seven churches, aggregating about eight hundred members. Besides the churches, there are six unorganized companies with seventy-five members.

The remainder of the empire is one vast mission field, divided for convenience into three parts. Middle Russia, with a population of over one hundred millions, has fourteen churches with a membership of over six hundred. The North Russian Mission field takes in the Germans, Esthonians, Lettonians, Poles, etc., in the Baltic provinces and northwestern Russia. The population is twenty millions, and among them are about five hundred Sabbath-keepers organized into seventeen churches. We have one church in St. Petersburg, the capital of the empire. In the Transcaucasian field are four Sabbath-keepers. The population there is almost wholly Armenian. Throughout Russia the line of our churches forms a continuous ring from Saratov, on the Volga, to the Don, the Caucasus, and the Crimea, thence on through the Baltic provinces to St. Petersburg. The entire number of Sabbath-keepers reported is two thousand thirty-three.

Since our recent General Conference Elder Conradi has written as follows concerning the work there: "You will be glad to know that notwithstanding the troubles in Russia, we have just been able to receive twenty-four souls into our church in St. Petersburg, twenty-three of whom were baptized. Of these, nine are Germans, four are Lettonians, one is an Esthonian, and nine are Russians. Thus the good work is onward, even in Russia's capital city. Our worker there has also been able to have several conversations with the secretaries of the department of religion. We are known well, and as there are to be some changes concerning the denominational standing of various churches, we had to appear to see how matters were to be adjusted. The initiative steps have been taken, and we are anxious to hear of the outcome.

"We also learn that the lower court in Germany has decided against the sale of 'Great Controversy' and of my book on Revelation, through the canvasser, because in these books there are some symbols of the Scriptures interpreted to refer to the papacy. We have appealed to the highest court."

#### Odd Features of Russian Life

The Greek Church is the established church of Russia. The organization is very similar to that of the Roman Catholic Church, but their difference in doctrines is quite material. In the fourth century the first jealousies appeared between the Roman and Greek churches. The feeling grew more bitter until in 858 a total separation occurred, and since that time the two churches have been bitterly antagonistic. The Greek Church denies the supremacy of the pope of Rome and the doctrine of human infallibility. It rejects purgatory, predestination, and indulgences.

There are no seats in the Russian churches. Every one stands or kneels. The observance of outward forms is very much insisted upon. Prayer must be offered with the body prostrate, the forehead upon the floor. The form of the cross is always made with three fingers, signifying the Trinity. It is said that one of the archbishops once declared that those who repeated the word hallelujah only twice instead of three times in singing would be lost.

All images of the Saviour or saints are looked upon as a violation of the second commandment, but great veneration is shown the "icons," the name given to pictures of Jesus and various saints. These icons are always covered with metal screens which reveal only the face and hands, because it is not possible to imagine the radiance of the apparel of heaven. Every worshiper buys a candle, lights it, and places it in a rack made for the purpose before the icon of his favorite saint. The prayers are supposed to ascend to heaven on the flames.

Icons are in all the houses and business places of Russia, as well as in the churches. On one of the streets of St. Petersburg in a little chapel is an icon of a popular saint supposed to watch over business interests. During the business hours the little chapel is crowded with all classes of people,—merchants, clerks, and laborers,—who light their candles, bow to pray for a prosperous day's trade, each leaving a peace-offering of money for the church. The veneration with which the chapel is regarded is indicated by the fact that practically no one even passes the chapel without making obeisance. The drivers of public vehicles, the street-car conductors and drivers, all the passengers, as well as the footmen, take off their hats, raise their right hands, and with three fingers make the sign of the cross.

"The influence of the priests over the people is very great. They are the representatives of the church in which every peasant devoutly believes. They baptize his children, visit him when he is sick, marry him, bury him, and say mass for the repose of his soul. He is with them always, and if he is a man of any conscience or ability, he can not but wield an immense power. But still further than this, the entire system of political, social, and domestic economy in Russia is based upon the doctrine of autocracy. As the czar is the autocrat of all the Russias, as the bishop is the autocrat of his diocese, so is the priest the pope of the parish, the autocrat of the village in which he ministers. The peasant relies upon the church, and therefore on the priest, for salvation. He would rather die than be cut off from the privileges of the church. It is his home as well as his heaven, and the priest holds the key."

#### Newspapers

There is no such thing in Russia, according

to our understanding of the word, for the papers in Russia do not give the "news." The usual make-up of a daily in that country provides a description of some new painting, theater announcements, a serial story, a telegraph account of the loss of a ship at sea, a railway accident in America, or a duel in France. No references are made to the "doings" in St. Petersburg or other places in the empire. The usual editorial does not deal in politics. The editor of a paper dares not write up a murder or a robbery, for fear the inference might cast a reflection upon the efficiency of the police or somebody else. In Russia there are no newspaper "scoops," no "investigations," no "grafts," that can be reported.

