

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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To the Watch

O SENTINEL at the loose-swung door of my impetuous lips,
Guard close to-day! Make sure no word unjust
or cruel slips
In anger forth, by folly spurred or armed with
envy's whips;
Keep clear the way to-day.

And watchman on the cliff-scarred heights that
lead from heart to mind,
When wolf-thoughts clothed in guile's soft fleece
creep up, O be not blind!
But may they pass whose foreheads bear the
glowing seal-word "kind;"
Bid them Godspeed, I pray.

And, warden of my soul's stained house where
love and hate are born,
O make it clean, if swept must be with pain's
rough broom of thorn!
And quiet impose, so straining ears with world-
din racked and torn
May catch what God doth say.
— Arnold Townsend, in *Outlook*.

Neesima—His Preparation

NEESIMA was born in the city of Yedo, in Japan, in the year 1843. His family were idol worshipers, and he was brought up in the faith of his fathers. He was only ten years old when Commodore Perry's ships cast anchor in the bay of Yedo, yet even then the stories of these great ships and the white strangers filled him with longing to see something of the great world.

When he was about nineteen, he found in the library of a friend a copy of the Bible in Chinese. Night after night he read it in secret, for to have been discovered reading the Bible at that time would have meant the death of himself and his family. As he read, he began to believe on God, and to wish to serve him. His great desire was to study English, that he might learn more about the Father and his wondrous gift to men. There were only a few open ports in Japan then where foreigners were allowed to live, and where missionaries were permitted to teach. Neesima begged to be allowed to go to Hakodate, the nearest of these ports, but met with stern opposition on the part of his parents. At last, however, permission was granted, and on March 11, 1864, he started on his journey to Hakodate, seeking the light.

To his great disappointment, he could not find in Hakodate the help he craved, so he began to think about going to America. The Japanese were not permitted to leave Japan at that time, and he knew that if he should go away, he could not come back, if, indeed, he should succeed in getting away in safety. But he determined to take the risk in the service of his Heavenly Father, so, in July, 1864, disguised as a servant, he succeeded in boarding an American schooner bound for Shanghai. When the Japanese officials

came on board to search the ship for runaways, the kind-hearted captain hid the frightened boy in a little closet in his cabin.

At Shanghai he had great difficulty in finding a ship to take him to America, but at last the captain of the "Wild Rover," bound for Boston, agreed to let him work out his passage. In this way he reached Boston, but here the lonely, friendless boy did not know where to go or what to do. His only resource was prayer, and he prayed earnestly to the Father to help him attain his great aim. And God heard the prayer and answered it. Alpheus Hardy, the owner of the "Wild Rover," and a good man, heard of the boy and his ambitions, and determined to help him. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy took the young stranger into their home, and gave him a thorough education. He was baptized in 1866, and took the name of his benefactor and the name Joseph, which had been given him by the captain of the "Wild Rover." He thus became known as Joseph Hardy Neesima.

When the embassy sent out by the mikado, at the suggestion of Dr. Verbeck, on a tour of investigation of foreign countries, desired an interpreter, Joseph Hardy Neesima, then a student in Andover Seminary, was found to be the man for the place. So by simply following the leading of our God we are made ready for the opportunities to serve him, that present themselves.

Neesima belonged to the Samurai class, fourth in rank from the mikado. The Samurai, or "two-sworded men," were the warriors of Japan, and always carried two swords, a long one to fight the enemy, and a short one to kill themselves in case of defeat. When Neesima started for America, he took with him his two swords, the sign of his rank. In Shanghai he saw a Chinese New Testament for sale, and he greatly desired it. He had no money with which he might purchase the coveted treasure, nothing at all except his two swords. They were precious to him, but the Book of books was more precious still, and he parted with one of the swords, and bought the book. It is little wonder that God was able to accomplish great things through a man who was ready and willing to give up all for him.

In 1874, his education completed, Neesima, now a man of thirty-one, returned to Japan to preach the gospel he had learned to love so well. His first labor of love was to his own people. He found them still worshipping idols, as in the old days, but before long, as he told them of the Lord Jesus, they burned their idols, and worshiped henceforth the true and living God.

Although he was offered many remunerative government positions, Neesima steadily refused them, and gave himself completely to the work of the Christian ministry. His chief desire was to found a Christian college, and so produce hundreds and thousands of Neesimas to work for their country. With the help of Mr. Hardy and the American Board, he founded, at Kiota, the "Doshisha" or "One Purpose Company," in which thousands of the finest young men in Japan have been educated.

For fifteen years this devoted, consecrated man labored unceasingly for the uplift of his people,

and marvelous were the works which, under God, he was able to do. At last, in 1890, the Father called him home, but, though dead, his works do follow him, and, with many others, we to-day find inspiration in the life and deeds of this good man who eagerly sought the light, and, having found it, carried it on to others.—*W. W. Wharton, in Our Young Folks.*

Twenty-Four Hours a Day

How the "substitute idea" is spreading is shown by the following incident, which appears in an exchange:—

Calling one day upon a business man in his office, I found him, as usual, "up to his eyes" in work.

"Sit down and wait a minute," he said, handing me a chair.

"You are always working!" I exclaimed. "How many hours do you put in each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied with a smile.

My face expressed my astonishment.

"Yes," he said, "I work ten or twelve hours here; the rest of the time I am working at the other side of the world—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain," he returned, more seriously than before. "When I was at school, I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China to work in the field; but my father died, and his business here was in such a state that no outsider could successfully carry it on. There were a mother, sisters, and younger brothers depending upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China." Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of southern China, and pointed out a certain town. "That is where my man is at work," he said. "We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there."—*Selected.*

His Banner of Love

To every person who fears the Lord and loves his truth he has given a banner to display, that others may behold it, and thus be brought into the fold of Christ. Ps. 60: 4, 5. Some claim that a certain doctrine is, of all things, the most important; others would have us believe that the sum of gospel truth lies in obedience to some command or requirement. While it is true that nothing revealed in the Word of God is to be lightly regarded, the Saviour himself declares that certain things are among the "weightier matters."

No person was ever converted by the preaching of eternal torment. Through Jeremiah the Lord declares, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "God is love." His character, his law, his wondrous creative power, his dealings

with sin and sinners, all reveal the unchanging love of our God. And this love is his ensign. "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Cant. 2:4.

Unless we possess this attribute, the highest profession, the most thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, faith that could remove mountains, the gift of prophecy, even the yielding up of the body to be burned at the stake, will profit us nothing, will bring us no nearer heaven. 1 Corinthians 13.

"Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail." (Charity is love. Compare Revised Version.) How grand, how wonderful, how sublime to be shut in with God, to behold visions of future glory! This is the experience of his prophets. And how blessed now to be enabled by his Spirit to read in the events occurring all about us the fulfilment of that "sure word" which betokens the return of our Lord in this generation! But prophecy will not be needed in the future kingdom, and thus it will "fail" to be of value.

"Whether there be tongues, they shall cease." People wondered as the unlearned disciples proclaimed the gospel in many languages that previously were unknown to them; but when the language of Canaan becomes universal, then the many dialects and tongues that have come in as a result of sin will "cease."

"Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." This is true even now. Text-books on science in use a quarter of a century ago contain many theories that are now rejected, and the works of to-day on scientific subjects will just as surely give place to others to-morrow. We visit a foundry; about it we see great heaps of old iron of every device and form. What is it?—The machinery that was up to date, that was doing the manufacturing for the world twenty or thirty years ago. Better workmanship, more perfect apparatus, are now doing the world's work. The knowledge of that time has "vanished away;" and soon all the wisdom of this world will be no more. "That which is perfect" will come. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Paul thus compares love to the things that are accounted the greatest in this world, but it stands among them without a rival. "Love never faileth." He then places it with the Christian graces, faith and hope; and the climax is reached in the words, "The greatest of these is love."

