

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Manners in School

"Pick up the chalk, Johnnie," said the teacher, as he stood idly before the blackboard. Johnnie stooped down as if to render prompt obedience, while he slyly dropped the chalk through a tempting knot-hole in the floor of the old country schoolhouse.

"Why did you do so, Johnnie?" patiently inquired his teacher.

"Because I wanted to," said Johnnie, with an air of independence not of the highest type.

"But that is not the way a little boy should do."

"O, go off and die!" said Johnnie, defiantly, little dreaming how much information he had given during the brief conversation. In these few words he really had told his teacher that he never had learned to honor his parents by rendering prompt obedience in the home; that he did not realize the importance of manners in conversation; that he did not properly respect himself, and consequently had very little respect for others.

How many Johnnies there are attending school to-day, who are revealing family affairs very unwittingly, but in a way to cause fond parents to blush with shame, did they only realize it. Nor is it to be wondered at that family secrets are often told in this manner. There is much meaning to the old adage, "Children and fools tell the truth." The only remedy is in having no such secrets. One can then find consolation in the thought that the child who does not learn such lessons at home, will not recite them elsewhere.

It is the dawning of a new epoch in a child's history when for the first time he enters upon the routine of school duties; and he greatly needs to take with him the hallowed influence of a well-ordered home life. He should be old enough to appreciate to some extent what it means to be a "searcher after truth." "Until a child is eight or ten years old, the parent should be his only teacher." But how often the parent is so unfitted for the work, that the teacher seems to be a necessity.

Upon entering school, a child is entitled to take with him the precious boon of health, and nothing should be permitted to come into his experience that will rob him of this greatest of all temporal blessings. Weak, frail children would far better be at home romping with Old Rover, flying kites, riding the family horse, and assisting in various ways with little household duties, than be penned up in ill-ventilated schoolrooms, engaged in suicidal study. Good health is a priceless boon, too often lightly esteemed until it is beyond the reach. No one can hope to become a scholar without health. But were this possible, surely his learning would be of little avail.

Laziness is one of the most ill-mannered habits that one can possibly possess. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Wisdom is not reached by way of the weed-grown

path of inactivity; and he who chooses this route through life, will stop far removed from the goal of his possibilities. The individual who would rather be waited upon than to serve others, should calmly meditate upon the fact that the burdens of the world are heavier for his having lived in it. He should turn over a new leaf in his life's history, and see to it that more physical energy is included in its record. He can then consistently hope for better health, and to become farther advanced mentally than if he should devote his entire time to study.

The schoolroom and its playground constitute one of the greatest battle-fields of life. Every day brings its conflicts and its victories or failures; and that boy or girl who is an everyday victor will be fitted for a field of usefulness at the close of school life. "All roads lead to London," but only one road leads to true education. Wealth can not buy it. Ease can not appropriate it. It is reached only by dint of persevering efforts, both mental and physical. But once gained, it can not be stolen or lost.

If you go to school, make a business of it. Be punctual. Don't ask your parents to write unnecessary excuses; and be sure that you are not guilty of signing their names to excuses of which they know nothing. You may deceive your parents, and you may think you are deceiving your teacher; but your record is straight in the books of heaven, and some day you must meet it.

Be neat in appearance, and be polite to all with whom you come in contact. Esteem it just as important that you receive one hundred per cent in deportment, as that your spelling and arithmetic be faultless. Never be satisfied with a mere passing mark in anything. Be in the front ranks — not for the sake of winning earthly fame or renown, but because the Bible says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." But all who follow this injunction can not be equally successful in every line of work. Not always are those "the greatest in the kingdom of heaven" whose names are most prominent on the records of earth. If a schoolmate surpass you when you have done your best conscientiously, do not allow a spark of jealousy to kindle a flame upon your heart's altar. On the contrary, "rejoice with them that do rejoice." If honors come to you, bear them unconsciously, remembering that many an obscure flower that never comes to the notice of humanity, is just as beautiful and fragrant as those that excite the admiration of the multitude. One individual is no better than another only as Christ makes him so. And if Christ "dwell in you richly in all wisdom," it is not the individual, but Christ, to whom honor is due. If every pupil, if every student, would live this blessed principle in his every-day life, how the icy barriers between sets would melt away beneath the heavenly sunshine of Christlike love and tender sympathy. How many who "turn the cold shoulder," perhaps refusing to speak to some one because of some trivial offense, often imaginary, would feel to humble themselves in dust and ashes, as it were, and forever cease such exhibitions of ill-mannered selfishness.

The true standard of excellence is not that one

excel all others of his acquaintance in order that he may receive the applause of men. The great object to be kept constantly in view is the *best possible fitness for the greatest possible work*. But how many, including college students, go to and from school like the door upon its hinge, idling away the precious hours of childhood and youth, with no realizing sense of the great loss which they sustain. Such boys and girls easily become a prey to silly sentimentalism; and when this condition of mind prevails, it serves as a decided barrier to mental progress. This tendency is visible sometimes even among the smallest pupils. It is said of a little girl that upon her return home after her first day at school, she met the inquiry, "Well, my little girl, how do you like your new school?" "O so muts," lisped the baby voice. "That's nice. Now tell me what you learned to-day." "I learned the names of all the little boys." Older boys and girls are not always so frank as to confess just how little they are accomplishing in their school work. But how many, with great possibilities before them, are crippling their efforts and wasting their time!

The idler, the truant, the unfaithful pupil, may well learn a lesson from the Duke of Wellington, who, when an old man, revisited the schoolroom where he had been a pupil when a boy, and in addressing those present on that occasion, said: "Boys, the Battle of Waterloo was won here." Performing to one's best ability every task, however small, that comes to him during school life, means securing a fitness for the successful performance of the more difficult tasks of after-years.

Never permit yourself to say, "I can't," when any duty presents itself to you. Always make the attempt, and do your best. If it was the best he could do, we say all honor to the author of the couplet,—

"The wind blew down the well-sweep;  
Father and I put it up — sheep."

And let us not criticize too severely the enthusiasm displayed by a wee boy whom I once knew, who, on going to Sunday-school one morning, found a visiting worker in charge of the exercises. The gentleman was very energetic in his efforts, and requested that every one of the children sing. When little Carl reached home, he told his mother that every one was asked to sing, and as he did not know the song they were singing, he "sung 'Dan Tucker' just as loud as he could." We are quite sure that little Carl, after being informed of his mistake, never repeated the offense.

It is very ill-mannered to make fun of the victim of frequent blunders at school. He may be just as studious as any of his associates. It is better to encourage him in his efforts. One who is so rude as to wound another's feelings in this manner, may cause him to abandon his efforts entirely. The dull student, who must acquire every grain of knowledge by the hardest digging, may finally possess a far greater store than one who depends so largely upon his ability to memorize that little study is required to pass brilliant examinations. Demosthenes did not acquire his fame as an orator until after he had experienced



the chagrin of leaving the platform amid the jeers of his audience. "Failures are but stepping-stones to success," if one will rightly persevere. So never lose your dignity sufficiently to make fun of anybody.

"There is so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it hardly behooves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

If a poor child should bring cold buckwheat cakes and raw turnips to school for his lunch, as I once knew a little boy to do, the only criticism worthy of indulgence would be to replace them with something more wholesome and appetizing. One should not go to school merely to gain something for himself, but to assist others; for "no man liveth unto himself." Opportunities to benefit others are never wanting. The young philanthropist may find comfort in the thought, "Ye have the poor with you always."

