

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 24, 1906

No. 16

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Gifts of Love

EVERY blessing from above
Tells the Heavenly Father's love.
Every drop of summer showers
Tends to make more bright his flowers.
Every sparkle of his light
Makes my humble path more bright.

Do I grasp the gifts of Love
As sent down from heaven above?
When I joy in summer bowers,
Do I own they are his flowers?
O! that Love will ever yield
Blossoms over rock and field!

B. F. M. SOURS.

Good Manners in Church

DAVID appreciated the privileges of the house of God, when he said: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Surely the Christian should be an example in attendance at church, in both regularity and promptness. A service is expected to begin at a certain time, but promptness on the part of the individuals composing a congregation is essential to the proper carrying out of this plan. Some persons who are very busy through the week, in working hard for worldly gain, apparently feel at liberty to lie in bed on Sabbath morning until it is too late to arrive at Sabbath-school or church on time. Diligence in business is commendable, but diligence in religious things is more important. Any one who has the conducting of a church service finds it very discouraging when the congregation persists in being tardy. An aged minister once related an incident concerning a church with which tardiness seemed to be a universal habit. He went to prayer-meeting one evening, and when the time came to open the service, not one of the congregation had arrived. However, he decided to open the meeting at the proper time, and so sang a hymn, read a portion from the Sacred Word, and offered prayer. No one having yet arrived, he started for home. On the way, he met some of the members of his flock coming to the prayer-meeting. They inquired if he were not going to attend prayer-meeting that evening, when he informed them that he had already been there, and that the service had closed. Being interrogated as to how many were present, he said, Just two: he himself was there, and the Lord was there. They had had a good meeting, and he was now going home. Other congregations might profit by a similar experience.

Upon entering church, one's choice of seat should be his own family pew. If he has not the precious privilege of sitting with his own family at church, he should at least go far enough toward the front to encourage the minister to believe that he came to hear the sermon. A lady once took a seat in the gallery of a church at a Sabbath service, apparently that she might assist her mischief-loving son in pre-

serving the order and solemnity due the place and the occasion. The son, however, seemed to be better acquainted with his mother than she was with him; and while she was absorbed in what the minister was saying, he was giving vent to his ill manners by throwing paper wads in the direction his fancy dictated.

Whenever a child, be he five years old or twenty-five, wishes to abandon the family pew, it is a symptom which should be carefully removed, or serious results are likely to follow. The gallery and the rear seats of an auditorium are too often occupied by boys and girls who are so irreverent as to whisper, smile, write notes, and act silly during the solemn service of God's house. I shall always retain a measure of respect for a wayward youth who, when he went to church, sat beside his Christian mother, and behaved himself. Now that she sleeps beneath the sod, I am sure that son, if he is still living, has no occasion to regret the respect paid to his mother, and to the house in which she worshiped.

Should any child fear meeting the accusation of being "tied to his mother's apron-string," because he has sufficient good manners to sit beside her in church, he should be courageous enough to say that there is no "string" in all this world that is quite so safe a cable to tie to as the Christian mother's so-called "apron-string." It has proved thoroughly reliable through all the ages, and many a youth has been saved from falling into temptation and sin because of never having severed himself from his mother's immediate influence.

Being once seated in church, give attention to the service, and thus be an inspiration to those conducting the same. Join in the congregational singing. Do not be of that great number of good singers who "just can't sing." If God has given you a voice, use it to his glory. The right kind of voice culture is of great value to any one who sings, assisting in the recognition and avoidance of mistakes, and improving the voice in a manner to be of inestimable service. It grates on the ear for one to make blunders in pronunciation while reading, but it is much more noticeable when one pronounces words improperly while singing. Remember that in singing, syllabic pronunciation is very conspicuous, the syllables being made to correspond to the notes in the music; so it is highly important that each syllable receive the proper pronunciation.