To an American it does not seem possible that any system could be adopted which would effectually regulate the news of current events that a Russian citizen may hear. But it is simply done; and the censor is the means by which it is done. Every copy of every paper is read by a censor before it is issued to the public. For his convenience one copy of Thursday's paper is printed Wednesday morning. He reads it during the day, and if he finds anything objectionable in it, he marks the article, and it is taken out of the forms, and something else is substituted. Anything is "objectionable" which reflects in even a remote way upon government matters or individuals or Russian customs. If the censor is busy, the paper waits, even if it is a day late in consequence.

All foreign mails pass through a censor's hands. A staff of readers in the general post-office opens every paper from a foreign country to be delivered in Russia, and any articles making the slightest critical allusions to the "administrative system" of Russia are treated to the censor's pad, which blots it until it can not be read. Then may the paper be delivered. Thus no ideas are ever permitted to reach the people, except such as are commendatory of the Russian government. I understand, however, that all newspaper mail addressed to members of the diplomatic corps, is delivered without examination.

The Russian post-office is under the supervision of the police, and they have the authority to open letters as well as papers. If any one is suspected of communication with political agitators, criminal exiles, or revolutionists, such letters, either going out of or coming into Russia, are delivered to the police for inspection. The people themselves pay a tax in support of the censorship.

The same supervision is exercised over the telegraph system. Correspondents of foreign newspapers send their news by messenger to some telegraph agent across the border, who opens the envelope and telegraphs the article.

#### Coming Out of Russia

The last paragraph of a book written by an American traveler in Russia is a fitting close to a study of Russian people, as it affords the feeling of relief which one has at the passing of a tragedy: "The traveler knows when he crosses the Russian boundary, not only because he has to submit to an examination at the custom-house, but on account of the sudden and radical change in the appearance of the people and their homes. The contrast is most striking. On the one side is distress and degradation; on the other, prosperity and contentment. Newspapers and books are sold on the trains as soon as the border is passed, something never permitted in Russia. There is also a change in the moral and mental atmosphere. The people at the stations and upon the cars discuss politics with animation, laugh and talk loudly, and seem to be happy and interested in one another's affairs, while the condition in Russia is that of oppression, solemnity, and distrust."

L. F. P.

"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

*The Winter Is Best of All*

WHEN tiny buds are waking  
From their long, long sleep,  
And from the soft green mosses  
Pretty wild flowers peep;  
When all the happy birdies  
Once again are here,—  
Then I think the springtime  
The best time of the year.

But when the summer, with its days  
So long and bright, is here,  
And little brooks seem dancing  
With new life and cheer,  
And all the woods and meadows  
Are filled with blossoms gay,—  
Then I wish the summer  
Would always, always stay.

But now 'tis jolly winter,  
The cold winds shriek and roar;  
The trees and fields are sparkling,  
For Jack Frost's here once more.  
And as I watch the snowflakes  
That softly flutter and fall,  
I think I like the winter  
The very best of all.

— *Mattie M. Renwick, in Child Garden.*

**Matilda**

"I AM sorry, Miss Haggett," said President Dacey.

The sun, dropping to the west, shone full through the big window, slanting long, dusty beams across the president's desk. Matilda gazed dully at the scintillating motes which danced in the light, but nothing sparkling or lively had any message for her just then. She gave no sign, however, and stared so fixedly ahead of her that the president made a mental observation to the effect that the information he was imparting to Miss Haggett was not likely to disturb that stolid individual much.

"It can not be a surprise to you," went on the president. "You were fully warned at the mid-year examinations that your standard would have to be very much raised to allow you to be graduated. The results of the final tests are most discouraging. We have done what we could for you through your course, but, somehow, you have failed to respond. Perhaps you have done your best?"

From the upward inflection, and the inquiring look on the speaker's face, Matilda felt that something was expected of her; so she answered, "Yes, sir."

"Well," continued the president, rapidly sifting his papers as if he could not stop working even to talk, "if you have honestly done your part, you have nothing with which to reproach yourself. Do not regret your time here; all you have learned will be of use to you, and there are many other paths in life besides that of a teacher. I suppose you will hardly care to stay for graduation."

"No, sir," answered Matilda.

"Then I must bid you good-by, Miss Haggett, and repeat that I am heartily sorry we can not grant you a diploma."

