

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

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No. 14



A Message

FROM all the nations of the earth
There breaks a weeping, wailing forth,
And many, all the world around,
Who are in error's thralldom bound,
Are calling, calling for release,
And for the Saviour, Prince of Peace.

To all the nations of the earth
Then let us send this message forth,
Our wondrous Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Will from their ev'ry sin release
All members of the human race
Who will accept his pard'ning grace.

A thrilling cry, O hear it sound!
To tell to all, the world around,
Our Saviour's wondrous, wondrous love
Is great, so great that from above
To earth he came his life to give
That we might have a chance to live;

Then let us go and it proclaim,
In honor of our Saviour's name.
His coming now is near at hand;
He then will break death's iron band,
And all the faithful dead he'll raise
To shout his wondrous, wondrous praise.

WINDON C. WELCH.

Two Masters

IN choosing a companion for life many things should be considered. No merely sentimental gaiety of a day, insures that a lifetime companionship would be desirable or pleasant.

It is a question that involves too much to be hastily decided. The character of the one seeking a life partnership should be carefully studied with a view to a life association under cares, perplexities, and disappointments, as well as pleasures and good fortune. The wooing glitter and fascinating attentions of courtship are sometimes forgotten after marriage, in the race for fame or wealth; and sometimes the club room is preferred to the home, and the social glass leads to the gambling den, and wrecks its victims socially, physically, and morally. The gay young man of fascinating manners becomes a drunken sot, and his wife a drunkard's wife, heart-broken and disconsolate. She perhaps refused to consider the attentions of a less gay, but noble, godly young man because he was too sedate. He proves by his after-life, however, to be an honorable man, true and just in all his relationships in life. She had the opportunity of choice between the two, but she refused him. She could take but one, and she chose the other. In her wretched hovel she now has plenty of time to reflect upon her mistaken choice.

This is a sad picture, but not so serious a consideration as another I wish to present. Christ and Satan are each wooing for the life companionship of every youth in our land. Satan comes with giddy gaiety and dazzling splendor, offering fame or wealth for the companionship.

He requires no rules of morality, or sacrifice of pride, vanity, or natural desires of those who will accept his companionship. The ballroom, the card party, the theater, and a thousand other amusements are provided for the entertainment of his companions. These are all made attractive to induce youth to walk with him. Thousands of ruined men and women in brothels, in almshouses, in jails and penitentiaries, besides a list of suicides, and others unnumbered at whose death-beds peace refuses to abide, wail out their disappointment in seeking happiness through companionship with Satan.

Christ comes presenting a pathway of crosses, but assuring us that at the end awaits a crown of unfading glory. He presents his law as the necessary standard of virtue to all who will seek



"PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE"

companionship with him. So important does he hold this attainment of character to be, that if a man offends in one point, he can not regard him as having attained to the necessary standard. If we keep his commandments, we shall enter in through the gates into the holy city. In his service he insists that we must deny self, or we deny him. And more, if we walk with him, he insists that we visit the sick, minister to the suffering, interest ourselves in the fatherless and the widow, and, going into all the world, carry the gospel to every creature. How can he hope to win the youth when he holds before them such sacrifices and toil and purity as the price of his companionship? It is the blessed life that he gives in return, made so desirable by his com-

panionship, that contains the inducement. "I will give you rest." The companions of Satan, following earth's giddy pleasures, are tossed upon the waves of the troubled sea of life's unsatisfying pleasures. "Like the troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt, there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." In contrast he assures us that his companionship will give us a peace that passeth all understanding, and a blessing that maketh rich.

Recently I heard one who for years had walked with Christ in the canvassing work, say that while he was in a sparsely settled part of the country selling books, night came on, and he tried in vain to find a place to stop. At last he bowed by the roadside and asked God to aid him in securing a place to stay. As he arose from prayer, he saw a little girl standing near. As he approached, she ran toward the house. He followed, and asked to be allowed to become their guest for the night. The lady refused, but the little girl stepped forward and whispered something in her mother's ear; the mother's face brightened, and she said, "Yes, you may stay with us." He said, with tearful eyes and with confidence in his voice, "I knew that my prayer would be answered."

A minister was asked to address a congregation by a brother minister, and he lingered in the study in preparation for his work, while his friend stepped into the church to see that all was ready for the service. Soon the pastor sent his little boy to the study for the minister. When the boy returned, the father asked, "Did you ask the minister to come?" "No," he replied, "the study door was a little ajar, and I heard him talking with some one, and I did not go in. He was talking very earnestly, and I heard him say that except you go with me, I can not go to the meeting. I know he will come soon, and his friend will come with him I am sure." He came soon, and the spirit in which he delivered the message evidenced the presence and companionship of his Friend. The sweet companionship of that promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest," is a glorious reality, and gives assurance of his companionship for the life that now is, and for that life which is to come. Which shall we choose for our life companion, Christ or Satan? "No man can serve two masters."

R. C. PORTER.

Mission Work on Broader Lines

My attention has been recently drawn to the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in this little country, Porto Rico, and to the methods which they use in advancing their work. Spending a few days in the country away from the sign of a town, buried deep in the hills gorgeous and tranquil, I was surprised to find that two priests were guests of the family which I was visiting, and still more surprised to see the large farmhouse sitting-room transformed into a chapel, where an altar had been tastefully arranged in perfect condition for a Roman Catholic service, an image

of Christ on the cross, a picture of the Virgin Mary, and two huge candles filling their appointed places. I learned that these men had come to start a mission for the poor country people who rarely go to town, and hence have no opportunity of attending church, and that my friend's house had been obtained as a temporary meeting place until something definite could be established for these illiterate and naturally superstitious peasants, who live in tiny huts on the lands of the plantation owner for whom they work.

I noticed the intense earnestness of the priests in connection with their work; every morning at seven o'clock a large bell was rung to signal the people, who soon flocked to the house and devoutly recited their morning prayers, and listened to a short talk by one of the priests. All through the day the children came to learn the catechism, and untiringly the priests instructed them in spite of their restlessness, and their own weariness. At night another service was held, which was more largely attended by all sexes and all ages, and the priest preached a long and good sermon. This lasted for ten days, and was followed up by visiting from house to house all over the hills. At the end of this time everybody confessed to the priest, and received the holy sacrament. My heart ached for these poor deluded ones worshipping in total darkness, and knowing nothing of a Saviour who saves from sin, and yet they are earnestly, blindly groping after eternal life. Here indeed is a field white for the harvest, a vineyard rich in its fruitage, but the laborers are lacking, and the question, How shall we bring them the gospel? I am sure arises in every true Christian's heart.

Truly a person's entire time could be spent to advantage with this people, teaching them the sweet story of Jesus and his love, and the gratitude of hundreds of persons who have no ray of light would be his daily benediction, for they would accept the truth if they could understand it.

So far little progress has been made with the better class of Porto Ricans, who despise our Protestant churches and missions because few; the servant and peasant element attend the meetings, but I believe with a broader line of work we shall yet reach the masses.

As I write, a refreshing summer breeze is blowing, and in a sky of indescribable blue, myriads of stars appear in all their translucent glory. I stand and worship, not in the earthly temple, but as it were in the shadow of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

EDITH MARY IRVINE.

The Girl Who Drops Things

It is of the girl who drops the threads of life that I am thinking—drops them one after another, carelessly, thoughtlessly, gaily oftentimes, with no serious realization of what her growing habit of inconstancy means. Alas! could she but foresee what bitterly regretful days are awaiting her in the future for all these butterfly beginnings and renouncings!

