

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 6, 1906

No. 10

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A Winter Lullaby



USH, little violet, hush,
O hush!
Hurrying clouds, with
a mighty rush,
Cover the sky o'er the
wind-swept hill;
Violet, hush, be still!
Cappy-birds twitter, and
sparrows scold,
Almost alone in the
frost and cold;
Gone are the robin and
lark and thrush:
Hush, little violet,
hush!

Sleep, little violet,
sleep, O sleep!

Everything now will a silence keep;
Squirrel shall hide in his leafy nest;
Wood-bunny, too, shall rest:
Even the water shall have its trill
Muffled and hushed as the eve grows
chill;
Birdies shall into the cedars creep:
Sleep, little violet, sleep!

Dream, little violet, dream, O dream!
Over your head by the frozen stream,
Tiny brown cradles swing to and fro,
Rocked by the winds that blow,
Swing little cradles! though fields are
white,
Out-of-door babies are safe to-night:
Safe from the cold by the frozen
stream,
Dream, little violet, dream!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

A Good Missionary Meeting

Yes, we did have a good missionary meeting at Hamilton, Missouri, Sabbath, December 30. I will tell the readers of the INSTRUCTOR about it, for I am sure they will be interested.

When all were in their places, and looking as if they thought a missionary meeting was the best place on earth, we sang a song, in which every one joined. After prayer and Scripture reading, our little mission band told us, in the language of the poet, their choice of a foreign field should they be given gospel seed to sow. I can not give it here as they gave it, because of lack of space, but the fields remembered were China, Africa, India, Burma, the South Sea Islands, and the seventh said she would "store her heart and hands with seed, and go where there was greatest need." A recitation followed, showing "The Need of Haste" in sowing gospel seed.

The story of a little Chinese boy's life was given, and those who have the *Review* of December 7 would enjoy reading the entire story. It shows the need of the precious gospel seed in China.

A little girl of four summers recited "Only a Little Baby Girl" so touchingly and so under-

standingly as to bring tears to all eyes. After another song there were given five reports from children whose ages range from eight to eleven years. These reports differed from the usual missionary reports, as you will notice by reading.

Last Spring the teacher of the primary class in Sabbath-school gave each of her five pupils a penny, with the request that each invest it in some way which would bring the largest returns, and in the autumn they were to bring in a report of what they did with their pennies, together with the increase. This they did on Sabbath, December 30, and I will give the reports as they gave them.

Number one came forward and said: "I invested my penny in an egg. I set the egg, and when it hatched, I cared for the chicken until it was ready for market, then sold it for twenty-five cents."

Second: "I bought a penny's worth of radish seed, planted it, and when the plants were large enough for use, I sold them for seventy-five cents. I then took fifty cents and bought two sittings of eggs, and twenty-five cents' worth of chicken feed. The eggs hatched well, and I got twenty

Thus five pennies were made to grow in a few short months to \$11.52, an average of 230 per cent, or, taking the last report alone, 852 per cent. It is needless for me to tell you that these children are real live little missionaries. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This money goes for mission work in the foreign fields. If all the children in the State, or better still in the United States, were to adopt this plan each year, think of the amount of money that would be brought in with which to advance the third angel's message.

If five children in one church, by investing five pennies for eight months, produced \$11.52, how much could be raised annually for foreign missions if five children in each of the two thousand churches would invest a penny each, and keep the investment going for the entire year? Who will be the first to give the result?

MRS. R. C. PORTER.

The Bohemian Reformer

THE Christian's interest in the history of our country centers in the establishment and growth of the work of the gospel in that nation. Bohemia, the northwestern province in Austria, attracts attention at once as the home of the reformer and martyr, John Huss, who was born in 1369. His parents were humble, pious peasants. The father died when Huss was a boy, but his faithful mother sought by every possible means to secure for her son an education that would fit him for the work of God. After finishing his studies in his home schools, he was admitted as a charity student at the University of Prague. His mother accompanied him to Prague, and as they drew near the city, she knelt beside him in prayer, earnestly asking the blessing of the great Father in heaven upon her fatherless boy. Little did she realize what the answer to that prayer would mean.

As a university student, Huss distinguished himself by his diligence in his studies, his gentle manners, and his devotion to the Catholic faith. After completing his college course, he became a priest, served in various responsible positions in the university where he studied, and finally was appointed rector of a chapel which had been erected by zealous citizens of Prague to provide for the preaching of the Scriptures in the Bohemian tongue. This afforded Huss the opportunity of earnest and independent study of the Bible. At this time he became acquainted with the writings of Wycliffe, the English forerunner of the Reformation, who was stirring all England with his fearless denunciation of the iniquity of the Roman Church. The popularity of Huss was such that he with the youthful Jerome, one of the Bohemian nobles, gave character to the beliefs of the institution. The success and reputation attained inspired Huss with boldness, and he denounced in unsparing words the opin-



THE MISSOURI MISSIONARIES

chickens. When the chickens were large enough to sell, I sold them—that is, what the weasel left of them—for \$1.25." The third report was the same as the second, and the fourth the same as the first.

The fifth came forward eagerly, his face beaming with smiles, and his little hand clasped tightly over a fat purse. We knew by his looks that he meant to give us a surprise. He said: "I first bought a penny's worth of radish seed, and after selling the radishes, I had forty-five cents. Then I bought five cents' worth of radish seed, but it was not good seed, and I realized only twenty-two cents from this planting. I then had sixty-seven cents, sixty cents of which I invested in celery plants, and when the celery was sold, after losing two dollars' worth by the freeze on Thanksgiving day, I had \$8.52." He emptied the contents of his purse on the table, looking as if it was the happiest moment of his life.

ions and practises of the Church of Rome. His teachings in many respects were as radical and as utterly opposed to the church as were those of Luther a century afterward. The university was the scene of stormy times, and finally about five thousand students and a number of instructors, steadfast in their allegiance to the papal power, left the institution, removed to Leipsic, and in 1409 established a new university on the principles of the old theology.

The pope immediately excommunicated Huss and his followers. Huss publicly burned this document in the streets of Prague, and defied the authority of the pope. Huss and his friends were driven out of the city. Many of his followers, seeing the hardship which would result from adherence to the truth, chose to submit to the church.

At that time the affairs of the Roman Church were most perplexing. There were three rival popes, each of whom had excommunicated the other two. A general demand was now made for the Emperor Sigismund to convoke a council to which should be submitted the quarrel between the popes and the difficulties arising out of the Bohemian "heresy." The council was called in 1414. The rival popes and Huss were bidden to attend. Pope John, accompanied by a retinue of six hundred bishops, priests, and courtiers, attended in person. The other two claimants to the papal throne, fearing for their personal safety, remained at home, and sent ambassadors to the council. Thirty-three cardinals and twenty archbishops took part in the proceedings. It is said that thirty different languages were heard in the council, and that one hundred and fifty thousand strangers were gathered in the city of Constance.

Disposing of the rival popes by the election of a new one, Martin V, the council then turned its attention to Huss. The Reformer had been granted a safe conduct by the emperor, and the assurance of protection by the pope, yet in leaving his home, the shadow of the fate awaiting him must have rested upon his heart, for he made all his arrangements as if not expecting to return.