How encouraging to the poorly dressed boy or girl to be made the recipient of so many kind acts from schoolmates in better circumstances, as really to believe that the apparel line—the dress question—has no weight in their estimation of others. However limited one's time may seem, he should never be so thoughtless as to be discourteous or unkind to the poor. "Whosoever ye will ye may do them good." It is a fact that one always has time to be courteous.

The late lamented Uriah Smith,—scholar, minister, editor, author, inventor, business and Christian counselor,—though pressed by many cares, and bearing heavy burdens and responsibilities during his long and eminently successful career, seemed to have adopted as a rule of his life, never to be too busy to be kind and courteous to all, poor and rich alike. He never had time to devote to cold criticism and cheap talk. He always had time to say a kind and helpful word to any one who came his way. O that such an example of Christian courtesy and heaven-born manners might be imitated by the youth of this generation!

Good manners are the precious stones  
That, polished, shine for aye,  
And beautify the monument  
Of life reared day by day.

Good manners cost so little, yet  
Worth more than earth's renown;  
Each kindly act a grain of gold  
In heaven's immortal crown.

Why rear, a rude, unsightly pile  
To mark thy character?  
Why bring wood, hay, and stubble there?  
Substantial things prefer.

All heaven loves beauty. Why should not  
We mortals take more pains  
To beautify the life God gives—  
The little that remains?

The painter and the sculptor show  
How littles make a whole.  
The moments wrought aright reveal  
The perfect human soul.

O builder, see that thou bring naught  
But gold and silver pure,  
And precious stones, unto thy work,  
Which always will endure.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

### The Spread of the Gospel in Hungary A Bohemian Noble

A YOUNG Bohemian noble, Jerome, returning to his home at Prague from England, brought with him numerous writings of Wycliffe, and joined Huss in his work of reform. "Brilliance of genius, eloquence and learning—gifts that win popular favor—were possessed in a pre-eminent degree by Jerome, but in those qualities which constitute real strength of character, Huss was the greater. His calm judgment served as a restraint upon the impulsive spirit of Jerome,

who, with true humility, perceived his worth, and yielded to his counsels. Under their united labors the reform was more rapidly extended."

When Huss bade farewell to Jerome, as he was departing for the Council of Constance, Jerome cheered him by exhorting him to faithfulness, and revealed his intention of also going to Constance in the event of any peril threatening his fellow laborer. He kept his word, for as soon as he heard of the imprisonment of Huss, he set out alone for Constance. He was arrested, loaded with chains, thrown into a dungeon, and fed on bread and water. Although over four hundred Bohemian nobles signed a protest against this cruelty and injustice, the mad course of persecution could not be stayed. When he was brought before the council, his attempt to reply to the accusations against him were met with hisses and shouts. He was again imprisoned for about a year, when, disheartened by the death of Huss, weakened and enfeebled by the cruelties heaped upon him, his courage gave way, and he was led to renounce in a degree his former teachings. This did not satisfy the council, but Jerome was filled with remorse, and soon again resolved that he would not deny his Lord in order to escape suffering. He renounced his former recantation, and when again brought before the council, requested that as a dying man he might be heard in his own defense. His request was granted.

In the presence of them all Jerome knelt down and prayed that the Spirit of God might control his thoughts and words that he might speak nothing contrary to the truth. His arguments were presented with clearness and power. A deep impression was made upon a few, but the large number of prelates and priests were taunted to madness by the truths spoken, and finally the storm of rage burst, and he was hurried back to prison. The death of Huss had aroused a storm of indignation, and it was thought wiser to subdue Jerome without resorting to the stake, if such a thing were possible. Dignitaries of the church visited him in prison, brilliant prospects were offered him as the reward of giving up his opposition to the church, but he remained steadfast.

"Ere long sentence of condemnation was passed upon him. He was led out to the same spot upon which Huss had yielded up his life. He went singing on his way, his countenance lighted up with joy and peace. His gaze was fixed upon Christ, and to him death had lost its terrors. When the executioner, about to kindle the pile, stepped behind him, the martyr exclaimed, 'Come forward boldly; apply the fire before my face. Had I been afraid, I should not be here.' His last words uttered as the flames rose about him, were a prayer. 'Lord, Almighty Father,' he cried, 'have pity on me, and pardon me my sins, for thou knowest that I have always loved thy truth.' His voice ceased, but his lips continued to move in prayer." His ashes, like those of Huss, were thrown into the Rhine.

The Council of Constance was in session nearly four years. History says of it that "after forty-five months of wrangling, the greatest, wisest, and most imposing body which Christendom had ever assembled, could present nothing to the world, nothing to history, but the vision of two stakes with their dying victims, crying up to heaven through the crackle and roar of the flames, and casting spectral shadows across the placid bosom of Lake Constance."

### The Reformation in Hungary

A century after the death of Huss and Jerome "the fall of Luther's hammer upon the door of the castle-church of Wittenberg, as he nailed to it his famous theses, reverberated even in Hungary, and produced an intense commotion in that distant country." Luther's ideas spread all over Hungary, finding quick favor with the large

German population. The movement attracted the attention of the whole nation. The Catholic clergy, threatened in their supremacy, exerted their political power, and as early as 1523 a law was promulgated declaring Lutherans to be foes of the government, and as such they were punishable with death and the confiscation of their property. Persecutions immediately began. Nevertheless, the Reformation steadily gained ground. Two years later an added law exterminated the Lutheran heretics, and declared that wherever they were found, they should suffer death by fire. "This cruel law began its abominable work, and the funeral stakes soon sent forth their lurid flames."

The effect of this was only to extend the Reformation, so that in a few years it had swept throughout the larger part of Hungary. Later here, as all over Europe, an anti-reformation movement set in, and the Catholic power regained much that had been lost. Under the patronage of royalty this movement made great conquests among the lower classes, and by the use of violence and other means whole districts again became Catholic. Authorities now estimate that one half the population in Hungary are Roman Catholics.

### Our Work in Hungary

Elder L. R. Conradi passed through Hungary about the year 1891, while on a missionary tour to the churches in the Central European field. He left one family keeping the Sabbath in Hungary. No missionary was sent there until nine years later, when Elder J. F. Huengardt, a German minister, was located in Hungary, and began work with the German-speaking people, but was soon able to speak the Hungarian language. Some native Bible workers were developed, and at the General Conference in 1903, one hundred believers were reported. In 1905 there were ten organized churches in this mission field, with a total membership of two hundred twenty. Over eighteen hundred dollars had been paid as tithe during the year, and their entire Sabbath-school contributions are given to missions. A little paper called *Az Arato* (The Reaper) is published quarterly at Budapest, and the regular issue is two hundred fifty copies.

In some respects Hungary is a more favorable field for our work than Austria. Greater religious liberty is granted. Although the Hungarian language predominates, there are representatives there from many countries. Numerous gipsies wander about Hungary, living in tents, huts, or caves. They are generally fortune-tellers, musicians, or cattle dealers. We have seven workers in that field of twenty-one million people.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

### Absolute Trust

IN a little fishing village on the north coast of Maine long years ago lived a mother and her child, a girl of fourteen. The father had just died. He had been a fisherman all his life, and their home was just a little hut. They owed the doctor for his care of the father, and now he threatened to take away from them their home, all they had, if they did not pay him within a week. They could not pay. They had no money, and nothing beside that poor little weather-beaten shanty.