"I am going to drop my Greek," announced the high-school girl. "I can't make anything out of it, and it's only a mess of nonsense, anyway." So she surrenders to the first real intellectual difficulty of life, cravenly avoids the first severe test, and replaces Greek—by means of the modern "elective" system—with some easier study. So the habit of "dropping things" grows upon her. The pattern of life becomes a maze of unfinished lines—paths followed for a short distance and then abandoned. She gets in the way of retreating before successive obstacles, going back, and starting anew in such a way as to escape them. The motive of her life becomes expert dodging instead of brave fighting.

I know a girl who went to college with high

hopes and ambitions. She was so eager and so self-confident that she even planned to crowd four years' work into two. She would take the full course, she declared, and work so hard that she could pass all the required examinations and be graduated at the end of the second year. How did she come out? Well, she adhered to the two-year plan; but before two months were past, she began "dropping things," and at the close of her college course—she could have attended longer than two years, but did not care to—was keeping up only music, French, and English literature. She came out with a pitiful smattering, and, of course, no degree whatever. Hers was the butterfly notion of college so common with a certain class of girls. She calls herself "a Vassar girl," tells people that she has "been to Vassar," and lets it be generally understood that she has been graduated from the college. As a matter of fact, she was only one of that tolerated, but more or less despised, class of "special students," who attend, as hangers-on, certain noted institutions for the glamour of the name and the superficial polish gained from a smattering of certain light studies. Always you will find among this class of college girls a goodly proportion of those who have acquired and practised from childhood the habit of "dropping things."

Nor is it long, as a rule, before the intellectual shirk becomes the moral shirk. The girl who will drop a study simply because it is hard will not be likely to hesitate about dropping a principle or a commandment for the same reason. Once establish a habit of cowardice or easy-goingness, and it is going sooner or later to honeycomb the whole nature. Retreat before a Greek verb, and the chances are that you will retreat before an equally hard moral condition, telling the truth under embarrassing circumstances, or something of that sort. Habitually drop difficult things of one kind, and is it not reasonable to assume that you will soon get in the way of habitually dropping difficult things of all kinds? Our characters hang together in such a way that it is almost impossible to make them loose on one side and tight on the other. The "screw loose somewhere" always means a general shakiness to be guarded against. That is why all bad habits are such dangerous things to tamper with. They gradually and surely affect and infect the entire life.

Therefore the girl who gets in the way of "dropping things" simply because they require mental grit, is never safe when she encounters things that require moral grit. A loose texture of the mind is apt to induce a loose texture of the soul. One would expect a coward on the intellectual side to be, sooner or later, a coward on the moral side.

Let the girl of high moral standards and ideals, and especially the girl of sincere religious consecration, beware how she yields to the seductive temptation to abandon hard things of any kind in favor of easy things, to abandon them simply because they are hard and demand the strenuous qualities of life. Each yielding of this sort is so much weakening of the moral fiber, so much disintegration of the common substance of character. Keep life and character whole; let it be all one substance, one quality, from root to flower. That is the secret of the simplicity and beauty and consistency of the life that is faithfully patterned after Christ's.—James Buckham.

Reward of Inventive Genius

INVENTIVE genius is reaping its reward in the case of Edward Moore, a young student at Syracuse University. He received recently five thousand two hundred dollars for the invention of an improvement in an automobile "sparker," thus adding to his previous remarkable record.

Although only twenty-one years old, and just beginning his course of electrical engineering, he has cleared up several thousand dollars on his inventions, having been paid eight thousand dollars for a device for starting and controlling electric motors. When he was ten years old, he began the study of electricity, reading all the books he could obtain on the subject. He worked after school in an electrical shop to gain practical experience. Undoubtedly he is specially gifted, but his success indicates what enterprising, industrious boys can do.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Science Stories

A Continent of Ice

THE largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block about six hundred thousand square miles in area, and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics, the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean; and there is enough of it to cover the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven miles thick. If it were cut into two convenient slabs and built up equally upon the entire surface of "gallant little Wales," it would form a pile more than one hundred twenty miles high. There is ice enough in Greenland to bury the entire area of the United States a quarter of a mile deep.—*Selected*.

Nature's Open Shops

To nature the eight-hour day is unknown. The following examples will give some idea of how nature keeps some of her children working overtime:—

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having one thousand holes, and the fine web itself is the union of four thousand threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed, it seizes on the webs of others.

A single female house-fly produces in one season twenty million eighty thousand three hundred twenty descendants. A wasp's nest usually contains fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand cells.

A queen bee will lay two thousand eggs daily for fifty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days.

A swarm of bees contains from ten thousand to twenty thousand in a natural state; in a hive from thirty thousand to forty thousand bees.

Every pound of cochineal contains seventy thousand insects boiled to death, and from six hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.

Two thousand nine hundred silkworms are required to produce one pound of silk; but it takes twenty-seven thousand spiders to produce one pound of web.

The Rhine River carries to the sea every day one hundred forty-five thousand nine hundred eighty cubic feet of sand or stone.—*Scrap Book*.

Our Biggest Bonanza

ONE of the wonders of America some thirty years ago was the "Big Bonanza" of the Comstock lode, in Nevada. It was found by following a widening vein of silver through the rocks, till a tremendous body of rich ore was reached, of both gold and silver, assaying more than a hundred dollars to the square foot, and stretching three hundred feet across. One hundred

eight million dollars was taken out of the Big Bonanza in the ten years before it was exhausted.

Yet the Big Bonanza fades into complete insignificance before one possessed by the United States to-day—a bonanza that grows more productive each year, instead of becoming exhausted. All the gold-mines of the entire world taken together have not yielded more, since the time when Columbus discovered America, than this has produced in just the last two years. Last year it had nearly five billion dollars to its credit.

What is this biggest bonanza? The prospector will hunt the barren mountains and the arctic coasts, die frozen in the snow, perish of thirst in the desert, and never realize that the spot where the greatest treasures lie is just—the plain average American farm. For it is from the report of the Secretary of Agriculture that the astounding facts of the preceding paragraph are taken; and plenty of others are added.

Take the American hen; she does not lay actual golden eggs—apparently. Yet the one and two-thirds billions of eggs which our hens produce annually, outvalue the product of many a gold-mine, and in the busy season, at the prevailing prices, the yield of eggs from American farms realizes enough in two weeks to pay a full year's interest on our national debt.

Or take the value of farm property, which is rising all the while as the American farmer becomes more progressive and thrifty. The increase in the value of United States farms, as a whole, is about five hundred million dollars a year, including machinery, buildings, and live stock. In 1904 the products of our farms were twice the sum of all our imports and exports, six times the amount of the capital stock of all our national banks, and between two and three times the gross earnings from all our railroads.

Five billion dollars is almost an unthinkable value. If we can conceive of enough silver dollars, placed with their surfaces touching, to reach across the continent, from New York to San Francisco, twice, and yet leave enough to reach once, in the same way, from Dakota to Texas, we can imagine last year's farm values.

The corn crop in 1904 was enough to pay the whole national debt, out and out, principal and interest, and run the expenses of the national government besides for a considerable number of months. The boy on the farm may get tired of working in the corn field; but if he will remember that he is really working in the national Klondike, he may realize that his job is interesting, after all.

Digging gold is picturesque, but in the long run it does not begin to pay like digging potatoes. The vegetable wealth that comes out of the ground hopelessly distances all the minerals that can be dug. Every improvement in farming means more than a hundred claims staked out at Nome or Cripple Creek. The boy who puts his brains into farming until, like Burbank, he invents a new fruit, or, like McCormick, patents a reaper—he is the true bonanza king of the future, the maker of wealth, the creator of permanent values.—*Priscilla Leonard.*

On the Post-Office Short Line

To a certain postmaster of Arkansas the Hon. Peter V. DeGraw, fourth assistant postmaster-general, will always remain a man of mystery. This postmaster had occasion to call upon the fourth assistant recently in connection with certain charges which had been filed against him with the department, and he brought with him letters and documents which he felt certain would substantiate his version of the affair, and result in a complete vindication for him.