(It will add to the interest and be highly profitable at this point to read the two letters written by Huss just before his departure for the council. See "Great Controversy," pages 105, 106.)

In a short time after Huss arrived at Constance, and in violation of all the assurances of personal safety given him, by order of the pope and cardinals he was thrown into a dungeon. The emperor was persuaded that he was "at liberty not to keep faith with a heretic." "Enfeebled by illness and imprisonment,—for the damp, foul air of his dungeon had brought on a fever which nearly ended his life,—Huss was at last brought before the council. Loaded with chains, he stood in the presence of the emperor, whose honor and good faith had been pledged to protect him." In vain did he attempt to speak before the judges, offering to submit his doctrines to the test of the Scriptures; his voice was drowned in the outcry and hisses of the priests. He was granted the alternative of recantation or death in the fire. Refusing to renounce that which was more precious than life, he was condemned to death. He was accompanied to the place of execution by soldiers, priests, bishops, and the people of the city. As the fires were lighted, he sang, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me," and continued until the voice of his supplication was silenced by the flames. His ashes, with the soil upon which they rested, were cast into the Rhine. "His persecutors vainly imagined that they had rooted out the truths he preached. Little did they dream that the ashes that day borne away to the sea were to be as seed scattered in all the countries of the earth; that in lands yet unknown it would yield abundant fruit in witnesses for the truth.

... Huss was no more, but the truths for which he died could never perish. His example of faith and constancy would encourage multitudes to stand firm for the truth, in the face of torture and death."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

How We May Help Our Preachers

WHILE reading the article entitled "Hospitality," which appeared recently in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, I thought of the ways I used to help the preacher. The Lord has given me the gift of drawing, and when the minister is going to give his sermon on Sunday nights, I make a large poster and paste it on the front of the hall. Perhaps only a few are able to help in this way; but there are at least two other ways in which I am sure every follower of Jesus Christ may be able to help his minister.

When the hour for the meeting is at hand, I go out in the streets and ask people to come and hear the sermon. I have to meet with many excuses from those I address, just like those messengers that we read about in the Gospel. But sometimes I succeed in getting half a dozen strangers into the hall, at other times only one or two; and I can not recall a failure to get at least one person to accompany me in all the time I have been practising as the Lord's messenger-boy. To have been working in this way makes me feel happy during the meeting. It seems to me that it is just the same as if I should deliver the sermon myself to those whom I have invited; for they probably would not have come but for my invitation, and I am sure that if one of those persons should be won for the kingdom by hearing the lecture to which I invited him, the wages for that soul would be mine.

In other directions also has the Lord blessed this work to my good. A few years ago when I was in financial difficulties, and needed very much a new suit of clothes, I placed the matter before the Lord; and when Sunday night came, I went out as usual to invite people to the meeting. It was hard and tiresome work that night. Only one gentleman accepted my call, and I had a struggle with that one, too. But at the close of the service he came and thanked me for the trouble I had taken in getting him to come, and told me that the sermon was just what he needed, and that it had been a great blessing to him. A few minutes later, when I was about to leave the hall, a lady handed me a parcel. I carried it home, and found that it contained an excellent piece of strong cloth, sufficient for a new suit, with the note, "A gift to the editor from a thankful reader of the *Herold*" (the paper I am publishing, a Norwegian *Youth's Instructor*).

When our well-known brother, Dr. David Paulson, visited Christiania a few years ago, and gave his excellent lessons on health matters, I was so interested that I felt almost compelled to invite to the hall all the people I met. It happened that I had been quite without money for two days. When the doctor had finished, and the people were leaving, one of the visitors came and handed me a piece of paper money, ten kroner (about two and a half dollars), saying, "God has told me to give you this." Thus I had a new testimony to the truth of our Master's word: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." I frequently have an interesting talk with those whom I invite to the meeting, or use the opportunity to let them know the truth on religious or health matters. I thank God for these opportunities, which give me more boldness. I believe that if all members of our churches acted in the same way, they would themselves lose all fear for men, and our meeting-houses would always be well filled with interested listeners.

There is one more thing which I will mention:

When I get through with my street work, and the singing and prayer is past, and the brother is about to begin his sermon, I begin and continue to pray earnestly for him, that the Lord will give him power and guide him by his Spirit. By doing this I have found the meetings always to be a great blessing to me, and have found no time nor inclination to criticize the preacher. But I have found that by helping him, I learn to love him more.

H. M. LUND.

Christiania, Norway.

ONLY the waters that in stillness lie
Reflect the unbroken image of the sky;
Only the tranquil soul can truly show
The look of heaven in the life below.

— Outlook.

In Training for Years

SOME of the foundation principles of success in the business and social world are the same as those that bring success in the service of God. Men who are suddenly called to places of responsibility are men, usually, who have been training for that very place, though they may never have had the definite thought of doing so. If it is imperative that young men and women who hope to reach a high place in the work of the world should by reading and study constantly be reaching beyond their present work, is it not *more* imperative that the young people of our denomination do the same? There is no work in the earth that needs keener intellects, broader knowledge, sounder judgments, wider experiences, than does our work at this time, and the years to come will make even greater demands upon our young men and women. Will they meet these demands?

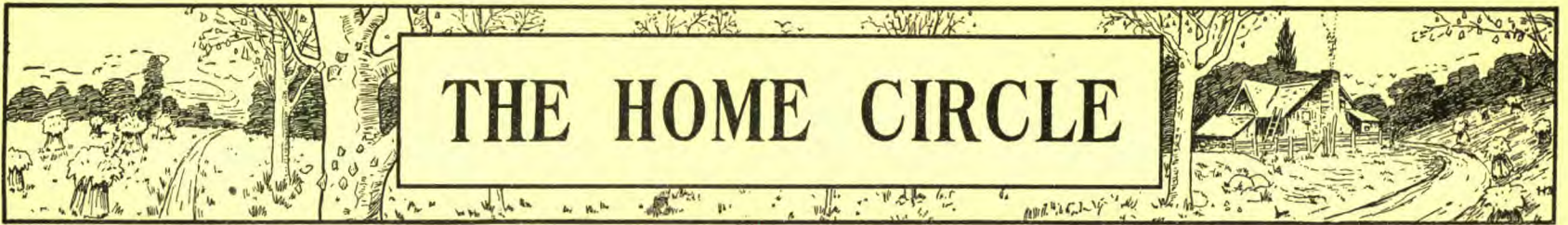
The *Young People's Weekly* has given some interesting illustrations of the benefit of earnest, thorough study beyond what is demanded by one's occupation. A recent number of this paper says:—

"Life, especially life in a country like the United State, is full of opportunities. No man can foretell when they will come nor how, but that they will come sometime—nay, that they are coming all the time—admits of no doubt. When any one tells you that he has had no chance, he really means either that he has not recognized the chances when they came, or has not accepted them, or that he was not qualified to take advantage of them.

"Such was not the case with John Ball Osborne, recently appointed chief of the Bureau of Trade Relations of the State Department. Mr. Osborne had been training for just such a position for years—gaining knowledge about our foreign trade interests, studying, digesting, writing, preparing in every way to render good service to Uncle Sam when the time came.