Love is the "bond of perfectness" (Col. 3:14); love is the highest round in the gospel ladder (2 Peter 1:5-7); love is the burden of the message that has been "heard from the beginning" (1 John 3:11); and it is only by the power of love that the third angel's message can reach souls to-day. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:35. The spirit of love in the followers of Christ is the most convincing of arguments.

The question may be asked, "How is this love to be brought into the life?" The Scripture account of John, the beloved disciple, is an excellent illustration. He was naturally of a passionate disposition; thus the Saviour surnamed James and John the "sons of thunder." Mark 3:17. He was jealous, unwilling even that others should carry on a work similar to the work of Christ. When the Samaritans would not receive the Saviour, his revengeful spirit demanded their death. His selfishness and pride caused him to make special effort to secure first place in the kingdom that it was supposed Christ would establish. But John lived with the meek and lowly Jesus; gradually a change took place, until his name has become, as it were, a synonym for love. Love became the motive force of his life, and the theme of his writings.

Acquainting ourselves with Jesus, looking unto him daily and hourly, his love becomes ours. 2

Cor. 3:18. In this experience is found a breadth, a length, a depth, a height, that "passeth knowledge." Eph. 3:14-19. His banner of love gives power to the individual who accepts it; and a union of such individuals forms a company that will go forth as should the church of Christ to-day, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

R. F. COTTRELL.

Science Stories

Appetite of Spiders

THE spider has a ravenous appetite, and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in twenty-four hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale, he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator, by 7 A. M. a lamb, by 9 A. M. a young camelopard, by 1 P. M. a sheep, and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were one hundred twenty birds—surely a good day's feasting.—*Search-Light*.

What Dust Does for Us

MANY of our readers will wonder what can be said about dust, except that it is a great bother, which has to be fought off of and out of everything we want to keep clean.

While dust contains many of our mortal enemies, it is one of our very best friends; and the finer it is, the more we owe to it. If there were no dust, the sky would not be blue, there would be no rain-drops, no snowflakes, no hailstones, no clouds, no gorgeous sunsets, no beautiful sunrises. The instant the sun passed out of sight, we should be in darkness. The instant it rose, it would be a sharp circle of light in a black sky. There would be no evening glow to chat or think in, no lovely dawn with bird song and cattle low at nature's wakening. The dome of the sky would be as dark as it is on a bright moonlight night. The moon and stars would shine by day in all their brightness. The whole earth would be in a deep, dark shadow, excepting where the sun's rays fall directly upon it in one great blinding circle. The moon and stars would make even our shadows.

Rays of sunlight or any other kind of light go straight through all kinds of gases, no matter of what they are made. In passing through them, if they contain no dust, the rays can not be seen,—they are invisible. You have often seen sunlight enter a darkened room through partly opened shutters, or a crack, or a knot-hole. You have noticed that the rays were full of dust moving about in every direction. The air is made of gases, mixed. You did not see the rays of light; you saw the light in the sun reflected by the particles of dust. Millions of these particles were too small for you to see, but not too small for such a searching thing as light to miss.

The light we call daylight is the light of the sun's rays reflected from the particles of dust in the air about our earth. Moonlight is the light of the sun reflected from the moon, which is a great mass of particles compressed into a huge ball. The earth is nothing more. If both of them were ground fine and scattered, they would be but dust.

Cut an apple or a potato so as to give you a piece that measures an inch each way,—high, thick, broad. This piece will be exactly the size of a cubic inch of air. Each cubic inch of air contains an enormous number of dust particles. The number is beyond our conception.

Mr. John Aitkin, of Falkirk, Scotland, was the first to count these dust particles. He counted

them by a little machine he carried in his pocket, and in a very simple way. He has been able to count seven million and a half dust particles in a cubic inch of the ordinary air of Glasgow. The air of Pittsburg probably contains ten times as many. After a meeting of members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in their hall, he counted six millions and a half to a cubic inch near the floor, and fifty-seven million and a half to a cubic inch near the ceiling. The lowest number he ever counted in a cubic inch of air was thirty-four hundred.

The moisture in the air must have something to gather upon (condense), or it will not gather. If dustless air,—air from which all the dust has been sifted or filtered, by passing it through a wad of cotton,—is let into a glass jar from which the dusty air has been pumped, then a jet of steam be let into it, the air will remain clear. The water in the steam will condense on the sides of the jar and trickle down. But if air which is not filtered be allowed to enter the jar, a cloud will be instantly seen. The steam gathers upon the particles of dust in the air.

So it is that the watery vapor which is constantly rising from the earth gathers on dust particles, forms clouds, fogs. When the air gets loaded with these water-covered particles, they rush together, form drops or snow crystals, and fall to the earth as rain or snowflakes.

The farther up we go in the air, the finer the dust particles are, because the larger ones settle lower.

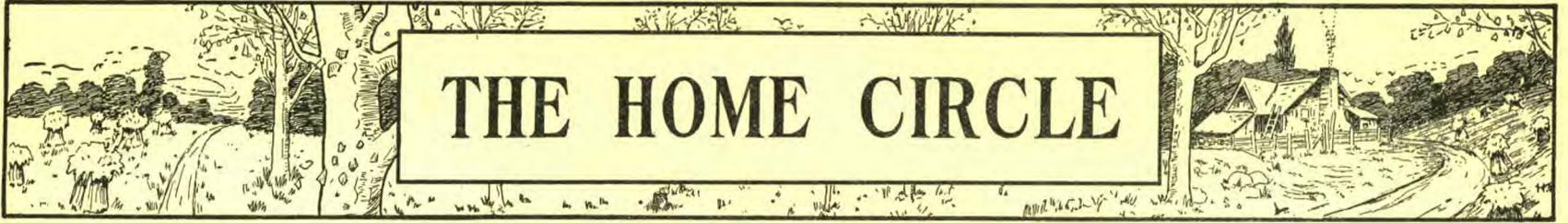
Several years ago (1883), for many evenings the sky was of a singular, most beautiful color. No one could explain it. It was soon discovered that there had been a great volcanic eruption at Krakatou in the Straits of Sunda, thousands of miles from America. Reflections of the sun's light from the dust thrown up by the volcano, which had loaded the air all around the world, caused the strange sight.

But we are very much interested in dust nearer home. No doubt many of you have wondered how dust gets into clocks, watches, closets, cameras, and many other places which are closed tightly. Dust is a regular Paul Pry; it gets everywhere. We notice it only where it is not wanted.

This is how it gets there. If you chose to put your watch or clock in a pail of water, no matter how tightly closed you might think them, you would, after a time, find them filled with water. It would get in through the very small openings. Air will go wherever water does. We know that air, when heated, expands, fills a greater space. If you fill a toy balloon as full as you can with cold air, and then bring it into a warm room, it will swell, maybe burst. If (of course before it bursts) you take it out into the cold again, it will get smaller. Air contracts as it gets cold. When the room in which your clock, or camera, or closet stands is warm, the air which is in any one of them is more or less expanded. When the room gets cold, the air in any one of them contracts, gets smaller. The air from outside rushes in to help fill up the same pressure that is outside. It carries its dust particles with it. This change from blowing out air to sucking it in occurs whenever there is any change in the degree of heat. These changes from heat to cold and cold to heat are going on all the while. Dust, when it gets in, usually stays, sticks, until there is enough of it to be scolded at—and cleared out.

The only way to get rid of dust that settles is to keep busier than the dust.—*Charles McIlvaine, in Sunday School Times*.

THE eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us; if all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.—*Franklin*.



Appreciated

'Twas not a costly vase of rare design,
From whose receptacle there pendant hung
Rich hot-house flowers, of species hard to find,
Whose praises had so oft been read and sung.