If one understands music, and has a voice superior to those in the choir, and others fail to recognize the fact sufficiently to place him among the chosen singers, let him remember that God accepts the songs of praise that rise from the humblest pews, from hearts consecrated to him, just as gladly as those that emanate from the best singers in the choir. A member of a choir should allow no trace of pride to linger in his soul because of his position. Hymns that rise from hearts swelling with self-esteem, find no response at the infinite throne.

Whispering should be excluded from church service, and during prayer every heart should

join in petitioning the Giver of all good, for divine aid and blessing.

It is very ill mannered to turn the head to gaze at those who enter the church after the service has begun. It is remarkable with what composure one can sit, with scores of people behind him, and feel no special inclination to turn his head, until he becomes conscious that some one has just entered the door. It is very embarrassing to the sensitive soul, who may have a good reason for his tardiness, to be stared at by faces in all directions, to say nothing of the discouraging effect upon the minister, who may be reaching a climax in the presentation of some great truth, when he finds himself thus suddenly bereft of perhaps one fourth of his congregation. On going into church late, one should take a rear seat, so as to create as little disturbance as possible.

The habit which some cultivate, of withdrawing before a service is over, is very trying to the nerves of a congregation. If one is taken suddenly ill, there is reason in his passing quietly from the room; but the cases in which withdrawing from any public meeting is a necessity are exceedingly rare. When one wishes to give to the minister his undivided attention, it is certainly unpleasant to have some one pass up or down an aisle; besides, it may prove distracting to the minister himself. There are even grown-up children who seem to think they can not remain seated during an ordinary service. But if one possesses the right to withdraw, why not the entire congregation?

But should each member of a congregation assume the right to pass out and in from one to three times during a service, there surely would be great confusion. Solomon must have recognized that there was danger of one's feet being allowed to create disturbance in church, when he said: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools." If one is always "ready to hear," he surely will not permit his feet to become disorderly in behavior.

Little children may be taught to preserve proper order during church service, and the habit may easily become so fixed as to require no special effort. Ancient Israel received very explicit instructions in regard to their behavior in connection with the tabernacle service. And it is no less important to-day that proper reverence be shown to God and to his house.

The clothing worn at a church service should be neat and clean, and such as will not attract undue attention. Many a poor person absents himself from the house of prayer because he is unable to dress so as not to feel that he is conspicuous. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." If Jesus himself was willing for our sakes to give up all the riches of heaven, that we "through his poverty might be rich," should not we be willing to encourage the poor to attend church, by dressing in a manner that will not prove a barrier to their hearing the gospel?

It is an exhibition of ill manners for one to jingle coin or otherwise attract attention to that

which he expects to put into the contribution basket. The poor widow who cast but two mites into the Lord's treasury, may have a larger credit account in the books of heaven than he who gives the greatest sum in a whole congregation. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

When a service is closed, it is not in keeping with a spirit of reverence to engage in loud talking and laughing while passing out of the building. Nor is it proper to linger in the vestibule or outside of the building, to engage in gossip and silly chit-chat.

At the Sabbath dinner table, it is best to refrain from dissecting the morning sermon, and talk of something profitable. The form of table etiquette without the substance of good manners, especially in conversation, would surely fall far short of the Christian standard of perfection. There is always good in every sermon. Let it come into the life as fragrance from distilled flowers, giving to it a sweetness that shall rest as a benediction on all around you.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Luther and the Bible

IN the following extract from "Great Controversy," in the chapter entitled "Luther's Separation from Rome," is an example and encouragement for youth and those of mature years:—

"The fear of the Lord dwelt in the heart of Luther, enabling him to maintain his steadfastness of purpose, and leading him to deep humility before God. He had an abiding sense of his dependence upon divine aid, and he did not fail to begin each day with prayer, while his heart was continually breathing a petition for guidance and support. 'To pray well,' he often said, 'is the better half of study.'

