

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Doubt Not

FEAREST sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken —
Always hath he comfort spoken —
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

—Karl Rudolph Hagenbach.

The Devotion of a Faithful Servant

WHILE Governor Robert B. Glenn, of North Carolina, was on a recent speaking tour of New England, he addressed a large crowd at Concord, New Hampshire. He was speaking of the relations between the races in North Carolina, of his feeling toward the negro, as governor and as citizen, and told this personal incident: —

"When the war began there was a citizen of our State, who had canvassed the section for the Union and had voted against secession, but when President Lincoln called for troops, demanding of North Carolina her quota, to march against our sister States,—our own kith and kin,—this citizen, like other good and true men of the South, decided to stand with his own section and relations, and volunteered among the first to maintain what they deemed right, and to stand between the South and her advancing foes.

"This man became captain of Company I, Thirteenth Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, and, leaving behind him his wife and three little boys, with his faithful body-servant Matt, he marched to the front in the defense of his country. On the morning of Sept. 14, 1862, just before the commencement of the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, this captain called his servant to his side, and said: 'Matt, I have a presentiment that I shall be killed to-day. Here is a letter to your mistress,—with three hundred ninety dollars, and my watch and jewels. Watch me during the battle, and when you see me fall, bury my body, and then go home and give these things to your mistress, and take upon yourself the sacred duty that I now give you, of watching over my little boys.' All day long as the battle raged, from behind rocks, crags, and fences, faithful Matt watched his beloved master.

"Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking, he saw his master fall in the very forefront of the fight. Unmindful of danger to himself, he rushed to his master's side and took his head on his breast, only to receive a sweet, sad smile, as the wounded man's eyes closed in death.

"With the aid of privates, Matt laid the body to rest, digging a grave with bayonets. No coffin encased the soldier, save his mantle wrapped around him by loving hands; no monument marked his grave, save the towering monument of South Mountain, casting its shadows over the spot. Then Matt began his homeward journey.

Footsore and weary, fording and wading rivers, begging bread,—for he would not spend a cent from the sum with which his master had entrusted him,—he tramped hundreds of miles, and gave the letter, watch, money, and all to his heart-broken mistress, and then took upon himself the care of those three little boys, over whom he faithfully watched until eight months afterward, when he died.

"My friends and countrymen, that captain was my father. I was one of the little boys over whom Uncle Matt watched. As governor of North Carolina, could I be unkind to the race to which Matt belonged?" — *Success.*

Before the "Good Mornings" Are Said

"CAUSE me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning." It was *hearing* the loving-kindness of God that the psalmist longed for. Had he prayed for power to feel it, or even see it, that would have seemed most natural; but how can one hear God's loving-kindness in the morning? Have you ever heard the mountains talk, the rivers sing, the valleys shout, and the fields and meadows render their glad, grand symphony?

We may so train our spiritual natures that we can hear the love of God breathing in the air, throbbing in the varied forms of nature, vibrating in the providences that environ our lives, and, most of all, singing in our hearts. Only, this requires the keenest sensitiveness of soul.

"Loving-kindness"—what a word that is! Kindness may be of various types. It may be prompted by pity, or courtesy, or duty, or policy. I may be kind because I feel sorry for some one, or because I must act the gentleman, or because I am under some obligation, or because I want thereby to serve my own end, or because I would put another to disadvantage or make him feel uncomfortable. But God's kindness has but one motive behind it—love.

Who but God can sharpen our spiritual hearing? As well might we try to perform an operation on our own ears as to attempt ourselves to correct this defect of the soul. God is the great aurist, and his operations are always successful. Our spiritual natures need quickening, and only God can do this.

I have been told that a whole room of harps that are tuned to the concert pitch will repeat, note for note, any strain that may be picked out by a player on a single harp. It is the right tuning we need.

Our old professor used to say to his class: "Young gentlemen, be sure to exchange greetings with God before you have said good morning even to the members of your own household."

Let our first greetings in the morning be with God, in acknowledgment of his loving kindness.— *Selected.*

Franklin's Early Literary Efforts

AN odd volume of the *Spectator* fell into the hands of the young apprentice. With delight and admiration he read the essays over and over

again. Then he resolved to try to write in that easy style himself.

"I took some of the papers," he said, "and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again. . . . I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thought. . . . My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone."

Additional time—and additional money, too—for the indulgence of his love of books came to Franklin about this time through his adoption of a vegetarian diet. Meat had always been rather disagreeable to him, so he proposed to his brother that he should give him weekly half the money paid for his board, and let him board himself. His brother agreeing, he had opportunity, while the others were at meals, to be alone in the printing-house with his books.

"Dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread," he writes, "a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook, and a glass of water, I had the rest of the time for study, in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking."— *Selected.*

The Year 1795

THIS is a notable year in the history of missions. It is the year of Moffatt's birth, that pioneer of African missions; and in the same year the London Missionary Society was organized, and began its great work for the natives of the South Sea islands, then but recently discovered.

That was early in the history of modern missions. Carey had but begun his labors in India, and Judson was still a child. Few missionary organizations existed at that time.

The first Protestant missionaries to the South Seas were sent thither on the "Duff," the first of a long list of missionary vessels that have plied between Europe or America and the islands of the Pacific. Until recent years, there was no regular means of transportation to those regions; and even at the present time, mission craft are necessary for the transportation of workers and supplies to the more remote islands. In lieu of such, missionaries have sometimes had to travel by war-ships, vile-smelling trading cutters, tiny native canoes; or, lacking all these, have suffered serious hindrance in their work.

The first mission station in the South Sea islands was established on Tahiti, one of the Society group. That is the largest island east of Samoa, though less than fifty miles in length, and only about ten miles wide.

This island has a special interest for us, being

the place whence the British government ship "Bounty" sailed, with a portion of her mutinous crew and several native Tahitians, to found the little colony on Pitcairn Island, which has since become so notable.

To Tahiti, also, still earlier, Captain Cook had taken a party of British astronomers, who went thither to observe the transit of Venus.

With its picturesque outline, its reef-enclosed lagoon, its graceful palms and brilliant flowers, Tahiti presents to a mere sightseer a very attractive appearance. But to the first missionaries who ventured upon its inhospitable shores, it offered barriers more formidable than its mighty coral wall or its imposing peaks, and a spiritual soil of which both, in their barrenness, seemed fit types.

These missionaries were besieged by warring tribes; their food supplies were looted; tropic heat, meager diet, and various adverse conditions impaired their health; and eventually those who survived were compelled to leave the field. But at a time of intermission in the native wars, some returned. Still their efforts seemed for some time to avail little. When they endeavored to teach the more friendly islanders these demanded pay for their time, imagining that in some way their learning advantaged the missionaries. Those pagan barbarians had little conception of motives of benevolence.

In those times the offering of human sacrifices was common in the islands. Infanticide, also, was practised. Cannibalism was rife in most of the South Sea islands, but it is not known to have existed in the Society group.