Upon entering the big reception-room of the fourth assistant's office, he was met by Private Secretary W. H. Allen, who informed him that

Mr. DeGraw was closely engaged in his private conference room, but that he, Mr. Allen, would be most happy to serve him in any way possible. The postmaster was so much impressed by the cordial, friendly manner of Mr. Allen that it took him but a short time to make a complete statement of the case and hand to the latter all the papers which he brought along to prove his innocence. Mr. Allen invited the Arkansas gentleman to be seated, assuring him of an interview with Mr. DeGraw in a short while, and, returning to his desk, read over the papers which had been given him.

In about ten minutes the door leading from the private office opened, and the portly form of the fourth assistant appeared. Crossing the room rapidly, he took the Arkansas postmaster by the hand, exclaiming: "Mr. Smith, I am so glad to meet you; and it is a pleasure for me to tell you of the department's decision in regard to your case, which is entirely favorable to you."

To the utter bewilderment of his visitor, he then proceeded to enter into a discussion of the case, showing perfect familiarity with the contents of the papers which had been given Mr. Allen. The expression of the Arkansas man's face was a study. He glanced at the papers lying on Mr. Allen's desk, which to his certain knowledge had not left the room since he entered, then looked dubiously at that genial gentleman, who had not been out of his sight either. How did the fourth assistant become acquainted with the contents of his papers, and, for that matter, know his name? With a look of wonderment still upon his face, he thanked Mr. DeGraw, expressed his gratification at the outcome of his visit, and left the room, shaking his head and muttering to himself: "I have read Sherlock Holmes and seen a number of second-sight artists perform, but when it comes down to the real thing in thought transmission, this fourth assistant and his private secretary are certainly ahead of them all."

Yet the explanation of the seeming phenomenon which so puzzled the country postmaster is simple. The fourth assistant postmaster-general possesses the unique distinction of controlling and operating the shortest telegraph line in the world, and as this miniature system connects Mr. DeGraw's desk with the one occupied by his private secretary, the latter was able to acquaint him with the visitor's arrival, and to transmit the contents of the papers which he had received, without leaving his seat and without the knowledge of any one present in either room.

The total amount of wire used in the construction of "The Post-office Short Line" is less than thirty feet. The desk of the fourth assistant is equipped with a complete telegraphic apparatus, as are the desks of his private secretary and his confidential stenographer, Mr. Robert H. Prender. As both Allen and Prender are not only expert stenographers, but good telegraphers, and in addition possess the ability to read each other's stenographic notes, it can readily be understood that the operation of such a system between them would greatly facilitate the handling of a day's business.

Mr. DeGraw was found very willing to show the operation of his little line, and, while admitting the novelty, stated that it was there strictly for practical use, and between two old telegraphers was a far quicker and more satisfactory mode of communication than any other method could possibly be.

"Wherein do you find telegraphy especially adaptable to government business?" he was asked.

"Oh, in many ways! I might say, generally," said Mr. DeGraw; "but especially is it useful in the saving of time, which is essential here for our personal welfare, for we do not agree with our distinguished friend, the electrical wizard Thomas A. Edison, who, I understand, has re-

cently declared that regular sleep is not a necessity. Perhaps sleep is not an essential factor in the well-being of that estimable gentleman; but unfortunately for us, we are not in his class. I find in my case that six hours' sound sleep out of every twenty-four is the only safe foundation upon which to secure a full day's hard work at a desk, day in and day out. A man may 'space' on diet, but experience has taught me that in order to keep in prime condition it is unsafe to trespass upon the last six sleeping hours of each day; hence I endeavor to follow the rule of working ten hours, sparing the brain by recreation during the next five hours, and making sure of sleeping six, thus leaving three hours each day for meals, and other incidentals."

When asked why he found it necessary to work ten hours each day, Mr. DeGraw explained the requirements of the four divisions which comprise his bureau, namely, those of appointments, bonds, city free delivery and rural free delivery, which include in their jurisdictions upward of one hundred fifty-six thousand persons, necessitating, with other routine duties of the office, the personal signing of a budget of several hundred letters a day, and this alone consumes between two and one-half and three hours.

Although he has been out of the telegraph business for a number of years, telegraphers familiar with his "touch" declare that Mr. DeGraw has never lost his cunning at the key. Along in the '80's, while managing the Washington bureau of the United Press, he transmitted to New York, on a test, four hundred ninety words in ten minutes, each word spelled out in full, which for a long time was the record in fast sending. The telegraphers on the "Post-office Short Line" are all experienced code men, which still further enhances the value and adaptability of the recently installed electrical acquisition.

While the writer was discussing with Mr. DeGraw in the conference room the advantages of this unique adjunct as a part of the paraphernalia of an up-to-date business office, a page appeared on the scene, and hurriedly conveyed to the fourth assistant a message which required immediate reply. Under ordinary circumstances a stenographer would have been summoned to take the reply in notes, which he would have had to transcribe, consuming, in all, perhaps ten minutes, and necessitating an interruption to the conference between the assistant postmaster-general and the visitor. Instead of following this stereotyped course, in a twinkling, without rising from his chair, Mr. DeGraw wired his secretary a hasty reply to the message. This was copied from the wire on the typewriter, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the incident became a duly recorded and finished official transaction.—*Wilbert Melville, in National Magazine.*

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Signs of Christ's Coming In the Heavens

1. How may we know of the time of Christ's coming?

"So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." Luke 21: 31.

2. What did Jesus say some of "these things" would be?

"But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light." Mark 13: 24.

3. And what did he say of the stars?

"And the stars of heaven shall fall." V. 25.

4. What does the prophet Joel say of these signs of the Lord's coming?

"The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble: the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining." "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come." Joel 2: 10, 31.

5. What did John see taking place in the heavens in his vision on the Isle of Patmos?

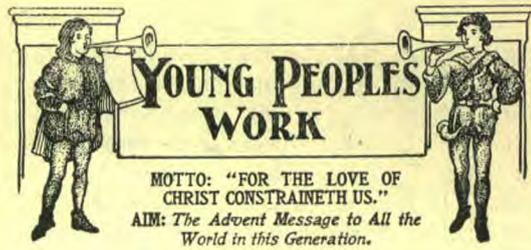
"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind." Rev. 6: 12, 13.

6. For what shall we look next?

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Matt. 24: 30.

The sun was darkened May 19, 1780, which day is known in history as "The Dark Day." The following night the moon, though full, gave no light. In the latter part of the night, as the darkness cleared away, the moon had the appearance of blood. The stars fell from heaven Nov. 13, 1833.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



April Study of the Field

OPENING EXERCISE:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Responsive Scripture Reading: Romans 10.

REMARKS BY LEADER:—

"No Turning Back," (*Review and Herald*, February 8).

FIELD STUDY:—

"A Visit to Transcaucasus."

"Life at Karmatar, India."

"In the Philippine Islands."

"From the Hermit Nation."

RECITATION:—

"A Missionary Parable."

FIELD REPORTS:—

Inland China, Ecuador, Argentina, Central America, West Africa, West Indies, Plain-field Mission (Africa), Burma, Jamaica.

PRAYER FOR THE FIELDS.

CLOSING SONG.