The president spoke kindly, but he went back to his work with the air of one who has finished an unpleasant duty. He became absorbed in the pile of documents before him, and hardly noticed that Miss Haggett left the room, or that Miss Pillsbury entered. When the presence of his mathematics teacher did dawn upon his consciousness, he leaned back in his chair with a sigh.

"I've just disposed of Miss Haggett," he said.

"She did not seem to regret the situation much. I am afraid all the pushing and pulling we did in her case are thrown away. What do you make of her, Miss Pillsbury?"

Miss Pillsbury laughed. "Not a success in mathematics, at all events. She will be much more in keeping on her father's farm, feeding the hens and scrubbing floors."

When Matilda Haggett left the president's room, she felt that the end of the world had come; that is, the end of *her* world. Two years before, she had entered the State Normal College with hopes high and happy, and this was the end—failure.

She walked slowly away between the long lines of elms which shaded the campus path with their lofty, graceful branches. No one knew what those trees meant to that silent, awkward girl.

Then her thoughts went over the hills to her home by the quarry. She must go back and take up life again with its purpose gone. She could never be a teacher. Who would hire one who had failed to take her diploma? She wondered what the other girls had that she lacked. They did not study as hard as she, yet they had no trouble with their marks.

No more awkward or unattractive student had ever presented herself at Westlake College than



"BUT NOW 'TIS JOLLY WINTER"

Matilda Haggett. Her appearance was as unprepossessing as her name. The social life of the place was to her a mystery, into which she never penetrated. She longed for it with all the strength of her shy nature, but she did not know how to make it hers. She loved the college, and it was to her as if she were banished from paradise when she packed her poor little wardrobe and bought her ticket for home.

Matilda thought over the whole situation as she sat bolt upright on the car seat. Her mother would say that she was glad of it; the place for a girl was in the kitchen. Her father would grumble at the expense which had brought no return. There would be many questions asked and comments made all over the village, and the girl was not so stolid as she looked; she even winced at the thought.

It was a very wretched Matilda who climbed into the stage for Quarry Hill. Hanson Mires, the driver, slapped the reins on the back of his rusty old pair as they started on their slow pull.

"Well, there, Tilly," he remarked, "I wasn't calculating to see you back quite so soon. Your pa told me you wouldn't be along for quite a spell yet. Ain't sick or anything?"

"No," said Matilda.

"Got your graduating, or whatever you call it, done up before you expected, eh? I reckon you took all the prizes, now, didn't you, Matilda?"

A deep red mounted to Matilda's cheeks. Hanson was a diligent dealer in small news, but the truth might as well come out now as any time, and Matilda was not one to shirk.

"O, no, Mr. Mires," she said. "I'm home because I didn't pass."

"Didn't what?" inquired the merciless Hanson.

"Didn't pass my examinations. I've failed."

"Sho, now! You don't say so. Well, that's too bad. Better have stayed home in the first place, hadn't you?"

Matilda almost admitted in her heart that she had. She thought it again as she washed dishes that night in the hot, steamy little kitchen, under the fire of her mother's questions and her father's complaints, and it was forced upon her mind many times during the next days, as she fell into her old place in the household. It was not the work Matilda minded. She gave to her domestic duties the same slow but faithful labor that she had expended upon her algebra. But the girl had taken a glimpse into another world, a world of thought, of gentleness and courtesy, of high aims and beautiful ideals. Would it be better to have remained ignorant of that world, now she could have no share in it? However it might appear to others, her heart answered, No!

Matilda's mind was busy with the question one bright June day, as she sat on the rickety little back porch, shelling peas for dinner. Over the rock ledge which cropped out behind the house bobbed two little towheads, their owners busy at play.

Suddenly a shriek of infantile warfare broke the silence. Matilda put down her pan and went to the rescue. She separated the belligerents, shook them into good order, and returned to her work.

"If there was something for them to do, they wouldn't fight so," she said to herself. "Those Peck twins are scratched up all the time, and they don't even know their letters. The Quarry Hill children are just going to the bad. If I had

a diploma, I'd set up a school right away. Of course those babies can't walk all the way to Centerville."

Here a pea intended for the pan took an erratic leap into space, impelled by a surprised action of Matilda's thumb as an idea seized her.

"Why!" she exclaimed aloud. "Why, I believe I will!"

Nearly two years after that summer day Miss Pillsbury was sent out from Westlake on a tour of educational inspection. She visited large towns with their well-graded systems and imposing buildings, and small villages with their little country schoolhouses. In both fields she found graduates of the Normal College doing good and acceptable work.

She was stopping in a mountain village in the western part of the State, when she was told that three miles farther on there was a small settlement known as Quarry Hill.