So, one night they sat in the open door, looking out into the heavy darkness, talking and thinking. "Our life is all dark ahead of us," said the little girl, "like the night; there is not a thing we can see to cheer us. There is no hope of any help!"

"My child! My poor child!" said the wise mother, "never say there is no hope. God's angels are looking through the darkness to-night, and where we can not see, they can see all the treasures of earth. Never be afraid of the darkness, and remember, always remember, that no



matter how blank and empty and cold the darkness looks ahead of you, it still contains that great and loving God who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive!'"

Hardly had the words been spoken, when from out of the darkness came a voice saying, "Amen!" A moment later a man stood before the astonished talkers, and said:—

"You are Mrs. Arnold, and I am your brother. I was not quite sure, so I stopped a minute before speaking, to hear your voice. Now I know you, and I agree with what you have said—every word of it!"

So out of the darkness of night and through the worse darkness of want, God sent help to the mother and her child; for this brother, whom they had long thought dead, owned rich gold-mines in Placer County, California.

EDISON DRIVER.

### A Day in Mammoth Cave

(Concluded)

At Dante's Gateway we descend by a flight of rude stone steps to the Wooden Bowl Room, so-called from its shape. Its floor is covered with dry yellow sand mixed with pebbles. To the left is Gauter Avenue, named after the present manager of the estate. On the right is a hole in the floor and wall, down which we pass by the Steps of Time. Safely down, we are in the low, irregular way to the Pits and Domes. This is rich in "specimens," I am told, such as crickets, spiders, beetles, and thousand-legged worms, all blind, for why do they need eyes where they could not see if they had them? Soon we come to the spring in a much wider part; and here is a cup from which to drink, but the spring has been so much stirred up by the many visitors for a few days, that we are not thirsty.

We soon reach Side-Saddle Pit, forty-seven feet deep, with Minerva's Dome rising above it thirty-five feet. Next is Shelby's Dome, named after the first governor of Kentucky. It is one hundred forty-five feet high, and is the top of Bottomless Pit, down which we look one hundred five feet, and over which we stand on the Bridge of Sighs, a strong narrow wooden structure. Here, as in many other places, the guide takes some saturated cotton waste from a pail at his belt, and lighting it at his lantern, flings it from his spiked metal staff, up into the domes or down the pits, or other places where our lanterns do not make sufficient light. Sometimes he lights a little package of saltpeter and throws it high up on some shelving rock, to burn and beautifully light up the scene. Bottomless Pit was first crossed on a cedar sapling in 1840, by Stephen Bishop, a slave guide. There are many other pits and domes, one of which, Gorin's Dome, deserves mention as the only one extending from the highest level of the cave to the lowest. Its bottom part is called Garvin's Pit.

Leaving these, we enter Pensacola Avenue, broad, level, straight, and sandy-floored, with Turtle Rocks on the right. We can almost imagine ourselves walking along the seashore with the tide out; and it is in pleasing contrast to the frightful pits we have just left. Passing through Reveller's Hall and Resonator Hall, we enter Wild Hall, where the large rocks scattered about in all shapes remind one of bare, wild mountains. Now we come to Grand Crossing, where another large avenue crosses the one we are in, but on the level above us; and as the guide lights up the scene, we see that the waters of the upper one, having dissolved away the partition floor, the bottom dropped out, and the roof above our heads is the roof of the upper one, whose open ends on either side are plainly seen. Here, two great subterranean streams crossed at one time. Here at Grand Crossing the walls and ceiling are beautifully white and glistening in the light.

The guide has reserved one more interesting object for us to see on our return trip, Martha Washington's Statue, which is not far from Grant's Coffin. He arranges us along the middle of the avenue, and with directions to watch for the light that will reveal the statue, and to come on when it fades out, he leaves us, and goes ahead some distance, disappearing at the right side of the avenue. In a little while we see a faint light at the left side; and in a moment more the statue of the colonial dame stands revealed in all its beauty. It is life-size, true to the dress of that period, and stands on a square base. It seems in the distance like white marble, or a "pillar of salt," some one suggests, but more beautiful than either, because of the peculiar white-light color. Slowly it fades away, and we hasten on to see if, as we think, it is a statue-shaped hole through a partition wall. At the place where the guide disappeared, we find the Acute Angle, where the avenue turns sharply to the left. Its walls are eighty-five feet apart, and there is no other opening in the wall. As we express our wonder, the guide explains that the appearance is all caused by the shape of the opposite walls at the Acute Angle, as the saltpeter light is burned which illumines the back wall opposite the Angle. Our point of view and the distance made it look so small.

Now we are through with our cave sightseeing. From a guide-book we learn that the cave is in Edmonson County, which contains five hundred caves and four thousand sink-holes, and with surrounding counties, makes the cave region of Kentucky one of the greatest in the world. They are all supposed to be formed by the chemical and mechanical action of the waters in dissolving the limestone so abundant in this region. Very few small surface streams are found, as such water quickly runs off into the sink-holes, which are so numerous that in Bowling Green, a town of ten thousand population, no other sewerage is used, as nearly every one can find a sink-hole on his own lot; if not on the surface, at least by digging and blasting a little. The town does not use wells, but this custom must certainly affect, to some extent, those of the surrounding country.

Of the many caves in this region Mammoth Cave is, of course, the largest. It has one dome-shaped room called the Chief City, which is from ninety to one hundred twenty-five feet high, and covers nearly two acres; and two hundred miles, it is estimated, may be traveled underground in exploring all the recesses of the cave. Not far from Mammoth Cave are Colossal Cavern, White Cave, and Dixon's Cave, all very interesting, and more beautiful in many respects than Mammoth Cave; but its great size and historical interest will always make it pre-eminent.

After its discovery in 1809, it was purchased in 1811 by Mr. McLean, who paid forty dollars for it and two hundred acres about its mouth. In 1837 the estate, then amounting to sixteen hundred acres, was sold to Mr. Frank Gorin; and then began the period of exploration and discovery, which attracted attention in Europe as well as in America. At that time Mr. John Croghan, a young Louisville doctor, was traveling in Europe, and was often asked about the cave. Mortified that he could give no information, he hastened to visit it on his return, and bought it in 1839. At his death in 1845 he left it to his eleven nephews and nieces, three of whom survive. At their death the estate of two thousand acres will be sold.

An Eastern syndicate is negotiating for a large tract in Edmonson County, for the purpose of removing the onyx and alabaster with which the caves are filled. It is to be hoped that Mammoth Cave and the other large ones near it at least, will escape the grasp of these commercial despoilers.

AMMY WELSH.

### Signs of Christ's Coming In the Earth

1. WHAT question did the disciples ask Jesus when he had gone from the temple for the last time?

"What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" Matt. 24:3, last clause.

2. When did he say the end would come?

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

3. What signs are prominent in Luke's record of the Saviour's answer?

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke 21:25, 26.

4. What are we told would be the condition of the people in the last days?

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, . . . despisers of those that are good, . . . lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

5. When in the world's history were the people as they are just before Christ comes?

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matt. 24:37.