The details of those horrible crimes I dare hardly mention,—the fact that aged parents were sometimes chosen by their own children as the victims of a cannibal feast; and that personal spite was often vented by the selection of its object as an offering to the gods.

Persons who do not know whereof they speak, sometimes rant about the "wild, happy life" of uncivilized peoples, whom they are wont to term "free children of nature." But the nature of uncivilized races is a far-fallen nature; and instead of being free, they are "all their lifetime subject to bondage." Verily, those only whom the Son makes free are free indeed.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

A Drunkard Won for Christ

MR. PATON, who is known as the "apostle of the New Hebrides," worked for several years as a city missionary before he began his work in foreign lands. His earnestness and insistence are well illustrated in his experience with a physician, who was both an unbeliever and a drunkard. In his attacks of delirium tremens the gentleman had tried several methods of suicide. Dr. Pierson graphically describes this experience as follows:—

"At one time the watchers barely succeeded in dashing from his lips, after a fierce struggle, a fatal draft of prussic acid; again they caught a glimpse of a shining lancet hid in the folds of his shirt, with which he doubtless intended to take his life. In one of these times of suicidal madness Mr. Paton, at the doctor's request, took a seat beside him alone, he having first promised that he would do anything the missionary would ask, if every one else were sent out of the room. Mr. Paton, after a long conversation, took the Bible and read for a time, then said, 'Now, shall we pray?' 'Yes,' said the doctor; and kneeling beside him, the missionary whispered, 'You pray first.'

"'I curse. I can not pray; would you have me curse God to his face?'

"'You promised to do all that I asked. You must pray or try to pray, and let me at least hear that you can not.'

"'I can not curse God on my knees; let me

stand, and I will curse him; I can not pray.'

"Mr. Paton gently but firmly held him on his knees, saying, 'Just try to pray, and let me hear that you can not.'

"Instantly he cried out, 'O Lord, thou knowest I can not pray,' and strove to rise up, as if Satan were struggling within him to turn that beginning of prayer into a curse. But the noble winner of souls took up that unfinished prayer and continued it as if it were his own, till the old blasphemer was subdued and quiet at the feet of the Master. Then, inducing him to lie down, and sitting beside him till he fell asleep, Mr. Paton commended him to the care of the Lord, and slipped away to other duties.

"Returning later in the day, the poor victim of delirium was found in his right mind; nay, running to meet the missionary, he hugged him in his arms, crying: 'Thank God, I can pray now! I rose refreshed from sleep, and for the first time in my life prayed with my wife and children; and now I shall do so every day and serve God while I live, who hath dealt in so great mercy to me!' And so he did, joining the church, and giving his medical skill to a holy ministry to God's destitute little ones, as anxious for their souls as their bodies, until he, who once could not pray, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

"What wonder that even anonymous letters, threatening Mr. Paton's life, and the public curses from the altar by Romish priests, and the advice of directors of the mission, could not induce this brave city missionary to leave voluntarily a work attended by such supernatural power of God."

Sound Speech

WE are living in an age when it is very hard to find any one who uses sound speech. The kind of language which is generally used by the majority of men, and even women and children, nowadays, is really very unsound. It is made up, largely, of unkind, foolish talking and jesting. This is not as it should be; it is displeasing to our Father who is in heaven. The Lord desires that young and old, and especially those who have taken his name upon their lips, use language that can not be condemned, and in all things show themselves a pattern of good works.

The power of speech is a talent which each has received from God, and it should be diligently cultivated. For "of all the gifts we have received from God, none is capable of being a greater blessing than this. With the voice we convince and persuade; with it we offer prayer and praise to God, and with it we tell others of the Redeemer's love. How important, then, that it be so trained as to be most effective for good."

We as young people who claim to have received present truth for this time, should work as never before for perfection of speech. Never should we allow ourselves to speak one word unadvisedly, for this is a sin. It is the very sin that kept Moses out of the promised land. Our Heavenly Father would have our speech such as will be a savor of life unto life. "We should accustom ourselves to speak in pleasant tones, to use pure and correct language, and words that are kind and courteous. Sweet, kind words are as dew and gentle showers to the soul."

The Bible says much in regard to the use of the talent of speech. This is the best authority we have. It is true. Let us read carefully the following scripture texts:—

"Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor,

and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. . . . And all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints: neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks." "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." "Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof."

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding." "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness." "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit." "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

It is said of those that the prophet saw in vision standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion, "In their mouth was found no guile." Reader, let us use sound speech, and thus be ready to meet Jesus with no guile in our mouths.

F. A. ZAPPE.

Science Stories

A Bill of Fare

FROM fall to spring
'Tis a little thing
To spread the birds good cheer
On a window tray,
Where the heart may play
At summer all the year.

Nuts, if you please,
For the chickadees;
Never mind about napkins and cruet,
But they'll doff you, perhaps,
Their cozy black caps
For a lump of delectable suet.

An elegant guest
In white dinner-vest
May put them to flutter and flight,
For though nuthatch says, "Dank,"
Intended for "Thank,"
No chickadee calls him polite.

A superior throne
Is a marrow-bone
For a woodpecker potentate,
Since seldom can kings
Eat the cushions and kings
That embellish their chairs of state.

The blue jay will seize
On fragments of cheese
Like a story-book pirate on gold;
But nothing comes ill
To his catholic bill,
Though his blessing sounds more like a scold.

A salad of seed
Tree-sparrow may lead
To your table, when stript is his thicket,
Or fox-sparrow fine,
Whom your dainties incline
To forfeit his Florida ticket.

Junco trustfully comes
For a feast of crumbs,
Our snow-bird in storm-coat drest,
All white below;
For they say, you know,
God painted her on her nest.

And if courtesy sends
Them odds and ends

From your own plate for variety,
The bows and bends
Of your feathery friends
Would grace the best society.

To spring from fall
Keep open hall,
And the birds will teach each care
That winter brings
The way of wings,
Escaping up the air.

—Katharine Lee Bates.

Fraction of Time Lost

IF one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost, and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which the leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves. One sixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it is gone. Between the sun's time, as recorded at Greenwich and as understood at Paris, there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged, and a process that may take years to complete has been begun. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the lay mind. Longitude is calculated on the basis of Greenwich time. It determines the boundaries of many countries. A slight variation of time may change the nationalities of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is, therefore, of world-wide importance. When it is found, not a grain of the sands of time will be missing.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Measuring the Travels of Fishes

FOR some time scientists have been trying to learn more about the migratory habits of what are known as flat fish, such as flounders and soles. It was known that round fish, like the herring and cod, travel great distances, but much less was known about the flat varieties. To find out about it, the International Committee for Investigation of the Seas has been marking flat fish with tags.

To tag the fish, a silver wire is threaded through the body, and to the wire is attached a bone button and a numbered brass tag. Each fish is carefully measured.

When placed in the sea, the finny creatures scurry off, apparently not bothered by the tag. In fact, it has been found that they suffer no harm from it. Fishermen are made to take interest in the work by rewards offered for all the marked fish captured and returned to certain stations, together with information regarding the place and circumstances of capture.

