

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

"He Is Risen"

He is here, with the wounds in his hands and his side,
The Christ, who for sinners has suffered and died;
He is here, and the darkness is turning to gray;
His head lieth low, has he perished for aye?

A God, lying dead here in Joseph's new tomb,
His head that was thorn-crowned lies low in the gloom;
The stone has been sealed, and the guard's measured tread
Is heard, keeping watch o'er the place of the dead.

He is here; but an angel,
like lightning from heaven,
Descends with a cry, and death's fetters are riven,
The guards are as dead, and the stone rolled away,
And Jesus, the Conqueror,
"liveth for aye."

No longer he's there; and the gates of the tomb
No longer are hopeless, he lightens the gloom;
God raised his dear Son from the gates of the prison,
And sent to the world the glad news, "He is risen."

And we, too, must fall as our Saviour went down;
We rest in the grave before wearing the crown:

But he has arisen; we, too, shall arise
At the sound of the trumpet, ascend to the skies.

We wait for that trumpet, that Easter to be,
When the dead of all ages, from land and from sea,
Shall answer his call, and arise from their prison,
When the angels in gladness shall shout, "They are risen."

L. D. SANTEE.

Good Manners in Sabbath-School

"HURRY up, Jamie, and help me find the lesson paper. I haven't looked at my lesson, and it will soon be time to go to Sabbath-school. I can't more than go over it once, if I do that. But then it will not make very much difference if I do not get over the latter part of it. Our class scarcely ever goes over the whole lesson anyway.

"Here is the paper. O dear! the first thing is the memory verse. I shall have to omit that, as I haven't time to learn it.

"Where is Philemon? I can't find that book, and I've searched all through the prophets. I'll look in the index. Here it is, away over by Hebrews. I thought that name must be next to Habakkuk or Obadiah,—in the Old Testament.

"Jude—where's Jude? O dear! it is so hard to find all these different Bible books. Here it is

in the index, next to the last book in the Bible.

"But what shall I do about the review lesson? It rained last Sabbath, and I stayed at home, and so did not get my lesson. But then I need not go in until after the review is over. But, listen! there is the last bell ringing now, so I think there is not much danger of my being there in time for the general exercises. Where are my gloves? I had them when I came in from shopping yesterday, and they ought to be—here some place. And I do wonder who has taken my umbrella. I always try to put it somewhere where it will not get broken. But it seems somebody has moved it. My hymnal—where is that? I've looked on the reading table, on the book shelves, and in my own room; and I just can not find it. I don't see why people can't leave others'

this and that, because of his slackness in not putting things where they belong. The world has enough work to be done that is necessary, without adding that which is needless. If one only forms the habit, it is not difficult to get to Sabbath-school or church on time.

When once started to Sabbath-school, do not loiter on the way; and when the church is reached, be sure to go inside. *Be truthful.* Don't try to make your mother believe you are at Sabbath-school, while you are lingering about the corners of the church outside. The church lawn should not be desecrated by cheap talk and idle conversation. One should cultivate reverence for the house of God, and be respectful in regard to every detail of its service.

It is well to begin to get ready for Sabbath-school on Sabbath afternoon, by engaging in a thorough study of the next week's lesson. Study it every day in the week, until a clear idea is gained of the truths which it contains. A pupil need not dread being questioned after such a studied preparation. One should not fail to prepare his lesson simply because he is prevented from going to Sabbath-school. The learning of the lesson has for its object something infinitely higher than the mere routine of class recitation. One can not estimate the good to be obtained from Bible study, including the memorizing of Bible texts. It is a trib-

ute of respect which we owe to the great Author to store up in memory the words of truth as found upon the sacred pages of Holy Writ. Young persons can commit to memory easily whole chapters or books of the Bible. And these early impressions remain, while passages learned by those of older years are more likely to be forgotten. Every one should become as familiar with the location of the books of the Bible as with his A B C's.

Bible study means salvation to lost sinners. Blessed is that teacher whose heart is so filled with the words of life that he is able to reproduce from memory the warp of the Sabbath-school lesson, and to draw from the minds and hearts of his pupils the woof, thread by thread, which, skilfully woven together, reveal the beautiful symmetry of infinite design, which never is disclosed except as the result of painstaking effort.

There is no such thing as exhausting a Sabbath-school lesson. Every text has withstood the criticisms of the ages, and its resources are infinite. One should not be helpless without the lesson paper during a class recitation. If the teacher must depend largely upon the paper, why not the pupils? I recall a college professor con-



things alone. But I shall have to start anyway, for the Sabbath-school has already begun."

I do wonder if any of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR recognize as familiar anything in the preceding soliloquy. If so, perhaps they have reformed ere this; or if they have not, it surely would be well to do so speedily. One can not possibly be an example of good manners at Sabbath-school, and have such an experience on Sabbath morning. One of the first essentials to a good example is to *be on time*. If you are a teacher, be at the Sabbath-school to greet your pupils as they come in. If you are a pupil, be there on time, and thereby encourage your teacher and the officers of the school. Usually there can be no valid excuse for tardiness. It is simply a very disagreeable habit, that "grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength," unless there is an effort made to overcome it.

If one never gets up early any other morning of the week, let him do so on Sabbath morning, that he may not feel compelled to hurry, and thus help throw the household into dire confusion in his frantic efforts to get started to Sabbath-school. One should learn to put everything in its proper place, and to wait upon himself, instead of requesting his burdened mother to search for

cerning whom a student once remarked that he probably had received one hundred per cent on examinations when in school. But take away his text-book moorings, and he was all at sea. The teacher who is so dependent upon printed helps, can not hope to reach the highest standard of excellence in his work; and pupils are not slow to recognize this deficiency. Every pupil should acquire the art of becoming a good listener; he should also form the habit of replying promptly and distinctly to questions which may be referred to him, with which he is familiar. The task of trying to conduct a class study without the co-operation of the class, is truly difficult and unsatisfactory. There is some reason in having sympathy for a class of children or youth whose real needs are largely overlooked by the one in whose charge they are placed. Disorder is never to be tolerated, but the cause of any disorder should be carefully sought out. Children will gladly lend a listening ear to Bible truth when it is presented in an interesting way. And it is much more satisfactory to secure good order by captivating the mind than by calling especial attention to the point. There is no more interesting class than that composed of wide-awake pupils, whose needs demand a teacher that is wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove. But such a class will pay respect to the proper teacher, while the teacher will gain an experience that will be to him of inestimable value. If busy minds are to listen, they must be given something worthy of attention.

No one should ever accept the responsible position of teacher unless his heart is in the work. If it is one's duty and privilege to teach in the Sabbath-school, then let him endeavor earnestly through prayer and study of the Word to do his duty faithfully and well. Let him not shirk, but let him put his wits to work to devise ways of presenting truth that will be so full of interest that his class will hear him gladly. Christ often chose familiar objects in nature with which to illustrate his teachings,—chose things with which the people were acquainted, that he might the better teach and impress truths with which they were not acquainted; and they could thus comprehend his words. When a teacher creates such an interest in his class that every member will be anxious to catch all that is said, disorder will be a thing practically unknown.