6. What were the thoughts of the people in Noah's day?

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination [or purpose and desire, margin] of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Gen. 6:5.

7. What are we told some people will say when they hear the message of Christ's soon coming?

"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter 3:3, 4.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



### Our Field—The World

Hungary  
Program

REVIEW.

The Hungarian People.

Kaiser Franz Josef.

A Bohemian Noble. (Second page.)

The Reformation in Hungary. (Second page.)

Our Work in Hungary. (Second page.)

### Program Helps

REVIEW: Let the review exercises include the map study, the elements of weakness in the Austria-Hungary empire, a few questions upon the life of John Huss and the Council of Constance, thus forming the connecting link between this and the last lesson.

### The Hungarian People

Anciently a barbarous people occupying the plains of modern Hungary were a dreaded foe of the German empire. They were believed to be cannibals, and to drink the blood of their enemies. They had repeatedly swept across



Germany to the Rhine, burning and slaying without mercy. After suffering terrible defeats in two battles, the Hungarians, so called because of their taking the land once held by the Huns, settled down peaceably. At that time they were pagans, professing faith in what is called *Shamanism*. They adored one supreme being and numerous spirits or protecting deities, such as the gods of the mountains, woods, springs, rivers, fire, and thunder. Cattle were sacrificed to these deities, and on solemn occasions white horses were offered. A little later monks, priests, and bishops were sent as missionaries to this people, and the historians say that in the year 1000 Hungary "became Christian." Under the leadership of Stephen, their first king, the Hungarian people became really a western nation. "Never was a change of such magnitude, and we may add such a providential change, accomplished in so short a time, with so little bloodshed, and with such signal success, as this remarkable transformation of the Hungarian people."

#### Kaiser Franz Josef

A very interesting character is Kaiser Franz Josef, emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, who has been called the "Grand Old Man" among royalty. He is a remarkable figure in the world to-day by reason of his advanced age, his simple life, and the wonderful way he holds together the warring factions within his empire.

The emperor is now seventy-five years of age, vigorous and healthy, and has already reigned fifty-six years. It is said that he works ten hours a day at state and military affairs, and one of his ministers declared the emperor the most hard-working man in the empire. "Franz Josef to-day remains the same early riser he was in the days of his youth, and summer and winter rises from his little iron bedstead at the early hour of half-past four. His toilet—bathing, shaving, and dressing—never takes him longer than half an hour." His whole life seems to be regulated by military precision. On the very stroke of five his simple breakfast is served, by six he is in his study.

Quite in contrast with the ceremony usually surrounding kings and queens, any one, whether street-sweeper or nobleman, wishing to prefer a request or petition, is privileged to approach freely this most democratic of emperors. When driving, his carriage is never surrounded by a military escort, and he dislikes any police precautions for his safety.

His self-control is shown by the fact that for years he had smoked a very strong kind of cigar. His doctor remarked that the cigars might injure his health; he threw away the one he had just lighted, and has never smoked one since.

A few years ago in Geneva the Empress Elizabeth was stabbed to the heart with a file in the hands of a maniac anarchist, and his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, is also dead. He has two married daughters, and it is in visiting them and playing with his grandchildren that he seems really happy.

A recent magazine writer, after dwelling at some length upon the personality of this wonderful man, closes his article with these words: "It is said that it is this personality alone that holds together the strangely mixed Austria-Hungary empire; that when the kaiser dies, revolution will come."

L. F. P.

#### From Across the Waters

WORD comes from Australia of an active Young People's Society organized at North Fitzroy. The Society is using three hundred fifty copies of the *Signs* each week. A large number of these papers are sold, others are given away in hospitals and similar institutions. The Society gets these papers at club rates, and the members return to the treasury the full

amount received from sales, so there is a small margin of gain each week. Pledges are obtained from different ones for a certain amount each week, and this money pays for the papers that are given away. The young people also loan tracts, visit the sick, and engage in other missionary work. The experiences of these workers are very interesting, as good results of the distribution of the literature are manifest.

Other Societies in that field are happily busy in what they call "hospital flower mission work." A secretary says: "We buy cardboard, and cut it in small squares, and give them to the young people, who cut them in various shapes, and write on them suitable texts. The verses chosen are usually prayers or promises, something that will be comforting to the poor sick ones. Those to whom they are given seem to appreciate them very much, also the flowers. We also give away copies of the *Signs*, *Little Friend*, and tracts. Many of the patients leave home in haste, and forgetting to take their Bibles with them, eagerly accept this religious reading-matter."

The young people in the West Australia Conference have undertaken to support a missionary in the island mission field.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend  
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself a judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

— Alfred Tennyson.

#### Young People's Work at Wolf Lake, Indiana

ACCORDING to appointment "young people's day" was observed at the Wolf Lake church.

Several of the members of the Society are in attendance at the Berrien Springs school; but notwithstanding this, those that remain entered heartily into the work of the convention, and a good interest was manifested by old and young.

The convention was given two sessions, the president, Mrs. Alma Knapp, taking charge of the services.

After the usual opening exercises, the reading furnished by Sister Plummer, "Our Young People's Call to Service," also the study from the Testimonies, "The Lord's Call to Duty," were listened to with marked interest. These were followed by an earnest consecration service, quite a number taking part, renewing their consecration to God, and desiring to awake out of sleep, that they might press into the work of soul saving.

The afternoon session was opened by the reading from the Educational Department of the conference. Brother Stureman read a paper on "Young People's Relation to Sabbath-school Work." What is home without the children? and what is the Sabbath-school without the young people? Sister Kern gave a reading on "Open Doors for Young People," bringing out many excellent thoughts; openings appearing all along the line, even from the humble home to foreign fields. O that the young people might sense the responsibilities and opportunities that are before them, for opportunities *are* responsibilities!

An article by Sister White, on "Soldiers for Christ," was read by Bertha Graham, which furnished some good thoughts for all. If one is a true soldier, he will not forsake the field on account of hardships and privations. No! he will endure all such for Christ's sake, that souls may be won for him.

Arrangements were made for the members of the Society to distribute reading-matter, parents and children going out together. A liberal donation was taken for the purchasing of literature. We all felt to praise the Lord for the opportunities and blessings of the day.

MRS. SADIE G. MOORE.

#### Report of Young People's Society of Mountain View, California

ANOTHER quarter has passed, leaving its unchangeable record upon the pages of the books of heaven. As we take a retrospective glance, we see, standing out in bold relief, not alone what we *have* done as a Society, but much that we *might* have done to push onward the work of the third angel's message in this generation. And while we rejoice that some work has been accomplished, that in connection with this Society, by united effort, many homes have been entered with the truth, we do feel sad that we are still so far below our possibilities.

We do not wish, however, to weary you with a mournful report of regrets, but hastily pass on from the dead past to the living present and the great, untried, hopeful future.

In the words of that beautiful quotation, let us—

"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,  
The structure of our future.  
Waste no tears  
Upon the blotted record of lost years,  
But turn the leaf, and smile, O smile, to see  
The fair white pages that remain for thee."

Our Society was organized Aug. 4, 1905, with a membership of forty-five. At the close of the first two months, which completed the third quarter of the year, the membership stood at sixty. Some of these have dropped out, but now at the beginning of the year, we are glad to report one hundred members, with a fair prospect of more.