Note

The study this month is based upon reports which have appeared in the February *Review and Herald*. Always use a map, where one is available, as this adds much to the interest of the meeting. Encourage all to have some part in the meeting.

E. H.

Friendly Words About the Mission Lessons

MRS. METTIE S. LENKER, who has charge of the young people's work in the Southern Union writes: "The Mission Studies in the *INSTRUCTOR* I appreciate more and more as I find how very little our young people know of the history of our missions. Having been brought up in the truth, and having been acquainted with our work and many of our leading brethren ever since I can remember, I did not suppose that our young people knew so little of the work in foreign lands. Last week just before we began our mission study

at our young people's meeting, I asked some review questions, also some things aside from what was given in the *INSTRUCTOR*. The result showed that they were receiving none too soon the lessons now being studied."

Edith Starbuck, Western Oregon Conference Secretary: "All our Societies, I think, will take up these studies."

Jennie R. Bates, West Paris, Maine: "We do appreciate the Mission Studies for the young people. I divide the articles into several sections, and many of them learn their parts and repeat them."

E. C. Silsbee, who has charge of the young people's work in the Southern California Conference, says: "Our Societies generally are becoming very much interested in the Mission Studies in the *INSTRUCTOR*."

Mrs. L. M. Calkins, New York Conference Secretary: "I am delighted with the lessons in the *INSTRUCTOR*, and more delighted to see how our young people here in Rome are making use of them. Our Society has not a member, besides the teacher, who is over fourteen years of age."

Elgin, Illinois

OUR attendance for some time has been quite good, and sometimes we have a number of visitors. We hold our meetings weekly, and open them with singing, prayer, and testimonies. Then we have the reading of the minutes, and a report of missionary work done. After the regular study, we take up a collection, and close with the Lord's prayer.

Occasionally we have a workers' meeting. We have bought and made sheets and towels for the Moline Sanitarium, and sash curtains for the Sheridan school, and have tied a quilt for the school recently started at Vicksburg, Mississippi. The children made the quilt.

Our collections have been \$26.56. Last June we voted to support a native student in India at twenty dollars a year. This means for us an average of forty cents a week, which is about all we can do. We had our first five dollars ready to send by Thanksgiving.

MINNIE PETERSON.

Young People's Work in Iowa

DURING the last six months our Young People's work in Iowa has been prospering. The conventions held in our churches in the interest of the Young People's work proved a great blessing in uniting old and young in giving the third angel's message to the world. Several new Societies have been formed as the result of this work, and these are proving to be a great blessing to the church, as they always will when properly conducted.

I have received many interesting letters from Society leaders and secretaries, also from State Society members. All seem to be full of hope and courage and determined to do more than they have been doing. Quite a good many have handled the *Special Signs, Life and Health, and Family Bible Teacher*.

A real live interest is manifested in foreign mission work. Just now we are raising money to assist in sending and supporting Brother and Sister Allum in Honan, China. One of our State Society members writes, "As for sending a missionary, I think it is a fine thing, and China is certainly a needy field. I am sending \$2.20, and I believe that there will be raised enough to send those two who are preparing to go." Another person writes that their Society has decided to devote the offering for the last Sabbath in each month to this work. And thus there seems to be in the heart of all our young people a desire to help in carrying the third angel's message to all the world.

The Lord is blessing us in our junior work.

It has a tendency to unite the hearts of parents and children more closely in giving this message. It teaches both to be more systematic and faithful in the little duties that come to them. The Lord wants us to gather the children in our arms, and all go on together to those mansions that Jesus has gone to prepare for all those who love him,

F. J. WILBUR,

Secretary of Young People's Work in Iowa.

A Missionary Parable

THE Heavenly Gardener walked abroad,
And looked at his gardens fair,
He noted the skill with which each was kept;
He noted the flowers rare;
He saw that the paths were neatly swept,
And the weeds expelled with care.

And the workers each with the other vied
In making his plot the best.
There were numbers of workers, side by side,
All toiling with equal zest,
Deeming they were, with conscious pride,
Fulfilling their Lord's behest.

The Master smiled with a gracious mien
On each of his workers there,
When, lo! he beheld a different scene;
A land of great promise rare,
Stretching far beyond; but no tender green
Yet covered its surface bare.

And there in the deep horizon lay,
Unnoticed by any eye,
That barren plain, in the shadow gray,
Neglected, lone, and dry;
For the busy workers, day by day,
Had heedless passed it by.

Then the Heavenly Gardener turned once more
To the gardens so neat and fair,
And said to the workers bending o'er
The flowers so wondrous rare:
"Do ye not see that barren moor;
Why are none toiling there?"

"Your care of these gardens I commend;
But mine is the whole estate;
Yet a corner shall ye agree to tend,
And neglect that land so great?
While all your energies here ye bend,
Ye have left that to its fate."

His servants lifted up their eyes
From the plots they had called their own,
As they heard their Master's call, "Arise!
Go forth to that land so lone;"
And their hearts were filled with a sad surprise
At the fields they might have sown.

— Selected.

The Proof of the Artist

GUSTAVE DORE, the great French artist, was once traveling in foreign lands. Through some accident he lost his passport. When he came to where officials demanded his passport, he told the customs officer that he had lost it, but assured him that he was Dore, the artist.

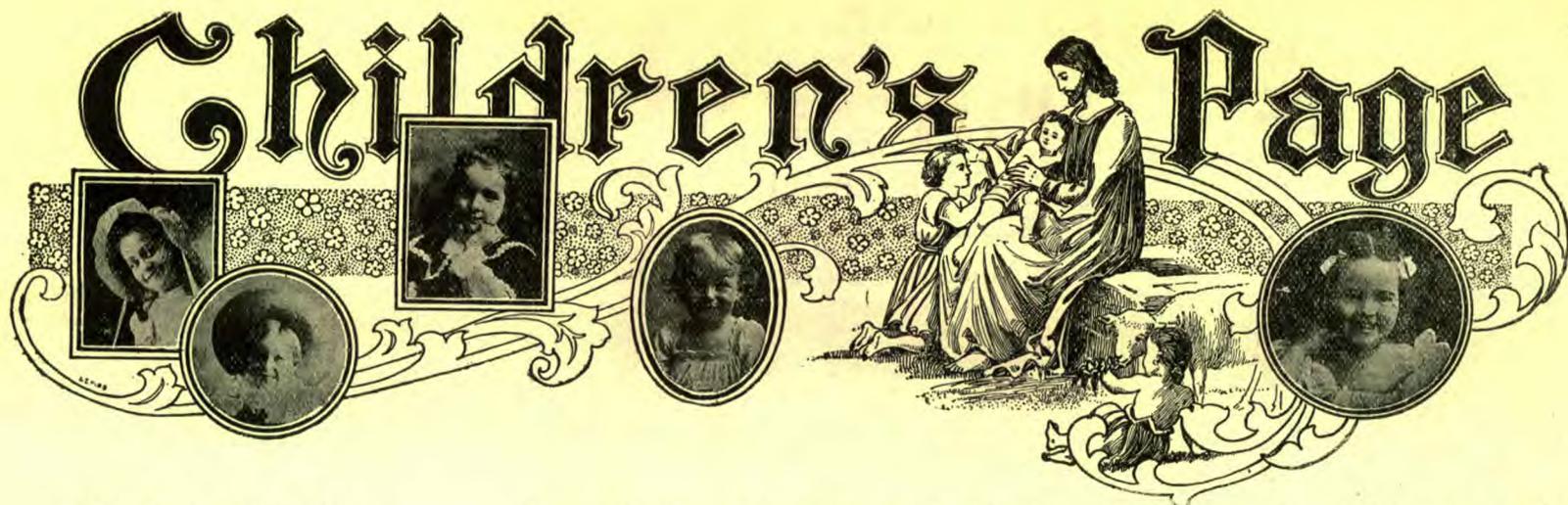
The officer did not believe him, and mockingly handed him a pencil and paper, demanding that he prove that he was Dore.