It is very ill mannered for a pupil to form the habit of asking questions at random, in order to cover up the fact that he has not studied his lesson. A discerning teacher will soon discover the deception, and may be able to work a reform.

The Sabbath-school contribution box is one of the vaults in the bank of heaven—the only really safe bank in which one may make deposits; and every member of the Sabbath-school should have a share in those treasures which are laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The contribution box should not become the receptacle for mutilated coin that is of little or no value. Let the Lord's offerings be "without blemish." If one is ashamed to let those about him see that his contribution consists of a penny with a hole through it, he surely should feel ashamed to present it at the bank of heaven. There is a great principle involved in the idea of bringing to the Lord the "first fruits." To him we owe everything. In him is our only hope of life here and of that life which is to come. Let us not, then, offer to him that which costs us nothing, but remember that the value of an offering is determined by the amount of sacrifice that goes with it.

Misbehavior in the Sabbath-school is much worse than misbehavior in the day-school. Upon entering the house dedicated to the service of God, men and boys should be careful to remove

the hat, and every one should avoid making unnecessary noise. Whispering and laughing should be excluded, and no one should ever be so rude as to chew gum, eat nuts, or anything of the kind.

It is an excellent plan at Sabbath-school, to make the best of everything, to submit quietly and cheerfully to the rulings of the officers and teachers, and to avoid criticism. Suppose one does not fancy his teacher; that surely should not serve as an excuse for remaining away from Sabbath-school. If one really knows of any reason why his teacher should not have charge of his class, let the matter be adjusted as soon as possible. But while thinking of the mote in the teacher's eye, let him be careful that there is not a beam in his own eye. It is well to learn to overlook the faults of others by recounting their many virtues. One who expects good from the Sabbath-school, and who works to be benefited, will not be disappointed. The ruling principle in the Sabbath-school should be that bit of divine advice that has echoed through the centuries, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Stopping at the Gate

SOME young persons seem to imagine that when they have been baptized, and have thus taken Christ's name, no more is required at their hands. But baptism is only the gate into the Christian life. It merely opens the way to all the excellent opportunities for schooling proffered in the highest university on earth. If we stop at the gate, we can never come into the school, can never be instructed for the heavenly life ourselves, nor learn how to instruct others. We make a pledge to Jesus, when we are baptized, that we will forsake the school and service of the evil one, and be taught by Jesus, and work for him.

He has gone into the far country to receive for himself a kingdom. The baptized ones are the laborers who were hired to work his land; he asked them for a certain sum to "go, work in my vineyard," and they accepted the conditions—"a penny a day." Will they receive the reward if they refuse to work?—Never.

If Sarah Martin, had stopped at the gate, no tenant of jail, workhouse, or factory in Yarmouth would have been the better for her life. There would have been no solving through her, of the knotty problems of prison discipline, "visitation, moral and religious instruction, intellectual culture, industrial training, employment during prison hours, and employment after discharge." Yet poor and unknown orphan girl that she was, she went on and on in her quiet way, until she "had practically settled all these intricate problems."

What if Livingstone had stopped when first brought to Christ in that little church in Scotland? Where had been his mission work in Africa? Where had been the explorations that helped to open the Dark Continent to the evangel of light and life? What if Paul had sat down when he was baptized, and satisfied his conscience by merely going to hear Peter preach on Sunday? Where had been the churches of Asia Minor, of Macedonia, of Rome, of Spain, of Britain, of Ireland? Where would Ulfilas have been, and his translation of the Bible? Where the Vaudois witnesses in the Alps? Where Jerome and Huss? Wycliffe and Tyndale? Luther and Erasmus? Where the Reformation? And where the people of to-day?

No baptized person dare sit down, because the Master "has left to each one his work," and that work can only be carried forward by each one doing his appointed task. Responsibility can not be shirked. If the young disciple does not know how to work, he must learn. Ignorance will not excuse him for appearing "empty handed" in the resurrection day. "We are responsible

for that which we could have learned," says Mr. Edwin A. Souder. All around us are fields in which to work for God. Let no moment go to waste. A day lost is gone forever. Push on beyond the gate, and you will find many a soul eager to grasp the hand that is stretched out to lead him to God. S. ROXANA WINCE.

Less and More

LESS of the pride and the fashion,
Of the earthly that clings to the sod;
More of the fire and the passion
Of those who are living for God;
More of the trust that is hiding
In the Rock that is rifted for me;
More of the love, firm, abiding,
To sustain o'er life's billowy sea.

There are white robes, and each year shall bring them

Forever and evermore near,
And the songs of the saved—we shall sing them
With the friends that on earth are most dear;
We shall stand in the heavenly splendor,
We shall clasp the dear hands that we love,
And our anthems of joy shall be tender
In our praises to Jesus above.

There are songs that are purer and sweeter
Than the birds bear about on their wings,
There is music diviner, completer,
'Tis the music the angelic sings,
And we wait, while our hearts thrill with yearning,

For Christ to appear in the sky;
For his chariot, earthward returning,
Shall bear us to mansions on high.

L. D. SANTEE.

Getting an Audience

THE following description of how Mr. Moody got the people to attend his services, contains a lesson for all of us who profess to believe that we have a message that all the world should hear. Near the close of 1885, Mr. Moody was asked to open a down-town church in New York. He said:—

"I will go down and open that church on one condition: that is, that you get the people around that building—not the people from Brooklyn, Jersey City, and up-town, people that have been going to meeting for twenty-five years. Do not advertise in the papers. Take invitations and have those families visited, and find out what is around your church."

"They found," says Mr. Moody, "there were seventy-six thousand people in that district. There were thirty-four thousand Protestants, and only one German Church. I set to work on the thirty-four thousand Protestants. They had put up a building costing one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. When we began, the building was not full,—could not get a crowd; so I said, 'This will not do; we must go out for the people.' I appointed a committee to meet me before the advertised time, and we started out. I went up the Bowery. Years ago, when I preached in Farwell Hall, we had a man on every corner. A man could not go by but he got from one to a dozen invitations. The first invitation he probably threw away; the second invitation he noticed; going on a little farther, he met another man, and so on, until he got waked up. It carries me back to those days. But I went up the Bowery. I met a man, and I said:—

"'Won't you go round and hear Moody and Sankey? They are right round the corner there!'

"'No, they are humbugs and mountebanks,' he said.

"'How do you know they are? Did you ever hear them?'

"'No, and I do not want to.'

"'But won't you go with me?'

"'No; I won't. I am a Roman Catholic.'

"'Never mind,' said I. 'I tell you I have
(Concluded on next page)



THE HOME CIRCLE

The Girls We Need

THE burden of this life of ours,
With all its varied art and pow'rs,
Has need, as our Creator knew,
So that the balance might be true,
Of boys and girls, who, side by side,
Make glad the world afar and wide
With queenly grace and lordly mien,
With blended virtues grandly seen.

So girls we need whose ideal
In life will to the world appeal;
Whose hearts of love and faith sublime,
Will give them work in this their time.
Of trying to shape our social ways,
That now are vain in thought and praise,
And those wild revel'ries of shame
O'erthrow in woman's sacred name.