"A forsaken place," said her informer. "They're a real wild lot up there, those quarrymen are, foreigners most of them, and they don't care anything about learning. Some of their young ones used to walk down here every day, but it's a long tramp, and I believe they've got some kind of a school of their own now. You'd better not think of going, Miss Pillsbury; it's a rough road, and you won't find much."

Miss Pillsbury was tired. She had hoped to turn her face homeward that day, but instead she took passage in the stage for Quarry Hill.

"Those struggling little schools are the very ones which need our help and encouragement," she said to herself.

The Quarry Hill schoolhouse was an old, unpainted barn. It stood upon the crest of a hill, and had for its outlook a whole world of rise and dip, of wooded slope and green valley, away to the purple mountains on the horizon.

Miss Pillsbury knocked at the rough entrance. A white-headed tot with a clean face and a ragged apron opened the door; then, abashed by the presence of a stranger, it introduced one stubby finger into its mouth and stared.

"What is it, Inga?" asked a voice from within, and a young woman appeared, book in hand. The book fell to the floor as the young woman cried, "Miss Pillsbury!"

"Matilda Haggett!" exclaimed the visitor.

It was the rudest kind of a schoolroom, with its sagging floor and its unfinished walls. The desks were made of rough boards nailed onto crossed legs, and the benches were lower editions of the same. The children were of all sorts and ages. They looked happy, quiet, and docile.

"I hope you don't think it wrong of me?" said Matilda, when she had dismissed her pupils to their recess.

"Wrong of you! I don't understand."

"Teaching without any diploma, Miss Pillsbury. It does seem forthputting in me. I don't feel that I have any right to a school when I failed so; but this place does need it, and there isn't any one else to do it. Of course I wouldn't take pay like a regular teacher."

"My dear Matilda," said Miss Pillsbury, "what do you mean? Are you not paid for this work?"

"O, no; the children give enough to get some books. I couldn't take anything when they are so poor. You see, it isn't as if I were a real teacher, who had graduated."

"What do your parents think of such an arrangement?"

Matilda's face fell. "They don't like it much. Father says I've got to go to earning next fall. I don't know what I shall do. There's a factory at Centerville, but I can't bear to leave here."

Miss Pillsbury looked at the girl before her in amazement. Could this be the stupid and unresponsive Matilda Haggett of the algebra class? Clumsy and plain as ever, and even more shabbily dressed, she was actually dignified. When she spoke to her former teacher, she was the shy, awkward girl of old; when she confronted her scholars, there was no doubt but she was "Miss Haggett," absolute and supreme.

All that spring afternoon Miss Pillsbury watched Matilda and her school closely. She made almost no comment on what she saw; but once she asked: "How did you learn to be so clear, Matilda?"

Matilda's answering flush was born of astonished delight.

"Do I make things clear? O, I am so glad, Miss Pillsbury! I don't know, unless it's because I have to study out things myself, and I'm so stupid, you know."

Miss Pillsbury went back to the Westlake Normal College. At the first meeting of the faculty she gave an account of her journey. When she finished her report, she paused for a moment, then began to speak again, not from her paper this time.

"I have yet to tell of a school," she said, "which, it seems to me, is accomplishing valuable and practical results. Beginning with five pupils in an ignorant and lawless community, it now numbers about thirty. The children, instead of running wild, are orderly and interested. The tone of the place has been changed. Some of the parents, who are foreigners, have formed an evening class, where they may learn to read and

write. The teacher carries on her work, if not in accord with the latest pedagogical methods, at least with admirable simplicity and judgment. In humble circumstances herself, she gives her services. Her name is Matilda Haggett."

The president screwed up his eyebrows.

"Matilda Haggett! Was that not the girl who couldn't get her diploma?"

"The same Matilda," replied Miss Pillsbury, dropping her official manner. "The girl we all thought hopeless is working on in a humble, patient way, feeling actually guilty because she thinks she is not worthy to teach, apologizing to me for presuming to teach school without a diploma, yet, single-handed, making over that rough little village. And the most wonderful part of it all is that she really is a good teacher. She has to go down to the very bottom of things to understand them herself, and that is just what those children need. Of all the classes I visited, I enjoyed none more than I did Matilda Haggett's, in that tumble-down shanty."

It was graduation day at Westlake. Most of the students were from country towns, and their families came by rail or stage, or drove in their own wagons to see their girls graduated. College Hall was well filled with an admiring audience of interested relatives and friends, and on one of the very front seats sat Matilda Haggett. She had come in response to a letter from Miss Pillsbury.