"At last it came. Mr. Frederick Emery, who had been chief of the bureau almost from time immemorial, and who had won a great and international reputation by his work in it, resigned, leaving no one obviously qualified to succeed him. Secretary Hay decided to hold a competitive examination for the post—an examination to which all in the State Department—that is, pretty nearly all in the country who had had actual experience in the practical side of the work required—should be eligible. Mr. Osborne was assistant secretary of the reciprocity commission, and, besides, was so well up in economics that Yale had granted him an honorary degree for his published work in connection with it. So he went into the examination and won and was appointed—the youngest man who ever held the post.

"There were a good many others who had had equal opportunities with young Osborne to qualify for this place, but they began to prepare themselves only when they heard of the vacancy; they were not ready, but had to make ready. Osborne was ready; that was the difference.



A Niche for You

THERE'S a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill,
And it waits to-day
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill,
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fulfil.
So, dears, be true;
The world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

—Driftwood.

Our Little Women The Early Teens

ONE passes a white mile-stone when she enters her teens. The girl who was twelve yesterday feels a good deal older to-day, when she is thirteen, and realizes that she is leaving childhood behind and entering the domains of the young girl. Once fairly in the teens, the years rush on like waves in a mill-race. There is so much to do, there is so much to learn. But you need not be bewildered. Take one day at a time, and have for your motto, "Doe ye next thynge." At this time it is well to begin learning domestic arts. Perhaps you can already make cake and nice desserts, and have often made a cup of coffee and a crisp bit of toast for mother when she had a headache. Why not find out something about laundry work? Although it is too hard for little hands, there are parts of it that every girl ought to understand. For instance, how to wash flannels, which is an art by itself; how to freshen ribbons and laces, and do up dainty handkerchiefs and stocks, which ought not to go in the general wash. By and by you may want to teach somebody how to do these things, and you must know how yourself.

One of the important things for you at present is to take good care of your health. Few little women like to carry umbrellas when it looks like rain, or put on overshoes on a damp morning. You forget your rubbers and leave them in the wardrobe at school, if it has happened to clear up at noon. Then comes a wet morning, and the rubbers are not to be found at home. When mother insists on your wearing your jacket, don't object; she knows better about this than you do. A young girl who is careful not to take cold at fifteen will not think much about health at twenty. There will be no need.

Perhaps the temptation will come to you to think too much about your looks, and to worry about your clothes. It is a great trial to a girl to have an unbecoming frock, or to feel that she does not look as nice as others around her. But though you do not know it, you are at a beautiful age, and can hardly help making friends if you are a true girl, cheerful and obliging, for your eyes are bright, you are always having fun, and your laughter bubbles over, and nothing troubles you long. Take a bath every day, and

get a beauty sleep by going early to bed, and you will have roses in your cheeks. Don't hurry to put up your hair, but wear it in braids.

At fifteen a girl's dress should be very simple. Don't wear jewelry. It is out of taste and in bad form for a schoolgirl. Be particular about your gloves and shoes. A girl whose shoes are in order, buttons and strings in place, the shoes well fitting and properly polished, conveys an idea of trimness and tidiness that is charming. No matter how well you are dressed, if you have shoes run down at the heel and half fastened, you will look like a heedless and untidy girl.

Mend your gloves as soon as they rip. A good plan is to keep needles and sewing silk of the right color threaded for the purpose. If you wear light gloves be sure that they are clean. Soiled white gloves are the mark of a girl who lacks refinement.

Sleep with abundance of fresh air in your room. A stuffy atmosphere at night means dull eyes and stupidity next day. If you want to have a good complexion, don't eat too many chocolates, and avoid pies and sweetmeats. Remember that good health is dependent on a few very simple rules.

One of the best aids in keeping good health is to be always cheerful and sunny. Remember Alice Cary's advice:—

"Do not look for wrong and evil:
You will find them if you do.
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

One's Chum

One's chum is not always chosen on purpose. Girls don't pick out their dearest friends with intention. They drift together, in twos and threes and groups, and then the groups fall apart, and separate into pairs, and those who suit one another best become close and intimate comrades, almost partners; chums, in fact. When you go to a new school, you feel very lonely among the strange faces. For a few days you are a bit homesick, but presently, how you hardly know, you have discovered a girl you like, and you and she walk home together, help one another with the puzzling lessons, and linger on the doorstep, talking, laughing, till at last you break away, with a happy promise to meet to-morrow.

"Who is your new friend, Elsie?" asks mother. "She looks like a nice girl."

"Nice? She is lovely. She is the sweetest girl! And clever! And full of fun! Mother, I believe we're going to be chums. I do wish my seat could be nearer hers. But seats are assigned for a whole term, and hers is half-way across the room from mine."

"All the pleasanter," answers mother. "You could not talk during school hours, and the little distance only makes you more enthusiastic when school is over."

You see, mother knows about girls. She was a girl herself not so very long ago, though, perhaps, it would seem ages to you.

A girl's chum must understand her. The two must have things in common. About the mere outside it does not matter. If May is tall and slender, and Kathie short and plump, if Rose is white and pink, and Lucy brown as a berry, it is not of consequence. One girl may be quick-tempered and impulsive, the other slow to take offense and deliberate in decisions; moods and

tenses of this kind do not affect friendship, and opposites get on better than those who are very much alike.

But if one girl be rude and boorish, and the other polite and considerate, if one be truthful and honest, and the other deceitful and unscrupulous, they can not be chums. The soul's likeness is necessary, or there can not be confidence and affection. You can not have as a chum a girl of whose manners you are ashamed, nor one whom you do not trust. Nobody, for example, could have for a chum a girl who would read another girl's letters, or be unkind to an old and feeble man or woman, or take what did not belong to her—nobody, I mean, who was herself a lady at heart and trained in the ways of a lady.

I knew a girl who was gradually more and more left out of things, who was on the rim of the circle, never in the middle. She had no intimate friends. Yet she was a girl of pleasant manners, and had a certain air of sweetness.

"What ails Muriel, that she has not a single chum?" I asked. "She seems so much by herself."

"It is Muriel's fault," I was told. "She borrows one's books and pencils and note-paper and small change, and never returns them. She is suspected of cheating. She is a"—the girl who was speaking dropped her voice to a whisper—"plagiarist. She copies other girls' compositions, and pretends they are hers."

Poor Muriel! So early to have begun walking in the way of the transgressor, which is hard. No wonder she has not a chum. To be a chum, a good comrade, a girl with whom you would share your last crust as you do your fudge and your picnic luncheon, as you do your very thoughts, a girl must have something noble about her; something strong that one may tie to; something fine that one may respect.

A good test of a chum's real worth is the impression she makes in your home, on your father and mother. If they admire her, and are glad when she visits you, if they are pleased to have her come and spend a night or a Sunday, and willingly let you go to visit in her home, you may be sure she is a chum who will wear well, who will be dearer next year than this.

A girl's friends somehow explain the girl. Tell me with whom Judith and Mary spend their leisure, with whom they like to be, and I will tell you what kind of girls they are. I never see two girls walking arm in arm, two heads bent over the same book, two faces flashing responsive smiles across the table, without thinking what a charming thing it is to be a girl with another girl who is a second self, living on the same street. A chum who helps one over every hard place, and makes every day bright is a dear—just a dear!—Margaret E. Sangster, in *The Wellspring*.