One of the interesting developments is the recovery of one marked fish that had traveled forty miles in twenty days. A species known as the plaice have been found after having traveled over two hundred miles from the spot where they were tagged.

One of the advantages of the experiments to fishermen is that of showing the influence of surroundings on migration; what proportion of fish, for instance, remain upon certain feeding-grounds, and how many develop a wandering spirit.—*Selected.*

Our Five Senses

THERE are some queer facts about our senses that most of us never find out. For example, we can not smell liquids, but only the gases from them. If we fill the nostrils with cologne, it might as well be water for any odor we get from it. The sense of smell is meant for vapors with minute particles of odor. The three-hundredth-millionth part of a grain of musk can be detected by the average nose. It could not be seen with

the microscope until enlarged ten thousand times, but we can smell it just the same. We could not taste it until it was magnified many thousand times; so our sense smell, it will be seen, is far more keen and delicate than either our sight or taste.

The tongue does not taste everything in the same place. Sweets and salts are tasted by the tip, bitter things by the back, and acids by the sides, while the middle surface of the tongue has hardly any sense of taste at all. We can only taste liquid substances; that is, if all the moisture could be wiped from the tongue, leaving it absolutely dry, and the strongest-flavored substance in existence—red pepper, for example—be placed upon it in a dry state, no taste whatever would result.

The part of the ear that helps us to be good musicians is the "organ of Corti," which receives the sound vibrations. It consists of five thousand infinitely tiny pieces of apparatus, each having seven subdivisions—two rods and five cells—thirty-five thousand in all. A perfect organ of Corti makes the "fine ear for music" so necessary for success.

Our eyes see things in a semicircle of one hundred eighty-nine degrees—a miniature rounded horizon. The middle of this half circle of vision we see with both eyes. A quarter of it, on each side, is seen by only one of our eyes. That is why we see a thing better when we are looking straight at it, and it is in the middle of our vision. The larger the pupil of the eye, the more light enters. Those with large-pupiled eyes, therefore, see a brighter, better-sighted world than those with small ones, and also see much better at night.

Touch has several queer points. The skin really has three sensations—touch proper, pain, and temperature. The tongue is the most sensitive to touch, the forehead and elbow to heat and cold, of any parts of the body. Some spots on the skin have nerves to respond to pressure only, and can not convey sensations of heat, cold, or pain. Others feel tickling, but nothing else; others, heat but not cold, and so on—at least, so the specialists say, and they know more about our senses than we are observing enough to learn for ourselves.—*Mary Whiting Adams.*

Pyrography

SOME have thought that the art of pyrography is a new thing, but the fact is that it has been known since the fifteenth century. Beautiful old specimens are still preserved of bridal chests, panels, and wainscoting done in burnt wood. So the present craze for pyrography is merely the revival of a very old art. It seems to have originated in informal meetings of artists in their studios. As they smoked and talked, they drew pictures with red-hot poker on the woodwork of the room. Instead of using a red-hot poker, the artist of to-day has an ingenious outfit, a platinum point, and a device which keeps it constantly red-hot. Some of the articles made in burnt wood and burnt leather are very beautiful. Our word "pyrography" is from the Greek, and means writing with fire.—*The Round Table.*

The Wealth of Uncle Sam

THE wealthiest nation on earth is the United States, owning nearly one quarter of the wealth of the world. The census of 1900 shows the true valuation, or fair selling price, of the real and personal property of the country to be \$94,300,000,000. It is an increase of forty-five per cent on the valuation of the previous decade, and is about eight times the combined value of the money in circulation in the principal countries of the world. The mind can not grasp the meaning of such figures without graphic illustration.

The amount in gold dollars would load 173,795 cars, each carrying a ton. If 2,000 gold dollars were piled one on the other, they would form a stack three feet high. Make similar piles close together till a wall of gold one mile long, and worth \$230,400,000, is formed. Increase this wall to four hundred and ten miles, and the amount would represent our national wealth. Placed side



by side, the coins would form a carpet of gold, covering twelve and seven-tenths square miles. If the wealth of the United States were divided equally among its population, each individual would receive \$1,235.86, being 130 times \$9.47, which is the individual share of the world's wealth.

The United States has nearly twice as much wealth as Great Britain, and almost as much as Great Britain and France combined; its debts are the smallest of any great nation, less by far than the united fortunes of a half dozen of our richest citizens. The nation's debts are about 1.4 per cent of its wealth, while the percentage for the United Kingdom is 6 per cent, Germany 8.1 per cent, Russia 11.1 per cent, and France 12.8 per cent. The national debt per capita in Great Britain is \$89, France \$148, Germany \$55, Russia \$32, and the United States \$12.

The value of the gold and silver coin and bullion owned by the nation and kept in the United States Treasury, sub-treasuries, mints, and national banks is estimated at twelve hundred million dollars, yet Uncle Sam would not have to build an enormous safe to hold it, for it could be stored in a cubic room measuring only a little over eighteen feet on each of its sides.—*Search-Light.*

THE air used in summer for ventilating the House of Commons, in London, passes between blocks of ice. In winter it is heated. In foggy weather it is passed through six-inch layers of cotton wool. Once during a fog lasting forty-eight hours, the cotton wool became as black as the back of a chimney. Sixty-two degrees is the temperature usually maintained in the House. In sultry weather it is raised a few degrees.

THE London *Express* contains the following note, but the London paper must be responsible for the truth of the statement: "Parisians were startled yesterday by seeing a man whizzing along an avenue at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It was Constantini the inventor of motor boots. The boots resemble tiny automobiles, fifteen inches long, fixed on high boots. Each has four rubber-tired wheels eight inches in diameter. Accumulators are carried in a belt. They transmit by wires power to each motor. Constantini says he has traveled several hundred miles with them. He intends to journey from Paris to St. Petersburg on them. When the inventor was asked what would happen if one motor started at the rate of six miles an hour and the other at thirty, he became diffident and declined to discuss the subject."



Our Field—The World A Message from Russia—5

INTRODUCE the lesson by a short Bible reading conducted by some one previously appointed. An

appropriate subject is "God's Care for His People." The following and similar texts may be used: Ps. 34:7; Prov. 12:21; Ps. 71:3; Isa. 43:1, 2; 41:10; Deut. 31:6, 8; Joshua 1:5; Psalms 90.

Review briefly the reports of the last lesson, tracing on the map as accurately as possible the route traveled, and establish the connection between the last lesson and this one.

In Alexanderpol and Kiev

L. R. CONRADI

At Alexanderpol there were about forty of our people present on Sunday. Quite a number of the villagers came to the evening meetings. On Monday, Brethren Wildgrube and Ising, who had wonderfully met on getting out of the same train in Rostov, and several of our Russian brethren from Taganrog, arrived. Thus we had an excellent opportunity to counsel with reference to the work in the new mission field. We should gladly have welcomed all the delegates of this field at the meeting, but as the future South Russian Mission is not to be separated from the East (formerly South) Russian Conference until Jan. 1, 1906, this was the meeting we could miss better than any other of our appointments. Small as this gathering was, yet eighteen dollars was collected as First-day offerings on Sunday for the German East African Mission, and about thirteen dollars for our material and educational fund.