The girls we need are girls who live
In every phase of life to give
The best they have to make the sphere
In which they move a thing most dear;
Because it gives to soul and sense,
To life, a better recompense
Than fashion's palaces of fame,
To which so many lend their name.

The girls we need are girls of will,
Who can a splendid purpose fill,
Who see in life the woman's place
That God has planned with gentle grace;
Who'll make the social rounds to-day
A thing of worth instead of play,
Whose pleasures are a service kind,
That ornaments the heart and mind.

The girls we need, are those who see
Some worthy thing to do, are free
To act in that which brings no pain,
Or functions fill that are not vain,
With loving deeds, however small,
Sow kindly seeds that bless us all,
And be to home its joy and praise,
Its hope and love for coming days.

The girls we need are those who teach
The boys that they, perchance, may reach,
A deep regard for truth and right,
A love for good instead of might,
A love for home and its dear name
Instead of gilded halls of shame,
And, this, their task, when nobly done,
The peace of home and state has won.

— T. L. Drury, in *Onward*.

If You Have a Sister

As a boy regards his sister, so he will probably regard all women as long as he lives; and I think every boy should early learn to reverence the sex represented by his mother and his sister. We are sorry for the boy who has so little regard for a lady that he will not lift his hat, give her the best seat in the car, shield her from danger or annoyance, and be her champion wherever he goes! A manly boy is always gallant in the company of girls and women.

A beautiful sight is a brother and sister going pleasantly together to school or to church, neither ashamed of the other. In the house of God I would have them sit side by side in the pew, and I would have him just as tender and careful of her comfort as it is possible to be.

There are boys who are ashamed to be seen in the company of their sisters, afraid perhaps that some companion may accuse them of being "tied to an apron-string." Boys, you might be tethered in a much worse way than that. To be tied to the leading-strings of evil companions or of base habits would be a thousand times more humiliating. If you have a sister, don't be ashamed to take her to the church, the concert, or the social gathering; it will be a credit to you to do so.

Some years ago I was visiting a family in which there were a young man and his sister. How gallant he was to her; indeed, he was a real knight in the home, and never said a word that could give her pain. He was always delighted to have her accompany him in a walk or on a ride to the city. Who can wonder that he was popular among his acquaintances and honored wherever he went?

Have you ever known boys who were constantly hectoring their sisters? This they sometimes do both in the home and at school, often humiliating them before other people. Innocent sport adds to the pleasure of the home life, but when the boy torments his sister only to provoke her, or because she is weaker than himself, he is guilty of a very cruel act. If he must make a difference, he should treat his sister with more thoughtful kindness than any one else.

Thus far we have given a plain talk to boys. There are, of course, two sides to a question like this. If the sister in the home would have the respect and love of her brothers, she must make herself worthy of such regard. Let her be cross-grained or frivolous or selfish, and she will soon alienate the affections of those who should be her natural protectors. If she would have knights for brothers, she must be a lady. If she sneers at them, they will jeer at her. She will be able, to a great extent, to mold their views of women in general. Happy is the boy or young man who can say, "I know at least one noble, pure, unselfish girl in the world—my sister."—*Leander S. Keyser*.

Money for Graduation

THE following advice from *The Youth's Companion* relative to the demands of graduation expenses, if applicable to, and appropriate for, the ordinary high-school pupil, seems doubly so to students in our own schools, who know so well the needs of the cause of Christ throughout the earth, and who know the joy that comes to one as the result of sacrificing one's own pleasures for the good of humanity:—

It is not too early for *The Companion* to offer, as it did last spring, a friendly word of advice to the young people who will be graduated from high school in June—advice in regard to simplicity and economy in the graduating exercises. A class ring or pin, class photographs, a gift to the school hall or library, a class concert or play, an expensively printed class-day program, and elaborate and costly dresses for the girls have become the fashion in too many high schools. It is a fashion which, in any public school whatsoever, works some injustice and inflicts some cruelty, for almost every class graduated from an American public school contains pupils from families of small means. In many cases which have come to the knowledge of *The Companion* young people have been prevented from attending the graduating exercises of their own class because they could not afford it. The desire that the memory of the class shall be kept green is the motive for much that now marks graduation. Let *The Companion*, as a wise old party of much experience in life, make this prediction: *No class will be longer remembered than that which first has the courage and the courtesy to abolish these follies, and the resolution to establish a standard of simplicity.*

Music Makes Work Easier

THERE is at least one railroad in the world that was built to music. It is a line extending through the kingdom of Dahomey, Africa, to the Niger River, built under French auspices, by native laborers. It was difficult to get the sons of

Africa to work continuously. Various expedients were tried to keep them at it, without satisfactory results, until it was found that their native music seemed to stimulate them.

Accordingly, the supervising engineers secured scores of musicians, with tom-toms, horns, and other native instruments, more or less musical.

All along the line the musicians were distributed. When the music struck up, the blacks seemed to forget fatigue, and labored with great vigor.

Most labor is wearisome; otherwise it wouldn't be labor. Work, when it has a sameness, day by day, however necessary the task, is apt to become monotonous. But it becomes so much less of what we sometimes call a grind if we can put a little music into it.

A heart that summons to its aid a song has gained an antidote for weariness that seldom fails. It is a stimulant that never leaves one weaker after the immediate influence is gone. By its aid you can build railroads through the land of difficulty into the country of the better day.—*Young People's Weekly*.

A Beautiful Old-Age Parable

"YON is the apple-tree,
Joints all shrunk like an old man's knee,
Gaping trunk half eaten away,
Crumbling visibly day by day;
Branches dead or dying fast,
Topmost limb like a splintered mast;
Yet behold in the prime of May,
How it blooms in the sweet old way!"

"Heart of it brave and warm,
Spite of many a wintry storm,
Throbbing still with the deep desire,
Burning still with the eager fire,
Striving still with the zeal and truth
Of the glad morning days of youth;
Still to do and to be, forsooth,
Something worthy of Him whose care,
Summer or winter, failed it ne'er.
This is motive for you and me,
When we grow old like the apple-tree."

Love Made a Bridge

THERE is a beautiful story of the Agassiz brothers, which shows how every difficulty can be bridged when love is in the heart. Their home was beside a lake in Switzerland. One winter day the boys started to cross the lake to their father, who was on the other side. The lake was frozen over, and the boys walked on the ice. The mother watched them from the window. For a time they went on without interruption. At last, however, they came to a crack in the ice. The older boy leaped over it easily, but the younger one could not do it. The mother was very anxious. "The little fellow will drown," said she. But, as she watched, she saw Louis lie down across the crack, making a bridge of his body, and then the younger boy crept over on him, and the two boys ran on.—*Selected*.

Getting an Audience

(Concluded from preceding page)

heard Moody, and I never heard him talking against any one. I never heard him say a Roman Catholic was a mountebank. I believe you are doing him wrong.

"Well, perhaps I was a little hasty."

"And I had a chance to talk to the kingdom of God."

"I walked up the Bowery a back and passed some men, and

them on the shoulder, and said good naturedly: "Won't you come round and hear Moody and Sankey?"

"No; I have got to see my friend."

"Never mind your friend; bring him along with you."

"I tapped another on the shoulder, and he said, 'This is the *second time* you have asked me.' Afterward he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'I think I will go around and hear those chaps.'"