"All right," said the artist, and with an amused smile he took the pencil and paper, and began to sketch the scene before him.

The officer looked on with astonishment for a few moments, as the lifelike creation grew under his pencil, and then said: "That will do, sir. You are Dore; for none but Dore could do that."

That is the way we are to prove our Christianity. We must carry our passport in our every-day conduct. A Christian spirit which shows itself in smiling face and kindly words and right conduct is the best introduction one can have. Sometimes it is a protection better than any armor.—*Louis Albert Banks*.

"If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!"



The Wild Goose Plum

"GRANDMA, tell us about the Wild Goose Plum. Papa says that you know how it came to be called by that name."

"Yes, indeed, children, I know all about the plum, and it was my Uncle Nicholas Hobson who gave it the name."

"When I was a girl, about thirteen years old, all east Nashville, Tennessee, was one large plantation, and Uncle Nick lived in a fine old mansion surrounded by stately trees and orchards, with a large and beautifully green lawn in front, and many and many an acre of tilled fields, with waving grain spreading out beyond as far as the eye could see."

"At certain seasons of the year wild geese would fly over this farm in countless numbers, and their calls could be heard for long distances. One day Uncle Nick and I were out in the back yard, when far away we heard the noise of the geese coming. Uncle Nick ran into the house for his double-barrel shotgun, and I remained by the beehive, a large box-hive that stood near. Soon after Uncle Nick joined me again, the geese began to fly over our heads. Bang! Bang! went the gun, and down on top of the beehive tumbled two big black geese, one dead, and the other with a broken leg. Uncle Nick gave the dead one to Aunt Sallie, our big mulatto cook, and carrying the wounded bird into the house, fastened the broken leg in splints, clipped the bird's wings, and turned him loose in the barnyard. The goose lived, and remained on the place for fifteen years or more."

"Aunt Sallie took the dead bird to the kitchen and prepared it for cooking. On opening the crop a plum stone was found in it. Uncle Nick planted it, and in a few years had a large tree bearing delicious plums. From this tree others were propagated, which were given to friends until all over Tennessee and Alabama the 'Wild Goose Plum' was in cultivation, and that, children, is the way the name originated."

"Yes, but where did the goose obtain the plum seed?" asked Tom B.

"That is not known," replied grandma, "but such a plum had never before been seen in the South, and I think not in any other part of America."
W. S. CHAPMAN.

First Aid to the Injured Burns

"O JERRY," said John, "I've thought of the jolliest way to spend our vacation! Let's go camping—really, truly camping, I mean, not a tent on our own lawn. I am sure father and mother'll let us, if Guardie goes along with us to see that nothing terrible happens."

"Guardie" was Mr. Wilson, the boys' tutor, and they had given him this name because their father called him their mental guardian. Dr. and Mrs. Sturges were going abroad this summer, so they had promised their boys a little extra treat in their vacation, and they had planned this camping party. Of course they talked it all over with Guardie, and he said that he knew just the place where they could have "great fun." They could row and fish, and go on long trolley-

rides, and explore the country, and do all sorts of jolly things. It was a place where he had lived himself when he was a boy, and he knew every inch of the ground. It was the beautiful Blennerhassett Island, which lies in the middle of the Ohio River, between the shores of West Virginia and Ohio. It is an ideal spot for a summer camp, as many young people know, for there is never a summer when the island is not visited by merry parties.

Mr. Wilson decided on the night train because the boys would be more amiable after a good night's sleep than they would be if they had to travel all day.

It was an excited little party which tried to stow its possessions away in the sleeper; for after they had piled up their fishing-tackle and golf-sticks, their overcoats and valises and lunch boxes, there was hardly room left for the children themselves. The boys found, however, that the train did not take them directly to their destination; after reaching the nearest town, they had to take a stage down to the river, where they found a little launch awaiting them, which took them directly to the island.

It didn't take them long to pitch their little tent, and get their camp in order. Guardie had written ahead to some of the farmers, and they had an old kitchen stove ready for the boys to cook on. Jerry and John called Guardie their "chef," and said they'd be his assistants. They drew lots to see which one should get the first breakfast, and this work fell to John, who really was more pleased than otherwise to start in.

Mr. Wilson mixed the griddle-cake batter, for he was an old camper and knew just how to do it. John began to fry the cakes, and they certainly were a great success; but as he was buttering the griddle for the last batch, the grease took fire, and, suddenly flaring up, the flame caught his cotton blouse. Mr. Wilson grabbed a heavy steamer-rug, and, quickly wrapping it about John's body, threw him flat on the ground, smothering the flames. John was frightened, but not badly hurt. However, his arm had been slightly scorched, and Guardie quickly sprinkled some baking-soda over it, and bandaged it with a piece of soft linen.

John soon felt better, and Mr. Wilson said: "Boys, now this is a fine chance to talk a little about burns. You know, John, that's one of the first things you'll have to learn when you go to the medical school. Suppose you begin by asking me questions."

"All right," said Jerry. "What makes the skin get red?"

"That's a leading question, as a lawyer might say, and I couldn't have asked a better one myself; for that's the first thing you notice in a slight burn. I'll tell you why the skin gets red; but first I'll tell you something else, and that is this: there are three kinds of burn, as your father would tell you if he were here. The slightest kind is like that on John's arm, and I presume he thinks that was painful enough before we put on the soda and bandage."

"I guess you'd have thought so if it had been your arm," piped John.

"The second degree of burn is one in which

a blister comes. The third degree is a deep burn, and goes down into the flesh. When the skin is slightly burned, like John's, some of its tiny cells are injured. Too much blood rushes to the part, and that is why it looks red. But in a few days these little cells that have been hurt die and fall off,—or, as the doctors say, desquamate,—and new cells grow and take their places. Now, when you have a little burn like John's, do as I did this morning—sprinkle baking-soda or flour over it, and then carefully bind it up with clean, soft linen. This is to keep out the air. But you wouldn't do this if the skin were broken. I remember, at a Fourth-of-July party last year, a boy had his hand badly burned by a cannon fire-cracker. It was down on Long Island, and you know there is a great deal of lockjaw in some parts of the island."

"Lockjaw, Guardie! Do you mean it goes there visiting, or lives there?" said John.

"Lockjaw lives in certain places, just as we live in our houses. It's a germ. These germs are very fond of the earth of old gardens; then, when a boy or a girl gets a cut on a finger, and digs in the garden and gets some of the dirt into the cut, you may look out for a case of lockjaw. But the people who were with this boy when the cracker went off, covered his hand with a thick salve, and then wrapped it up with heavy bandages."

"When he came to the city that night, his doctor was frightened; for, as he told me, all the germs that were on the hand were shut right in, and couldn't get out even if they had a mind to. He took off the bandages at once, washed and picked off the salve, and covered the hand with wet dressings."

"Well, what are wet dressings?" asked Jerry; "and why didn't he put on baking-soda, as you did on John's?"

"I know why," said John; "because when the skin is broken, you mustn't ever put on any kind of powder. Father says so; it gets hard, and when they try to take it off, it will hurt terribly."

"You're right, John; and it will not only hurt, but it will sometimes tear off the flesh. Wet dressings are pieces of bandages soaked in water, or sometimes in oil. And in case of a burn which goes down deep the best thing to do before the doctor comes is to cover it with oil. Make some carron-oil by mixing linseed-oil with lime-water, half and half. Or you may soak a bandage in water that has baking-soda dissolved in it, as I might have done for John."