In this field there will be Elder D. Isaac, the director, and Elders J. Perk and G. Tetz, and two missionary licentiates, Brethren Jurkin and Schlegel, Jr. The mission field contains about twelve million inhabitants, and about three hundred members.

We remained here until Tuesday afternoon. The Lord graciously worked on a number of hearts. The brethren continued the effort begun. A brother took Brethren Wildgrube and Ising and myself to the station in a good German farm-wagon, drawn by four horses. We had intended to go to Kiev via Yekatrinoslaf, which route would have brought us to our destination Wednesday night; but when we reached the station and made inquiry, we learned that they would sell no tickets that way. Strikers, intending to dump a run-away train over a bridge into the river, had removed the rails; but the locomotive struck a pillar, and although it went down, yet the cars remained on the bridge. Of course this stopped all traffic over the bridge, and in consequence, we could purchase a ticket only to the side of the bridge next to where we were, and we would have reached that place about midnight. Some passengers who had just come that way, informed us that it would be very unwise for us to attempt the trip, for we would have to make about eight miles by team, and many of the people had been robbed while taking that part of the trip, and some had even been murdered. Upon inquiry, we found there was yet another route we might take for Kiev—via Potawa; so we rode back to Jasinowata, and remained in the station overnight. Early next morning, Elder Gaede came with a German delegate, trying to get to the meeting at Alexanderpol. He had reached Rostov several days before we did; but learning of the riot, he took the boat for Marianpol, and from there he came on to visit one of our German churches. Thus we learned that all our workers had come safely through that far.

We reached Kiev, four hundred miles from Alexanderpol, the morning of November 9. As our train entered the station, we found everything, including all public buildings, under military guard. The same riots and excesses had been going on here, as described in other places, and several of the finest Jewish shops in the city had been plundered. We found no mail here, again, but sent another telegram home, announcing our safety. The Middle Russian Mission, after the division that will take place

January 1, will have 56,800,000 people in its territory, and contain about five hundred members.

It had been planned that the meetings on Sabbath and Sunday should be held in the city; but as there was such unrest there, it was thought best to continue to meet where we had begun. From Friday to Sunday, about fifty were present to hear the word of truth. Most of these were Russians; but we have also a German company in Kiev. Brother Ugrik, one of our workers, while going quietly through the streets of the city, had been hit on the head with a whisky bottle, wielded in the hand of a drunken man.

The most promising of the Russian churches in Middle Russia, as well as the churches in the government of Kiev and the city of St. Petersburg, sent delegates; several other churches were represented, but they desired time before deciding to unite with our organization. However, they invited our laborers to visit them. This great field, with its millions of souls, has one ordained minister (Brother Wildgrube, the director), one licentiate, two Bible workers, and one canvasser. This is certainly a small force of laborers for so large a field. We expect to work in the governments of Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and Kursk.

The Russians everywhere are much pleased with the new paper we publish. It appears every six weeks, and its name in English is *The Olive-Tree*. We took quite a number of subscriptions, and surely would have been able to take more had there been a full delegation. Several of the young people from this field are arranging to attend the school at Friedensau.

When I went into the city the evening after the Sabbath, I got from the post-office the first letter received by mail from my family since I had left home. Brother Ising had brought with him a letter, October 4; but this was now November 8.

Kiev is in a certain sense the Jerusalem of the Russian Church. It has a population of three hundred ten thousand. Here, as early as 988 A. D., the first Russians were baptized, by Greek monks, who came to bring the gospel from Constantinople. The city is full of large churches and monasteries, the most noted of which is the Lawra, with an annual income of about half a million dollars. About one hundred fifty thousand pilgrims come here each year. There is also a university with twenty-seven hundred students in this city.

Sunday night we went to the station, and as we asked for our ticket, via Warsaw to the German border, we were informed that we could not secure passage that way, as no trains were running. After much inquiry, we found that we could come home either by way of Austria or by way of Grajewo and Prostken, skipping Warsaw. We took the latter route, and it required twenty-six hours for us to make the five hundred miles to the German border, being on a fast train most of the time.

En route I met a German lady who had been spending three months with her married daughter in Moscow, and she told me of the reign of terror there, of which she had been an eyewitness. Two parties had been formed in the city,—one the Black Party, behind which stood the power of priestcraft; the other the Red Party, the Liberals. The former would parade the streets, carrying images of the saints and of the czar, while the Liberals would go about, generally led by the students, displaying the red flag. The Blacks took pains to seek out the houses where the students were, and many students were dragged out of the tram-cars, and maltreated—some of them being torn to pieces alive.

As we crossed the border, and reached German soil again, we felt indeed grateful to God for his protecting care during so many thousand miles of travel, in the midst of such troublous times. We were glad he had enabled us to meet all our appointments, being late at only one place. While

so many hundreds had lost their lives, and thousands had been deprived of their property, yet we never enjoyed greater liberty, nor had better meetings, than during that very time. Several times the brethren tried to stop me, telling me of the dangers that might beset me on the road, but we took the first train we could get that would take us nearer our destination. While no one should needlessly expose himself to danger, yet it is true that if we are in the path of duty, God will take care of us. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Eccl. 11:4. While thousands in Russia do not now hesitate to preach their political doctrines, even though it be dangerous to them to do so, shall we who have the message of God for this time be afraid to proclaim the tidings of everlasting peace? Just now is our golden opportunity to work in Russia, and to freely circulate our literature among the one hundred thirty millions in that great empire. For many years we have prayed and looked forward to the time when there would be freedom in Russia. While this liberty has been brought forth amid great travail, yet it ought to rejoice our hearts that the glad day of freedom is dawning, and we should improve this time to the very best of our ability.

The distance of five hundred miles from the German border to my home in Hamburg was quickly made, and I was happy to be with my loved ones once more. I found all well at home. I was cheered by the good news of progress in various parts of the field which my awaiting mail had brought me. I was once more in touch with the rest of mankind. One of the things I most enjoyed was the privilege of getting hold of the good *Review* again, and seeing how the cause was progressing in other parts of the great harvest-field.

Persecution in Germany

The young people who studied the lesson on Germany will be especially interested in a letter recently received from Walter Ising, a young German brother who accompanied Elder Conradi in his missionary tour through Russia. He writes:—

"The work is prospering quite satisfactorily here in Germany. Of course, we have many difficulties to contend with. Just now we have received a letter from Elder J. T. Boettcher, president of the South German Conference, reporting that on last Sunday during their public meeting in Nurnberg four policemen forced their way into the meeting hall, wrote down the names of all present, and treated them as if they had committed some crime, like murder. Of course, the strangers who attended the meeting will have to suffer with our people there. Quite excessive fines have been imposed on this church for holding meetings and celebrating the Lord's supper, and we have reason to expect a severe punishment also this time. We are trying to ascertain if we can protest in some effective manner against this constant arbitrary and despotic action of the government in an empire where 'religious liberty' is supposed to be the golden rule.