'Twas just a tiny teacup, o'er whose edge
There peeped ten modest little violets blue,
To cheer a sick-room. 'Twas a baby's gift,
So prized because the heart went with it too.

The costly gift, whose worth is only found
In its intrinsic value, is but cold;
But that, however small, in which abounds
True sympathy, is better far than gold.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

A Girl's Railroad Acquaintance

Most young people do not adequately realize what consummate address and fair seeming can be assumed by a deceiving stranger until experience enlightens them, and they suffer for their credulity. The danger, especially to young girls traveling alone, is understood by their parents; and no daughter is safe who disregards their injunction to permit no advances by a new and self-introduced male acquaintance.

A lady gave, some years ago, in one of the religious papers, an experience of her own when she was a schoolgirl, which shows one of the artful ways by which designing men win the confidence of the innocent.

Traveling from Boston to New York, she had the company of a girl friend as far as Springfield. For the rest of the way she was to ride alone, and as she supposed, unnoticed, save by the watchful train conductor, to whose politeness her father had entrusted her.

She was beginning to feel lonely when a gentlemanly-looking man of about forty-five approached her seat with an apology, and by way of question spoke her name.

Surprised, but on her guard, for she remembered her home warnings, she made no reply; but the pleasant stranger went on to say that he was a schoolmate of her mother's, whom he called by her girl name.

This had its effect; and when he mentioned the names of other persons whom she knew, and begged to hear something of these old friends with whom he once went to school, she made no objection to his seating himself by her side.

The man made himself very agreeable; and the young girl of sixteen thought how delighted her mother would be to know she had met one of her old playmates, who said so many complimentary things about her. He talked very tenderly about the loss of his wife, and once went back to his own seat to get a picture of his "motherless little girl," and a box of bonbons.

The conductor passed just then, and asked the young lady if she ever saw that gentleman before. She told him no; but though the question was put very kindly and quietly, it made her quite indignant.

As they approached the end of the journey, the man penciled a brief note to her mother on a card, signed what purported to be his name, and gave it to her. Then he asked if he might get her a carriage, provided her uncle, whom she expected, did not meet her, and she assented at once. Her confidence in him was complete.

When the train arrived in New York, and the conductor came and took her traveling-bag, she was vexed, and protested that "the gentleman" had promised to look after her.

The official told her kindly, but firmly, that her

father had put her into his care, and he should not leave her until he had seen her under her uncle's protection or put her into a carriage himself. She turned to appeal to her new acquaintance, but he had vanished.

When she reached home, after her visit, and told her experience and presented the card, her mother said she had never known nor heard of such a man. The stranger had evidently sat within hearing distance of the girl and her schoolmate, and listening to their merry chatter all the way from Boston to Springfield had given him the clue to names and localities that enabled him to play his sinister game. Only the faithfulness of the wise conductor saved her from possibilities too painful to be recorded here.—*Youth's Companion*.

On the Front Porch

A RAILROAD-TRAIN is said to be one of the best places in which to study human nature, but I hardly see how it could be better than the front porch of a crowded boarding-house, on a summer morning. At least I, so situated on the porch, saw and heard that which gave me vivid pictures of two types of character.

A young woman in a pretty toilet, rather too elaborate for the country and too long for trips over the country roads, came to the side steps near which I sat, and seated herself beside a middle-aged woman whom she called "auntie." There was a frown on her face and discontent in her voice as she said: "I'm almost sorry I came; I don't see how I am going to manage."

"O my dear! look at the lights on that farthest range of mountains, and don't dare to say it."

"O, yes, the mountains are all right; but really, auntie, the discomforts are unbearable. You can't imagine what a time I have had this morning simply in getting dressed. I think it is a shame for people to rent such rooms as mine. There isn't a thing in it, auntie, not a thing but a bed and a wash-stand and two chairs! The closet is four nails at the side of the bed; imagine me hanging my wardrobe on them! I haven't attempted the unpacking of my trunk, because there is no place to put anything; and I just have to tumble around in chaos whenever I want something out of it. Think of having not even a bureau! And the wash-stand is so narrow that I am in hourly fear of the wash-bowl's falling off, though that is diminutive enough; and the towels are the size of common napkins, and only two of them at that. The idea of having to pay six dollars a month for such a room! it is an imposition! Just board walls so thin that you can almost hear your next neighbor think, and no accommodations of any sort! I consider that dishonest."

"But you knew, dear, that the room was two dollars a month cheaper than the others because it was small and scantily furnished. Don't you remember how glad you were to hear of it?"

"That is because I was an idiot. I supposed in my innocence that a room for which people expected to receive money would have the ordinary furnishings for respectable people; but it seems I was mistaken. I don't know how I am going to endure it for a whole month, I am sure."

Was there a tremulous note in the aunt's voice as she said, "I am very sorry, Margie"?

The girl turned and looked at her closely. "It isn't your fault, of course, auntie," she said. "And of course I need the vacation. I suppose I ought to learn to be satisfied with anything; poor people

can not expect comforts; but I never imagined that I should have to be quite so cramped."

With that she rose up and left the porch. Her aunt, too, arose, and walked down to a rustic seat under the trees, where she could be alone. I was almost certain that there were tears in her eyes.

"There's gratitude for you!" said one of the ladies. "I happen to know that that girl's aunt has cramped herself all summer in order to pay her niece's board for a month in the country, and here she is fussing over her room!"

"I have the same type of character next door to me," said her friend, laughing. "She fusses because there is no bathroom, and because the cottage isn't lighted with gas."

At that moment we had an addition to the piazza group. Two girls in short walking-skirts and shirt-waists came briskly out, and took the just vacated seats.

"I'm all unpacked and in order," said the elder of the two. "I've been as busy as a bee all the morning. I thought I would get settled at once, and have nothing to do but frivol."

"Mama and I have been busy, too," said her friend. "How do you like your six-dollar room? Can you find places for things?"

The girl laughed pleasantly.

"It is a mathematical problem," she said, "and I've been studying it with zest. Mama and Aunt Kate thought I couldn't be comfortable; but I wish I could give them a peep at my room this minute. I've got all sorts of contrivances to take the place of furniture. I'm so glad I brought my bottle-pockets as well as the others."

"What on earth are bottle-pockets?"

"O, just wall-pockets of all sizes; only they are made of table oilcloth, the oilcloth turned inside. I have hung it on the wall, and utilized it for all manner of things. The lower row of pockets is enough for my few bottles, and in the upper ones I keep my comb and brush, and other toilet brushes, besides extra soaps and a cleaning-sponge, and I don't know what not; it is the nicest thing! Then I have my denim wall-pockets for ribbons, handkerchiefs, gloves, and all sorts of necessary trifles. I've found a place behind the little wash-stand for my shoe bag; and extra shoes, slippers, rubbers, and the like are living there in peace, quite out of sight."

Her friend laughed interestedly.

"You seem to have hidden almost everything in wall-pockets," she said, "but I should think some of the things that belong in trunks would be hard to manage."

"O, I have a closet! I made one. There's a nice handy place at the foot of the bed. It is a delightful feature of my room that the walls are just board, papered; one can drive nails without any conscience-twinges. I drove a whole row of them, wound them with cloth to prevent accidents, hung up all the skirts I shall need to use here, and covered them with a curtain made of a few yards of burlap. I always have some of that with me; I've been in close quarters before. As for bureau drawers, I make my trunk serve. It has dozens of partitions. I have gone to the very bottom of it, and packed away the things I shall need but seldom, or in emergencies, and left the partitions free. Then I have tacked a bright red ribbon to the wall for a pin-tray, and another for threaded needles, ready for accidents. O, I mustn't forget my towel-rack! There's a door leading to another room; it is locked on the other side, and between the jamb and the casing

there is a nice place to stretch twine across, and have ample towel room. I haven't been in a room in a long time that lent itself so delightfully to conveniences and comforts. I am charmed with it and with everything else. Let us go for a tramp, Helen."