"Why couldn't you use just olive-oil—the kind that mother puts on lettuce?"

"You could," said Mr. Wilson; "but never put on a bandage that will stick to the raw flesh and have to be peeled off afterward."

"Guardie," said John, "what about blisters? Is it right to prick them or let them alone?"

"That depends upon the blister," said Guardie. "If it is loose and wabby, as Jerry says, let it alone. That loose skin is the very best kind of dressing for it. But if the blister is bulged out hard, like a rubber balloon, then prick it underneath at a little distance from the edge of the blister, running the needle just under the skin till it enters the blister, so that the water will

run out, and the skin covering be left unharmed."

"What would you prick it with?" asked John.

"Never with a pin. Take a bright, new needle, and dip it first into boiling water for a minute."

"Well, another thing, Guardie: What made me feel so queer? I felt 'kind of gone' all over, as grandmother says."

"That was shock; you always feel upset by a burn. That is sometimes the worst part of the accident."

"Well, Guardie, anything more about burns that we want to hear—I mean that John wants to hear?"

"Yes, there's one thing more, boys. Did you think that burns by fire were the only kind of burns?"

"I burned myself with sealing-wax last winter," said Jerry.

"Yes, and the cook's baby drank some lye last week," said John; "and they said he was burned inside."

"Exactly! You see, there are other kinds. And one other thing that causes bad burns is an acid. Next winter, when we begin to study chemistry, you'll learn about two things called acids and alkalis."

"What are alkalis?" said John.

"It's pretty hard to tell," said Guardie; "but lye is an alkali, and so are soda and potash and ammonia—you can get a little idea that way. When you have an alkali burn, pour over it an acid, like weak vinegar or lemon-juice and water. And if you are burned by an acid, as carbolic acid or sulphuric acid, dip the burned spot into water to dilute the acid, and then put on any alkali—saleratus or washing-soda. Alcohol greatly relieves the pain of a carbolic-acid burn. Even common mud is good for acid burns, because it has alkali in it. That's the way to treat a bee sting. You remember the one you had last summer?"

"I guess I do," said Jerry.

"When I burned my hand with the sealing-wax, you just put it under the faucet to cool it, and let the sealing-wax come off by itself," said John.

"Yes, and the same way with pitch," said Mr. Wilson. "For you will do great harm if you try to pull off the wax at once."

"There's a great deal more to burns than I thought there was," said John. "Are we through, Guardie?"

"Not quite. If you ever see an accident in which any one's clothes are on fire, just do as I did this morning: grab up something woolen, because that does not burn easily,—a blanket or rug, or a coat, or a piece of carpet—never anything cotton,—and quickly wrap it about the flames, and throw the person on the floor if you have to. If your own clothes catch fire, never run or get in a draft; lie right down, with a rug or a blanket round you, and smother the flames. And, boys, one last thing: never, when there is a cry of 'Fire,' run out of a crowded building. It is very risky, and you are much better off to stay where you are until the stampede is over; then you can go out safely. But if you're caught in a burning building, and the smoke gets thick, cover your face with a wet handkerchief or towel, if one can be had; and if it's hard to breathe, crawl along the floor till you can get out. The best air in a burning room is always on the floor, because the smoke is lighter than the purer air, and rises."

"That seems funny," said Jerry.

"Well, it's true, if it is funny," said Mr. Wilson. "But, above all, boys,—and this is the last thing,—never lose your head; self-control may save your own life, as well as some one else's, some day."

"Well," said John, "we know something about burns, anyway. Come on, Jerry; we've got to wash those dishes."—*Dr. Emma E. Walker, in St. Nicholas.*



Work for Little Fingers—No. 8

How many tried the exercises in the last lesson? Did you have any trouble in making them? You found it necessary to be very exact, did you not? A slight inaccuracy in dividing the circle or in placing the compasses would make the whole wrong. And when you stop to think about it, isn't it true of almost everything we do that a little carelessness, or a single mistake, will make the whole work imperfect? You know what a wrong or misplaced letter will do in spelling a word, or one wrong figure in solving a problem. And perhaps you know, too, how seemingly small wrongs sometimes creep in and spoil our characters.



FIG. 1

It is so easy to neglect or overlook the little things; they do not seem of much importance in themselves, but in the end we find that they have made the great difference between right and wrong. So it is very important to be particular about them, isn't it? And if we do that, the greater things will come out right too. Do you understand why? It is because the greater things are made up of many little ones.

For our lesson this time we have a wall-pocket.

First find the center of your paper. Open your

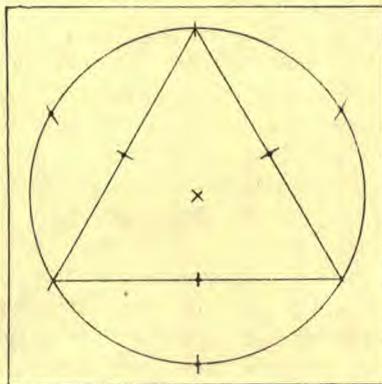


FIG. 2

compasses three and one-half inches. Place the point of the compasses at the center of the paper; draw a circle, and divide it into six equal parts. Do not forget to mark distinctly the exact places where the dividing lines cross the circle. Connect every other point in the circle by drawing straight lines between them, as in Fig. 2. Do you know the name of the figure formed by these three straight lines? It is called a triangle. Now we must divide each side of the triangle in the center. It would be very difficult for you to do this by measuring, so I will tell you another way.

Place the ruler across from one point or corner of the triangle through the center of the circle, to the opposite point in the circle. Where the ruler crosses the side of the triangle is the center of that side. Mark it with a short line or point. Divide each side in the same way. Fig. 2. Connect these points just as shown in Fig. 3. Mark the places for tying. Cut out the triangle, and fold the two lines which are left. You will have no trouble with this model if you study the drawing carefully.

Fig. 4 is another exercise

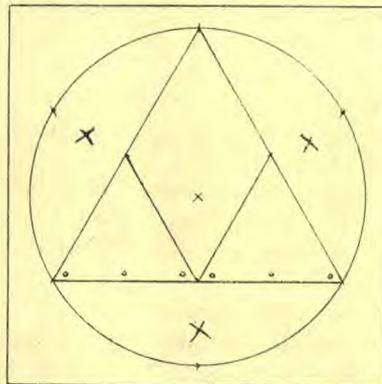


FIG. 3

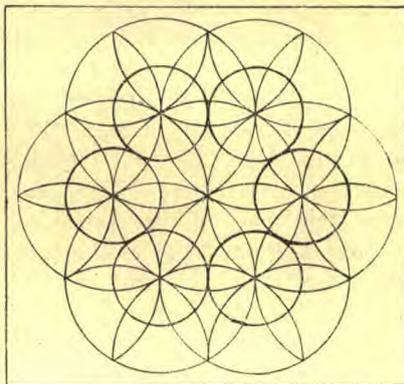


FIG. 4

for you to practise. Open your compasses two inches, draw a circle and divide it. Draw six circles of the same size around and through the first one. In the center of each of these draw another half as large; that is, have your compasses open only one inch. The small circles should just touch one another, not overlap. Be patient and persevering in your efforts to do the work just right. It will not only give you success in this, but will help you to form correct habits in other respects as well.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

News from the Search-Light

THE red and white crossed flag of Denmark, which has been in use since 1215, is the oldest existing national banner.

A NEW preparation called "wood-stone" is being made from sawdust. It is incombustible, is not affected by water, and takes a high polish, which allows its use in ornamentation.