"Shall I Tell Mother?"

"SHALL I tell mother?"

"Why, of course tell mother! That is the only thing to do!"

It was only a bit of a conversation which came to my ear one day while passing along the street. I do not know what it was about. I never can know. But somehow the tone of the young girl's voice, as she asked this question, made me afraid for her. It seemed to me that in her heart there was a doubt whether or not the thing that had been told her should be passed on to mother.

But I was so thankful for the clear ring of the tone with which that girl's friend said, "Of course tell mother! That is the only thing to do."

When a young man or woman begins to doubt whether or not they shall have a clean heart in the presence of father and mother, they have reached a danger point before which they may well halt and get right before they take another step in any direction.

The lips of innocence know no secret. With its head lying close folded on the mother's breast, the little one tells all that happened to it—all its beautiful, childish dreams, all its sorrows. And the mother, listening to the child's sweet story, sympathizes with the visions of beauty, and wipes away the tears of sorrow. So sweet peace and rest come. So the fountain keeps pure.

I heard a mother say to her boy once: "You used to tell me everything—all the things you had done, all you wished to do. If you received a letter from a friend, you were glad to let me read it. It lay where we all might see what was in it. So many times my heart has been made glad because you trusted me so. But now it is so different. You do not want me to know!"

There was something quite like a wail of trouble in the words. I am sure the heart out of which they came was full of sorrow and fear,—sorrow for the lack of the old-time trust; fear for the future of the boy who no longer trusted his mother.

Another, and this time it was a father that was speaking, said this: "From the first I have done all in my power to keep the confidence of my boys. I have told them they might do anything I do or have anything I have if only they would come and tell me all about it, but that the moment they ever deceived me, our close relationship would come to an end."

And the confidence between this father and his boys was good to behold. Tell father and mother about it, young friends. You never will be sorry if you do. And surely there will come a day sometime when your heart will smite you sorely if you keep back things that you should have laid bare before them.

Why tell your parents?—Because they love you and long to be loved and trusted in return; because they have, in the years they have lived, learned many things which are as yet unknown to you; because, if you tell them all about the things which are in your hearts, they may know how to advise you so that you may avoid trouble which might otherwise sweep you off your feet forever; because you can not be true to father and mother and not tell them everything. Take a glass tube and turn water into it till you have brought it up to the same pitch as a tuning-fork, and then strike the fork and bring it near the tube, and it will ring with the same clear note as the steel. But put in a few drops too much, and the glass will no longer ring true. The harmony has been broken.

Do not let anything get into your life to break the harmony between you and father and mother. Such a little thing may do it!—one wrong word whispered into your ear, one wicked thought, one base desire. Go quickly and tell those who are dearest to you of all on earth about it, and let them help you to get back once more into the right way.

"Shall I tell mother?"

Yes. It is the only right way. Trust her, and she never will prove untrue to you.—*Edgar L. Vincent.*

THE largest windmill in the United States is near San Francisco. It is located directly on the beach, and is used for pumping water up into Golden Gate Park to aid in furnishing the general supply. The wooden tower supporting the wind-arms is one hundred fifty feet in height. The four immense arms measure each eighty

feet from the center to the hub, thus making the circle described by them one hundred sixty feet in diameter. The pumping capacity of the mill is two hundred thousand gallons of water every twenty-four hours.



Our Field—The World

Austria Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

Map Study.

The Austria-Hungary Empire.

The Bohemian Reformer. (First Page.)

Our Work in Austria.

Weekly Offering.

Program Helps

MAP STUDY: The maps suggested in this series of studies should be prepared beforehand. If they are drawn on convenient-sized, medium-weight wrapping paper, they may be bound together, and will be serviceable for reviews.

For this study draw a map of the Austria-Hungary empire, locating the provinces, cities, towns, rivers, and mountains named in this lesson. Any geography or atlas will furnish a map as a guide. Also drill upon the names of the countries forming the boundary lines, so the relative position of the empire in Europe may be understood.

The Austria-Hungary Empire

The Austrian empire consists of Austria proper and Hungary, the stream Leitha forming the boundary line between them. The name Austria means "Eastern," and was early applied to the present empire of that name on account of its relative position to the rest of Germany.

In August, 1866, the German confederation was dissolved, and Austria's long pre-eminence among the States of Germany came to an end. Austria and Hungary were united in government in 1867, and since have had a common ruler in the emperor of Austria. Although both sections of this dual monarchy have the same foreign policy and military system, yet they have separate ministers, parliaments, and methods of local government. In area Austria-Hungary stands about fourth among European nations; the population is about fifty million.

Austria is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous country in Europe, but about one third of Hungary is level land, comparing favorably in fertility with our own prairies. Of his native land Alexander Petofi, the great Hungarian poet, says:—

"If the earth be God's crown,
Our country is its fairest jewel."

A country so varied in surface as Austria has naturally a variety of climate. In the Carpathian Mountains even the vine will not grow because of the long, cold winters, while on the shores of the Mediterranean rice, oranges, lemons, and other semitropical products are staples. Many people in Austria are engaged in agricultural pursuits or in laboring in the large forests, which occupy nearly one third of the productive area of the country. It is estimated that these forests yield annually more than twenty-seven million cords of wood. Hungarian wines are held in especial esteem the world over, but it is largely a land of wheat, maize, and cattle. In the mountainous regions the people are mainly miners and hunters. The rivers are so full of fish that it

is a common saying that the Theiss, winding through the plains of Hungary, is two-thirds water and one-third fish.

Vienna, a fine city of more than a million inhabitants, is the capital of the empire, and absorbs within itself a vast portion of the industrial activity of the country. Budapest, on both banks of the Danube, is the official metropolis of Hungary.

Prior to 1848 Austria was very deficient in educational facilities. But since that time an entire change has been effected. Schools of all grades are established throughout the country, but these are largely under the control of the priests, and the Roman Catholic religion forms an essential part of the instruction in the schools.

Austria is said to have made, during the last few years, "greater sacrifices to improve the efficiency of her army and obtained greater results than any nation in Europe." A very large standing army is maintained for the defense of the empire against a foreign foe, and for the preservation of order and security at home. Military service is compulsory on all citizens capable of bearing arms. The term of service lasts for twelve years.

It is interesting to the student of prophecy to note what historians have written of the peculiar make-up of the Austria-Hungary empire. One who is looking for the breaking up of even the strongest nations of earth, in fulfilment of the prophetic word, can not but see in this empire, made up as it is of distinct races, differing from each other in manners, customs, and languages, and united only by living under the same government, an element of weakness which at any time may involve all Europe in turmoil.

One historian says that Austria-Hungary is "a power which rests on no national basis, but which has been simply patched together during a space of six hundred years by this and that grant, this and that marriage, this and that treaty. It is an anachronism on the face of modern Europe."