"While one day examining the books in the library of the university, Luther discovered a Latin Bible. Such a book he had never before seen. He was ignorant even of its existence. He had heard portions of the Gospels and epistles, which were read to the people at public worship, and he supposed that these were the entire Bible. Now, for the first time, he looked upon the whole of God's Word. With mingled awe and wonder he turned the sacred pages; with quickened pulse and throbbing heart he read for himself the words of life, pausing now and then to exclaim, 'O, if God would give me such a book for my own!' Angels of heaven were by his side, and rays of light from the throne of God revealed the treasures of truth to his understanding. He had ever feared to offend God, but now the deep conviction of his condition as a sinner took hold upon him as never before."

This was after he had reached the age of eighteen, and had so far advanced in his schooling as to be in the University of Erfurt. Are there any youth who read this who have had no opportunity to study the Bible until of that age? Read the life of Luther, see what was accomplished by him, and then be encouraged to make the most of the precious light and privileges of this time; and souls who have never seen or heard the Word of God will bless you because you have been the means of their salvation.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

"Jesus, Still Lead On"

THE noble Nicolaus Ludwig, Count von Zinzendorf, was born in Dresden, Germany, May 26, 1700. While he was a schoolboy, he heard of the missionary work in the East Indies, and formed a missionary society among his boy friends, called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." When he was fifteen years old, he entered into a covenant with a friend of his, promising that he would give his life to the spread of Christianity, especially in the places where no one else wanted to go.

One day he saw the famous picture, Sternberg's "Ecce Homo," "Behold the Man," showing Pilate presenting Christ to the mocking throng. Beneath it is a Latin motto which, translated, is:—

"I have done this for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

The picture and motto made a deep impression upon him, and caused him to renew his vows of whole-hearted service. When he was married, in 1722, he and his noble wife agreed, on their wedding day, to lay aside their rank, and give themselves up to the winning of men to Christ.

The great opportunity of Zinzendorf's life came to him when a band of persecuted Moravians, led by Christian David, settled in his own town of Berthelsdorf. They had been driven from home by the Roman Catholics, and their condition moved Zinzendorf to give them aid. He soon became deeply attached to the heroic Protestants, and became their second leader. He established them in the famous community of Herrnhut, made laws for them, fashioned for them a beautiful order of service, and gave his life to the development of their church.

How Zinzendorf and his Moravians founded Moravian missions is one of the most thrilling stories in all missionary annals. They heard of the great need for the gospel in Greenland and among the slaves of the West Indies, and at once, with eagerness, they sprang to meet the need. The sufferings of those pioneer missionaries are almost beyond belief. Poverty, disease, imprisonment, hostility, loneliness, failure, all kinds of trials, were met by them with patience and undaunted zeal. We call William Carey the founder of modern missions; but when he went to India, the Moravians already had one hundred sixty-five missionaries at work in all parts of the world.

In all this labor Zinzendorf was a leader. He had many enemies, and at last the constant misrepresentations of these foes procured his banishment from his native land. It was during this exile that he visited America. He preached Christ zealously among the Indians; and at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he established what is to this day the great center of Moravian work on this continent.

In 1749 Zinzendorf was entirely cleared of the charges that had been made against him, and the government not only asked him to return, but requested him to form other model communities like Herrnhut. So the great and good man passed the last years of his life peacefully at Berthelsdorf, and when he died in 1760, his body was carried to the grave by thirty-two missionaries and preachers, from Holland, England, Ireland, North America, and Greenland.

The Moravians made much of song, as they still do. Zinzendorf wrote more than two thousand hymns, all of them expressing his deep devotion. One of the best known of these was translated by John Wesley, and begins, "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness." But of all Zinzendorf's writings, the favorite is certainly the hymn "Jesus, still lead on." It seems to embody all of the Count's heroic life. I give the translation made by Miss Jane Borthwick:—

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

"If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

"When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland."