"Another instance of the way in which these rights are restricted throughout the country: One of the brethren in Mainz, in the South German Conference, has been punished with imprisonment for six weeks and one day. That means the jail and a dark cell. After this he will have to serve as much longer because he keeps the Sabbath in the army. There was a long article in the paper about the matter. The court had to give him the testimony that he was a diligent soldier. Others of our young men are imprisoned for the same reason. It is only a year ago now since I was set free from jail, when serving as a volunteer in the Gaurde Troop in Berlin."

L. F. P.

"ALL love is of God and will endure."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The King's Message

SNOWFLAKES, snowflakes, lovely things! —
Tiny birds with downy wings,
Flying, floating, settling down
Over meadow, wood, and town,
Carrier-pigeons from the King —
What a message do they bring!

Loathsome, hateful, stained with sin,
Vile without and foul within,
You may be as wondrous fair
As the earth before you there.
In one moment you may grow
Whiter than the whitest snow! —
"Come by faith and hide in Me;
Take my life and purity."

— The Life Boat.

A Mother's Loving Eyes

ONE of the greatest of artists tells a story of his school days. His mother was a widow, and he was sent to a boarding-school. Only once a month was he allowed to visit her; but she loved him so dearly that she took a house which overlooked the school playground. Every day when the boys were at play, she watched them from her window. He soon found it out, and from that time on he was ashamed to do anything wrong or mean. He always thought of those loving eyes; they seemed to be watching him, even in his chamber, and it helped him to keep straight and true.

That is the way God watches over us, not like a detective, seeking to find out something against us, but with a love stronger than a mother's, seeking to hold us true, that we may be pure and noble. God's love and gentleness ought to cause us to fear him with that filial fear which one feels toward a loving mother.—*Selected.*

Our Little Neighbors

THERE are so many nice things to tell about this little island of Porto Rico and its people, that I am at a loss to know which would interest you the most. But as we are all attending some school, both for time and for eternity, it occurs to me that you would like to visit a Porto Rican school.

Perhaps you have never cared to visit a kindergarten class in the American public schools, but I am sure you would enjoy seeing these chubby-faced, bright-eyed little boys and girls learning to speak English. For instance, when I call on Pedro or Carmen to stand up or to walk, and then he tells me what he is doing, in his broken English, it is a joy to watch the eager expression on his face, as he grasps the sounds, little by little. So it is in all the grades, and we find from their good behavior, constant interest, and zeal, that these boys and girls, who are less fortunate than we because they have not had the same advantages, are deserving of all the time and personal attention we can give them.

Do not think for a moment, dear friends, that your little Porto Rican neighbor is in any way beneath you, for he is not. The white native is just as distinctly white as you and I, and the colored as distinctly colored. The natives are descendants of the Spanish race, and speak the pure Spanish language. They do not all live in uncomfortable huts, such as you have probably seen in pictures. These are only for the very poor people, the servants, or *peons*, as they are called here.

The average boy and girl who go to school are dressed neatly, and live in comfortable, clean homes. Of course many of the houses are very old, and do not look very pleasant; but at any rate, the natives live, eat, sleep, and dress just

as well as we would were we in a country in which we could not buy modern conveniences.

The greatest thing that these dear little friends of ours lack is the knowledge of Jesus Christ as their personal friend and Saviour. In this each one of us can do something for them, because each day we can pray that the light of salvation will shine into their hearts, and bring them to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

Now before I say good-by, I will ask you to come with me and watch these boys and girls salute the flag. They have a nice school building, and the janitor lowers "Old Glory," while two or three hundred children in front of the school say, "I give my hand, my head, my heart, to my country; one country, one people, one flag." Then as the balmy breeze of a lovely summer morning stirs the trees near by, they sing, with genuine enthusiasm, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and under a sky of perfect blue she waves, as if rejoicing with them.

These, dear friends, are ours for the heavenly kingdom. Let us help to win them by constant prayer, that they may be brought from darkness into His marvelous light. EDITH M. IRVINE.

Self-Denial

I WAS glad when, a few months ago, I read the recommendation for the use of self-denial boxes in the work of donations. It seemed to me that such a visible, though silent monitor, inviting the gift, might be especially helpful to the owner.

The box, an unconscious receptacle, is sanctified by the gift, as in the olden time the "widow's mite" shone forth under the Saviour's benediction. It was the self-denial, "all her living," that made the two mites exceed all the great gifts of the rich; it was self-denial that won for the widow the unexpected blessing. She had no thought of reward, no selfish motive, simply *love* for the Master. This led her to give "all."

Can we appreciate such love and self-denial? Is it not worthy of our imitation? Do I extol the example too highly? Of one self-denying woman, Jesus said, "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Self-denial may be considered the *first* of virtues. It is the opposite of selfishness, that most natural expression of the perverse heart. The earliest impulse of the child is to desire its own way, and unfortunately parental indulgence strengthens this evil tendency; thus *selfishness* has become the ruling evil of the world, responsible for all the strife, crime, and consequent suffering of our race. The only remedy comes through that heaven-born spirit, *self-denial*, the love of that Saviour "who pleased not himself."

But we turn to the practical in the child's daily pathway,—how to *earn* the pennies for the Lord's offerings. The ways are manifold to those who are looking for opportunities to work. This is a busy world, and for willing hands and feet there are ready many little services which bring pennies for the waiting box; and much more precious are they if they are the fruits of self-denial, if the child has given up some cherished pastime or pleasure to perform the work. He finds reward also in the consciousness of being useful in the world, and at the same time he is forming habits of industry, an essential to success in life.

Prove yourselves faithful, as well as diligent, in honest toil; but remember that frugality is

quite as essential as industry; for it avails little to earn money and waste it carelessly or foolishly. Then save the pennies by placing them quickly in the box, before you are tempted to spend them for some new toy, or some of the many sweets that ever meet the eye, thus denying the appetite that would lead to excess, which is injurious to health. Remember that simply indulging the appetite has caused all the untold evils of intemperance, while self-denial would have saved a world of sorrow and suffering.

But, behold, another field of self-denial opens beside our pathway, whence come urgent calls for help,—the suffering multitudes on every hand. Who will stand ready to help the poor and needy, to toil to relieve suffering humanity where no pennies can come in return? Here is the field where the Saviour toiled, and where he marked out the path for his followers. Would you walk in his steps? Then hasten to visit the sick, and though you may not heal, you can do much to relieve suffering, to comfort the sorrowing, to kindle hope in the sinking heart, by pointing to the blessed Healer and to the land of rest. There's a blessed work in the sick-room for the willing, loving heart; and though it yields no coins for the treasury box, yet every kindly deed is traced in the angel's record to await the final reward of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MRS. S. M. SPICER.