"I got him around, brought him up in front, and gave him a seat before me. I never saw a man more astonished. He was wide-awake."

"What was the result? From that time we had to shut the doors afternoon and evening half an hour before the advertised time, on account of the crowd of people. It is no trouble to reach the people if you go after them."



Our Field—The World

Denmark—I Program

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Map Study.

Scandinavia.

Denmark.

King Christian.

Tausen, "The Reformer of Denmark."

The Beginning.

Program Helps

MAP STUDY: If a special map is drawn, let it show the countries of Scandinavia—Denmark, Norway, Sweden. Indicate also the location of Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands. Locate the chief cities, but confine this study principally to Denmark.

"THE REFORMER OF DENMARK:" Material for a brief but extremely interesting biographical sketch may be found on pages 241, 242, of "Great Controversy."

Scandinavia

North of Germany and east of Russia lie the Danish peninsula and islands, and the great northern peninsula, which is divided between the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. The three countries are inhabited by essentially the same race, who speak dialects of the same language, and have at various times been governed by the same sovereigns.

Uncertainty clouds the earliest history of the Scandinavian tribes. It is certain that the Norsemen are a Germanic race, and their next of kin are the Swedes and Danes. It is probable that they left their original Asiatic home at the same time the Germans did, and their conquering hordes spread northward, overrunning the countries now known as Norway, Sweden, Denmark.

The existence of these northern tribes was but vaguely known to the rest of Europe until nearly the close of the eighth century. Then they burst forth like a destructive tempest over the civilized lands, spreading desolation in their path. It is said that when their peculiar-looking fast-sailing ships appeared at the river mouths, the people fled in terror, and the priests united in praying, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the rage of the Norsemen." Any chief or leader who gathered a following for purposes of conquest was acknowledged by his men as king. To go on "viking" cruises was a recognized occupation, and it was regarded as a kind of liberal education for a young man of good birth to spend a

few years in such expeditions. His honor was greatly increased, and his position in society assured. Royal youth of twelve or fifteen years often went abroad as commanders of viking fleets, in order to prove their manhood, and gain an experience they desired. "These pirate fleets swept the seas as far south as France, and their armies invaded England and Normandy, establishing colonies and subsequent dynasties in these countries."

Little by little this warlike spirit was lost, and the people of Scandinavia have, under wise rulers, gained by peace and progress "more than they ever reaped during the long ages of ghastly 'glory' when they were the scourge of the north."

The people are now noted for their gentle disposition in civil affairs; and works of rare merit in literature, science, and art are theirs. "The Scandinavians have steadily grown in the estimation of nations, and to travelers have become interesting objects of study. Kindly, intelligent, and engaging as they are, with simple yet lively manners, and an exquisite sense of the beautiful in nature, art, and music, the visitor in their tasteful homes experiences an unexpected admiration and genuine regard."

Denmark

The kingdom of Denmark comprises the continental peninsula of Jutland and the Danish Islands, of which Zealand (Sjælland) is the largest. On this island is Copenhagen, the capital. In area Denmark is about twice the size of Massachusetts, and has a population of more than two million. Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands, twenty-two in number, are subject to Danish rule.

The soil is generally productive, and cattle, sheep, horses, and dairy products are a source of income. The situation of the country has fostered a love for the ocean, and the Danes have always been known as hardy seamen.

Education is universal and compulsory, and persons who can not read nor write are rare.

Denmark's King

Jan. 29, 1906, Christian IX, Denmark's beloved ruler, passed away in death. He was known as the "father-in-law of Europe," so numerous are the titles of high station borne by his children. "One son is king of Greece; one daughter is queen consort of England; another daughter is empress dowager of Russia; a grandson is czar of Russia, and another is king of Norway; a daughter is Duchess of Cumberland; a granddaughter is wife of the Prince of Sweden, whose right to accession ranks next to that of the crown prince. Other sons and daughters and grandchildren have married into the royal and princely families of Germany until it is difficult to trace the relationships of the members of this interesting group of men and women. The family reunions at Copenhagen, with sometimes half a hundred present, of all ages, have for years been regarded as among the most extraordinary gatherings in history, considering the influence wielded by the offspring of King Christian in the management of the affairs of the Old World." His sons and daughters were preparing for their annual trip to Copenhagen for the purpose of celebrating his eighty-eighth birthday when his death was announced.

Christian was not born a king. He was only a poor captain in the guards. He lived in an old house, and his wife and daughters did the housework and their own dressmaking. Upon the death of King Frederick VII parliament was obliged to search for a successor to the throne, and to the surprise of every one, himself included, Christian, Duke of Glyksborg, was found to be the nearest of kin—"a sort of fortieth cousin."

His reign is recognized as having been wise and wholesome. He and his wife were factors of the greatest moral influence in Europe. The simplicity of his life, his democratic manners,

his candor, made him truly beloved by his people and respected by the world. His was a long reign—forty-three years. His death affects all Europe, and America also mourns. Flags hung at half-mast over many of the embassies in Washington, a tribute to the dead king. The Crown Prince Frederick succeeds his father.

The Beginning

To appreciate fully the providences of God in connection with the introduction and progress of the third angel's message in Scandinavia, we must go back more than fifty years to the time when Brother A. Olsen, father of Elder O. A. Olsen, moved from Norway to the United States. Before moving, his attention had been called to the true Sabbath by a preacher from Sweden. After locating in Wisconsin he gave the subject careful attention, and finally concluded to obey the commandments of God rather than the traditions of men. In two years eight families in that vicinity had begun to keep the Sabbath. Four of Brother Olsen's sons entered the ministry. This is the earliest record we have of Scandinavian Sabbath-keepers.

In 1862 John G. Matteson, a young Baptist minister who had come to this country from Denmark, received the truth. For a time his only acquaintance of like faith was Brother P. H. Cady, an isolated Sabbath-keeper who shed tears of joy when Brother Matteson announced his intention to observe the Sabbath. Later Brother Matteson walked forty miles to attend quarterly meeting at the Mackford church. During the next four years he went from place to place preaching the message, and raised up a number of churches in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois. Those Western conferences were weak numerically and financially, and confidence in foreigners was not so well established as now, so that for the four years' labor Brother Matteson received but twenty dollars from the conferences. The first paper sent out in the interests of the Danish-speaking people was certainly unique in idea, and an example of perseverance worthy to be followed. It was a monthly paper, written by hand, and contained about twenty-four pages of foolscap. Of course there was only one copy of the paper, but it was sent out with a list of the subscribers, and a statement of how long each person receiving it could keep it before sending it on to the next man's name on the list. Each subscriber paid a small sum for the privilege of reading it.

By the year 1872 there were several hundred Scandinavian Sabbath-keepers in this country, and a real paper, the *Advent Tidende*, made its appearance.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Report From New Orleans

WE started our Society here in November of 1905, with a membership of ten, but since have increased it to twenty; and we have visitors nearly every meeting.

Each member is taking a lively interest in the work, and is endeavoring to help spread the third angel's message throughout the world in this generation.