"I want you to visit me during commencement week, and as I will not take no for an answer, I enclose a ticket for your journey. It will do you good to come, and perhaps you may get some points for your school."

Matilda winced as she read this last sentence. The thought of her school touched a sore spot. Her father had told her decidedly that when the summer was over, she must "quit playing" and go to work. Matilda admitted the justice of his decision, but her whole heart was in her school.

She shrank, too, from visiting the scene of her failure. But Miss Pillsbury's word was law to Matilda. She was too young and simple-minded not to be excited by the prospect; besides, there was the ticket! So once more she packed her trunk.

"I'm so glad my best dress is all right," she thought, as she laid it in the tray. The "best dress" was a cheap muslin, bought two years before in happy anticipation of her own graduation. But in Matilda's eyes it was beautiful, and she spread out its clumsy folds with entire satisfaction as she took her seat in College Hall. Miss Pillsbury, with true delicacy, had made no suggestions in regard to the ungainly gown, but she had added a fresh ribbon here and a few flowers there, and had fluffed up the hair which, when allowed to curve into its natural waves, was Matilda's most attractive feature.

Matilda could not help feeling a pang of envy when the graduating class came on the platform, but she crushed it as unworthy. She listened to the exercises with great respect.

"I never could have done it," she thought. "I wish one of them would teach in Quarry Hill. They'd know how so much better than I."

President Dacey presented the diplomas with his usual felicity. "He's so handsome," thought Matilda. "My, wouldn't I like to have him look at me that way, as if he was proud of-me!" she added, in painful recollection of that dreadful day when she last stood in his little office.

"When a soldier in the British army distinguishes himself by special bravery," said President Dacey, "he is given a badge of honor called the Victoria cross. It has no value in itself; no price can be set upon it. Its worth lies simply in its sentiment; it is the symbol of bravery. Like that plain iron cross, these certificates which I give you have no intrinsic value. They are of no possible use to you save in showing that you

have honorably done your work. They are the 'well done' pronounced upon your labor. It is with great pleasure that I have presented you with these diplomas. It is with special gratification that I bestow one on a young lady, not a member of this class, but one who has earned it by faithful and successful endeavor. Will Miss Matilda Haggett please step up on the platform?"

"I!" ejaculated Matilda, from the front seat.

It took considerable pushing and encouragement and explanation to get the bewildered Matilda up on the platform. Finally she stood before the president, surprised out of her awkwardness into the simple dignity of perfect unconsciousness.

"I congratulate you, heartily, Miss Haggett," said President Dacey, with his most stately bow.

And then Matilda, not knowing what else to do, broke down, put her face in her hands and cried.

She cried once more that night, when Miss Pillsbury told her that an appropriation would be granted for the maintenance of a school at Quarry Hill, and that if she wished the position of teacher, it should be hers.

"You can earn quite as much as you could at the factory, Matilda," said Miss Pillsbury, "so I think you may feel certain that your father will be satisfied."

"But it doesn't seem right that I should have it," said Matilda. "I don't know a bit more about algebra than I did, Miss Pillsbury."

"Perhaps not, but you have learned a great deal about some other higher things," responded the teacher, as she tenderly kissed the girl good night.—*Mary E. Mitchell.*

## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

### Work for Little Fingers—No. 4

#### A Box with a Cover

Who can tell me the shape of this box? Is it square? You shake your heads positively. You are very sure it is not. Now will you tell me why you are so sure? How do you know it is not square? Hasn't it four sides and four square corners? Yes, but you say its sides are not all alike, or not equal. Very true, upon looking



FIG. 1

and it is called a "rectangle."

That is rather a hard name, isn't it? Here is another which I think you will like better,—oblong,—and the definition is, "A figure having greater length than breadth." That means longer than it is wide, and that is true of our box, isn't it? so we will call it an oblong box. Do we call the short sides of an oblong "sides"? What do we call them? Did you ever receive a letter addressed to your own self? What was the shape of the envelope? Was it square, or was it oblong? Where did you open it—on one of the long sides or one of the short sides? What do you call the short sides of an envelope?