At Another Time

THE steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprang a leak in mid ocean. A vessel, noting her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Seeing her danger to be very great, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America": "What is amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and going down; lie by us till morning."

"Let me take your passengers on board now," said the captain of the rescue ship.

But it was night, and the commander of the "Central America" did not like to undertake the work of transferring his passengers in the darkness, lest some of them might be lost. Thinking his ship could be kept afloat, he repeated his request of the captain of the rescue vessel, "Lie by us until morning."

Once more the captain of the rescue ship cried: "You had better let me take them *now*!"

"Lie by us till the morning," was sounded back through the trumpet.

About an hour and a half afterward the lights of the "Central America" were missed, and, though no sound had been heard, she had suddenly gone down, and all on board had perished, just because it had been thought that they could be saved better at another time.

Precious souls as well as precious lives are lost by delays. "Now is the accepted time."—*The Watchman.*

A Clear Call

"It is very noble and lovely of you, Elsie, to give so much of your time to that work among the tenement-house children. I'm sure I admire you for it; but for my part, I never had any call to that kind of work."

"Any call?" Elsie's eyes were gravely questioning.

"Yes, of course. I suppose you felt called to go into it, didn't you?"

"I don't know. I don't think I ever thought

of it just in that way. I saw the need of something that I had time and strength to do, that was all. But wouldn't that be call enough?"

Would it not, indeed? What plainer call can there be than a need that we can meet? What more eloquent appeal than the cry of the hungry little ones around us for bread that we can give?

There are not many loud and personal "calls" to any form of service. God does not speak in the same way to men to-day that we are taught he sometimes spoke in olden times; but he has unmistakable ways of making his will known to every one whose own will is to know it. We have but to keep our ears open to hear his voice, our eyes to see his beckoning. Every opportunity is a call; every outstretched hand that ours can meet helpfully is God's beckoning hand to us.

To most of us no other call will ever come than that which comes through human lips, no other than the revealing of a vacant place that we may fill, a need for work that we can do.

If we wait in idleness for some other vocation that comes to us in these ways, we are but losing time, and the world is losing our service. Let us instead find in "the duty that lies nearest" our present, definite call, sure that when we are wanted for another work, that, too, will be shown us. Opportunity—that is God's clear call to us.—*Young People.*

BIBLE READERS COURSE

The Second Coming of Christ

1. WHAT positive statement did the angels make to the apostles when Christ ascended to heaven?

"Which also said, *Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.*" Acts 1:11.

2. Why will he come again?

"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." John 14:3.

3. What will he bring with him?

"And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22:12.

4. How much glory will attend him?

"For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." Luke 9:26.

5. How many will see him come?

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." Rev. 1:7.

6. What effect will his coming have upon the righteous?

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

THE United States furnishes two fifths of the forty to fifty million tons of pig iron produced in the world. The value of this product is over two hundred fifty million dollars. The State of Pennsylvania contributes about forty-seven per cent of the iron produced in this country. Pig, or cast iron, is not pure iron. It is an alloy of which iron is the principal ingredient.



Work for Little Fingers—No. 5

"ANOTHER square box," you exclaim. But are you sure it is square? Yes, because it has four equal sides and four square corners. But it doesn't look like the square box we had two lessons ago; can you tell what is the difference between the two? Some one says, "This one is round." Let us see if that is true. A ball is round, so is a ring; is it like either of those?—No, it is flat on the bottom and has square corners. Some one else says, "This one isn't straight across the top, it goes up in the middle." That is it exactly. I think all of you saw the



FIG. 1

difference at once, but you did not know just how to express it. Anything which bends, as the top of this box does, without any sharp turns or angles, is said to be curved. So we

have a square box with a curved top. Can you draw a curved line for one side of the top? Can you draw four just alike? Try it and see. They are not quite alike are they? Would the box look well if the sides were not alike? I am sure you think it would not, so we must have something to help us draw curved lines, just as we have a ruler to help us draw straight lines. Fig. 2 shows two little instruments which were made for this very purpose. They are called compasses. The one at the left is made to slip onto a common lead-pencil, just as you see it here. Be sure to select one which has a thumb-screw to hold it in place when it is "set" ready for use. Without this it is worthless. The price is about fifteen cents. The one at the right is called the Eagle compass. It has both pencil and ink attachments. It is a good compass. Price, twenty-five cents.

In using the compasses hold them lightly by the very top and between the thumb and forefinger only. The point of the compass should slightly prick the paper, so as to keep it from slipping out of place while the pencil revolves around it. Let the compasses lean slightly in the direction in which they are moving. Use very slight pressure. It will be well to practise drawing circles and parts of circles until you are perfectly familiar with this useful little instrument. But perhaps some of you live many miles from a place where compasses can be bought. You will not want to drop out of our class, I am sure, so I will tell you how to make something that will answer the purpose just as well as these com-

passes. Cut a piece of thin cardboard one fourth of an inch wide and four inches long. A strip cut from the side of a postal card will be just the thing. One side should be free from writing. Make a point a quarter of an inch from one end in the center of the cardboard. Mark this point with

a cipher. Fig. 3. Now place the end of the ruler exactly at this point, and make a point at one inch, two inches, three inches, and three and one-half inches, along through the center of the cardboard. Fig. 3. Take a great deal of pains to have these points as true as the ruler itself. Number them as you see them in Fig. 3. Take a common pin and pierce each point by pushing the pin clear through to its head. Sharpen your pencil so that the point will pass through the holes in the cardboard. I think you already see how it is to be used. Put the pin into the hole marked with a cipher, and place it wherever desired upon the paper. Let the pin slightly prick the paper to prevent it from slipping. Hold the pin upright with the left hand. Put the pencil point through

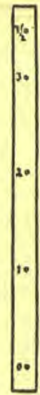


FIG. 3

one of the holes, and slowly move the pencil entirely around the pin. Keep the cardboard flat on the paper while the line is being drawn. Now remove the cardboard, and see if you have a perfect circle. Practise this on waste paper until you can do it so well that you can not find where the two ends meet. Then you will be ready to make the drawing for the box.

First make a point two inches from each corner on each edge of the paper. Draw lines as in Fig. 4. Next find the center of the paper. To do this place the ruler across the paper the same as in making the windmill, but instead of drawing the lines entirely across, make only short ones in the center of the paper. Fig. 4. It may take some practise for you to be able to place the first line so that the second one will cross it, but you

will soon be able to do it. If your ruler just touches the two corners of the paper when each of the short lines is drawn, the exact center of the paper will be where these two lines cross each other. It is important that you should be very accurate about this. If you are not, your box will be crooked. Now open your compasses three and one-half inches. If you have a pencil compass turn the thumb-screw tight enough to make it secure. The Eagle compass needs only to be opened the right distance. It is held in place by a spring. Place the

point of the compass where the short lines cross in the center of the paper. Let it slightly prick the paper, so it will not slip out of place while you are drawing the curved lines. Beginning on one of the long straight lines, move the pencil point steadily across the paper until it touches the long line on the opposite side. Stop exactly on the line. Fig. 5. Do the same on the other three sides of the paper.