—Amos R. Wells, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Magnetism of a Great Personality

WILLIAM W. STORY was fond of telling an interesting tale of James Russell Lowell and himself. It was when they were young men, and they were very angry with Daniel Webster for staying in Tyler's cabinet. As he was to speak in Faneuil Hall one evening, they determined to go in from the Harvard Law School and hoot at him, and show him that he had incurred their displeasure. The house was crowded, and the young men felt sure that the people would join them, young as they were. But they did not reckon rightly. Mr. Story says: "Mr. Webster, handsomely dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice, and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the man began that most beautiful speech, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation." The very essence of Christian teaching is that a man's greatness does not consist in what he has, nor in his position, but in what he is. Men poor in purse and of no physical authority, are often splendid in influence because of the subtle power of character which men feel in their presence. Paul said his bodily presence was insignificant, but men feel him yet, after all these centuries.—"Anecdotes and Morals."

Miss Ellen M. Stone

AMONG the notable delegates attending the recent Student Volunteer Convention in Nashville was Miss Ellen M. Stone, missionary under the American Board, to Turkey. Miss Stone will be remembered by the older readers as the lady who five years ago was captured by bandits and held in the mountains of Macedonia until redeemed by friends in America. On Sunday evening of convention week she addressed a large audience. She is a woman in middle life and in the full vigor of health. As a speaker she is graphic and forceful, and tells her story in a most delightful and fascinating manner.

Miss Stone's mission field is in European Turkey, in the ancient territory of Macedonia, her headquarters being Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, situated at the head of the gulf of the same name.

She had occasion to visit another mission station about fifty miles inland from Salonica. As the country is rough, and the roads are scarcely more than trails, the trip had to be made on horseback. Because of the numerous bandits and highwaymen that infest this region, persons must always take the precaution to travel in large companies. With such a company, composed of missionaries, merchants, and a number of young lady students, Miss Stone was returning from her inland trip, when, as they rode one day down into a ravine which they must cross, there suddenly rushed upon them a band of thirty or forty heavily armed and ferocious-looking men. Her bridle-rein was rudely seized, and her horse brought to a standstill. After the entire company had been looted, all, except Miss Stone, a Mrs. Tsilka, and a young man of the party, were allowed to proceed on their journey. These three were hurried away into the wild fastnesses of the mountains. The man was evidently not

wanted, and so was killed so near to the two women that they could hear not only his wild and pitiful screams, but also the very dagger thrusts by which he was dispatched. Of course they did not know why they had been captured, and expected that at any moment they might be murdered. On the second day, however, Miss Stone was informed that it was she who was really wanted, that Mrs. Tsilka had only been brought along as her companion, and that she would be held for a ransom, the sum fixed being one hundred ten thousand dollars. Very naturally this appeared to her as a sentence of death, for she knew the Mission Board could not afford to pay this immense sum. At first she was informed that her friends would be allowed twenty days in which to raise the ransom; then the time was extended. In the end these two women were kept six months, lacking only four days. Meanwhile Miss Stone was compelled to write letters at the dictation of her cruel captors. These were sent to Salonica, whence they were telegraphed to all parts of the world. All the while the American friends of Miss Stone were busy trying to raise the money demanded for her redemption. Sunday-schools and churches all over the country took collections, until the sum was finally swelled to something like seventy thousand dollars, and this the bandits finally agreed to accept.

During this period of six months these two women were dragged from place to place over the rugged mountains of Macedonia. They traveled at night and rested during the day, always closely guarded, and generally hidden away in a dark room connected with some kind of an abandoned house. The weather was often cold, and their journeys were frequently made through deep snow. The only book they had was a small Bible brought them by the bandits a day or two after their capture. The only clothing left them was that which they wore. This was subsequently increased by underclothing, also brought them by their captors. Although they had the Bible, they were seldom able to read it, as they were generally kept through the day in windowless rooms. Their loneliness at times was almost intolerable. Miss Stone relates that on one occasion, when they had been in captivity three or four days, she found on one side of the dark room in which they were guarded a space long enough to walk to and fro in. As she walked from side to side, she thought of home and the songs she had learned in her childhood, and a great longing to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" arose within her. Turning to her companion, she said softly: "Do you think they would allow us to sing?" Instantly a rough voice just outside answered: "No; you can do nothing without permission." And the song died at once in her heart. At times they were so overcome with weariness and terror, and their condition seemed so wretched and helpless, that they longed for the release of death. But then they would rest on their beds of straw, meanwhile seeking God's help in prayer, and so courage and hope would come back to them.