The great missionary campaign now on has given us new enthusiasm, and the day we all spent in selling the Special *Signs* renewed our interest and quickened our zeal.

Signs of the Times Leaflets have been distributed throughout the town each week; thousands of pages of literature have been sold, mailed, and given away; missionary letters have been written and visits made; and persons have been supplied with food. A reading-rack has been established in the post-office, and is kept supplied with our literature.

Owing to the fact that so many of our members are employed in the Pacific Press, and are unable to get out into the field and engage in active work, much of our work has been done in a more quiet way. We have taken a club of *Signs*, which has been increased from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred thirty-five. These are mailed every Wednesday evening just before prayer-meeting.

What the harvest will be, the final day of reckoning only will reveal. We have the assurance that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, . . . shall in no wise lose his reward."

Our meetings, held on Sabbath afternoon, have been instructive, interesting, and we trust profitable. Among the subjects discussed might be mentioned the following: "Why I Am a Seventh-day Adventist," "Who Changed the Sabbath?" the monthly Field Studies, and at present the "History of the Reformation." In addition to these a study of the Signs of the Times Leaflets has been conducted at each meeting, one week previous to their distribution throughout the town. Our meetings have been well attended, not only by the regular members, but by the older people, and some from the other churches.

Now, as we enter upon a new quarter, in a new year, we trust that the Society may continue to grow, not alone in members, but in the power and knowledge of God, until its influence shall extend and widen to the shores of eternity.

A. J. S. BOURDEAU, *Leader*,  
KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX, *Secretary*.





## CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Reading from Nature's Writing***(Concluded)*

MOLLY had evidently been in no hurry, for the tracks were well marked and close together, with now and then her heel tracks long and slender in the snow where she sat up to be sure of no danger from any direction. They led directly to a gnarled old seedling apple-tree which stood on the bank of a small stream. When the children had reached the tree, Nellie laughed as she said:—

"Molly has good taste, hasn't she, Jack? Don't you remember we used to eat the bark off the apple switches which sometimes grew around the bottoms of the trees? And that's exactly what she has done. See where the switches have been peeled as high as she could reach. But suppose we follow on, I see her tracks go up on the other side of the brook, and we may learn some of the other things she did while we were sound asleep."

"Yes," answered Jack, "there they go as plain as can be, and all we have to do is to follow them." He hesitated a moment and glanced ahead. "What's the matter? These tracks are getting wider and wider apart as if she were hurrying about something."

They followed the impressions in the snow a little farther; then Jack again got upon his knees to examine them quite closely.

"What is it, Jack?" asked his sister, unable to restrain her curiosity longer.

"I hardly know," Jack answered in a puzzled manner. "You come and look at this with me and see what you can read out of it. Look, right here behind these two long tracks in the snow is this funny little indistinct mark, what is it?"

Nellie took a careful look, and said slowly: "I hardly know what that can be, it looks very much as if I had taken that new powder-puff of mine and pressed it gently into the snow."

Jack rolled over on his back in the snow and kicked his heels in the air as he laughed, while Nellie stood looking at him in bewilderment.

"Well, Jack, I don't see anything at all funny in what I said, do you?"

"Why, I, yes——" but he could get no farther as he laughed until he had to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Why, don't you see, Nell, it's only her——"

"Yes, I do now, Jack, it's the print of her little cotton tail. No wonder you laughed at me."

Then both of them laughed as they again started after the trail up the slope. The tracks were now very wide apart, showing them that Molly was hurrying as fast as she could.

"Nell, I can see from the width of these jumps that she is making and the way she has sat up in a hurry and left the powder-puff marks along the way, that Molly was worried about something. Here, look, I've found it; see those tracks coming over this way from the woods; from here they look like little round blue holes, don't they? Well, you remember we heard a fox bark, and uncle said it was the bark he always gives when he is

on the trail. No wonder Molly was in a hurry with the fox on her track."

"I wonder," said Nellie, "what place she was hurrying for. Come on, we'll follow it up and see for ourselves."

"There it is, Nell, see that hole showing black in the snow just off in the open from the edge of the woods. It looks as if it might be a hollow log covered over with snow."

"I believe you are right, Jack, but look down

plainly where he put his head in the snow, but why are you so positive that he was trying to smell where she was in the log. It seems to me you have gotten so thoroughly interested in the race that you have gone to making up part of it."

"Look away down where the end of his pointed little nose shows in the snow, and what do you see, young lady?"

"You are right," she acknowledged as her head came up from a close survey of the print,

"there are the two little holes in the snow where his hot breath melted it, so he must have sniffed quite hard, after all."

"I'm certain he never got the rabbit now," announced Jack.

"Yes," answered Nellie, "because there from the other end of the log go his tracks clear over into the woods again. Isn't it fine, I almost feel as if I had seen her get away. Come on, let's see something more of this new reading before we go back."

"All right," exclaimed Jack, "only you've made one mistake."

"What's that, Jack?"

"You called it a new reading just now."

"Well, isn't it?"

"No; it is the oldest of all reading, of course, only we have just begun to pay attention to it. Mustn't the Indians have seen ever so much that we simply pass by?"

"Yes, I suppose they did. But then they missed what we get in books, so it isn't so bad after all; only I suppose it would be best if we read both ways, and got double pleasure out of it."

The day had thus far been a silent one save for a heavy sudden noise that the soft snow made as it fell from some overburdened limb; but as the sun grew brighter, there were faint twitterings here and there in the undergrowth. The sun, mounting higher, touched the snow-covered woods and fence rows into masses of jewelry, and a mocking-bird flew to the top of a small tree close to the children, and



You naughty, careless, stumbling doll! Just see your clean new dress! I'll have a dreadful wash to do, you are in such a mess. You must look where you're going, and a little trouble take. But, dear me! dolls will never think of all the work they make.

—Marion Beatty.

again at these tracks of hers, and see how tired she was getting. She could hardly lift her toes clear of the snow, and several times she has dropped flat on her stomach. Oh, I do hope she made it all right after such a splendid race!"

Both of them were almost as excited as if they were witnessing the race itself, and they hurried along through the loose snow toward the old log. Just before they reached it, Jack stopped, and pointing to the snow, exclaimed: "Hurrah, she beat him to the log, all right; look, she was in such a big hurry that she did as I sometimes do when I'm playing baseball, she slid for first base. See, the snow is all plowed up where she slid. I only hope there isn't any place for him to get her out after she made it all right."

"Here," called Nellie, "he didn't give up his meal very easily; see where he has tried to dig under to where she was in the log."

"Yes," answered Jack from the far side of the log, "but jump over here and see what happened. Notice where he has pushed his head far down in the soft snow, and tried to smell where she was hiding."

Nellie looked, and then said: "Yes, I see very

whistled softly.

They stopped to listen, and as the bird poured out his marvelous flood of melody which vibrated in the cool, crisp air, Nellie whispered: "Jack, doesn't it sound as if he was going over his song under his breath, so he wouldn't forget it before next spring comes?"

Jack, intent upon catching every note, only nodded his head, and when the mocking-bird left the bough on which it swung, he said, rather quietly: "Do you know, Nell, it always seems to me when I listen to a 'mock' almost as if some person were singing to me?"

"I don't know but that it makes me feel the same way, Jack; but I am getting cold; come, let's run for the house and warm up."

As they raced down the hill, Jack caught her by the arms and pulled her almost flat in the snow while he pointed into the hollow ahead of them.