Now if your pencils are well sharpened, we

will begin our drawing. Place your ruler along the upper edge of your paper with the left end even with the corner of the paper. Make a point at two inches and one at six inches. Be very exact in placing the ruler and making the points. Make points in the same way on the lower edge of the paper. You now have four points. Measure again and see if each one is exactly two inches from a corner. When you are sure that they are right, connect the upper and lower points with straight lines, as in Fig. 2. Each end of the lines should touch the center of a point. Now place the ruler along one side of the paper, with the left end even with one corner. Make points on the very edge of the paper, one at two inches, one at four inches, and one at six inches from the corner. Do just the same on the opposite side of the paper. Now look carefully

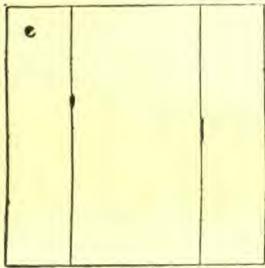


FIG. 2

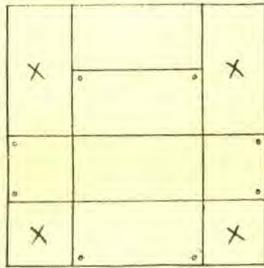


FIG. 3

and see if these six points are placed the same as those in Fig. 2,—one just two inches from each corner and one exactly in the center of each side. Then place the ruler across so that the thin edge just touches the two lower points, and connect them with a straight line. Fig. 3. Do the same with the two middle points. Then place the ruler with just the same care across the two upper points, so that if the line were drawn entirely across, it would touch them both, but notice that this line is only drawn *between the two lines* running up and down the paper. Fig. 3. See if you can find out why it is not drawn all the way across.

Can you tell which part of the drawing represents the bottom of the box, which the cover, and which the two ends? In marking the places for tying, be very careful to have them just as shown in Fig. 3. Then cut out the parts marked X. Fold the remaining lines by the edge of the ruler as directed in the last lesson. Tie the corners, close the cover, and your box is finished, unless you wish to fasten the cover down. If so, make a place for tying in the middle of the front edge of the cover and in the middle of the upper edge of the front of the box, and fasten a tie string about four inches long in each. Use the same material for tie strings as you used in tying up the corners.

Now are you wondering what you can keep in this little box which you have been at such pains to make? I know one little boy who carefully unties the red and blue and pink cord that often comes around store packages. He winds each into a neat little roll and keeps it in his box, all ready for use when wanted. One of my little girl friends saves bits of ribbon in the same way in her box.

Now just a word about your work. I hope you will try throughout this course to have each model a little better than the one before it. If you made a crooked line or cut in the last one, be particularly careful not to make the same mistake in this. If you cut a little too far at the corners, try the harder this time to stop *just* where the lines meet.

Remember that being particular about little things is one of the secrets of success. Try it in your study and in your work, and see if you do not find it true. MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

“LIVE in the present and sow good seed, for inasmuch as the past has made the present, so is the present making the future.”

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**VII—Jesus Before the High Priest**  
(February 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 57-75.

MEMORY VERSE: “As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.” Isa. 53: 7.

“And they that had laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled. But Peter followed him afar off unto the high priest’s palace, and went in, and sat with the servants, to see the end. Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death; but found none: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet found they none. At the last came two false witnesses, and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days.

“And the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace. And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

“Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, Who is he that smote thee?

“Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest. And when he was gone out into the porch, another maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth. And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man. And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee. Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crew, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.”

**Questions**

1. To whom was Jesus led by the multitude who had taken him in the garden? Who were gathered at the high priest’s house?
2. Who followed Jesus “afar off”? Where would we naturally expect to find this man? Why? Where did he now go? What did he wish to see?
3. What did the chief priests and the elders seek to find against Jesus? Describe their success. What testimony was at last given by two false witnesses?
4. What did the high priest now ask Jesus? What did Jesus do? By not replying to his accusers, what scripture did Jesus fulfil? Memory verse.
5. What command did the high priest then give? How did Jesus answer this time? Whom did he say the high priest would see hereafter?
6. When the high priest heard these words, what did he do and say? What did he ask the council? What sentence was at once pronounced

upon Jesus? Tell how the Saviour was then treated by those who were present.

7. Where was Peter at this time? What was said to him there by a damsel? What did Peter declare?

8. Where did Peter now go? Who saw him there? What did she say? What did Peter again do?

9. What was said to Peter again, not long after this? What was said of his speech? What did Peter now do? As he was cursing, what happened? What did Peter immediately remember? Where did he go? How deep was his sorrow?

10. What lesson may we learn from this sad experience of Peter?

**THE YOUTH'S LESSON**

**VII—The Miracles of the Bible**  
(February 17)

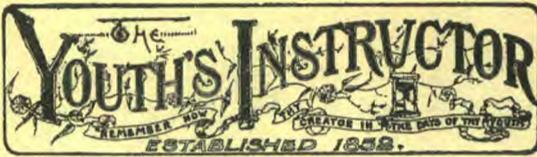
MEMORY VERSE: “Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works’ sake.” John 14: 11.