We have made arrangement to purchase a number of *The Watchman* each week to be distributed by the members of the Society, the proceeds to be returned to the treasury, so that we can be able to give a helping hand whenever called upon. We have also planned to co-operate with Miss Bickham in supporting a foreign worker. We have found the mission studies of the INSTRUCTOR both interesting and helpful.

We desire to grow more useful as the time approaches when our Lord shall come. We want him to be able to say unto each of us, "Thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

M. A. ANDERSON.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Vision

It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the distant hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A "health unto the happy"!
A song for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

— Selected.

The Sunshine of April

COME out into the sunshine, tired mothers and weary housewives. Come out into the warm, sweet air of April, wan clerks and jaded business men. Nurses, hustle those tiny charges into hoods and wraps, and bring them forth. The sunshine will do them good.

It is the first warm, sunny day we have had in a long while. Come out; the sunshine is free for everybody. The snow has been gone for some time, and the walks are quite dry. Leave those indoor tasks, and let the April sunshine warm you into thankfulness for such a day.

Come out, and promenade slowly up and down the sidewalk. Look about you. See, overhead the sky bends blue and beautiful, and clouds were never more white. April alone can paint such a sky.

There is scarcely a breath of wind stirring—only a gentle breeze that comes from nowhere in particular, yet it brings the welcome scent of dry, aromatic leaves from distant woodlands. O, the sunshine of April—that it might never, never fade!

The great, arching maples are bursting into joyous symphonies. The little leaves dance and glisten in the bright sunlight. April is the magician of the year, the month of resurrection. Sleeping nature awakens under the gentle kisses of the April sunshine.

The fresh, young grass is springing bright and green in the yards along the street. Wonderful secrets does the sunshine of April disclose. Stoop and gather a few spears of the vivid verdure if you wish, and carry them with you. Those crocuses yonder are also proclaiming that spring is born.

We find that we do not need the wraps we put on when we started. The sunshine of April has warmed us through. Even our hearts, which are sometimes cold, can not resist the genial warmth of to-day's sunshine.

Everybody seems to have come out. That is good. We are glad to see all. Down the street a short distance is a little baby with wondering blue eyes. Both baby and nurse are pale and tired, and in need of something to brighten them up. Of course it is the April sunshine.

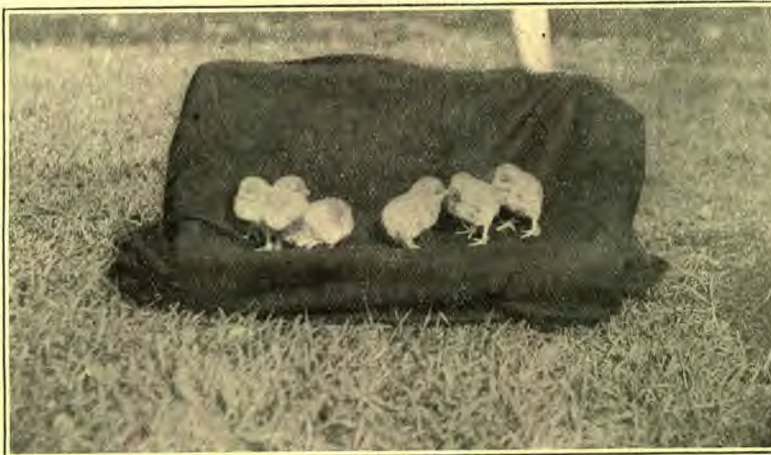
And as true as we live, there is Miss Sharp-tongue across the street. Poor Miss Sharp-tongue! She is old and crabbed and cross, but she has redeeming qualities. Such a day as this is a fine time to let our good traits blossom forth, and our bad ones die.

Farther down the street a hurdy-gurdy man is playing bright, sprightly music on his hand-organ.

They are wonderfully sweet tunes. The little baby knows it, and the two small maidens tripping down the sidewalk in each other's embrace, know it. It would not be an April day if there were no hurdy-gurdy to come and play in the sunshine.

Has any one failed to come out?—Yes, Mr. Business Man is indoors yet. He says his time is valuable. He has much to do—much to look after. Well, we can tell you this: Mr. Business Man, the few shining dollars you may gather to-day will never do you so much good as the blessed sunshine of April. They are not worth so much. Come, Mr. Business Man, walk with us up and down the sidewalk, and out into the woods.

Has any one else failed to appear?—You, Mrs. Housewife? We admit that you owe duties to your home and family, but you also owe duties to yourself, so come out into the sunshine. Take a long stroll with us. Your grown-up daughters will have the house in perfect order when you get back—won't you girls? Come, Mrs. Housewife, we want you to see the beautiful sky, and the little baby with the wondering blue eyes, and to note how the grass is turning green.



OTHER SEEKERS AFTER APRIL SUNSHINE

Now no one has been forgotten; we are all here. Stay! there is Miss Patience, the cripple; she has been left behind. We remember how she looked at us as we passed her window. Has no one offered to help her? Cheer up, Miss Patience; we will have you out in a jiffy. There! is it not delicious? Enough to compensate for a whole winter indoors!

Some of us have taken our basket and trowel. We intend, if there is time, to go to the woods—the beautiful, mystic woods of April! The sunlight filters down through the budding branches, and plays strange witchery with the awakening things of nature. Overhead, a robin calls to his distant mate, and the bluebird has long since come forth to bask in the sweet spring sunshine. Other days may come with their trials and vicissitudes. Snows of adversity may bow us down, and storms of sorrow crush us for a moment. But if we have once tasted the sunshine of an April day, we have much to remember with gratitude and peace.

The afternoon wanes, and it grows slightly chilly. On our return from the woods we hear the hurdy-gurdy playing faintly in the distance, but the little baby with wondering blue eyes is gone. Troops of eager, shouting school children play happily along the sidewalk in the warm sunlight.

We dislike to go in, but we have had our play spell, and duty awaits us. Besides, there will be other days of sunshine.

Good-by, Miss Patience and Mr. Business Man. Good-by, Mrs. Housewife. Good-by, little baby

with wondering blue eyes. Good-by, old hurdy-gurdy. Good-by! Good-by! There'll come a time some day when we'll all come out again into the blessed sunshine of April.

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

Missionary Hens

SEVERAL years ago, in one of the eastern Central States, there lived two little girls who loved the poor children far across the sea, because their mother loved them, and she had told her children about them—how they were born to miserable, unhappy lives, many times not being permitted to grow up, and that nothing but the love of Jesus and a knowledge of him as their Saviour would ever change the sad condition of these people. But what could two little girls do to help?

Two motherless chicks were found at the barnyard one morning. Some one must care for them until they were able to do for themselves. The little girls went joyfully about their self-appointed task; for the chicks were going to be missionary hens some day, and they should help to carry the good news about Jesus to the darkened minds far across the seas.

They took good care of them, and the little chicks grew rapidly, and soon the large eggs began to accumulate, to the pleasure of the children. They were Plymouth Rock hens, and they seemed more faithful than all the others in the flock in giving their contributions every day to send the gospel to the heathen. Every egg was cherished, and sold either to their mother or to some of the neighbors, and the money was saved for the annual collection. This served for more than increasing the missionary offering in that home. It was the means of instilling more deeply that missionary inspiration which holds the heart

true to God under trying circumstances in later years.