"Why don't you pull me to pieces, Jack?" Nellie laughed as they both dropped into the soft snow.

"Hush, Nell, don't you see those little dark bodies bobbing along in the briars at the foot of the slope? The snow is so bright at this time



of day that I can't make out what they are. They are birds of some sort, and rather large ones, too."

"Wait, listen," whispered Nellie, "did you hear that funny little low call just then from over the hill somewhere?"

"I thought I did; wait and keep still. Yes, there it goes, almost as if it were lost, it's so far away. I wish I knew what that was."

Sitting waiting for the whistling call to come over the hills, Jack exclaimed under his breath: "Nell, we aren't the only ones listening for that to come again; look, every one of those dark little bodies that was slipping along under the snow-covered bushes has stopped. Do you suppose they are listening, too?"

Before Nellie could say a word in answer to Jack's question, one of the little dark bodies raised its head high, and said: "Whuu—lee, whuu—lee—whuu—lee chee," or at least that was the way Jack said it whistled.

The answer came again across the fields, and was answered at once; and as the children strained their eyes, three dark plump bodies on wings that whistled in the frosty air came over the brow of the hill and dropped among the others in the snow. Then the whole party went down the little hollow, saying odd soft things to one another, all the while bobbing their heads up and down. When they crossed an open spot, the sun slipped under some hazy clouds, and Jack saw their beautifully mottled suits of gray, brown, and black, and at once laughed and exclaimed: "Nell, that is a whole covey of bob-whites."

"Yes, but how do you know they are? I am certain they never said 'bob-white' once while we were here."

"Oh, I got a good look at them just now, and I am certain! Anyhow don't you remember in that book of Ernest Thompson Seton's that White Spot, no, his name was Silver Spot, the crow, had ever so many calls; well, I am certain that other birds do, too."

Discussing the covey and the call notes of the birds, they came to the bottom of the little hollow, and crossed the small stream that wound in and out among the grasses and briars and trees. Instead of being clear and dancing as they had seen it in the summer-time when they came to wade and catch crayfish, it was silent save for a gurgling noise as it slipped about the mossy root of an old elm tree, and beyond it lost itself in a line of black among a tangle of willows and underbrush.

"It seems to me," announced Jack suddenly, "that uncle told me once that in very cold weather bob-whites were apt to stay all together out in the middle of some field, and not get scattered at all."

"What made you speak of it, Jack?"

"Don't you see, Nell, the bob-whites of this covey were calling one another to get together again; and I'm wondering how they got separated this early on a cold morning."

"Well, what makes you wonder, Jack, when there is no way at all to find out about it?"

Jack did not answer at once, for the snow was very heavy where it had drifted against the old rail fence which separated the overgrown hollow from the corn field. After they were over the fence and beyond the drifts, Jack stopped to catch his breath, and said, pointing out toward the middle of the field: "Do you suppose those marks out there are more of those little birds, Nell?"

"They can't be, Jack, because they are different sizes, aren't they?"

"That's the way it looked to me. The only way to find out is to go and see for ourselves. If they are birds, I hope they won't fly as far as the others did, for my toes are beginning to get cold, and I want to keep going toward the fire."

The spots on the snow did not fly away, and when they were over them, they found only scat-

tered feathers of some bob-white and a dull brownish-red stain of his blood.

"What do you suppose did this, Jack?"

"I don't know. Wait until I walk around in a circle, so I can see if there are any tracks."

When he came back to the same point, he shook his head.

"I don't see a track of anything at all, but over here at one side there is an odd little circle of hard tramped snow, but there is nothing at all to catch a bird."

Again he circled about, but his sister got down in the snow and examined the place where the bird had been pulled to pieces. Suddenly she looked up and called: "Here, Jack; here it is; it's all written plain here." And when he was bending over with her, she continued, "See this big claw track; what is it?"

"That's the track of an owl or hawk." He stood up and looked toward the house; and as soon as he got the exact direction, he exclaimed: "It was the owl we heard hooting last night. Don't you remember it was from just about this direction?"

At the dinner-table they began to ply their uncle with questions so fast that he laughed and said: "Let Nellie ask one, and then you try one, Jack, and we shall be able to get along better. This way I can't do a thing. Now, Nell, what's your first question?"

"We found a place where an owl caught a bob-white, and a short distance away we found a place where the snow was packed down in a little hard circle; what made it?"

"That's good reading; it is so good that I can tell you the whole story as it happened last night. Do you want it?"

"Yes," they both exclaimed at once.

"Well, it was this way: Yesterday afternoon after the whole family party of bob-whites had finished eating, and it was time to think of going to bed, it wouldn't do to walk onto the field and cuddle up close."

"Why?" interrupted Nellie.

"Because," continued her uncle as he smiled at her eagerness, "some skunk or fox or coon, walking out later, would have followed their trail, and found them and eaten them. So, as I was going to say just now, they all jumped from the ground, and flew out to the place where you found that little hard-packed circle, and dropped to the ground. Then they arranged themselves for the night, tails in, heads out, so that no matter from which direction danger came, some bird's head was that way. And if danger came too close and they had to fly, each one of the family would go in a different direction, and not all of them would be caught."

As her uncle paused to get a mouthful of something to eat, Nellie exclaimed: "Isn't this the best reading, though?"

"I think so," continued the uncle, "and I believe if you had hunted about and kept your ears open, you might have seen the family party come together again, they—"

"Yes, Uncle," interrupted Jack, "when they want to find one another, they don't say 'bob-white,' do they? They just say under their breath something like 'Whuu—lee, whuu—lee, chee.'"

"Good for you, Jack, that was it exactly, they were calling to get together again. And you two saw that this morning, did you? That was interesting. But you have forgotten all about your dinner, and it will soon be cold. I'll finish it all after dinner."

"Just one more, Uncle, before we eat. What was the name of the little bird in the snow that looked flat and whistled that fine thin note and had a long back toe mark?"

"Yes, I did promise you that name, didn't I? That was the little prairie horned lark. Now eat your dinners, and always remember that when you are tired of reading in men-made books, there

is the great book of the out of doors full to overflowing with stories better than the best of fairy tales."—James A. Speed, in *School and Home Education*.

### The Trees Choosing a King

Judges 9:8-15

THE trees once met to choose a king.  
That was a very foolish thing  
For trees to do; but they aspired  
To be like men; this they desired  
More than their own or others' good;  
And so, select a king they would.

Their first choice was the olive tree,  
And a right worthy tree was he,  
But quite intent on making oil,  
Nor would he leave his useful toil,  
To be a useless figurehead,  
And he as much quite plainly said.

Next they proposed the fig; but he  
Was busy as a tree could be,  
For his fruit was in great demand;  
And he could not well understand  
Why he should quit his peaceful life,  
And join in their unmeaning strife.

So then the trees would crown the vine;  
But he was loath to lose his wine,  
Wherewith he gained good cheer and health,  
And serve the trees, for fame and wealth;  
For very well he knew the joy  
Of fame and wealth has much alloy.

At last, the bramble bush they spied.  
Now, he, it could not be denied,  
Did not have very much to do,—  
A poor recommendation, true,—  
And hence they made him king; and then  
They thought they surely were like men.