Those who are using the home-made compasses should put the point of the pin through the hole marked with a cipher, and then into the center of the paper. Put the pencil point into the hole marked three and one-half inches, and draw the curved lines just as directed above.

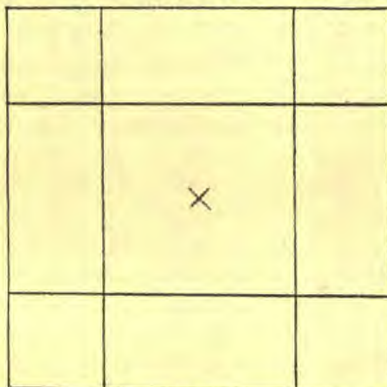


FIG. 4

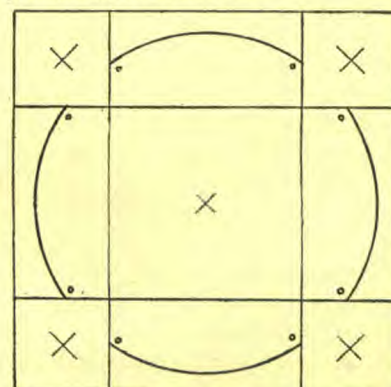


FIG. 5

Mark the places for tying. Notice particularly where they are placed. Cut out the square corners marked with a cross. Then cut the four curved lines. You will find it a little more difficult to make a smooth curved cut than a straight one, but the right kind of practise will make you perfect.

Now fold and tie your box. The test of your workmanship is the corners. Do they fit together perfectly?
Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

A Good Conscience

THE costliest thing in the world is a good conscience. To buy it you may be obliged to sell everything you have. In seeking it you may need every hour of your days. You do not possess a talent it may not require of you, or a pleasure it may not ask you to give up. What is dearest to you may be the last farthing—nay, the very first farthing—needed for the purchase. Truly, a good conscience is the most expensive of luxuries.

And yet there is nothing in all this world so cheap as a good conscience. No one is too poor to buy one. The price of one is never more than a man has. And after it is bought, though a man has given for it the wealth of a Rothschild, in comparison with the joy of it he has scarcely spent a penny. Though he has lavished a lifetime to gain it, he knows that he has but begun to live. Without it all possessions are profitless and disappointing; with it, the joy of the greatest delight is doubled. Without it, a palace is a hovel; with it, a hovel is a palace.

Your reason assents to this, and your experience proves it. Why, then, do you permit yourself to live in forgetfulness of it? With a heedless word you wreck a day's chance of this vast good. With a deed of an hour you drive it away for many a month. If your gaining of a million dollars depended on your thoughtfulness, your unselfishness, your fidelity, your holiness, would these for a moment be lacking? How then can you pretend to believe a good conscience better than a million dollars? Until you have spent upon your desire to stand well with your God one tithe of the time and pains you spend in seeking your employer's good graces, how dare you think yourself in earnest in seeking the kingdom of heaven?

If what is here said be true, then, until you have accepted it with the loyal allegiance of your entire life, it is for you the greatest truth in the world.—*Amos R. Wells, in Endeavor World.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—The Crucifixion

(March 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27:27-56.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them." Luke 23:34.

"Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.

"And after that they had mocked him, they

took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him. And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear his cross.

"And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of a skull, they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink. And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots. And sitting down they watched him there; and set up over his head his accusation written, This is Jesus the King of the Jews.

"Then were there two thieves crucified with him: one on the right hand, and another on the left. And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, and saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said, He saved others; himself he can not save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God. The thieves also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth.

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, This man calleth for Elias. And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

"Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

"Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God.

"And many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him: among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children."

Questions

1. Where did Pilate's soldiers take Jesus? Who were gathered in the hall? What was put upon him there? What on his head? What in his hand? How did they further mock and insult the Son of God?

2. When the soldiers had again clothed Jesus in his own raiment, where did they lead him? Who was compelled to bear his cross?

3. At what place was Jesus crucified? What was given him to drink? What was done with his garments? What scripture was thus fulfilled?

4. What writing was placed above Jesus on his cross? In how many languages was it written? Read John 19:20. When the chief priests saw it, what did they ask of Pilate? Verse 21. What answer did Pilate give them? Verse 22.

5. Who were standing by the cross during the last sad hours of Jesus' earthly life? John 19:25. When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple whom he loved standing by, what did he say to her? Verse 26. What did he say to

the disciple? Verse 27. Who was the "disciple whom Jesus loved"? Why is he thus spoken of? What did John do from that hour?

6. Who were crucified with Jesus? What was done by those who passed by the place where Jesus was crucified? Who joined the soldiers and people in reviling Jesus as he hung on the cross? What did the priests and elders say? What petition did Jesus offer for his enemies at this time? Memory verse.

7. What remarkable thing occurred at the sixth hour? How long did the darkness continue? About the ninth hour, what did Jesus cry? What was said by some who heard this cry? What did they do? What did others say?

8. When Jesus had received the vinegar, what did he again do? What were the words of this last "cry"? See John 19:30.

9. When Jesus died, what happened to the veil of the temple? What did this signify?—That the services of the temple, which had pointed forward to the death of Jesus, had now come to an end.

10. What most wonderful miracle marked the death of Jesus? Where were many of the saints afterward seen who were raised to life at this time? What other remarkable events took place?

11. Who were watching Jesus? When they saw the earthquake, and the things that were done, what did they say?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—The Obedience of Faith

(March 3)

MEMORY VERSE: "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12.

Questions

1. Give the inspired definition of faith. Heb. 11:1.

2. What does genuine faith do? How does it work? Gal. 5:6.

3. How is this love defined? Rom. 13:10.

4. Who is brought into the heart through faith? Eph. 3:17.

5. What does Christ give to those who receive him? John 1:12.

6. What is our strength without Christ? John 15:5.

7. What can we do with him abiding in our hearts? Phil. 4:13.

8. Mention the best evidence of a living faith. James 2:26.

9. How is this illustrated in the life of Abraham? James 2:21, 22.

10. By what was Rahab justified? James 2:25.

11. What is said of all the worthies of old? Heb. 11:39, 40.

12. What, therefore, is inseparably connected with genuine faith? Rev. 14:12.

13. What victory may we claim through faith? 1 John 5:4.

Note

"We do not earn salvation by our obedience; for salvation is the free gift of God, to be received by faith. But obedience is the fruit of faith." "That so-called faith in Christ which professes to release men from the obligation of obedience to God is not faith, but presumption."—*"Steps to Christ," pages 73, 74.*

"KNOW how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

"SCATTER your flowers as you go; for you will not pass this way again."

"CURSED be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Jer. 48:10.