**Questions**

1. What is understood by the term “miracle”? Note 1.
2. What was the purpose of Christ in performing miracles? John 2: 11; note 2.
3. Why were these miracles recorded? John 20: 30, 31.
4. What was one reason that Christ gave that people should believe on him? John 14: 11.
5. What power was entrusted to Moses? Before whom were these miracles to be performed? Ex. 4: 1-9.
6. What was their purpose? Ex. 4: 5.
7. Mention some of the miracles performed in connection with the schools of the prophets. 2 Kings 4; 5: 14; 6: 6.
8. When Christ sent out his disciples, what power did he bestow upon them? Matt. 10: 7, 8; Luke 9: 1, 2; note 3.
9. What signs did Christ say should follow believers? Mark 16: 17, 18.
10. Why did Jesus give his disciples this power? Acts 5: 12-14.
11. Does the working of miracles necessarily prove that a man or his message is from God? Ex. 7: 10, 11; 2 Thess. 2: 9, 10; note 4.
12. What is the one sure test? Isa. 8: 20.

**Notes**

1. Genuine, divine miracles as brought to view in the Bible, are extraordinary or supernatural manifestations of divine power, to awaken an interest in divine things, and to lead men to a knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he has sent to be the Saviour of the world.
2. “Christ never worked a miracle except to supply a genuine necessity, and every miracle was of a character to lead the people to the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.”—“*Desire of Ages*,” page 366.
3. “The angels of God are ever passing from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. The miracles of Christ for the afflicted and suffering were wrought by the power of God through the ministration of angels. And it is through Christ, by the ministration of his heavenly messengers, that every blessing comes from God to us.”—*Id.*, page 143.
4. Miracles are of two kinds—good and bad. Satan also has power to work miracles. While he can not create, nor give life, he has studied “the secrets of the laboratories of nature,” and by the use of things already created, he can, so far as God permits, perform wonders. But the Bible calls them “lying wonders.” They are done to deceive, to lead men into sin, and to fasten them in deception.



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THE Arabs do not allow a piece of bread which has been dropped on the ground to remain there, but pick it up and place it where the birds can find it, saying, as they do it, "God's gifts must not be trodden under foot."

"THE apostles 'fastened' their eyes on the lame man. Is not this a characteristic of Christianity, that it fastens its eyes on the afflicted and the suffering? Science seeks out the secrets of the world. Art seeks out its beauties. Christianity seeks out its sorrows and ills, and strives to remove them."

MORE than thirty dollars has been received on the fund for clubs of the INSTRUCTOR for Portugal and India. This sum is sufficient for the present year. So generously have our friends contributed to this enterprise, that we are able to send out the word that Moses did to the children of Israel when preparing to build the tabernacle: Let no further offerings be made. We want also to express our sincere appreciation for the friendly and generous responses received to this call.

THE matron of the Chicago Suburban Home sends an encouraging report of the interest manifested by the young women of the Home in the Young People's Society. The missionary lesson studies are greatly prized, and an offering of more than six dollars has been received for educating a worker in China. This is a generous offering considering the small wages earned by the members of the Society. They are also interested now in studying the list of One Hundred Bible Questions given in the INSTRUCTOR. We are glad that there are persons ready to reach out a helping hand to those who have fallen in sin, but who are anxious in their hearts to learn the better way. This is the Christian's work.

A MINISTER visited a family consisting of father, mother, and ten children, all of whom were very hardened in sin. Not only the boys, but the girls, would swear in ordinary conversation. The minister called several times, determined if possible to win them to Christ, but they insulted and abused him on every occasion. One day the mother became ill with typhoid fever, and he found those boys and girls had a brutish sort of love for her after all, though they frequently were heard swearing at her. During her long sickness, the minister went to see her nearly every day, and after her death he went with the boys to purchase a coffin. Now he was treated quite courteously, and was asked to hold a funeral service. On the way to the house the preacher went to the florist's and bought a bunch of roses. There were no other floral offerings. When he entered, the family were gathered

around the coffin, taking the final look at the corpse. The minister gently placed the bunch of roses on the mother; the effect was instantaneous—eleven hearts were broken. Within a few months this persevering servant of God succeeded in leading every one of the family to the Saviour—won through love.

"ON the wall behind the desk of the office of a mountain hotel hung a motto, 'Do It Now.' Tourists usually noticed it at once on visiting the house for the first time, and often some one would ask its meaning. The proprietor said he was continually being consulted by travelers as to the best time to climb this or that mountain, to visit the falls, or to take some of the other excursions for which the region was famous. He had concentrated all his wisdom into those three little words, and placed it where it could be of service to all his guests. This is a good motto for every one of the three hundred sixty-five days of this new year, applying it to the good offices which you have planned, the services you mean to do some time, and can do *now*."