Another writer seemingly anticipates what believers in prophecy know for a surety is coming—"a final crash." He says of this empire: "The very nature of its government renders it badly bound together, and ready at almost any moment to break into a score of pieces. It is only a government—not a nation. . . . It comprises a strange heterogeneous assortment of States, scarcely one of which is inhabited by the same people, and almost all of which have aspirations after a more or less autonomous existence when the final crash arrives."

Our Work in Austria

We have been slow in sending the message for this time to Austria. Only four years ago were meetings first held in Prague by Elder J. P. Lorenz. Several in this city, famous as the home of John Huss, had already received the Sabbath truth through reading. Work was begun in the German language, one brother translating into Bohemian when necessary. A company of twenty believers was formed. On account of sickness in his family, Brother Lorenz was obliged to return to this country. Vienna was afterward entered by Elder L. Mathe. The work there is attended by great difficulties on account of unfavorable laws. Those who even give away literature are liable to arrest, while selling it is absolutely forbidden. It is not possible to send out colporteurs in that field. In spite of the difficulties, the work is becoming established. The latest report shows that in the Austrian Mission there is one organized church, three companies, and fifty-three believers. These sent assurance to the last general European meeting that they were heart and soul with us, and courageous in pressing the work in Austria.

L. F. P.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Reading from Nature's Writing

It had been great fun in the country during the holidays, but they were almost gone. Outside the snow had been falling all the afternoon, but the big, open, cheerful fireplace made the room light and bright. It was growing dusky, and a boy and girl were reading close to the crackling blaze. Suddenly the boy closed his book with a bang which made the girl start and exclaim: "Jack, why did you frighten me so? what makes you so noisy?"

"Oh! I had to do something to make it lively; the snow comes down so soft and the wind has died down until I want to do something. I sometimes wish I were an Indian or something else that is wild and exciting. I've been reading one of Eastman's books which tells about when he was a little Indian; he must have had a splendid time."

Jack yawned as he got up and walked to the window, where he stood watching the snow as it swirled about the corner of the house and then drifted off to the fence to form a high bank of pure white. The only sign of life in the great white outside world was a scattering line of crows flying low against the west.

"My!" exclaimed the boy again, "I'm tired of reading, reading, reading."

As he finished speaking, his uncle came in from the barn and remarked: "Didn't I hear some one say that he was tired of reading? Why, I should think that was impossible, if you read in the right way, and changed your style of reading often enough."

"Why, Uncle, what do you mean by changing your style of reading?" asked Nellie, as she brushed the snow from his heavy overcoat with a small hearth broom.

As her uncle warmed his hands before the fire, he continued: "Of course, you can get tired of reading in plain everyday books; but I am not talking especially of that kind of reading."

Their uncle walked to the window for a moment, and stood looking out at the snow which came floating down from the low-hanging leaden clouds.

"I gave you that last book, Jack, full of stories of Indian life, to teach you that there is a reading which is older than all the books, a reading of the page which is written each day, in nature." He pointed out the window to where there was a small space of ruddy light in the west, and continued, "To-morrow I think it will be clear, and you and Nellie can go out and learn what has happened during the night."

"But how?" questioned the little girl.

Her uncle smiled at her as he explained: "Isn't all the out of doors being covered with a great white unwritten sheet this afternoon? It will stop snowing before bedtime, and when the moon comes out, all the children of the out of doors that move about and live their odd lives when we are snug in bed, will be out, and everywhere they go, they will leave telltale footprints, which can be read, for they are all as different as they can be. So to-morrow morning leave these books you have been reading, and see what you can do with the printed page of old Dame Nature herself."

When Jack glanced at Nellie, his eyes were sparkling with interest, and he said, hurriedly: "Suppose we try it in the morning, Nell? I believe we can read something, at any rate we'll get some fun out of it, I know."

For a long time the two sat at one corner of the big fireplace and discussed their plans for the next day; and just before bedtime Nellie said: "Come, suppose we go out to the front of the house for a moment, Jack; uncle said it would be clear about bedtime." Then, glancing at the clock in the corner, she exclaimed: "Look at the clock! How the time has gone while we were planning! It's almost nine o'clock now."

As they left the wide veranda, the new snow made a low crackling noise under their feet, and the trees creaked and groaned with the cold as they swung to and fro in the wind; even the moon, which was floating in an odd choppy little sea of clouds, looked frosty to the new observers.



JACK'S TURN AT ATHLETICS

"Yes, uncle was right about the weather being clear and cold for to-morrow," shivered Jack as he turned up his coat collar, and watched his breath circle about his head in a wreath of mist.

Nellie's voice was shaky with the cold as she said: "I'm going back to the fire." But as they turned, she paused with her hand to her ear, and asked her brother, "Did you hear that odd low sound from down in or near the woods?"

"No, I didn't hear a sound except the gritty noise our feet make in the snow."

"Wait a moment," whispered Nellie as she placed her hand on his sleeve, "there, you heard it that time, didn't you?"

Jack laughed and exclaimed: "That was nothing but an owl hooting down in the woods. I heard lots of them last summer when I was camping."

When they were on the porch and almost ready to turn the knob on the front door, they paused again, for from afar over the wide white waste of snow came the sharp, metallic bark of a red fox.

When they were toasting themselves before the fire in the sitting-room again, Jack remarked: "I

wonder what the owl and that fox were doing to-night. I hope we can find out in the morning."

"So do I," yawned Nellie, "I'm sleepy, suppose we go to bed and get up early and learn what we can."

The next day when the children, well wrapped in mufflers and heavy coats, started from the house, the sun slipped from behind the few clouds that still lingered in the sky, and turned the snow-covered fields and woods into a dazzling mass of splinters of blue and red.

Nellie put her hands before her eyes, exclaiming: "Isn't it beautiful, almost like fairyland? but it hurts your eyes, too, until you get accustomed to it." She looked at the snow again and

continued, "Did you notice, Jack, that when the sun shone on the snow, the low spots were not black as we made them at school when we were painting those Christmas cards? Now, watch those places where my cat, Old Tom, has been walking in the snow; see, they are more blue than black."

"Hurrah!" said Jack, "we've begun to find out things already, and we haven't left the front gate yet. Come on, let's hurry."

They crossed the road, all level and white without a hoof track showing anywhere, and went through the gate which led into the corn field on the ridge. Reaching the crest of a slight rise and looking down the length of the corn field, with its rows of shocks, Jack exclaimed: "We could almost make ourselves believe we were Indians to-day, for the shocks of fodder all covered with the snow look exactly like wigwams."

Nellie had hardly heard him, for she was bending over, intent upon something she had found in the snow. "Look here, Jack, something has been busy along here eating the seeds off the ragweed where it sticks above the snow; what do you suppose it can be? sparrows?"

"Yes, that's what it must be," then as Jack studied the tracks more carefully, he continued, "No, I believe it must be some other kind of bird. Suppose we run back to the barn for a moment, there are always any number of English sparrows feeding there, and we can see their tracks, and then we shall know. Isn't

this fine, this kind of reading out of doors?"

Their uncle was at the barn feeding the cattle, and when he saw them coming, he called: "Have you gotten tired of the book I gave you to read, so early in the morning?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed Nellie, "we had to come back to get a chance to see some of the letters about the barn to be certain of some we found down in the corn field on the ridge."