One fact related by this heroic missionary is particularly worthy of mention. All through her life it had been her custom to commit to memory passages from the Holy Scriptures and parts of great hymns. To recall these during those months of loneliness, weariness, and terror was one of her chief comforts. They strengthened her heart in the darkest hours, and helped her to bear what seemed almost unbearable. She earnestly counsels all young people to familiarize themselves with the Bible and the great songs of the church, that they may find strength and nurture and inspiration in them in the times of loneliness and trial which are sure to come to all sooner or later.

After six months of waiting, Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka were ransomed and permitted to return to their homes.—*Children's Visitor*.



Buttons from Potatoes

A LARGE number of the buttons now in use, purporting to be made out of horn or bone or ivory, are in reality made out of the common potato, which, when treated with certain acids, becomes almost as hard as stone. This quality of the potato adapts it to button making, and a very good grade of button is now made from this well-known tuber. The potato button can not be distinguished from others except by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since it is colored to suit the goods on which it is to be used, and is every whit as good looking as a button which has been formed from bone or ivory.—*Search-Light*.

Postal Cards That Whistle

PICTURE postal cards that talk and sing and whistle may very soon find their way into Canadian homes. Then, instead of writing stereotyped phrases, the next thing will be, says *Pearson's Weekly*, "the chance to send a greeting that shall have all the fervor and animation of the voice." Paris originated this idea. Already postal card photographs of great singers and composers are accompanied by extracts from their successes, pictures of national flags by the anthems of different countries, and so on in endless variety.

To an ordinary pictorial card is affixed a very thin transparent gelatin disk, on which is impressed a gramophone musical record. Through the center of the disk a small hole is pierced, enabling the postal card to be placed on an ordinary "talking machine" and played in the usual way.

Paris, too, has another novelty of this kind in the Daily Post Card, or, more correctly, the *Carte Journal*. On one side is the usual space for name and address; but on the other is printed a reproduction of a photograph or sketch illustrating the most interesting event of the day, accompanied by half a dozen brief telegrams giving the news of the world. The *Carte Journal* is published at a penny, and is on sale every afternoon at four o'clock. Some of the best-known artists have contributed drawings to this newspaper postal card.—*The King's Own*.

Buildings of Glass for Des Moines

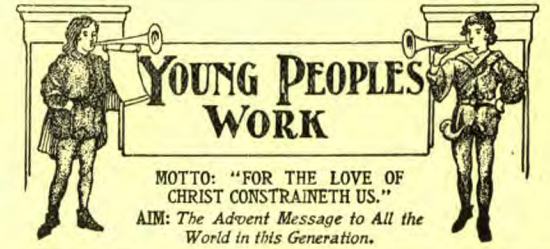
AMONG the nicknames applied to cities there is likely soon to be a new one. The Crystal City will be the title bestowed upon Des Moines, Iowa, if the fashion just being set of using glass instead of brick or stone in the construction of business and church edifices should prevail to any extent. Buildings constructed entirely of glass supported on a frame of steel are a new idea in America and in the world. London has its crystal palace, and New York had one many years ago, but these structures are not in the class with the glass edifices of Des Moines. The idea originated with C. E. Eastman, who is a local architect.