Boys often wish to seem like men,  
Or like some older boys; and when  
They copy some right manly trait,  
'Tis well; but if they imitate  
Men's faults, then they do just the thing  
The trees did,—make a weed their king.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.  
Santa Cruz, California.

### How the Chinese Manipulate Their Gods

IN every Chinese kitchen there is a small paper god called the "kitchen god," who is there to hear all that goes on in the house. He lives in the kitchen, because in the kitchen he can learn, through the servants, all that is said and done in the reception-rooms. In the judgment he will relate what he knows, and convict every one of his sins.

But before they burn the paper kitchen god, as they must every year, that he may carry to the other world a report of all that is said and done, they prepare some tiny dumplings. One of these is placed in the mouth of the paper god when he is burned.

If you put one in your own mouth, a strange thing will happen. When you bite into the dumpling, your teeth will be held fast. You can not open your mouth to utter a word—the dumpling is made of such sticky stuff that the teeth are held prisoners by it.

When the kitchen god passes to the other world biting a sticky dumpling, his teeth are supposed to be held fast together, and he is unable to utter one word!—*Missionary Review of the World*.

### Admiral Dewey and the Powder Boy

THE following story of Admiral Dewey is told by one of the sailors who returned on the "Raleigh." Just before the battle of Manila, when the order was given to strip for action, the smallest powder boy on the flag-ship dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused. He went to the side of the ship, dropped overboard, recovered



his coat, and was promptly arrested for disobedience.

Admiral Dewey spoke kindly to the youngster, who broke down, and said that the coat contained his mother's picture, which he had just kissed, and he could not bear to see it lost. Dewey's eyes filled with tears; he fairly embraced the boy, and ordered him to be released, saying, "Boys who love their mothers enough to risk their lives for her picture can not be kept in irons on this fleet."—*Selected.*

### The Walk to Emmaus

'Twas a rugged road to a little town,  
And the day far spent, and the sun nigh down,  
That two men walked.  
Those men were sad in that long ago,  
Their hearts were crushed with an awful woe,  
And thus they talked:—

"Lo, a king we loved and had thought would reign  
Has been crucified, and our hopes are slain.  
Darkness o'er all!  
We long to behold our Lord again,  
Our grief has become an aching pain,—  
Wormwood and gall."

And beside them there, one they loved—unknown—  
Conversing with them in a tender tone  
And accents kind.  
With quivering lip and tearful eye,  
With many a fear and many a sigh,  
They asked his mind.

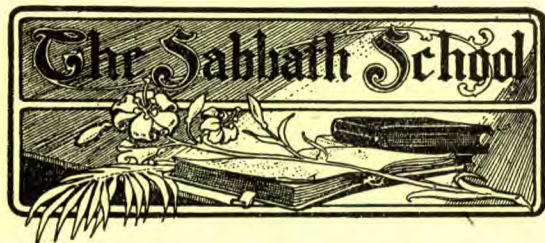
And he told his thoughts till their hearts were stirred,  
And they felt the truth of the things they heard—  
The words he said.  
From prophecies he bade them see  
That Christ must rise in victory,  
Though he were dead.

Soon the journey o'er at the even-tide,  
And the travelers plead, "Come, with us abide,  
We long for light."  
He broke the bread, and when 'twas blessed,  
They knew their Lord, and lo, their Guest  
Vanished from sight.

All the weariness and hunger gone,  
With the news of hope to hearts forlorn  
The hills they trod.  
A story sweet was the tale they bore;  
Their lips repeated o'er and o'er,  
"Our risen Lord."

As we read, our hearts with gladness burn,  
And the lesson true for us to learn  
Is love, not fear.  
The Christ we know is the Christ of then—  
The Light of life, and the Life of men—  
Our Saviour dear.

ELIZA H. MORTON.



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XII—The Walk to Emmaus

(March 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 24:13-45.

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." Verse 15.

"And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

"And he said unto them, What manner of com-

munications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulcher; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulcher, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

"Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

"And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet."

"And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."

#### Questions

1. On what day was Jesus raised from the dead? Where did two of the disciples go the same day? What did they talk about as they walked along? As they were speaking with each other, who joined them? Memory verse.
2. What did Jesus ask his disciples? What answer did one of them make? What does this question show? What did Jesus then ask? How did the disciple describe Jesus? What did he say of his death? What had those who believed on him trusted?
3. Had Jesus "redeemed Israel"?—He had died to redeem all who will believe on him, and those who believe are the true Israel. See Gal.

3:29. What did the disciples yet fail to understand?

4. How long was it since Jesus was crucified? What did the disciples tell this stranger concerning the women who have visited the sepulcher? Who else had visited the place? What had they also found?

5. What did Jesus now say to the two travelers? What did he ask concerning Christ? During the remainder of the journey, what did he explain to them?

6. As they drew near the village, what did Jesus do? What did the disciples urge? As he sat at meat with them, how did he make himself known? When they knew him, what happened?

7. What did the disciples now say to one another? Where did they go the same hour? Whom did they find gathered together? What did they tell the eleven?

8. As these disciples were telling how Jesus had appeared to them, who stood in the midst of the little company? What were his first words to them? How did they feel? Why? What did Jesus ask them? How did he seek to calm their fears?

9. While the disciples yet "believed not for joy," what simple question did Jesus ask? What would be the natural effect of this question upon their bewildered minds?

10. What did the disciples set before Jesus? When Jesus had eaten, of what did he remind them? What did he then do for the disciples?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XII—The Old Paths

(March 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." 2 Cor. 13:5.

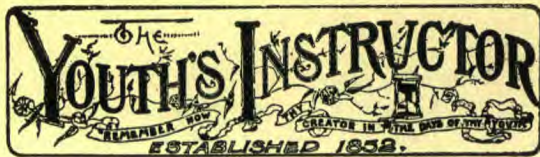
#### Questions

1. What does the Lord exhort his people to do? What kind of way is the old paths? Jer. 6:16.
2. What will his people find who walk in the old paths?
3. Who is the way? John 14:6.
4. Is there any way of salvation except through Christ? Acts 4:12.
5. What else besides the way did Christ style himself? John 10:7, 9.
6. What is said of those who try to enter in some other way? John 10:1.
7. What was David's one desire? Ps. 119:27, 32.
8. What have we been warned will take place in the latter times? 1 Tim. 4:1; note.
9. In view of this, what are we exhorted to do? 1 John 4:1.
10. What test is given whereby we may recognize the Spirit of God? 1 John 4:2.
11. What admonition is given to each individual Christian? 2 Cor. 13:5.
12. For what are we to contend in these last days? Jude 3.
13. What are the people of God to build up in the last days? What will they be called? Isa. 58:12.
14. What special work in repairing the breach which has been made in God's law is here definitely pointed out? Isa. 58:13.

#### Note

That many are departing from the faith, is evidenced by the numbers who are going off into the New-Thoughtism, Higher Criticism, Pantheism, Evolution, Christian Science, and other "isms" and false sciences, which destroy faith in God, in the Bible, and in Christ as a personal and complete Saviour. For a summary of the false ideas concerning religion which are gaining ground, see note in lesson eleven.