THE foreign commerce of the United States during the first seven months of the current fiscal year amounted to \$1,752,421,330, or an average of \$25,000,000 a month.

THE eruption of Mount Vesuvius is assuming alarming proportions. Streams of lava are flowing with considerable rapidity, destroying everything in their course. The authorities are taking precaution to prevent loss of life.

It is said that in Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, there is "no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court, and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is imported or made on the island. There is not an illiterate, and not a child ten years old unable to read."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT on February 13 took official cognizance of the famine which has grown to such serious proportions in Japan. In an appeal to the American people, the President requested that contributions for the sufferers be forwarded to the American National Red Cross Society.

THE Canadian government has purchased twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of wheat flour to send to Japan for the sufferers from famine in the northern part of the kingdom. It is being put up in forty-nine-pound sacks, of which twenty thousand will be required. The bags bear an inscription in Japanese stating that the flour is a gift from the government of Canada to famine sufferers. Directions in bread-making and samples of yeast used in the process are also being sent.

A NOTEWORTHY movement recently begun in Peking, China, is the establishment of schools for the education of women under the direction of several princesses, with Japanese ladies as volunteer teachers. All these schools are crowded with girls from leading families. Fourteen Mongolian princesses have arrived at Peking for the purpose of seeking instruction in the European languages. English is now taught in all the schools.

THE great South Dakota cave is the largest cavern in the world. It is situated in the region of the Black Hills in America, and exceeds even

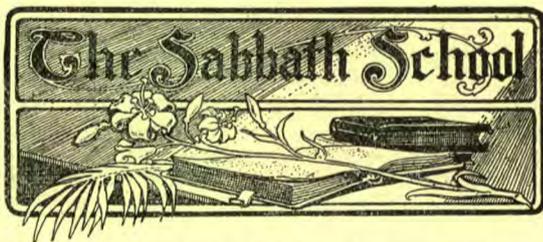
the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is fifty-two miles long, and contains fifteen hundred rooms, many of which are over two hundred feet high, and are massed with stalactites and stalagmites of great size. There are streams, waterfalls, and thirty-seven lakes in this vast subterranean world six thousand feet above the sea-level and four hundred feet deep.

A CURIOUS but little-known fact regarding diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way. By way of safeguard, some dealers embed large diamonds in a raw potato for safe transport from South Africa.

It is announced that the digging of the six-million-dollar ship canal from Barnstable Bay to Buzzard's Bay will begin this spring, and it is expected that the work will be completed some time in 1908. This will make an island of the Cape Cod section of Massachusetts. The building of the Cape Cod Canal is expected to afford great stimulus to Eastern commerce, as an inside waterway from New York to Boston will mean the elimination of many delays by fog, much loss of life and property by storm and other drawbacks.

SAPINDUS UTILIS is the name of a tree or plant growing in Japan, China, India, Algeria, and some similar regions, which promises the world a soap free from alkaline properties. Steps have been taken in Algeria to manufacture soap on a large scale from its fruit. This fruit, smooth and round, about the size of a horse-chestnut, has a dark inner part and an oily kernel. By the use of water or alcohol its saponaceous constituents can be extracted. The tree bears fruit in its sixth year, yielding from fifty-five to two hundred twenty pounds. This fruit can be harvested easily in the fall.

Nor yet two years old, the Czarevitch Alexis, son and heir of the Russian czar, lives in magnificence, unconscious of the menace to his little life which is involved in the high state to which he was born. He has cradles by the score, the very meanest of which is studded with jewels; his feeding-bottles are of gold, and his layette is described as more costly than the trousseau of a queen. If this child escapes the dangers that seem to be thickening around him, and if he is permitted to ascend that throne, he will have more titles than he can remember. He will be a czar six times over, and in addition will bear more than twenty ducal titles, besides innumerable other dignities. He will be lord of a hundred palaces, with more than thirty thousand servants, and his private estates will cover two million acres, yielding an annual revenue of over ten million dollars.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—Choosing Another Disciple

(April 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ACTS 1: 13-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever . . . forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple." Luke 14: 33.

"And when they were come in, they went up

into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James the son of Alphæus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James. These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.

"And in those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples, and said (the number of names together were about an hundred and twenty), Men and brethren, this scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus. For he was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry. Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say, The field of blood. For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein: and his bishopric let another take. Wherefore of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection.

"And they appointed two, Joseph called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place.

"And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."

Questions

1. Who wrote the book of Acts?—Luke, the physician. What other record of the life of Jesus was prepared by this disciple? How does Luke refer to this record in verse 11 of Acts 1?

2. Where did the disciples go after they had witnessed the ascension of Jesus? Verse 12. What place did they enter? Who abode there? What other near friends of Jesus were with them? How large was the company altogether?

3. For what were these men waiting? Verse 4.

4. What was this "promise of the Father"? Verses 5, 8. What did the disciples do during this time of waiting? What promise is given to those who seek for the Holy Spirit? Luke 11: 13.

4. Who spoke to the company one day? Of what man did he speak? What had Judas done? What scripture was thus fulfilled? See Ps. 41: 9. To what terrible end had Judas come?

5. How widely were these things known? What had been purchased with the money for which Judas had betrayed Jesus? By what name was the field known?

6. What further scriptures did Peter now mention? What did he suggest? From whom must this man be chosen?

7. What two men were selected from whom to choose? What prayer did the disciples offer? When the lots were cast, who was chosen?

8. What does Jesus say must be done by those who would be his disciples? Memory Verse. Against what sin does he particularly warn his people? Luke 12: 15. What had Judas failed to forsake? Tell how the spirit of covetousness in his heart led to his great sin. What warning does Jesus give to those who have chosen him, and are known as his children? Rev. 3: 11.

9. What lesson may we learn from this study?—That it is not enough merely to be numbered

with God's children. Each one must have a daily heart-experience, if he would win the crown of eternal life.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—Love and Obedience

(April 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I John 2: 1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." I John 2: 1.

Questions

1. How does the apostle address the readers of this epistle? I John 2: 1.

2. In what are we to be like children? Matt. 18: 3, 4.

3. For what purpose are these things written? I John 2: 1.

4. What provision is made for those who do sin? Who is this Advocate? What is his character? I John 2: 1; note 1.

5. What relation does Jesus sustain to our sins? For whose sins, besides our own, does he stand in this relationship? Verse 2.

6. By what evidence may we be assured that we know him? Verse 3; note 2.

7. What is said of those who profess to know him, but do not keep his commandments? What relation do such sustain to the truth? Verse 4.

8. In whom is the love of God perfected? Of what is this the proof? Verse 5; note 3.

9. What is the true standard of the daily walk of the believer? Verse 6; note 4.

10. Is this a new requirement of the Christian? Verse 7.

11. How long ago had they heard this commandment? Verse 7.

12. Although old in point of time, what is it called? Why is it called a new commandment? Verse 8; note 5.

13. What does John say this new commandment is? John 13: 34.

14. What is the relation of this commandment to the law? Matt. 22: 37-40.

Notes

1. "There are those who have known the pardoning love of Christ, and who really desire to be children of God, yet they realize that their character is imperfect, their lives faulty, and they are ready to doubt whether their hearts have been renewed by the Holy Spirit. To such I would say, Do not draw back in despair. We shall often have to bow down and weep at the feet of Jesus because of our shortcomings and mistakes; but we are not to be discouraged. . . . As we come to distrust our own power, let us trust the power of our Redeemer, and we shall praise him who is the health of our countenance."