As we watched them walk briskly away, the woman who had commented on the other maiden said, significantly, "That girl's room is the exact counterpart of Margie Osborne's."

"The difference is in the girls," said her friend. —Mrs. G. R. Alden, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



Our Field—The World

Holland Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

Map Study.

The Kingdom of the Netherlands.

Belgium.

Peculiar Customs.

Our Work in Holland.

Program Helps

MAP STUDY: The map study should include both Holland and Belgium. Conduct this study as you would a geography lesson. Locate the countries, the boundary lines, the principal rivers, mountain chains, and cities. Whenever reference is made in any of the exercises to definite localities, have them pointed out on the map.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS: The different parts of the suggestive program should be assigned in such a way that as many members as possible may have a part on the program. Each one should do his very best with the topic assigned him. The training thus secured and the faithfulness thus developed are invaluable.

The Kingdom of the Netherlands

Holland, or the kingdom of the Netherlands, is the flattest, smallest country in Europe, but it is "great in its smallness." The larger part of it is pure mud, brought down by the rivers, or reclaimed from the sea by the mightiest battle ever fought between man and the forces of nature. "From the Zuider Zee to the Baltic, he who runs may read of this warfare in dyke and polder and canal, and will note that, as a rule, man has beaten the sea. He has shut it out by huge artificial buttresses, wheeled it off by water-wheels and engines, and then bade it defiance as he peacefully plows the sandy land, or makes good butter and bad cheese from the sleek kine fattened on fields where, within the memory of his father, the seaweed grew. He must be a misanthrope indeed who can listen at Walcheren or the Helder to the roar of the waves beating against the flood-gates high over his head, without a certain tremulous satisfaction at knowing that, but for these works, hamlet and village, city and farm, for many a league, would, in less time than it takes to write these words, be under water." This fight between the people and the water is one that never ends. Day and night the dykes are watched. The merest trickle through the embankment is the cause of the greatest alarm and the most desperate exertions. The dykes of Holland have furnished many thrilling opportunities for bravery, even to the sacrifice of life, and there have always been heroes to embrace the opportunities.

Some one has said that the sea is "Holland's standing army." It is related that when Bismarck threatened to send his "six-footers" to invade

Holland, the people sent back the defiant reply, "We will give them seven feet of water."

The cities of Holland are built upon piles driven into the mud. Amsterdam, the largest, and the constitutional capital, is still a rich commercial city, although the last three centuries have seen a marked change in the trade conditions. This is due to the Zuider Zee rapidly becoming useless for navigation. The shoals are increasing, and the "dead cities" by its once busy shore are almost forgotten by a world which has ceased to send its ships to them.

Rotterdam has a very advantageous location commercially, and rivals Amsterdam, being the largest seaport on the continent.

The Hague is the actual seat of government, and is now famous as the place where the World's Peace Congress was held.

Belgium

The Holland Mission Field includes Flemish or Dutch-speaking Belgium, so a brief sketch of that country is in place here. Until 1830 the north and west parts of Belgium, which are low and flat, were united politically with Holland. Of Belgium it is said that "no land of the same size is so admirably cultivated, and it is impossible to point to any spot out of England, where, in an equal space, there is so much wealth and industry. So many foreign armies have marched through this country, and fought battles within its boundaries, that it has been called the 'Battle-ground of Europe.' The battle of Waterloo, upon which hung the fate of nations, is one of the most famous in the world."

Brussels, the capital, has long been the center of important industries. Brussels carpets and laces are produced there. The finest Brussels laces are made by women who work in damp cellars because the air above ground makes the threads of the lace brittle.

Antwerp, the chief port of the kingdom, contains a number of fine churches; the most notable is that of Notre Dame.

The majority of the people are Roman Catholics.

Peculiar Customs

The patience, industry, and consequent prosperity of the Netherlanders, whom, from a misuse of the word "Deutsch" we call "Dutch," are very much in evidence, even to a casual observer. One writer says, "The intense—the painful—cleanliness of the people must amaze every one. The visitor hears, long after he is in bed, the sound of the scouring brush, and the chances are that he is roused out of his sleep in the morning by a stalwart housemaid squirting water against the walls and windows from a hand engine on the pavement beneath. The very roads, paved as most of them are with the small bricks known as 'klinkers,' are preternaturally clean. The villages are spic and span, and on some of the dairy farms, like those at Broek, which have long been a show place for tourists, the byres [cow-stables] are kept so scrupulously neat that they are often used as rural reception rooms."

A very sensible Dutch custom is that of affixing bulletins to the doors of sick people, so that their friends may learn their condition without any noisy knocking or ringing of bells.

In Holland, the wind blowing steadily from the sea is tamed for use by the endless number of windmills used for grinding corn, sawing wood, washing clothes, and for other necessary work. United with steam power, thousands of windmills pump the surface water into the canals.

The well-to-do Dutch merchant has his pleasant home in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, or The Hague, but he also has his "outside place" in the country. These villas peep out from amid a perfect paradise of trees, gardens, parks, and artificial shrubberies, the front luxurious with roses and creeping plants. The names over the gate express the satisfaction of the owner. "Myn

Lust en Leven" (My Pleasure and Life), "Myn Vreudge" (My Joy), "Buiten Zorg" (Without Care), "Groot Genoeg" (Large Enough), are some of the titles bestowed on these delightful retreats.

Our Work in Holland

A few Hollanders near the German border became connected with our work, and in 1893 Elder Klingbeil was sent from Germany and began canvassing among the German river boatmen of Rotterdam, while studying the Dutch language. Very soon Sabbath-keepers were raised up in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, The Hague, Leyden, and other places. For a while the work seemed very prosperous, and in 1902 two hundred believers were reported in that field. That same year witnessed a sad departure from the faith. Queries had been raised as to our exposition of the sanctuary question. The idea that the human body was the sanctuary was accepted by the majority of the believers, and about one hundred fifty turned from the truth. It was not long until these forsook the Sabbath and other points of our distinctive belief. A few afterward renewed their allegiance to the third angel's message, and the faithful ones rallied, and the work has gone on. Elder Conradi made the following report at the last General Conference:—

"After the great crisis in this field, which happened in 1902, had cut down our membership to thirty-seven, we began steadily to build up the work anew. We are glad that God has been with us until we now have one hundred twelve members, among whom are laboring seven workers at the present time. Our accessions the last two years were fifty-seven; the tithe was \$983; the donations were \$160; book sales amounted to \$1,439. In Antwerp, Belgium, our workers have had some very hard experiences, as it is largely a Catholic city. It has been no easy thing to secure a meeting hall there. The opposition of the clergy and of the laity has been bitter; their persecution has been felt. Still our workers have been of good cheer, and they have now a little company of seventeen in Antwerp."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Free-Will

God marks how long this human life shall be,
How grandly broad with reach of sympathy,
How high toward heaven its growth, he leaves
to thee!

—Aldis Dunbar.

Letters from Iowa

IDA COOK, Parkersburg: "Our Society meetings continue with good attendance and excellent interest. Our donations have increased. We are now making up a barrel of clothing to send away. Our members have been taking turns in leading the meetings, and we like it better than for one person to lead each time. The one who leads appoints the parts of the program to different ones, and we try to have each member bear some responsibility each Sabbath. We have two reading-racks, which we keep supplied with papers. We hope to do much more missionary work this quarter than ever before."