Mr. Eastman's first contract is for a ten-story office building, occupying an entire block in the business section of the city. It is somewhat severe in the plainness of its architecture, but elegant and impressive. It is now in process of erection. The material is white opalescent glass, about an inch thick, reinforced by a steel wire screen or net such as is used in roofing and building construction. The glass resembles marble, except that it is brighter, and always is clean,

dust and smoke blowing off it freely. It is set in a steel frame, and the building is of the steel-frame type.

The interior walls of this building and of other business edifices which are to be erected will be ornamental and worked out in designs, thus doing away with the painting and the renewing of the decorations from year to year. The double walls will admit sufficient light to make windows somewhat superfluous.

The trustees of the First M. E. Church have requested Mr. Eastman to prepare a design for a church to be built of glass.—*Search-Light*.



MISS JENNIE R. BATES, West Paris, Maine, writes: "There is one thing I am doing which is a help in our Society. I watch the papers and magazines for pictures of all lands and people. These I cut out, and mount on cards chiefly made from the tops and bottoms of pasteboard boxes. Then when our study is about Russia or Germany or any land, I hand my pictures out in the meeting, and they help to emphasize the lesson."

Our Field—The World

Denmark—2 Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

Review.

From the United States to Denmark.

The Present Situation.

Program Helps

REVIEW: Give a brief description of the early history of the Scandinavian tribes. What are the principal characteristics of the people? What islands are subject to Danish rule? Sketch briefly the life of Christian IX. Describe the beginning of our work among the Scandinavians.

From the United States to Denmark

March 23, 1877, Elder Matteson wrote to the president of the General Conference: "I think the time has come when I must get ready to go to Denmark to labor in the interest of the last message. . . . There are two hundred sixty *Advent Tidendes* that go to Denmark monthly, and about sixty to Norway. We frequently receive favorable letters from Denmark, and some are keeping the Sabbath there. . . . Our Danish-Norwegian people have already donated and sent to the office at Battle Creek about two hundred dollars for this mission, although we have made no call for money. I think the best time to go would be about May."

Being assured of the sympathy and support of the brethren, Elder Matteson and his wife sailed in May, arriving in Denmark in June. Elder Matteson thus relates some of his early experiences:—

"At the invitation of a friend who had read our papers, we soon went to Alstrup, a small country place in the northern part of Jylland. . . . A remarkable interest was manifested by the people in this vicinity. In the busiest summer season they left their work and came to meeting at five o'clock in the afternoon, three or four times a week; and sometimes we had two meetings a day. For a while we met in private houses. The largest ones in town were open to us, and the people would fill all the rooms, and gather about the doors. When these places became too small, we occupied the barns. On Sunday from one hundred fifty to two hundred persons would congregate, while the attendance

at the church was sometimes only from six to twelve persons.

"We held meetings also in many of the neighboring towns and villages, and the people would crowd together to hear the preaching. In some places I would stand on a box, walled in by the crowd, leaning with one hand on the shoulder of the man who stood nearest, while I held the Bible in the other. Often my head reached nearly to the ceiling. The windows could seldom be opened, and the crowd would extend through the entrance hall and outside door, allowing but little circulation of air. . . .

"In the latter part of the winter I began a series of meetings in the country, six miles from Alstrup, on the opposite side of a large marsh. As the distance was much greater by the road around it, I often walked across the marsh. At first it was frozen over, but afterward the ice broke in many places, so that I had to wade through the water, often becoming wet and much exhausted before reaching the shore. I labored earnestly in this place. The people were degraded, and many of them given to drunkenness, yet there were some who accepted the truth. In the spring, several were baptized. This caused much opposition. My life was threatened, and in various ways we were hindered in our work. I had to apply to the police for protection, which was promptly given.

"In this place, as well as in the vicinity of Alstrup, the priests sometimes came to our meetings in the barns, to oppose our work. At these times the attendance was much larger, and the discussions with the priests always helped the truth. On one occasion a priest came with three school-teachers. We agreed that he should question me about our faith as much as he wished, and that I should answer. Then I was to have the same privilege of questioning him. After a while he had nothing more to ask, and my turn came. He soon acknowledged that some of the points on which I questioned him were too deep for him, that he had never thought over them, and could not fathom them. At the close of the meeting I spoke of Christ and his tender mercies, and he listened with interest, while tears came into his eyes.