"A YOUNG unknown artist desired to copy a beautiful picture that hung in a palace in Rome. He was refused permission to copy it in the palace, so he set to work to reproduce it from memory. Hour after hour he would sit before the picture until it took possession of him, and hurrying home, begin to paint. Each day he spent some time gazing on the original, and each day saw some new loveliness. As he looked and toiled, his power grew. At last there stood in his studio such a wonderful copy that all who looked said, 'We must see the original.' This should be the ultimatum of all our Christian service, so to reproduce the Lord Jesus Christ that men will say, 'We must see Jesus.' Time spent gazing upon him is not lost. As we try to copy his spirit, our power grows, and we start afresh toward the ever-receding goal that lies at the feet of Jesus."

**The Amen Spirit**

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"

The little one blushed and dropped her eyes,  
Then lifted them bravely with look of cheer,  
Eyes that were blue as the summer skies.

"I'm afraid I forget what the minister said,  
He said so much to the grown-up men,  
And the pulpit was 'way up over my head;  
But I told mama that he said 'Amen.'"

"And 'Amen,' you know, means, 'Let it be,  
Whatever our Lord may please to do;  
And that is sermon enough for me,  
If I mind and feel so the whole week through.'"

I took the little one's word to heart;  
I wish I could carry it all day long,  
The "Amen" spirit which hides the art  
To meet each cross with a happy song.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

**What Will You Do?**

LESS than three weeks ago there was in one of our States a Sabbath-school with about forty young people and children in attendance, where not one copy of the INSTRUCTOR was being taken, and but three copies of the *Little Friend*. An order for ten copies of the *Little Friend* and thirteen for the INSTRUCTOR has since been given. What has made the change? Simply this: one young woman realized that the Sabbath-school work was being greatly hindered from want of lesson papers, and that the children and young people were missing much that would be of interest, and perhaps of eternal profit, to them from not having the papers from week to week, and that the parents were missing an opportunity of coming close to their children by reading and studying the papers with them. With this conviction in her heart, she made personal visits

to the parents, and received from them, we are glad to say, a hearty response to her efforts. Besides securing twenty-three yearly subscriptions for the papers, she organized a Young People's Society, with the idea of beginning at once the Missionary Studies appearing from week to week in the INSTRUCTOR, and of doing practical missionary work. Miss Bates also intends to interest the members of the Young People's Society in the Reading Circle for 1906. The good that may result from this young woman's efforts in behalf of the young people of her church can not be estimated.

There are other churches in the same condition as the one referred to. Is there not a young man or woman connected with each of these who can perform for them a similar service?

"ONE vow will not suffice the long year through,  
One prayer a twelve-month's needs may not allay;  
Crown every morn with pure resolve anew,  
And live each day as though 'twere New-year's day."

**Growing New Wood**

WHEN Longfellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, but his cheeks as red as a rose, an ardent admirer asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully.

Pointing to a blossoming apple-tree near by, the poet replied: "That apple-tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple-tree, I try to grow a little new wood each year."

And what Longfellow did, we all ought to do. We can not stop the flight of time; we can not head off the one event that happeneth to all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and thus keep on blossoming until the end.—*Selected*.

**A Literary Society**

THE young men of Washington and Takoma Park have formed a young men's literary society. There is nothing unusual in this fact; for many young men's literary societies have been organized; but judging from a printed program that just came to the editor's desk, the society has features that are not common to such societies. These can be read quickly from the program, which shows the purpose of the society to be to stimulate close study, clear thinking, and proper presentation of thought, especially of Bible truths. The program as arranged for two months is given below:—

January 6  
ADDRESS by the President, *Mr. Cobb*.  
January 13  
DISCUSSION: The Signs of the Times,  
*Messrs. Holmes and Trump*.  
January 20  
DISCOURSE: John 3: 16, *Mr. AcMoody*.  
January 27  
PAPER: Character, *Mr. Froom*.  
TALK: Lives of Great Men, *Mr. Dennison*.  
February 3  
DISCOURSE: The Papacy, *Mr. Holmes*.  
February 10  
PAPERS: The Christian's Reward, *Mr. Curtiss*  
Recreation, *Mr. Foote*.  
February 17  
A DAY AT SCHOOL:—  
Arithmetic Class, *Mr. Foote, Teacher*.  
Geography Class, *Mr. Froom, Teacher*.  
Grammar Class, *Mr. Holmes, Teacher*.  
Spelling Class, *Mr. Leslie, Teacher*.  
February 24  
OPEN MEETING: To be held in Takoma Hall.  
Special program.