How many of the children would like to try this plan of raising money for missions? Ask your papa and mama about it. Perhaps you can have a missionary hen to raise you a whole flock of chickens next summer; and the earlier you get about this work in the spring, the more money you will have for your missionary offering.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

The Little Protector

He was such a little fellow, but he was desperately in earnest when he marched into the store that snowy morning. Straight up to the first clerk he went. "I want to see the 'prietor," he said.

The clerk wanted to smile, but the little face before her was so grave that she answered solemnly, "He is sitting there at his desk."

The little fellow walked up to the man at the desk. Mr. Martin, the proprietor, turned around. "Good morning, little man. Did you want to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I want a wrap for my mama. I can make fires and pay for it."

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Paul May."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir. He died when we lived in Louisville."

"How long have you lived here?"

"We haven't been here long. Mama was sick

in Louisville, and the doctor told her to go away, and she would get well."

"Is she better?"

"Yes, sir. Last Sunday she wanted to go to church, but she didn't have any wrap, and she cried. She didn't think I saw her, but I did. She says I am her little p'tector, since papa died. I can make fires and pay for a wrap."

"But, little man, the store is steam-heated. I wonder if you could clean the snow off the walk?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered quickly.

"Very well. I'll write your mama a note and explain our bargain."

When the note was written, Mr. Martin arose. "Come, Paul, I will get the wrap," he said. At the counter he paused. "How large is your mother, Paul?" he asked.

Paul glanced about him. "'Bout as large as her," he said, pointing toward a lady clerk.

"Miss Smith, please see if this fits you," requested Mr. Martin. Paul's eyes were shining.

Miss Smith put on the wrap, and turned about for Paul to see it. "Do you like it?" she asked him.

"Yes, I do," he answered, very emphatically.

The wrap was price-marked twelve dollars, but kind-hearted Mr. Martin said: "You may have it for five dollars, Paul. Take it to Pauline and have her take the price tag off," he added to Miss Smith. When she brought the bundle back to him, he put it in Paul's arms. "Take it to your mama, Paul. When the snow stops falling, come and sweep off the walk. I will pay you a dollar each time you clean it. We shall soon have enough snow to pay for the wrap."

"Yes, sir," answered Paul, gravely. He took the bundle and trudged out into the snow.

When he reached home, his mother looked in surprise at his bundle. "Where have you been, dear?"

"I went to town, mama," Paul answered. He put the note into her hand. She opened it and read:—

"MRS. MAY: This little man has bought a wrap for you. He says he is your protector. For his sake keep the wrap and let him work to pay for it. It will be a great pleasure to him. He has the making of a fine man in him."

"WILLIAM MARTIN."

Paul was astonished to see tears in his mother's eyes, he had thought she would be so happy, and she was crying. She put her arm about him and kissed him. Then she put on the wrap and told him how pretty she thought it.

When the snow stopped falling, Paul went down to the store and cleaned the snow from the front walk. He did not know that Mr. Martin's hired man swept it again, for the little arms were not strong enough to sweep it quite clean.

The days passed, and one morning Paul had a very sore throat.

"You mustn't get up to-day, dear," his mother said. When she brought his breakfast, she found him crying. "What is making you cry? Is your throat hurting much?"

"No, mama. Don't you see it is snowing, and I can't go to clean the walk?" cried Paul.

"Shall I write a note to Mr. Martin and explain why you are not there?"

"Yes, please, mama. Who will take it?"

"I'll ask Bennie to leave it as he goes to school."

The note was written, and Bennie, a neighbor boy, promised to deliver it.

While Paul was eating his dinner, there was a knock at the door. Mrs. May answered it, and ushered in Mr. Martin. "How is the sick boy?" he asked. He crossed the room and sat by Paul. He patted the boy's cheek, and then turned to the mother. "Mrs. May," he said, "my wife's mother is very old, but will not give up her home and live with us. She says she wants a home for her children to visit. She has recently lost

a good housekeeper, and needs another. Since I met Paul the other day, I have been wondering if you would take the housekeeper's place. Mother will be glad to have you and Paul with her, make things easy for you, and pay you liberally."

"I will be very glad to accept your offer, Mr. Martin. I am sorely in need of work. I taught in the public school in Louisville until my health failed. Since then I have had a hard struggle to get along," answered Mrs. May.

"I will give you mother's address. You can go out and arrange matters. Make haste and get well, little protector," said Mr. Martin as he arose to go.

When he had gone, the mother put her arms about her boy. "You are my protector," she said. "You brought me a wrap, and now you have helped me get work to do." — *Mrs. P. Binford, in The Children's Visitor.*

Work for Little Fingers—No. 9

If you have made the preceding drawings and models carefully and with increasing precision, and practised the exercises until you can make

them successfully, you have now become quite skilful in the use of simple drawing tools. Our lesson to-day will be something of a test of your workmanship. It is a comb case with a curved back and triangular ends. Who can tell me what is meant by "curved"? You remember, do you not? "Anything which bends without any sharp turns or corners." I hope



FIG. 1

you will have the backs of your comb cases perfectly curved, no sharp turns or corners in any of them.

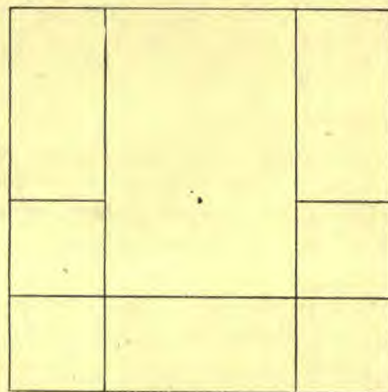


FIG. 2

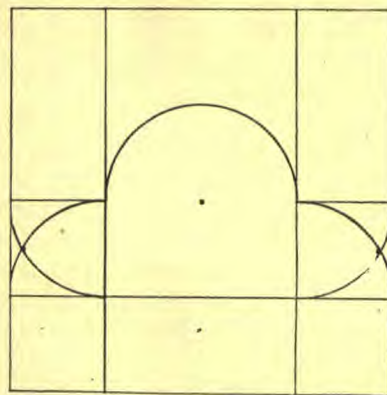


FIG. 3

And now who can tell what is meant by "triangular"? Have we had that in our lessons? O, yes, I see you remember; we had a triangular hanging basket. How many sides did it have? — Three, yes; and we learned that a figure having three straight sides is called a triangle.

Fig. 1 does not show the triangular ends distinctly, but you can see them in the drawing.