In a moment both of them were on their knees examining the sparrow tracks which were wherever any feed had been dropped, and Jack smiled as he said: "I was right, after all; those tracks in the field are not made by any English sparrow. These by the barn have both feet together, showing the bird hopped along the ground, while those in the field are one at a time, walking, of course. Now look here, too, Nell, these have no long hind toe, either, like the track in the field. Come, suppose we run back, follow the track and try to find the bird and have a good look at it."

As they were pushing the lot gate open through the high piled snow their uncle called after them: "If the little bird you find looks very flat in the snow, and if there are several of them together,

and they make an odd light twittering noise as they fly swiftly out over the open field and not into the woods, I can tell you what it is when you come back."

When they again reached the tracks near the ragweed, Jack began planning the way they should find the birds: "Nell, you keep your eyes on the tracks in the snow and follow them carefully; I'm taller than you, and will hold onto your cape and follow behind, watching the snow ahead, and as soon as I catch sight of the birds, we will stop, and you can watch them, too."

"All right," answered the girl, and at once began following the faint tracks in the snow, while Jack, intent upon the ground in front of them, was led by holding tight to her cape. In a short time they had to rest that Nellie might shut her eyes and rest them from the intense glare of the sunlight. When they were ready to start, Jack remarked: "That's the oddest think I think I ever saw. Nell, you see those three small clods of dirt out there in the field beyond us?"

"Yes, I see them, what about them?"

"But, Nellie, look at them carefully a moment."

"Well, I have; aren't they just plain dirt or stone?"

"But, don't you see that everything else about us has a covering of snow, and they haven't any snow at all on them? Do you suppose they could have gotten warm enough in the sun yesterday morning to melt all the snow as fast as it came down in the afternoon?"

"I don't know about that, Jack, but my eyes are perfectly rested now, so we will walk ahead again, and when we reach the stones, we will take a good look at them."

They had taken only a few steps when Jack burst into peals of laughter and said: "Look, look, Nell! There go our three pieces of dirt flying through the air."

"Oh, don't be silly, Jack, come on; the tracks are getting plainer and plainer every minute."

"But, Nell, I mean exactly what I say; those three dark objects were the very birds we were following. Don't you remember now that Raggy-lug, the cottontail rabbit, in Thompson Seton's book learned to freeze the very first thing in life; well, those little birds were freezing. But I saw where they dropped in the snow far down in the edge of the field by the woods; I believe if we were to go around through the timber, we could get close enough to have a good look at them."

On the way to the timber, Jack caught his sister's sleeve and said, "Wait a moment."

He put his finger in his mouth and held it over his head a short time, nodded his head and continued: "That's all right, I think we can go that way without being noticed at all."

Nellie stood looking at him in blank amazement for some time before she asked: "What has wetting your finger got to do with our going through the woods, I should like to know, Jack?"

"Why, the Indians and all the old trappers did that way when they followed game. If you wet your finger, Nell, you — just wet your own finger and hold it up a moment."

She did as she was told, and, after waiting a moment, said: "I don't learn a thing by it except that one side is getting ever so much colder than the other."

"That's it exactly," laughed Jack, "it's the coldest on that side because the wind is on that side. Of course, Indians and trappers were always careful to get the wind blowing from the game to themselves so the animals wouldn't smell them or hear them. You see, the wind is exactly right for us to go through the woods, and if we are careful not to step on anything that will crack, I think we shall be close enough to have a good look at them."

Jack was right, for when they reached the edge of the wood and peered out, they discovered three small dark bodies in the white snow; one of them was pulling the seed from a spray of ragweed

that stood above the snow, while the others crouched low as if they loved the very touch of the soft snow.

"Goodie," whispered Nellie, "they are small, and look flat as uncle described them. He can tell us what they are when we get to the house again."

The wood was strangely silent and deserted, with each limb sagging low under its load of clinging snow. Every brier and thistle and weed in the corners of the old fence which bound the timber was outlined in white. Walking along the fence, Nellie stopped and looked intently at a dark oval spot in the undergrowth. Pointing it out to Jack, she asked: "What made that, Jack? Don't you see the snow is all about it, but the leaves and dry sticks seem to have had no snow at all on them either yesterday or last night."

Jack strove to wriggle his way into the briars, but they were too full of thorns, so they walked around to the far side of the clump, and the mystery was explained. There in plain sight were the sharp-pointed tracks of Molly Cotton Tail leading away from the oval spot.

"Evidently Molly Cotton Tail didn't leave her warm place in the underbrush until it stopped snowing. I wonder where she went when she started out for supper?"

"Supper, Jack, it must have been breakfast for her, as she had been sitting here while it snowed."

"Well, it doesn't make much difference what we call it, if we find out what she had for the meal. Wait a moment before we start. Look, here are several sorts of tracks in the snow; O! now I understand, these very long tracks are where she sat up, and the small pointed ones appear to be where she was moving around. Don't you remember how our pet rabbits used to sit up and sniff the air? Well, I can shut my eyes and see Molly now sitting up in the moonlight wriggling her little nose to learn if she can smell any danger. Come on, now, we'll follow her tracks down this way into the hollow, and see if we can find what she ate for her breakfast last night."—*James A. Speed, in School and Home Education.*

(To be concluded)



Work for Little Fingers—No. 6

In our last lesson I told you that the right kind of practise would make you perfect. Perhaps you wondered what that meant. You know it is often said that "practise makes perfect," but I want you to see that there is a right and a wrong kind of practise, and it is only the right kind that results in perfection.

I suppose that most of those who are working out these lessons attend school, and are learning to read and write. You doubtless wish to become good readers and to be able to write well. How do you expect to accomplish this? You say, "By practising." Yes, that would be necessary. But suppose you read carelessly day after day. Perhaps you stumble over the long words, mis-call the short ones, and disregard the punctuation. You would be practising, but would you make any improvement? Would that kind of practise be of any benefit?

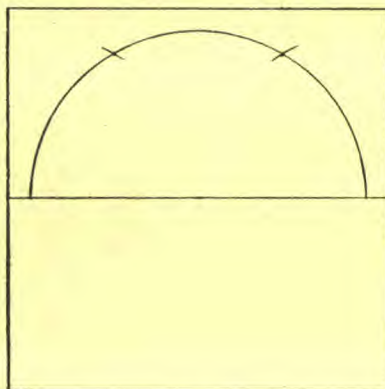


FIG. 2

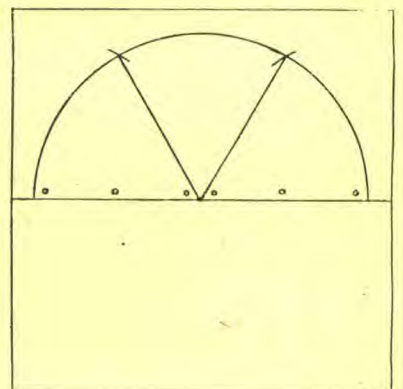


FIG. 3.

—No; in order to improve we must carefully correct our mistakes and not repeat them.