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## "There Are Yet Forty"

It is said that in the days of St. Paul a decree went forth that all Christians should give up their religion or be driven from the land at the point of the spear. Away over the mountains in a far distant province the decree found its way, and a centurion of noble features and soldierly bearing proceeded to execute the order. He summoned all Christians to appear before him outside the principal gate of the city. His company of uniformed soldiers was in line, their spears glittering in the sun. To his astonishment there appeared before him forty Christians. He told them that they must renounce their allegiance to Christ or be driven from the city, but if any should return before sundown, and give up their religion, they would be received and publicly honored. The hour came, the command was given, and the forty Christians started for the glens and the rocks and the mountains to starve; and as they started, they lifted their voices in concert and cried, "Forty witnesses for Christ." As they passed on, the words came back, "Forty witnesses for Christ," and as they disappeared down a dark ravine and wound their way among the rocks and hills, the cry came back, "Forty witnesses for Christ." At last no sound was heard, and there stood the centurion with his soldiers and a great concourse of people, waiting and expecting the return of the Christians; but they did not return. As evening came on, one poor, straggling, thirsty, and forlorn man was seen wending his way toward the city. When he drew near, the people cheered and cheered; he was coming back to deny his Lord. But while the rabble shouted, the centurion was pale and sad. The cry, "Forty witnesses for Christ," had been sounding in his ears. The Spirit of God had touched his soul, and the loyalty of the thirty-nine Christians, and the fact that only one had returned, set him thinking. As the one poor wretch came up to deny his Master and receive his reward, the centurion received him, gave him his liberty and the empty honor promised him, then he laid aside his own badge of honor, his helmet, and his sword, and with trembling lips but resolute heart he took up the cry, "There are yet forty witnesses for Christ."—*Epworth Herald*.

## Fraunhofer as a Boy

JOSEPH FRAUNHOFER, whose name is familiar to all students of physics and astronomy, was born in 1787 at Straubing, Bavaria. Being left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a glass manufacturer, who kept him hard at work all day. The boy was so anxious for knowledge that he borrowed some old books, and spent his evenings in study. One night the house in which he lived fell down, and killed all the people in it except young Fraunhofer. His cries being heard, people set to work to release him. It

happened that Maximilian Joseph, elector of Bavaria, came to see the accident, and he encouraged the workmen to do all that could be done to save the boy. After four hours, they succeeded in releasing him, wounded, but alive. The elector was so much interested in his narrow escape that he gave Fraunhofer eighteen ducats. This money he used to buy himself off from his apprenticeship, so that he might have some free time for study. After this he lived by polishing lenses, and he worked so well that he soon became master of a business, and was able to spare time for the study of physics and astronomy. He later made some important discoveries for these studies of which he was so passionately fond.

## Remember Froment

DURING the great Reformation in Europe one of the foremost reformers, Farel, of France, so thoroughly preached the Protestant doctrines in the city of Geneva, Switzerland, that the Catholics, fearing the utter destruction of their religion, secured the banishment of this great and learned man. Then the crafty priests rejoiced over the expulsion of the "heretic," and settled themselves at their ease.

But note the foolishness of their supposed security. One day soon afterward, a humble young man came into the town. His appearance was so lowly, and his mein so unassuming, that even the friends of the Reformation to whom he wished to join himself treated him with coldness, while the Romanists looked upon him with contempt. This was the youthful Froment, obscure among the men of his time, and now little known to history. But what a work was done by God through him!

An humble man, he used humble means. He opened a school for children. The truths which he taught the children, were repeated at their homes. It was not long before the parents came to Froment for knowledge of the Scriptures. New Testaments and tracts were freely distributed, and with all of his instruction was mingled the seed of the science of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God.

In a few years the good soil into which he sowed the seeds of truth bore a bountiful harvest, which choked out the rank weeds and briars of Catholicism, and made Geneva a center of the new faith, and handed her name down to us as the mother of the Reformation. With helping angels ever by our side, we may all do a great work for God. Let us remember Froment.

"It is God's plan to employ humble instruments to accomplish great results. Then the glory will not be given to men, but to him who works through them to will and to do of his own good pleasure."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 171. SAMUEL TRUMP.

## The Blacksmith's Test

H. W. POPE tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had a good deal of affliction, and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it. This was his explanation: "You know I am a blacksmith, and often take a piece of iron and put it into the fire and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water, and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp it, and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take temper, I throw it into the scrap-heap, and sell it at half a penny a pound. Now I believe that my Heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into

the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, 'Lord, put me into the fire if you will, put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only don't throw me into the scrap-heap.'"—*Philip F. Schneider*.

## The Bible Questions

THE names of persons who have sent in papers giving the answers to the One Hundred Bible Questions, are given below. Those who missed less than five questions are given in the list marked excellent. The correct answers will appear in the INSTRUCTOR dated April 3, 1906.

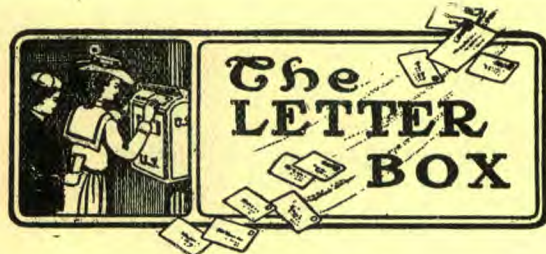
Other papers have been received since this list was prepared, but they have not been corrected. Wait for the next number of the INSTRUCTOR if your name is missing from this list.

## Excellent

Bessie Stanfield	Hattie E. Robinson
Lewis Prescott	Jessie Wells
Lela Warner	Charlie M. Gibbs
R. Lovel Cobb	Clara Standish
Katie M. Field	Merton Wilkinson
Morgan R. Field	Mary Moore
Grace L. Swingle	Loeta Leadsworth
Clifford R. Swingle	Josephine Frazer
Flora Stark	Orva Leonard
Grace H. Twing	Olyve Pangburn
	Pearl Miller

## Good

Carrie Borg	Ella and Rozena Bronson
Sarah E. Long	Louisa Smith
Virle Neall	Earl and Harry Tong
Orie Johnson	Otelia Starr
Sadie Lucas	Floyd Jones
Willie Herrell	Martha Partington
Olive McNutt	Harriet Moore



LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: Since I have received my fifth or sixth INSTRUCTOR, I think it my duty to write my first letter. I am a little boy ten years old. We have our Sabbath-school and church at our home, and sometimes over to Mr. and Mrs. Ball's. My grandma is our teacher. I am in a senior class, as there are no others of my age. I like the Children's Page best, also the Home Circle. I hope to meet you all in the new earth.

ANGUS TURNER JENKS.

SUTTON, QUEBEC, NOV. 24, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR; as I have not seen many letters from Quebec. I thought I would write one. I have one sister, but no brothers. I am not attending school this winter; the way did not open, so I take up my studies at home. We live on a farm four miles from Sutton. I went to a church-school two years ago. Elder S. A. Farnsworth taught.

There are a number of families of Sabbath-keepers near here. We have Sabbath-school here one Sabbath, and at my uncle's the next week. I have written fourteen missionary letters so far this quarter.

We live nine miles from Knowlton Sanitarium. Knowlton is a very pretty place, and the sanitarium is a nice building. I am acquainted with nearly all the helpers. Dr. White and his wife have been here a number of times.

I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is named right. I have several pets. I have attended camp-meeting for four years. I was baptized four years ago. The camp-meeting this year was at South Stukely. I had attended school there two winters, and it seemed almost like home. I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR on the earth made new, and many others.

CARRIE DERBY.