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A SMALL black cross is often planted upon a rock or on the edge of a precipice in the Alps to show where men have met with sudden death. So God often points out the sins of his people, that others may avoid the same errors and their dangerous results. It is hardly wise for a person to attempt to direct his path without observing carefully these way-marks that the Father has placed all along the strait and narrow way.

It seems impossible for one to study the life of the Saviour from any standpoint or at any time without finding new evidences of his infinite love for fallen humanity. In "Desire of Ages" we are told that Jesus takes our prayers and offers them to the Father as *his own desire* in our behalf, not that he simply tells the Father that we ask for such blessings, but that he wishes that we have such blessings. Let us not be unmindful of a love that identifies itself thus with our needs.

THE finest telescopes have lenses so exquisitely polished, it is said, that the slight pressure of a finger will mar them sufficiently to hinder the vision quite perceptibly. Like the finger touch upon the lens, evil thoughts mar the beauty and the worth of the soul's vision. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Without this purity of soul, one can not see clearly the beauty of absolute sincerity, loyalty, constancy, and perfect uprightness. No greater misfortune can come to youth than this marring of the soul's vision by impurity of thought and life.

Scratching Frost from the Windows

SOME one has given the following apt illustration: "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one pane, it comes on another,' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone, kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off?'" And have you not seen persons who try to break off their habits one after another without avail? They are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let him pray like David for a clean heart, and evil habits will soon melt away. It is the new heart on fire with heavenly love which can insure the good life.—*Selected.*

The Silent Hour

At a recent meeting of a Young People's Society, nearly all the members promised to arise one hour earlier each morning during the following week and devote the time to prayer and the study of the Bible. It is needless to say rich spiritual blessings came to those who carried out this plan; for in "Ministry of Healing" we

are assured that such will be the case: "All who are under the training of God need the quiet hour for communion with their own hearts, with nature, and with God. . . . When every other voice is hushed, and in quietness we wait before him, the silence of the soul makes more distinct the voice of God. He bids us, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' This is the effectual preparation for all labor for God. Amidst the hurrying throng, and the strain of life's intense activities, he who is thus refreshed, will be surrounded with an atmosphere of light and peace. He will receive a new endowment of both physical and mental strength. His life will breathe out a fragrance, and will reveal a divine power, that will reach men's hearts."

"Away in foreign lands, they wondered how their simple word had power;
At home, the gleaners, two and three, had met to pray an hour."

Spurgeon Said

It is none of Caesar's business to deal with our consciences, neither will we ever obey Caesar in any matter which touches conscience. He may make what laws he will about religion, but by our loyalty to God we pour contempt on Caesar when he usurps the place of God. He is no more to us than the meanest beggar in the street if he goes beyond his own legitimate authority. To Caesar, Caesar's; politics to politicians; obedience, cheerful and prompt, to civil rulers; to God, and to God only, things that are God's; and what are these?—Our hearts, our souls, our consciences. Man himself is the coin upon which God has stamped his image and superscription (though, alas! both are sadly marred), and we must render to God our manhood, our wills, our thoughts, our judgments, our minds, our hearts. Consciences are for God. Any law that touches conscience is null and void, *ipso facto*, for the simple reason that kings and parliaments have no right to interfere in the realm of conscience. Conscience is under law to none but God.—"Sermons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," Vol. 10, pages 111, 112. Funk & Wagnall, New York.

African Telegraphy

"THE gourd telegraph or signal drum is the favorite means of transmission of news among the Basutos. This gourd, covered with the dried and stretched skin of a kid, gives out a sound which travels and can be heard at distances of from five to eight miles. The transmission and reception of messages on these drums are entrusted to special corps of signalers, some one of whom is always on duty, and who beat on the message in what is practically a Morse alphabet. The natives guard this code jealously. Messages have often been sent more than one thousand miles in a few minutes."

Kindergarten Material

For a time we have not been able to supply the three boxes of kindergarten material used in connection with "Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones."

We are glad to say that we are now making up a new supply, and expect to be able to fill orders by the time this paper reaches its readers. These boxes contain the following articles:—

Box 1, cubes and triangles; boxes 2 and 3, cones, domes, mounted sticks (to represent people), unmounted sticks (for outlines and tree building), miniature sheep, and green tissue to represent water.

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Home

A SUNNY shelter in this windy world,
Where boats can lie for long with sails close furl'd;
The kingdom of the graces seven,
Where one can see the blue of heaven
Bending beneficent above,
And feel the drawing cords of love.

—P. M. Mac Donald.



NEVADA, Mo., Jan. 23, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I write to the INSTRUCTOR. I think it a very interesting as well as instructive paper. I have been a reader of it for years.

I am sixteen years old; am attending church-school. I am making a collection of friendship pennies, with which I intend to buy me a Bible.

I will join the Reading Circle for 1906. I am reading "Desire of Ages" and the Bible now.

I will close for fear of crowding out some one else. I ask you all to pray for me that I may be an overcomer, and do the work fitted for me.

GRACE INNIS.

GENESEE, IDAHO, Jan. 15, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is a great help to me. I go to Sabbath-school and also to church-school. I am fourteen years old. I have three sisters and one brother. My mama is a church-school teacher. She is teaching school now. I am glad to be able to join the Reading Circle. I plan to read the Bible, "Coming King," "Heralds of the Morning," "Making Home Happy," and "Home and Child Life." We have Young People's meeting every Sabbath afternoon. There are nine members. Our leader is my mama, and the secretary is Miss Nellie Young, and the treasurer is Warren Shadbolt. I will say good-by to the young people.

FERN BANKS.

BONACCA, BAY ISLANDS, C. A., December, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I love our little island. We have bananas, plantains, and cocoanuts growing all around our house. These are our principal products for foreign trade. This island's population is between six and eight hundred people.

We have the humming-bird, parrot, hawk, and other bright-colored birds. The parrot builds its nest in a hollow of a tree. When it is time for these birds to build their nests, about April and May, they find an old dry tree. If it does not have a hollow, they will start to make one. The natives take the young birds out of their nests. They go to the same tree year after year, and after training the birds, send them to foreign countries. Sometimes the people have to chop down the tree to get the birds.

I am hoping to meet some of you some day, if not on this earth, on the earth made new.

DAVIS OTTO HYDE.

BONACCA, BAY ISLANDS, C. A., December, 1905.

KIND EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath and get a paper. I love to read the good stories in the papers. We have a church-school at Northeast Bight, and I attend it. Our teacher's name is Mr. Smalley. He is a good teacher. To-day is the last day of school this year.

My father was drowned seven years ago. My mother is still living. She accepted the truth about thirteen years ago.

As I was writing, a beautiful bird with a yellow breast came flying through the door. We have many different kinds of birds here. The humming-bird is very common. We have a beautiful bird called the kingfisher. His color is much like the rainbow. He is a little larger than the humming-bird.

The macaw bird, a variety of the parrot and noted for its beautiful plumage, is the national bird of Honduras.

I wish some of the INSTRUCTOR readers would write to me. I hope to meet you in the earth made new.

INY LEE HYDE.