Perhaps you have already found this true in your writing. As long as you study the copy and try to follow it exactly, your writing grows better; but if you become careless, and instead of following the perfect copy, you look at the last line of your own writing, which is imperfect, what happens then? Do you continue to improve? — No; each line becomes less and less like the copy. But why? You are practising, but it is the wrong kind of practise. It is simply repeating mistakes. So it is clear that the right kind of practise, that which finally "makes perfect," is the careful, painstaking kind which patiently corrects mistakes instead of repeating them, and is never satisfied with anything less than perfection. It will be helpful to us to remember this in all that we do, as well as in this course of lessons.

We have a hanging basket for our lesson this week. Look closely at Fig. 1 and see if you can tell how many sides the basket has. Only three! You can tell from the number of cords by which it is suspended, or hung. Do you know the name of a figure having three sides? It is called a triangle, and this basket is called a triangular basket. I am afraid you will think the name rather hard, but you will find the drawing easy. Place your ruler along one side of the paper with the left end just even with one corner of the paper. Make a point at four inches, exactly on the edge of the paper. Do the same on the opposite side of the paper, and connect these points with a straight line. If you measured correctly in placing the points, the line will be right through the center of the paper. Fig. 2.



FIG. 1

Now mark the center of the line by placing a point four inches from one end. Open your compasses three and one-half inches. Place the point of the compasses at the center of the line, and beginning at one end of the line, draw half a circle; that is, pass around to the other end of the line. Did you begin and finish exactly on the line? Be particular about each little detail.

Now, with the compasses open the same as when you drew the half circle,—three and one-half inches,—place the point of the compasses just where one end of the curved line meets the straight one, and make a very short line just crossing the curved line. Next place the point of the compasses just where the opposite end of the curved line meets the straight one, and make another short line crossing the curved one. Fig. 2.

The home-made compasses are to be used in exactly the same way, the pin taking the place of the point of the compasses. Keep both pin and pencil upright while using. Your curved line is now divided into three equal parts. With a well-sharpened pencil make a point just where each of the two short lines crosses the curved line. This will make it easier to find the exact place

in drawing the lines. Now connect each of these points with the point in the center of the straight line. Fig. 3.

Notice that all the places for tying are along the straight edge. See if you can tell why. Be careful to place them the same distance apart on the two sides, so that they will just fit together when the basket is folded.

Cut the long straight line, then the curved one. Are the cut edges perfectly smooth? Close your eyes and pass the tips of your fingers over the curved edge. What do you feel? Sometimes the finger tips will discover the uneven places more quickly than the eyes. Fold the two lines, and tie three knots to close the open side of the basket. Cut three pieces of yarn or ribbon each about six inches long. Tie one in each of the three corners of the basket, and bring the three long ends together above the basket and tie. You have used only half of your sheet of paper. Would you like to make another basket and see how much better you can make it? You will have time before the next lesson.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

"THE sun that shines in the face rises in the heart."

"A FORM of faith is apt to be a figure of speech."

"PRAYERS would be shorter if desires were measured by deserts."

"It is better to make God your wealth than to make wealth your god."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—The Resurrection

(March 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 28; John 20: 2-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead." Verse 7.

"In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulcher. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word."

"Then she [Mary Magdalene] runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did out-

run Peter, and came first to the sepulcher. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

"But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulcher, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her."

"Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

Questions

1. In the end of the Sabbath, "as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," who came to the sepulcher where Jesus was laid? Before they came, what had happened?
2. Describe the appearance of the angel who rolled back the stone. How did his coming affect the men who had been set to watch the sepulcher?
3. What did the angel say to the women? What did he show them? On what errand did he send them? Memory verse. How did the women feel?
4. What two disciples were told first that Jesus was not in the sepulcher? Where did they immediately go? Who came first to the sepulcher? What did he do?
5. When Peter came, where did he go? What did he see? What did John now do? What did the disciples not yet understand? Yet what had Jesus told them plainly? Matt. 20: 18, 19.
6. Where did the disciples now go? Where had Jesus told them he would be? Matt. 26: 31, 32. What did they show by their action in going home instead of into Galilee?
7. Who remained at the sepulcher of Jesus? What was she doing? As she wept, what did she do? What did she see there? What question did these heavenly beings ask Mary? How did she answer them?
8. When she had thus said, whom did she see, as she turned to look back? What did Jesus ask her? Whom did she suppose that he was?

What did she say to him? How did Jesus make himself known to Mary?

9. When Mary knew her Lord, what did she say to him? What did he forbid her to do? Why? What message did he bid her carry to the disciples? What did she do?

10. What report was brought by the watchmen to the chief priests? After counseling together, what did the elders do? What did they tell the watchmen to say? How successfully was this plan carried out?



XI—A Modern Apostasy

(March 17)

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. What is the prophetic description of the last days? 2 Tim. 3: 1.
2. Why are these days perilous? Verses 2-5.
3. What will we find persons doing in these perilous times? 1 Tim. 4: 1.
4. What exhortation is especially applicable at this time? Jude 3.
5. What great apostasy is predicted to come before the second advent of Christ? 2 Thess. 2: 3, 4.
6. How is this described by the prophet? Rev. 13: 4-8. What name is given to it? Rev. 17: 5.
7. What is declared to be the fate of modern Babylon? Rev. 14: 8.
8. In what movement was an effort made to restore to an apostate church the pure gospel? Note 1.
9. What were the fundamental principles in this reformation from popery? Note 1.
10. To what extent have the principles of Protestantism been discarded? Note 2.
11. What summary has been given of the results of this "New Theology" in contrast with old-fashioned Christianity? Note 3.
12. What message is designed to meet this prophecy and prepare a people for the coming of the Lord? Rev. 14: 6-12.

Notes

1. In the great reformation carried on by Martin Luther and his associates in the early part of the sixteenth century, an effort was made to restore to the apostate church the pure gospel. The fundamental principles in this reformation were the power of the conscience above the civil magistrate, and the authority of the Word of God above the visible church.
2. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary (New York), says that "the common doctrine of the present Protestant theologians would not be recognized by any of the Reformers."
3. A pantheistic god, instead of a personal God; a human savior, instead of a divine Saviour; infallible scholarship, instead of an infallible Bible; "Modern Thought," instead of a "Thus saith the Lord;" a development of religious ideas from the human mind, instead of a revelation from God; the natural in all things, the supernatural in nothing; reformation, instead of regeneration; culture, instead of conversion; a change of environment, instead of a change of heart; the energy of the flesh, instead of prayer and faith; interest in the secular, instead of zeal for religion; nobody afraid of hell, and nobody caring much about heaven; everybody coming out right anyhow, and nobody on the wrong track except those who cling to the faith once delivered to the saints.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
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CLUB RATES	
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100 or more " " " "	.45

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

TEN thousand deaths for me ere I stain the purity of my conscience.—*Henry Vane.*

MICHAEL ANGELO'S colossal statue of David is said to have been cut from a rejected block of marble. The Master Artist has chiseled many of the world's most beautiful characters from hearts rejected by the world.

"My best teacher in mathematics when I was a boy," said Arago, "was the little sentence I chanced upon one day when feeling unusually discouraged: 'Go on, sir; go on.'" It is this power to "go on" that brings success to any boy or girl.

LITTLE Signor was walking with her father one night under the starry sky. She was impressed by the beauty and glory of the heavens; finally she looked up to her papa and said, "Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?"