Mrs. S. C. Nicholson, Pilot Mound: "We did not know much about how to carry on the young people's work, and have been waiting for a minister to help us get started. In the meantime some of us have been selling *The Family Bible Teacher*, and devoting the proceeds to the work in the Southern field. One of our members has been gathering up the papers left after Sabbath-school and sending them away. In January we organized for more active work. We selected four hundred tracts, one hundred of four kinds, and these are to be mailed to persons whose names we secure. We have extended an invitation to the older members of the church to assist us in this missionary work. We have only sixteen church-members."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

Six Little Words

Six little words lay claim to me each passing day:
 I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
 I Ought,—that is the law God on my heart has written,
 The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.
 I Must,—that is the bound set either side the way,
 By nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.
 I Can,—that measures out the power entrusted me
 Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.
 I Will,—no higher crown on human head can rest;
 'Tis freedom's signet-seal upon the soul impressed.
 I Dare is the device which on the seal you read,
 By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.
 I May among them all hovers uncertainly;
 The moment must at last decide what it shall be.
 I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:
 The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.
 Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know each day
 That which I ought to do I must, can, will, dare, may.

—Wisdom of the Brahman.

The Sparrows' Cherry-Tree

THEY certainly assumed an air of full proprietorship over it, but in just what capacity the sparrows regarded that cherry-tree I never could quite decide. At one time it seemed a sort of general dormitory, where numbers found pleasant nights' lodgings; again it seemed more of a gathering place for social intercourse; when the weather was cold, it served as a sun-parlor, often well filled with feathered candidates for sun-baths; and still again, it served as a shelter from heat, storm, or danger, and as a resting-place in long flights or in nest building; in fact, the cherry-tree was assigned no single duty in the sparrow-world, but like many another useful member of society, filled a multiplicity of offices, willing to be of use in any way possible, and unwilling that any of its time should be spent in idle uselessness.

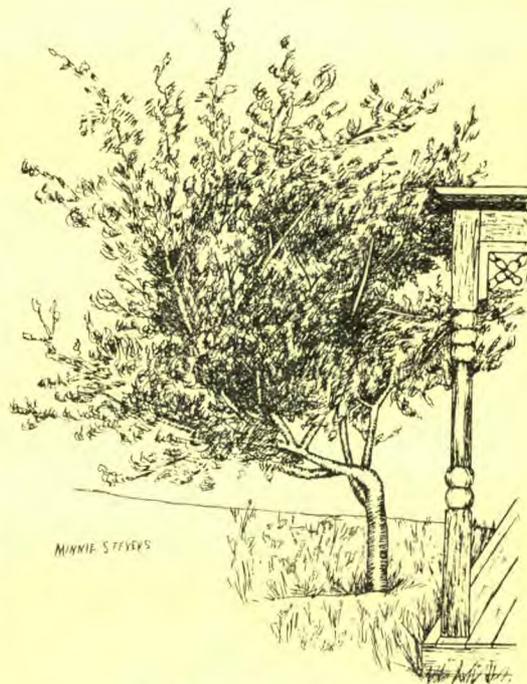
The cherry-tree was small, but it was not necessary that it should be large in order to be a joy and blessing. Indeed, had it been much larger, it would never have been able to do just the work it did, nor fill just the place it filled. So the cherry-tree was content with its size, its looks, and its general place in the world; "for," it said in cherry-tree language, "I am just as God made me." So it did what it could, and was happy.

It grew at the end of a small veranda, and was but a trifle taller than the shingled roof. One

of its boughs extended a short way under, another lay a little way upon the same roof, and when the wind blew, these boughs scratched, scratched, scratched, against the woodwork. In winter, when bare of leaves, they seemed of small consequence to the veranda, but when green and thick with foliage, they quite shut in the whole end between the posts.

And now I have mentioned the two principal epochs into which the life of the cherry-tree was divided—its time *without*, and its time *with*, leaves. Often it stood out on a grey winter day, with nothing to shield it from the fast falling snow, which collected in its forks and twigs, and clung in cold masses to its trunk. Then the sparrows picked out branches that had failed to catch the snow, and either moved swiftly from one twig to another, with quickly flirting wings and tails, or perched drowsily with ruffled plumage and little bowed heads, to share the storm for a time with their cherry-tree. But on a bright winter morning, when the slender branches seemed drawn like brown lines against a very, very blue sky, the sparrows loved to gather there, and chipper their ardent, if noisy appreciation of the warm sunshine.

Likewise, in midsummer, when the sunshine became too warm for comfort, the sparrows were happy frequenters of the cherry-tree. Flying down the hot street or across back yards, with panting throats and open beaks, they would whisk



THE FULL-LEAVED TREE

watching him could not doubt for an instant that he was enjoying himself just as a child does in a game of snowball. He continued the sport till the chill of the snow became too evident, when with feet red and damp, and tiny body palpitating joyously from the vigorous exercise, he whisked with a rollicking twitter into the cherry-tree once more, and wrinkled his forehead, twitched his wings, and fluffed out his feathers for the reception of as much as possible of the warming sunlight.

But alack! Sometimes the veranda roof was turned from a playground into a battle-field. Then the quarrels and dissensions—even to the point of pitched battles with beak and wing—of which it was forced to be the scene, were most disgraceful to behold, and well calculated to make any self-respecting sparrow who so far forgot himself as to be led into such conflicts, to hide his naughty head, for very shame, in the depths of the cherry-tree, and keep it there till he had repented of such sad behavior, and learned the wickedness of strife.

The time when the cherry-tree left its bare-boughed stage of existence and entered upon its time of leafy greenness, was a favorite one with the sparrows. As the first leaves, mingled with white buds and blossoms, appeared, the tree was a place of the very height of sparrow activity. Here were chirped out summer hopes and plans; here bright black eyes scanned the ground for straying bugs and worms; here promising bits of building material were carried and carefully examined, with a view to being utilized in nest building. But the sparrows never nested in the cherry-tree; neither, for that matter, did any other bird; indeed, had such a thing been attempted, it is probable the belligerent sparrows would have ejected the intruder with scant ceremony, while loudly denouncing the trespass upon their special domain.

Although it blossomed, we never knew of the cherry-tree bearing fruit. Whether the blossoms always blighted, or the fruit came to grief before reaching maturity, we could not say. But we did know, that, as the time of its full leaf came on, the white petals of the blossoms loosened their hold, and, as the sparrows fluttered in and out, were shaken from the boughs, and fell—a sparrow's mimic snow shower upon the veranda roof—until all had been scattered into the air, and finally lay white on the ground at the foot of the tree.

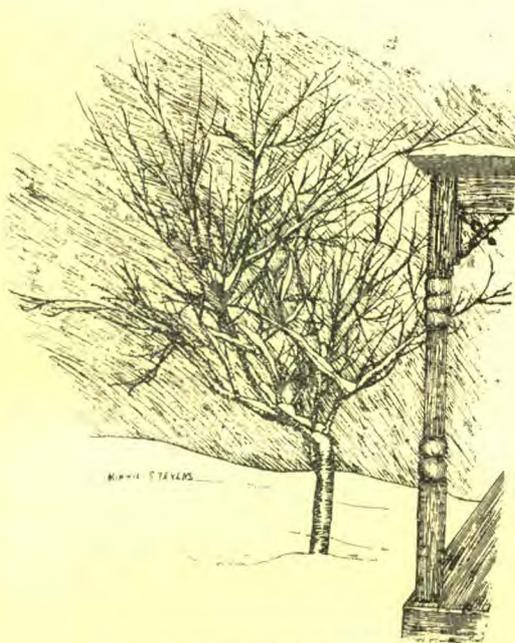


"ONE SAUCY FELLOW"

around the veranda's corner, and plunge into the thick cool foliage waiting for them. It was such a refreshing retreat from the outside heat, and the satisfied chirps that constantly issued—sometimes singly, sometimes a half-dozen together—from the midst of the cherry-tree, throughout the summer, testified to the comfort found there by the self-instituted proprietors.