It will be necessary to be very exact in making the drawing. First make points two inches from each corner on the upper and lower edges of your paper. Connect these points with straight lines. Then on each side of the paper make points two inches and four inches from the lower corner. Connect the two lower points with a straight line. Place the ruler across the two central points with the left end just even with the edge of the paper. Draw the two short lines

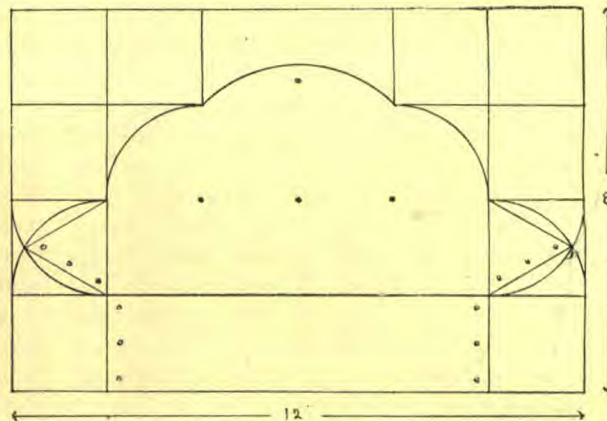


FIG. 5

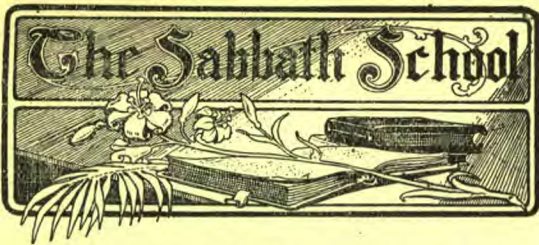
as you see them in Fig. 2, and without moving the ruler make a point at four inches. This should be exactly in the center between the two lines running up and down through the paper. Fig. 2. Now open your compasses two inches. Place the point of the compasses at the central point in the drawing, and see if the pencil point will just touch the inner end of each of the short lines. Then draw the half circle as shown in Fig. 3.

Next place the point of the compasses at one of the places where two long lines cross each other, and see if the pencil point just touches the inner end of the nearest short line. Draw a curved line from this point to the edge of the paper. Place the point of the compasses at the inner end of the same short line, and draw another curved line from the crossing of the two long lines to the edge of the paper. Fig. 3. Do just the same on the opposite side. Mark the points where the curved lines cross each other, and draw two short slanting lines from each as shown in Fig. 4. Be careful to have these lines end just where the curved lines began. Notice how these slanting lines complete the triangular ends of the comb case.

Mark the places for tying, cut and finish as usual.

Perhaps some one would like to make a comb case for actual use. Fig. 5 shows you just how to do it. You will need a piece of heavy cardboard about eight inches wide and twelve long. Make points every two inches on sides and ends, and draw lines as in Fig. 5. Place the ruler across the central points in the ends, and make points every two inches along through the center. Use these points in drawing the curves of the back. Open your compasses two inches, and draw the small curves of the back and the triangular ends of the comb case. For the latter follow the directions given above. For the large curve of the back, place the point of the compasses at the point in the center of the paper, and open the compasses so that the pencil point will just touch the upper end of the short curves. If you are using a home-made compass, you will need to make an extra perforation for this purpose. After cutting out the comb case, score the lines that are left. You remember that scoring is cutting with a sharp-pointed knife half way through the cardboard so that it will bend without breaking. Bend away from the cut. Lace the corners and tie.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—The Lame Man Healed

(April 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 3: 1-26; 4: 1-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Acts 3: 19.

"Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple: who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God: and they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple: and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him.

"And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering. And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?

"The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses. And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. . . .

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord. . . .

"And as they spake unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day: for it was now eventide. Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand.

"And it came to pass on the morrow, that their rulers, and elders, and scribes, and Annas the high priest, and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest, were gathered together at Jerusalem. And when they had set them in the midst,

they asked, By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?

"Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel, if we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. But when they had commanded them to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themselves, saying, What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we can not deny it. But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name. And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to harken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard. So when they had further threatened them, they let them go, finding nothing how they might punish them, because of the people: for all men glorified God for that which was done. For the man was above forty years old, on whom this miracle of healing was showed."

Questions

1. As Peter and John went up into the temple one day to pray, who spoke to them? How long had he been in this condition? What did he ask? How did Peter answer his request? What did the man expect?

2. What did Peter now say to the man? How did he help him? What miracle was immediately performed? How did the lame man show his joy? Where did he go? By whom was he seen?

3. How did the knowledge of this miracle affect the people? Where did they quickly gather? What questions did Peter ask them?

4. To whom did Peter now call the attention of the people? To whom had they delivered Jesus? Whom had they chosen in his place when Pilate would have released him? What had they finally done? Of what did Peter declare that he and John were witnesses?

5. What did Peter say had given this cripple "perfect soundness"? What did he call upon the people to do? Memory verse. What preparation is necessary to receive a blessing when the times of refreshing shall come?

6. As Peter and John taught the people, who came to them? What troubled these men? What did they do to the disciples? In spite of this persecution, what was the result among those who had heard Peter's teaching?

7. Before whom were Peter and John brought the next day?—The Jewish Sanhedrin. What were they asked? Give Peter's answer to this question. With what was he filled? What did he boldly declare concerning the name of Jesus?

8. What caused these learned men to marvel? Of what did they take note? Why could they say nothing against the great miracle which had been wrought?

9. When the council had sent Peter and John, with the man who had been healed, into an outer room, what did they say among themselves?

What did they admit? What did they agree to do?

10. When the disciples were again brought before the council, what were they strictly commanded not to do? How did Peter and John answer? What did they boldly declare? Acts 4: 20. After further threatening the disciples, what did the council finally do?



IV—Antichrists

(April 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 2: 18-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." 1 John 2: 25.

Questions

1. At what time does this lesson especially apply? 1 John 2: 18; note 1.

2. Whose coming is foretold? How far has this prediction already been fulfilled? 1 John 2: 18.

3. Of what is this an evidence? 1 John 2: 18.

4. With whom have these been nominally connected? What evidence is there that they were not truly connected with the people of God? Verse 19; note 2.

5. What is given to every Christian? Verse 20.

6. What will this anointing do for each one? Verse 20; note 3.

7. What was the real reason for writing this epistle? Verse 21.

8. What is he who denies that Jesus is the Christ? Verse 22.

9. What is he who denies both the Father and the Son? Verse 22.

10. How close is the relationship between the Father and the Son? Verse 23; note 4.

11. What are we who love Jesus urged to do? Verse 24.

12. What experience will then be ours? Verse 24.

13. What precious promise is made to all such? Verse 25; note 5.

Notes

1. Apostasy is a characteristic of the last time ("hour," R. V.). The Saviour predicted this (Matt. 24: 11, 12), and the church has been warned of it more than once. 1 Tim. 4: 1; 2 Tim. 3: 1-5.

2. The power of God in the church is the best agency for relieving it of unworthy members, as is shown in the early church. Acts 5: 1-14.

3. Jesus was anointed by the Father (Acts 10: 38), and so are his followers (2 Cor. 1: 21), and they are thus enabled to comprehend the things of God (Eph. 1: 17-19) which are spiritually discerned. 1 Cor. 2: 12-14.

4. Christ being the image of God, one with the Father, through whom alone the Father could be known, to see one was to see the other (John 12: 45), and a denial of one includes the rejection of the other.

5. To believe on Christ is to receive him (John 1: 12) who is life (Col. 3: 4), and so believers have everlasting life. John 3: 36. When God gave Christ to the world, he poured out all the treasure of heaven in one gift (Col. 2: 9), and it will be our constant study to all eternity to learn what we have in Christ.

"FOR as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him." Ps. 103: 11.

THE face is made every day by its morning prayer, and by its morning look out of windows which open upon heaven.—Joseph Parker.