"PASS it on" is an expression that is quietly resting in many hearts, inspiring them to pass to others blessings, temporal and spiritual. If we receive a happy thought, pass it on to another. If we receive truth that others do not have, we are to pass it on that their hearts may be cheered and strengthened thereby. The sharing of blessings doubles the pleasure received from them.

SPACE is very gladly given in this number to the report from the little Missouri missionary gardeners. This report can not fail to give other Sabbath-school classes an inspiration to follow their example. It may be there are little workers in other States who have done as well, but who have not thought to send in a report of their work to the INSTRUCTOR. Let us hear from all the missionary gardeners. Your report may be just the thing required to give another the courage to begin a similar effort for the foreign field.

A TRAVELER once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain, which towered above him to the height of ten thousand feet. It seemed that a tremendous effort would be required to reach the top. But he said to himself, "Oh, it will take only one step at a time!" and before sunset he stood on the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the commingled glory of earth and sky, such as can be seen only from mountain heights. The goal of life is reached in the same way—"only one step at a time." But these steps, taken as directed by our Guide, however difficult and wearisome the journey may be, will surely bring us into possession of eternal joy and beauty.

The One Hundred Bible Questions

THE interest taken by the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the list of Bible questions is very gratifying. Quite a number have already sent in their answers. As yet I have looked over only one list. If other lists are as neatly, correctly, and comprehensively written as this one, it will be a pleasure to examine them. I am glad this series of questions has created a desire for another. The following extract from a letter is a sample of a number of requests that have come in: "We hope you will give us another list very soon. It is an excellent way to get things fixed in our minds. Personally I have been helped by becoming interested in tracing out other thoughts, and there seems no end to the questions which suggest themselves." Five members of a Sabbath-school class in the Intermediate department of one of our schools are just beginning the task of preparing the answers to the list.

The Christian's Hope

THE hope of the unbeliever is like a spider's web—the broom of God's judgment will speedily brush it from its moorings and bring it to naught. It is like the dew of the morning—the sun dries it up, and leaves the parched plant withered and dry as before. It is like the icicles of winter, that adorn the trees and make them glisten with transient beauty—the sun shines upon them and they melt.

The Christian's hope is like the rock against which the waves of the sea dash in their fury, but it stands unmoved. It is like the anchor of a vessel which, though driven and tossed, still holds its position, because it is tied fast to its safety and salvation. It is like a house built upon a rock—the rains may descend and the floods may come, but it falls not.—*Our Young Folks.*

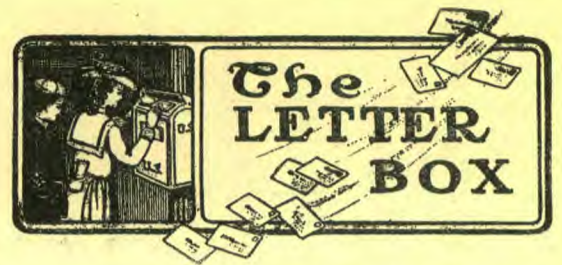
President's Proposition

THE proposition of President Roosevelt is just this: Whenever an individual in behalf of himself and others similarly affected, whenever a community through some local organization, whenever a State by its railroad commission, in the interest of its citizens, questions the lawfulness of a railway rate, a government tribunal shall be provided which has power to hear that complaint, and, if it finds the railway in violation of a law, to stop the wrong by compelling it to put in effect a rate which is lawful. We would simply force the railway specifically to execute its contract with the public to impose just and reasonable charges.

This is not a proposition to "make" the railway rates of this country. It is only after a rate has been fixed by the railway, complained of, and declared to be unlawful, that it can be corrected. This is no attempt to manage our railways by government commission. The railroad is perfectly free to manage its own business until it impinges upon the rights of others; then it should be restrained. What the President proposed is to use a remedy which every court has declared to be legal to redress a wrong which can be redressed in no other way.—*From Charles A. Prouty's "The President and the Railroads," in the February Century.*

"Save the Boys"

THE February number of this journal is best of all. It tells "How Abraham Lincoln Signed the Pledge" and "How He Kept It," "Experience of a Teetotaler," "How Paul Kept His Pledge." In fact, the paper is full of good things. It should be in every home. Will you help to put it there? If not, why not? Price, 5 cents a single copy; 40 cents a year; 100 for \$1.50. You can sell them, too. Why not help us? Address Save the Boys, Washburn Park, Minneapolis, Minn.



VINCO, O. T., Dec. 23, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad that I can be one of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers. We have a nice Sabbath-school here at Perkins. There are ten pupils in my class. Our teacher is Brother Francis Robison. We all enjoy the lessons very much, and know the Lord is soon coming.

GLADYS M. ROY.

ROME, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: While Earl is sending a letter, I will write too. I am Earl's foster-brother. He is a stepson, and I am an adopted son, of Fred McAlister. I am fourteen years old. I came to live in my present home nearly four years ago. Our mama is sick. I hope we may all live right so we may go where there will be no more sickness.

DANIEL SOLLITT.

HARLEM, N. D., Nov. 27, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: My subscription has now expired, so I renew. I enjoy reading the paper very much. I have read three books, entitled "Our Paradise Home," "Letters from the Holy Land," "Left with a Trust." I have nearly read two more, "Cecil's Book on Beasts" and "Black Beauty." You may add my name to the list of readers.

LAIRE ESTERBY.

PRATTS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I think it is a very good paper. I have read some good books—"Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "With Custer in the Black Hills," and many others. I wonder if any little girl or boy's birthday comes on my birthday, the seventeenth of March. I hope I won't crowd out any other letter.

J. ALMUS RUSSELL.

GREENVILLE, DELAWARE.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written before, I thought I would write. I am twelve years old. I have one brother and one sister; one brother is dead. We have one horse and one cow. I have a little billy-goat, and I am just training him. I have not been baptized, but my brother and sister have. Now I must close, for I am going to shell corn. I hope to see all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

HOWARD FAUST.

TECUMSEH, KAN., Nov. 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I take the INSTRUCTOR, and I like it very much. I like to read it. I like to read the letters. I am twelve years old, and I have four brothers. I have very nice times at the church.

Your friend,

LEE HUGHES.

P. S.—We are preparing for the last great work by the children at our church, and I hope I shall have a place in the work.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Feb. 3, 1906.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am a little girl eleven years old. I belong to the Seventh-day Adventist church at Springfield, Ohio. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I get the INSTRUCTOR too. I like it very much. I am very fond of reading. I am interested in the Reading Circle. I would like to join in reading with the rest of the boys and girls. I would like to know how many books to read, and I ask your advice about what ones to read. Write and tell me soon, as I would like to know as soon as I can. I must close for this time.

ELIZABETH MILLER.

WE are very glad Miss Elizabeth has joined the Reading Circle. Five books for the year is the number that has been suggested for members to read. It is well to choose books that are somewhat varied in their nature, as religious, historical, and scientific. Those who haven't read the Bible, "Desire of Ages," or "Great Controversy," should certainly include these in their list. The life of some missionary is helpful and entertaining. I will send you a list of books given in the INSTRUCTOR last year, if we have an extra copy of the paper.