It was only an easy step from the cherry-tree to the veranda's roof and eaves. The sparrow appreciated this fact when they wished to vary their conferences in the tree by short promenades on the veranda's roof; or when, for a change of quarters, they desired to find a night's lodging in some cozy nook of the eaves instead of in the tree top. Sometimes they seemed to regard the roof as an ideal playground, and their games there were often very amusing.

For instance, one mild winter morning, after a snow, which lay in unbroken smoothness on the level shingles, one saucy fellow alighted in the cherry-tree, and with head on one side, surveyed the field. Then, with a gurgle of evident delight, he left his perch with a sudden dart, and landed with a veritable plunge into the soft snow near the edge of the roof; here he fluttered and scratched and pecked with his beak, in a perfect frenzy, sending the snow flying in a miniature storm over the eaves and into the air. One



ITS BARE-BOUGHED STAGE

And then when the time came for its full-leaved stage to pass away, and its bare-boughed condition to return, the cherry-tree was once more assisted in the transition by the busy sparrows. For, as leaves turned yellow and ready to drop, the birds flew back and forth among them as they had among the flowers, shaking them loose, and brushing them to the ground as they had the flower petals, the leaves fluttered in the air like a gentle storm, and collected on the ground, but instead of being white, this was a golden storm; and instead of a white drift, it was a yellow one that now covered the ground at the foot of the sparrows' cherry-tree. The sparrows twittered and darted from the veranda roof into the tree top; then the last yellow leaf floated slowly away, while the little tree held up its brown branches against the blue of the autumn sky, and once more was ready, with the sparrows, for coming snow-storms.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

History Rhymes

(To fix early American history dates and facts.)

1492 In *fourteen hundred ninety-two*
COLUMBUS, with a Spanish crew,
Sailed west in search of India's shore,
And landed at *San Salvador*.
DE LEON sought, when bent and old,
"The Font of Youth" and glitt'ring gold,
But found, instead, boon richer far,
"The Land of Flowers," our *Florida*.
'Neath *Mississippi's* rolling wave
DE SOTO found a fitting grave.
So thus the *south* the *Spaniards* claimed,
And built *St. Augustine*, far-famed,
To stop the Huguenot's advance,
Who, persecuted, fled from France.
Meanwhile the *Frenchmen* laid their claim,
Through *CARTIER* and bold *CHAMPLAIN*,
To regions in the *north* by chance
Which soon were called by them *New France*.

The lovely lake which bears his name
Discovered was by great *CHAMPLAIN*.
He, too, *Quebec* did bravely found,
And leagued with the *Algonkins* round.
The *Mississippi's* vast expanse
LA SALLE united to *New France*,
And from King Louis took its name,
Louisiana, known to fame.
While northward France and southward
Spain

To all these lands were laying claim,
The *English* came, so we are told,
1607 In *sixteen seven*, in search of gold,
And settled *Jamestown*, where, 'tis plain,
They found no gold, but toil and pain.
It was not many years before
More *English* came the waters o'er,
Who sought here no adventures bold,
Nor treasure rare of glittering gold,
But freedom from the tyrant's rod,
And as they chose, to worship God.

1620 *Sixteen twenty* was the year
These noble *Pilgrims* landed here
And settled *Plymouth*, soon to be
More famed than that across the sea.
1626 In *sixteen twenty-six*, 'tis said,
The *Dutchmen* came in search of trade.
New Amsterdam their town they call,
New Netherlands the name of all.
New Sweden, by the Delaware,
Is soon the sturdy Dutchman's share.
'Twas *PETER STUYVESANT*, by the way,
Who for these Dutchmen won the day.
But now with English south and north
The sturdy Dutch scarce venture forth.

1664 At last in *sixteen sixty-four*
Their brief but peaceful reign is o'er;
For *Stuyvesant* to *Charles* succumbs,
And *Amsterdam New York* becomes.
Now French and English, side by side,
Conflicting claims must soon decide.
Algonkins, won by bold *Champlain*,
Forever by the French remain,
While round the English standards throng
The *Iroquois*, both fierce and strong.

1689 The war began in *eighty-nine*,
Four "Intercolonial Wars," in fine:
"King William's" first; "Queen Ann's"
next;

"King George's" third, with slight pretext;
The fourth, the bloodiest of them all,

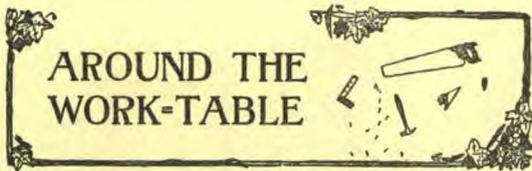
1756 The French and Indian War we call;
In *seventeen fifty-six* begun,

1763 In *seventeen sixty-three* 'twas done.

In vain the gallant Frenchman strives,
New France has fallen, no more to rise.
The Paris treaty gave to Spain
Louisiana's vast domain.
All Canada to England fell,
And lovely Florida as well;
While France lost all, and left our shore
With promise to return no more.

ALICE G. PATTEN.

Watertown, Mass.



Work for Little Fingers—No. 7

How many have practised drawing circles? Did you hold the compasses correctly? Can you tell me just how they should be held? You will find the directions in lesson No. 5. Do not think it is unimportant. It is always important to form right habits.

We have another hanging basket for our lesson this week; a square one this time.

To make this we must first find the center of the paper. Place the ruler across, touching two opposite corners, just as in drawing the windmill. Draw a very short line as near the center as you can. Do not try to measure except with your



FIG. 1

eyes. Then place the ruler across in the opposite direction so that it exactly touches the other two corners, and draw another short line in the center. If drawn correctly, these two lines will cross each other as in Fig. 2. The point where they cross is the exact center of the paper.

Now open your compasses three and one-half inches. Place the point of the compasses at the center of the paper and draw a circle. Now we must divide the circle into six equal parts. Place the ruler across so that the thin edge just touches the point in the center. Make a very short line on each side just where the ruler crosses the circle. Mark distinctly the points where the lines cross. Fig. 2. With the compasses open just as when you drew the circle—three and one-half inches—place the point of the compasses at one of the points you have made in the circle, and make two short lines crossing the circle, one each side of the point you are using. Then place the point of the compasses at the opposite point, and make two more short lines crossing the circle. Mark distinctly the exact place where each short line crosses the circle. Fig. 2. To test the ac-

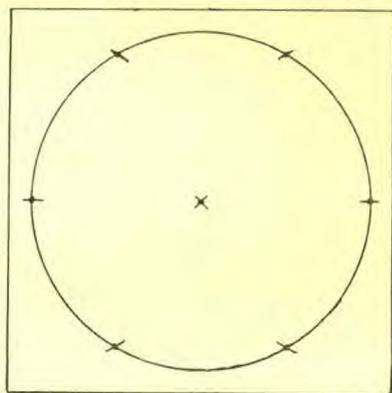


FIG. 2

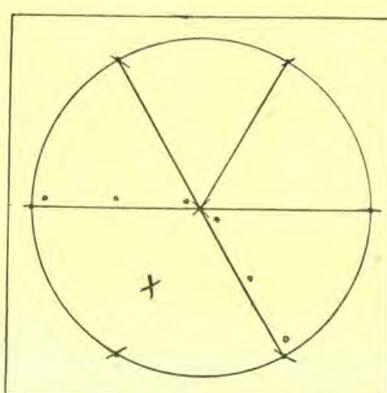


FIG. 3

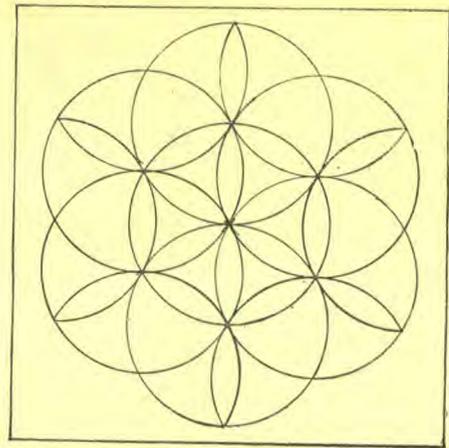


FIG. 4

curacy of your work, place the ruler across so that one edge just touches the point in the center, and see if it will touch two points in the circle at the same time. It will do so if your work has all been correctly done. Test all the points in this way. When you are sure that they are right, connect all but one of the points in the circle with the point in the center. Fig. 3. This gives you the four sides of the basket. Mark the places for tying. Cut the circle, then cut out the part marked X. Fold and tie. Two pieces of ribbon, each ten inches long, tied in the four corners, will make the handles.