2. "Obedience—the service and allegiance of love—is the true sign of discipleship," but "it is faith, and faith only, that makes us partakers of the grace of Christ, which enables us to render obedience."

3. "God is love, and his law is love," and so "the love of God hath been perfected, or fully wrought out, in the one whose life is in harmony with his word." "The command, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' would never have been given if every provision had not been made whereby we could obey the requirements—be as perfect in our sphere as God is in his."

4. It is not Christ walking upon the sea, but his ordinary walk, that we are called to imitate.—Luther.

5. Love to God (Deut. 6: 5) and love to man (Lev. 19: 18) was not a "new commandment" in fact, but to many it was a "new commandment" in experience.



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As all those who are answering the One Hundred Bible Questions have not yet sent in their papers, it seems best to delay printing the answers for a while longer.

THROUGH some oversight the picture of the triangular basket was used instead of the square basket described by Mrs. Long's article. This mistake, fortunately, can not interfere with securing a square basket, as the result of following the directions given in the article.

"A GENTLEMAN once met a little girl carrying a big baby boy on a hot summer day along a dusty country road. Her face was glowing with heat, and her hair was flowing in the summer wind. The gentleman was pleased with the romping, fresh child, but thought she was overburdened. He stopped her, and asked if the baby was not too heavy. She looked up, and said, with a smile, 'O, he is not heavy; he is my brother!' Burdens borne by love are never heavy."

THE futility of attempting to rid one's character of evil habits without seeking the aid of the Holy Spirit has been illustrated by the following supposed incident: "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy scratching away on his windows, and should ask him what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to get rid of this frost; but as fast as I get it off one pane, it comes on another,' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone, and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon disappear?'"

GREAT blessings come as the result of learning how to pray,—praying for some definite thing. Dr. Gordon's church in Boston were accustomed to give five thousand dollars a year to foreign missions. He felt that they should give more, but hardly felt free to urge this upon them. He conceived the idea, however, of setting his congregation to praying for the work. He got the Sunday-school, church, missionary society, and prayer-meeting all praying for missions, and he kept them praying for missions. As the result ten thousand dollars was given that year by the church to the gospel work in the regions beyond.

KEEP busy, boys, and yours will not be a life of crime. A writer in the *North American Review* says that manual training is almost as good a preventive of crime as vaccination is of smallpox. A warden of a penitentiary said that not one per cent of the prisoners under his care had had any manual training other than some acquaintance with farming.

He said he had no mechanics, except one who claimed to be a house painter, no shoemakers, no tailors, no printers, and no carpenters, and that

never had a man been in the prison who could draw a straight line.

SERVICE before pleasure is the Christian's motto always. It is related of a London minister who has just recently sailed for Palestine that twenty years ago his congregation presented him with fifteen hundred dollars to be used for a tour through the Holy Land. He asked them to remove the condition, and allow him to use the money as he saw fit. They did so, and he invested it, applying the interest to the support of a Christian widow in the congregation.

The officers of the church were so pleased with their pastor's disposition of the gift that they placed a commemorative tablet on the church wall. Several years after this, a stranger visiting the church observed the tablet, and hearing the story of the minister's personal sacrifice, he made a donation of fifteen thousand dollars to the pastor to be applied in the same way; so eleven widows are now being supported by these gifts.

Though the minister has waited long for a realization of his cherished desire to visit the land made sacred by the life of the Saviour, he without doubt will find a far greater satisfaction from this long-delayed visit than if he had used the money that he felt was needed in ministering to others.

What Not to Say

DON'T say, "Cut me a piece off of this;" but, "Cut me a piece off this." Say, "I'll take a slice of this cake;" not "I'll take a slice off of this cake."

DON'T say, "The banks were overflowed;" but, "the banks were overflowing."

DON'T say, "I'll endeavor to seriously consider the matter;" but, "I'll endeavor to consider the matter seriously."

IT is better to say, "In that part of the city is Central Park," instead of, "In that portion of the city is Central Park."

"I received a postal card this morning," is preferable to, "I received a postal this morning;" for the word postal is an adjective.

"He receives one thousand dollars a year" should be used instead of, "He receives one thousand dollars per year;" for per should be used before Latin nouns only.

"They adopted a pair of twins," should be, "They adopted twins," for the word twins signifies two.

"Will you select a piece to sing?" should be, "Will you make a selection to sing?"

"She did that on purpose," should be, "She did that purposely."

Opportunity

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait:
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once, at every gate!
If feasting, rise; if sleeping, wake before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe,
E'en death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return—no more.

—Selected.

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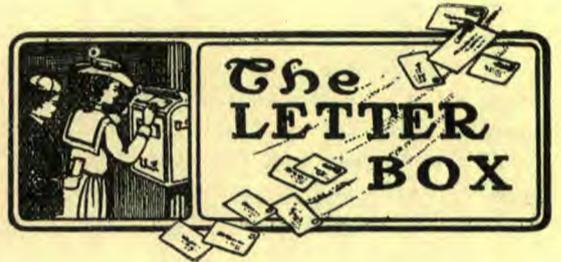
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KANSAS CITY, KAN., Feb. 4, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I like the paper very much. We have a church-school here. There are twenty-six pupils in our room. Our school-teacher is Brother H. M. Hiatt, and in the other room Sister M. Blaser teaches. I like to go to the church-school so I can learn all about the third angel's message. We have quite a large Sabbath-school. I enjoyed the conference very much. I attended most of the meetings, which were very instructive. I am fourteen years old, and am in the seventh grade. I belong to the junior band. I am trying to be a good girl so I can have a home in the kingdom the Lord has gone to prepare for us. Pray for me that I may ever be faithful.

ETHEL SETTLE.

JEWETT, TEXAS, Feb. 10, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a reader of the *INSTRUCTOR* for some time, and I like to read the letters, and I thought that I would write one. We have no Sabbath-school here, for there are only two families, and that is not enough to have meetings. We live about nine miles from town, on a farm. There are eight in our family; one is a little orphan boy. Papa and mama are members of the church, but we are not. We all keep the Sabbath. I hope to meet the *INSTRUCTOR* readers in the earth made new.

OLLIE COLEMAN.

EIGHT are enough to make an interesting and profitable Sabbath-school, don't you think? I have heard of schools that numbered even less. Possibly your neighbor's family could be persuaded to join you in the lesson studies. I am wondering why Miss Ollie and her brothers and sisters do not join the church too. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," says the Lord, and the sooner one obeys him in this, the happier one will be.

ARIEL, PA., Feb. 18, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I wish to renew my subscription to the *INSTRUCTOR*, I decided to write a few words. I am twelve years old, and attend church-school. I go alone and drive two miles. My only sister, Norma, attends the academy at South Lancaster, Massachusetts. My teacher is Miss Mabel Williams, of Vermont.

I live near a small lake, and to-day (Sunday) over fifty men, besides a train crew, are cutting, loading, and packing ice. They scrape the snow off with horses; thirteen teams have been working at one time. Then the ice is plowed and sawed into squares, then floated, and loaded on cars, or packed in ice houses, of which there are five large ones, besides several small ones. They have loaded two hundred cars, and will load about three hundred more to ship to Scranton, twenty miles distant. They also intend loading several hundred cars to ship to New York City, one hundred forty miles, if the ice does not thaw too soon.

I am the only Seventh-day Adventist child in the town. In the earth made new I hope to meet you all.

RICHARD L. COBB.

I LIKE your letter, Richard. Would you like to know why? Because you have been observing what is going on about you, and have told us some interesting facts. You know persons can become intelligent, well-informed men and women, even though they have very few school advantages, if they form the habit of taking an intelligent interest in what goes on about them.