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AN artist draws a wintry landscape, cold and dreary, and instantly transforms it into a cheery scene by a dash of red in a window. Such is Christ in a life.

ONE more article will conclude Mrs. Loper's series on "Good Manners." The one in this number and the concluding article are full of helpful suggestions. Mrs. Loper heeds the advice: "Talk to the point, and stop when you reach it."

THE proprietor of the *New York Times* was once offered five million dollars for the suppression of certain documents that his paper proposed to publish. He replied that he could not consider the offer, for the preserving of his conscience inviolate was worth more than that amount to him.

A TOURIST saw from the top of the mountain peak another at the bottom looking hesitatingly up. He called to him: "Courage, brother! It takes less strength to climb than to decide to climb." So it does in the Christian way. Often the victory is won when the *decision* is made. But though the ascent may be rough and difficult all the way, the reward to be gained at the end is of infinite worth.

"WHATEVER evil our neighbors suffer themselves to do, we can never know how much they are tempted to do which they effectually restrain. Could we know all that is resisted and all that is overcome . . . we should often have to admire the virtue rather than condemn the fault."

"Look thou with pity on a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve
and halt."

—J. Edmeston.

THE following letter from Brother C. E. Rentfro, of Carcavellos, Portugal, will be of interest to those who sent an offering in response to the call for copies of the *INSTRUCTOR* for the work in Portugal:—

DEAR EDITOR: Please extend to the donors of the club of five copies of the *INSTRUCTOR* our sincere thanks. May God bless the paper to the saving of souls. I will try to write something about this mission field, which I think will be of interest to the young people.

May God bless all our young people as they work for souls and help carry the last message to the world. We ask for the prayers of all interested in our field.

A GREAT painter always kept on his easel some very fine gems, brilliant and sparkling. When asked his reason for doing so, he replied: "I keep them there to tone up my eyes. When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure

colors before me to refresh my eyes, the sense of color is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning-fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch." For right living in this world of sin and strife, one must know the beauty of the true life, one must read the old, old story again and again; one must by communion with heaven be constantly gaining clearer views of the perfect Man.

THE Russian writer, Count Tolstoi, propounds in one of his books three questions, and then later answers them. "When is the right time to begin a thing? or what is the most important time? Who are to you the most important people? and, What is the most important thing to do?" The answers are as interesting as the questions. "There is only one time that is important—*now*. It is the most important because it is the only time over which we have any control. The most important man is he with whom you are in contact, that is *your neighbor*, for no man knows whether he will ever have any dealings with any one else. The most important thing is to *do him good*, because for that, man was sent into this life."

To these answers the mind must readily assent, but the important thing is to see that the *life* assents.

One Hundred Bible Questions

SOME papers were received but not corrected before the list of answers appeared in the *INSTRUCTOR*. The names of the authors are given below:—

Excellent

John Nicola

Good

C. A. Vancleve Daisy Roth
Teanie Daughenbaugh

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

Do I really believe the Saviour's return to earth is near?

Upon what evidence does my belief rest?

Does my life impress others with the thought that I actually believe in a soon-coming Saviour?

The man who rode in great haste many miles warning the people of Johnston of the coming of the flood of waters, manifested an earnestness in keeping with the situation; do I do as much to express a solicitude for the salvation of those around me?

"Made Wine"

As at the feast in Galilee,
Where Jesus stood to view,
The wine was gone; his mother said,
"Whate'er he bids you, do."
And as they did his bidding blest,
He made his glory shine,—
He took the tasteless water clear,
And turned it into wine.

So on the rugged ways of life,
With common duties strewn;
If we but do his bidding blest,
He will our efforts own.
If day by day to him we cry,
"Thy will, dear Lord, not mine,"
He'll take our tasteless, common tasks,
And turn them into wine.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

The Master Workman

A MISSIONARY in a South American field, whose labors have been richly blessed, tells in a few significant words the secret of all effective work. "I do not often use nor speak of 'working for Jesus.' I speak rather of working *with* Jesus. 'We are laborers *together with* God.' I think of him and talk with him as standing by, walking with, me; and consultations are frequent, almost continuous. I lay the responsibility on him. I tell my people sometimes to take God at his

word, and, instead of asking him to *help* them do this or that, to say, 'Lord, *do* it, you said you would.' Let him do it, trust him, and he will do it." How much better that is than to assume that the chief responsibility is ours! How it must hamper God's plans for our work when we ask him only to help us! But what a privilege to be allowed to work with One who alone can bring things to pass, and whose loving labors never cease!—*Editor Sunday School Times.*



CUMBERLAND, MD.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been selling *The Signs of the Times* for a few weeks. One woman said that she thought it was a good paper for her children, so she gave me her subscription. I am going to keep on selling the paper. Nearly all the people here are Catholics, so they do not take the *Signs* very often. About four miles from where we live there is going to be an industrial school for Seventh-day Adventists. We have just come from Lowell, Massachusetts, and are going to do all we can to spread the third angel's message. There are but few Seventh-day Adventists here.

EDWARD E. MITCHELL.

LAKESIDE, WASH.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I thought, as I was looking over the letters in the *INSTRUCTOR*, that I would write one too. I have never seen any letters from this place. I am fifteen years old, and am in the eighth grade. I have not gone to school any this year, but have studied at home. I read five books last year, "Great Controversy," "Mount of Blessing," "Steps to Christ," "Christ's Object Lessons," and "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII.

I have been trying to serve the Lord about two years, and I do desire to work for him. I have done so little for him to repay what he has done for me. I wish every one of the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* would pray for Dr. Kellogg. Let us all do so. I would like to hear from some one at the Forest Home Academy at Mount Vernon, Washington, as I am thinking of going there to school. Love to all the readers and to the editor.

ETHEL WRIGHT.

HILL, N. H.

DEAR EDITOR: Enclosed please find seventy-five cents for which please send me the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* for one year. I like this paper very much, and think everybody ought to take it. I am saving all the old numbers in their order, and sewing them together, book-fashion. We like to read them over, there are so many good things in them. I like to read the letters the *INSTRUCTOR* readers write.

My sister Lillian and I have sold seven copies of "Uncle Ben's Cobblestones" in this village, and I hope the children will all learn many new things from it. Lillian takes *Our Little Friend*, and likes it very much. There is but one other family of Sabbath-keepers here, but we hope there will be more. I hope I shall be able to go somewhere to church-school sometime. I will close now with love for the editor and readers.

NELLA EASTMAN.

THE following is a sample of many letters that accompany the answers to the One Hundred Bible Questions.

DEAR EDITOR: I hope I am not too late in sending in these answers, but it has taken me a long time, and I have worked hard to find them. I have spent HOURS on many of them, but it is a work that I enjoy, for I *have* gained knowledge. "Lessons hard to learn are sweet to remember." Sometimes I would think I would give up, but I belong to a society called the "Perseverance Band," and I was bound with the Lord's help to persevere, so took courage and prayed, and with his help have finished the work. I hope they are right; am anxious to see the correct answers.

ELSIE HENRY.

Miss Elsie's earnest effort was rewarded with an *excellent* paper, besides the knowledge and spiritual help gained from her study.