Figures 4 and 5 are some exercises for you to practise. For Fig. 4 open your compasses two inches and draw a circle in the center of your paper. Divide the circle into six equal parts just as directed in this lesson. Then draw a circle around each of the six points. Each of these six circles should pass through the center of the first circle, and of course they should cross each other. By studying Fig. 4 closely you can see what to do next. Only parts of circles are drawn the last time around. Fig. 4 will just reach across your paper.

For Fig. 5 open your compasses only one inch. Draw a circle in the center of the paper, and divide it into six equal parts. Make a row of six circles around it the same as in Fig. 4. Then make another row of circles around the first row. Finish with a row of part circles. Study the drawing carefully, and you will have no difficulty. Are you sometimes tempted to be careless and to feel that it is not worth while to be so particular about doing things "just right"? Forming good habits is always worth while, and the habit of doing things just as they should be done is a very valuable one.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

MRS. C. H. PARKER, writing from the Fiji Islands, says: "Our young people will be interested in a blind boy who is yet in his teens. He is the son of a chief. It is less than two years since he gave his heart to the Lord, and

gave up tobacco and the native grog, and he now desires to fit himself to proclaim the closing message to his people. He has a ready mind, and is committing books of the Bible to memory. Ratu Mudre is already a helper in conducting services. Pray for him, dear young people, that he may keep pure, and free from the wiles of the enemy of all good."

Alphabetical Mission Exercise

- A** stands for All the world,
Of which our Saviour spake;
- B** for the blessed Bible
We to the world must take.
- C** stands for all the Children
Who know of Christ the Lord;
- D** is for all the Doers
Of his most blessed Word.
- E** stands for Everybody,
And for Everywhere as well;
- F** for Forgetful hearers
Who of God's love ne'er tell.
- G** stands for God our Father,
Who made and keeps us all;
- H** for his Holy Spirit
He gives to those who call.
- I** stands for Idols many,
False gods that can not hear;
- J** for God's dear Son, Jesus,
Our Friend, who is always near.
- K** stands for all the Knowledge
Stored up in God's own Book;
- L** for God's wondrous Light and Love
Found there by all who look.
- M** stands for heathen Millions,
Who know nothing of the Lord;
- N** is for Now, the Saviour's time
For teaching them his Word.
- O** stands for Our own paper,
Which tells of children's need;
- P** for the Pennies we all give,
If we love Christ indeed.
- R** stands for all those Ready
Our Lord's commands to obey;
- S** is for those too Selfish
To give and work and pray.
- T** stands for Toils and Trials
Which our dear Lord did bear;
- U** is Up in heaven—
He's waiting for us there.
- V** is for the loving Voice we hear,
"I'm with you all the days!"
- W** is for Work he bids us do
That all his name may praise.
- Y** is for You, and M for Me,
To whom these words he says;
- Z** is for Zeal he bids us show;
For us he lives and prays.

—Selected.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Jesus at Galilee

(March 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 21.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Ps. 23: 1.

"After these things Jesus showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise showed he himself. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing.

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore: but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered, No. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the

right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea. And the other disciples came in a little ship (for they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fishes.

"As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three: and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord. Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise. This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

"Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee? Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die; yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

Questions

1. At what place did Jesus again show himself to his disciples? Who were gathered together at the Sea of Galilee? How had they come to be there?
2. After they had worked all night, how many fish had they taken? When morning was come, who stood on the shore? Did the disciples recognize him?
3. What question did Jesus ask the disciples? How did they reply? What did Jesus then tell them to do? When they had cast the net as Jesus directed, how great was the draft of fishes?
4. What did John immediately say to Peter? When Simon Peter heard that, what did he do? How did the other disciples follow him?
5. What did they see as soon as they were come to land? What did Jesus tell them to bring? Who drew the net to land? How many fish were taken? Though there were so many fishes, in what condition was the net?
6. What invitation did Jesus now give to the disciples? What did they know? How did Jesus minister to these weary men? How many times

had he now shown himself to his disciples since his resurrection?

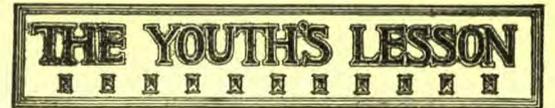
7. After they had eaten, what question did Jesus ask Peter? Give Peter's answer. What did Jesus then tell Peter to do? How many times did the Lord ask Peter this question?

8. How did Peter feel when Jesus asked him the third time, "Lovest thou me"? How did he answer? What did Jesus say further to Peter? What was the meaning of these words?

9. As Peter turned about, whom did he see? What did he ask Jesus concerning John? How did Jesus answer this question? Because of these words, what saying went abroad? Yet what had Jesus not said?

10. What did Jesus mean to teach Peter by giving this reply to his question concerning John?—That the Lord would care for the future of both these disciples; and that all he required from and the time to build it nine years.

"TRUE worth is not a thing of dress—
Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!"



XIII—Rewards and Punishments

(March 31)

MEMORY VERSE: "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. 6: 7, 8.

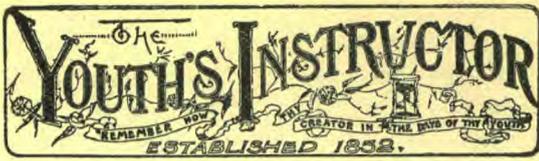
Questions

1. What assurance has God given that he will judge the world? Acts 17: 31.
2. How much of the life of each person will God bring into judgment? Eccl. 12: 14.
3. How many will be judged? Eccl. 3: 17.
4. How is this event described by the apostle Paul? 2 Cor. 5: 10.
5. Where will all, both good and bad, receive their reward? Prov. 11: 31.
6. When is this reward to be given? Luke 14: 13, 14.
7. By whose hand will the rewards be brought to the earth? Rev. 22: 12, 20.
8. What is to be the reward of the righteous? Rom. 6: 23.
9. Where will this life be spent? Matt. 5: 5.
10. Describe the earth which is to be the home of the righteous. Isa. 35; 65: 17, 21, 22.
11. What will be the reward of the ungodly? Rom. 6: 23; note.
12. How will everlasting death be inflicted? Mal. 4: 1.
13. In view of all this, what message of warning must every faithful Christian proclaim? Isa. 3: 10, 11.
14. Seeing that we look for these things, what manner of persons ought we to be? 2 Peter 3: 14.

Note

Salvation has been purchased for them by the suffering and death of the Son of God. It might be theirs, if they would accept of it willingly, gladly; but none are compelled to yield obedience to the law of God. If they refuse the heavenly benefit and choose the pleasures and deceitfulness of sin, they have their choice, and at the end receive their wages, which is the wrath of God and eternal death. They will be forever separated from the presence of Jesus, whose sacrifice they had despised. They will have lost a life of happiness, and sacrificed eternal glory, for the pleasures of sin for a season.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, page 210.

"WHEN it is hardest to pray, pray hardest."



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

THE president of a recently organized Young People's Society writes: "Our Society meetings are growing in interest and increasing in membership. Three have been converted since we organized. As the members have gone from home to home with the precious truth, they have gained new experiences in the Christian life, and their testimonies therefore are more spiritual. The voice of prayer is more often heard in the homes, and there is earnest work for the children."

How glad we should be that changes are possible. One does not need always to bear about an ugly disposition. A young girl who was dissatisfied with her home life, and always talking of her grievances, and showing her discontent in voice, look, and manner, surprised a friend whom she met one day by her quick step, bright smile, and happy voice. "How are things at home?" the friend immediately asked, thinking some good news had made the change. "O," she said, "everything is just the same, but I am different!"

SEVENTY-FIVE dollars was recently sent by a young man to the South Lancaster Academy to be deposited for defraying his future expenses in the school. He means, doubtless, to add to this sum from time to time during the spring and summer. Then when he enters upon his school work, he can give undivided attention to his studies, not having to worry over finances. There are young men and women in every State in the Union who should be planning to enter one of our training-schools the coming year. Why would it not be wise for them to follow this young man's example, and begin now to send of their earnings to the school of their choice for safe keeping?

"WHAT shall I do then with Jesus?" asked the perplexed Roman governor. Pilate knew well what he ought to do with him, but his own pride and fear of the people kept him from loyally releasing the One whom he knew to be innocent of any evil. This hesitation, this turning to the people at the time he should have been true to principle, led him finally to give the Son of God over to the death upon the cross. Every one of us, whether child, youth, or man, will have to answer this same question, "What shall I do with Jesus?" "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Shall we now swing wide open our heart's door to the heavenly Guest, or shall we refuse him admittance? We can do what we will; but the pearly gates of the eternal city open only to those who have entertained willingly and loyally the Son of God.

HEARTS are quickly wounded, and if left to themselves, a long time may be required for the

healing. But often the one who caused the hurt can, if he will, heal the wound immediately. This fact is beautifully illustrated in an incident that occurred in Edinburgh. A Professor Blackie was lecturing to a class of new pupils. A student rose to read a paragraph, holding his book in his right hand.

"Sir," shouted Mr. Blackie, "hold your book in your left hand,"—and as the student started to speak,—"no words, sir! Your left hand, I say!"

The pupil held up his left arm, which ended piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have no left hand," he said.

Before the professor could say a word, there arose a storm of hisses. Then Mr. Blackie left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, put his arm upon the lad's shoulders and drew him close.

"My boy," said the teacher,—he spoke softly, yet the quietness of the room made every word audible,—"you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!"

The wound was healed. Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and this the professor soon learned.

A New Seventh-day Adventist Mission

DURING the General Conference our people were assured that "the time has come when the Jews are to be given light." All will be interested therefore to learn that recently Elders Gilbert and Place secured a building in Boston for a Jewish mission. Elder Gilbert in the *Atlantic Union Gleaner* says: "A place was found which we had hoped for years we might get when the time came for the work to begin. It was vacated only the night before we called, and several other persons wanted to get it after we saw the proprietor, and he refused them all till we had had the opportunity to decide. He gave it to us at a much cheaper rental than ordinary, and said he wanted it for this kind of work. We expect to have in connection with the mission a reading-room, and a night-school to teach the Jews English. Then we hope to be able to reach the mothers, through a sewing school for girls. We hope to have also a Sabbath-school, where the people can be taught the truth about the Sabbath of Jehovah." Let us work, pray, and give that this first and only mission for the Jews among Seventh-day Adventists may be the means of bringing many to the light of "this gospel of the kingdom."

A Way to Earn a Year's Schooling

THE Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee, offers to pay the expenses of a student in Keene Academy for one year of eight months if the student will sell subscription books to the amount of one hundred ninety dollars, and pay that entire amount to the association. The books must all be obtained from the Southern Publishing Association, and the full retail value be returned to the association.

The expenses of the person while canvassing and delivering could be paid by taking orders above this amount, selling helps, or securing assistance from friends. Before taking up this work, persons should attend some canvassers' institute. There will be such an institute held at Keene Academy just before the close of school. This will be especially for the students of the academy, but others are welcome.

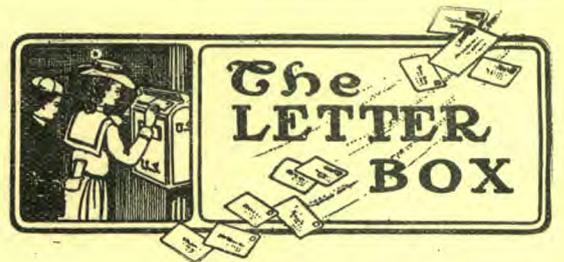
This certainly ought to appeal to persons who wish to enter Keene Academy, but are not financially able to do so. It is now about eight months until the next academy year begins. This will afford ample time for those who begin at once to sell the required number of books.

The past year has been a very prosperous one for our academy. Our debt has been paid, some important improvements have been made, and others will be completed before another year be-

gins. We offer still more advanced work than we have in the past, and it is the plan of the managers to continually strengthen the school, so that we can confidently say that we offer more advantages the coming year than ever before. This school is the training-school for the South-western Union Conference, and we shall endeavor to make it just what such a school ought to be. A great tide of immigration is pouring into Oklahoma and Texas at the present time, which makes the territory of this union conference a good field for labor.

All who are interested in the preceding offer are invited to correspond with the writer, at Keene, Texas. C. B. HUGHES.

"THE MISSIONARY IDEA" is the title of the latest book issued by the Union College Press. It is a book of missionary plans, helps, and suggestions to missionary workers in the home, church, and school, and will fill a long-felt want. The book is highly recommended by our leading workers. It contains over 225 pages, and is handsomely bound in cloth. Sent, post-paid, for 75 cents. It may be obtained of our tract societies or of the publishers, Union College Press, College View, Neb.



REPUBLIC, ALA., Jan. 25, 1906.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: We will inclose seventy-five cents for the INSTRUCTOR to visit us another year. We have never written before. There is no church-school for us. We have a little sister named Lillie, and a brother named Arthur. We hope our letter will not crowd any other letter out. Love to all.

EDDIE BELL,
MAUDIE BELL.

COLLEGE VIEW, NEB., Jan. 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished reading the last one of my five books for 1905. I have read more than five, but will send the names of the five that I have chosen: The Bible, "Desire of Ages," "Great Controversy," "History of the Waldenses," and Elder Uriah Smith's poem on the Sabbath.

We take the INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy it very much; indeed, I think I should feel lost without it.

I am looking forward to the time when the lessons in raffia will appear in the INSTRUCTOR.

I would probably have sent in my list of books sooner, but on account of weak eyes I did not get "Great Controversy" finished until to-night.

I must close, hoping to meet you and all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

ROSA WELCH.

PARKERSBURG, IOWA, Feb. 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been working on the One Hundred Bible Questions ever since they were started in the INSTRUCTOR. I have just completed them, and will send them to you. I hope they are correct, for I have worked earnestly to get all the answers. I like to search and read my Bible, and I have learned many things by finding the answers to the questions.

I want to thank you for all the good things that are in the INSTRUCTOR every week. I get it at Sabbath-school, and I think it is a very instructive paper.

I am fourteen years old, and am a member of the church here, and I now teach the children's class at Sabbath-school. I have never written to the INSTRUCTOR, only when my whole Sabbath-school class wrote.

I wish to join the Reading Circle for 1906. I will try to read the following books: the Bible, "Great Controversy," "Desire of Ages," "Ministry of Healing," and "Christ's Object Lessons."

I have made all the things given so far in the manual training course.

I am trying to live for Jesus, that I may be ready to meet him when he comes.

IDA COOK.