"During the fall of 1877 I went to Fano, a small island off the west coast of Denmark, and afterward visited the cities on the west coast. At Norby, the only village on the island, I hired a hall, and a large number attended the meetings. The authorities tried in every way to hinder my labors, but without success. When forbidden to take up collections, I requested one of the citizens to do so in my place, and all my expenses were met, except my time. When ordered not to sell tracts, I gave them away, and told the people they were at liberty to contribute in return as they thought best. No church was raised up here, yet some are rejoicing in the truth to-day who then first heard it."

That the seeds of truth sown with such faithfulness and amid such difficulties bore a harvest is evidenced by a report made at a council meeting held in 1885. There was then in Denmark four ordained ministers, nine churches, and two hundred fifty members.

In the autumn of 1885 Mrs. E. G. White visited Denmark, holding several meetings in Copenhagen. The following account and description are taken from a report of her trip, published twenty years ago:—

Influence of a Tract

"An interesting experience related to us by one of our Danish brethren, shows how the truth is sometimes advanced by the very efforts made to hinder its progress. Brother G. G. Hansen had been convinced, by reading the Bible, that the seventh day is the Sabbath. And as the Baptist minister had been presenting to him the Bible argument for immersion, his mind was exercised on the subject of baptism also. About this time

Brother Brorsen visited the place, and gave to the Methodist minister the tract, 'New Testament Sabbath.' When he had read it, he gave it to Brother Hansen, in the hope that by showing that the Bible presents as forcibly the duty of keeping the seventh day, which is universally disregarded, as it does the duty of baptism, he could lead him to renounce the idea of being immersed. He argued that the Sabbath is disregarded by Baptists as well as others, and it could be no worse to set aside immersion than to reject the Sabbath. But the result of this effort was the reverse of what the minister wished. Brother Hansen read the tract again and again, wept and prayed over it, and instead of renouncing baptism, he decided to be baptized and to keep the Sabbath. At first he thought it his duty to keep Sunday also, and in the attempt to keep two days became discouraged, and gave up the Sabbath. But just at this time Brother Brorsen came to his help, and explained from the Bible the true relation of the Sabbath and Sunday. Some time later he was much impressed by reading in the *Advent Tidende* an account of what I had seen in regard to some in foreign countries receiving the papers and tracts, reading them, praying over them, and finally taking their stand on the Sabbath, for this exactly described his experience."

A Missionary Field

"Copenhagen seems like Athens in Paul's day. The pursuit of wealth and pleasure engrosses the attention of the people. Atheism is popular. Eating and drinking, dancing and merrymaking, are the subjects of thought and conversation. There are many large and beautiful churches; but the people, like some of the Athenians, are worshipping an unknown God. There is no lack of doctors of divinity, but they are ignorant of Bible religion.

"The teachers in the state church are looked up to by the people as unquestionable authority in matters of religion. They appear upon the street in a long clerical robe reaching to their feet, with a stiff, quilled ruffle of white linen, nearly a quarter of a yard in width, about the neck. As they pass, men take off their hats and make a low obeisance, and women courtesy, with an air of greatest reverence. As I saw them, I could not but think of the words of Christ,—and the words apply to these priests as truly as to the ancient rabbis,—'All their works they do for to be seen of men: they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.'

"It seems a difficult matter to awaken an interest in religious things in these large cities; and yet there are many honest souls in them who will yet accept the light, and reflect its rays to others. Copenhagen is sending missionaries to convert the heathen in far-off lands, when there are multitudes of her people who are as truly ignorant of God and his Word. Men with the spirit of Paul are needed to preach Christ and him crucified."

A Beautiful City

"Copenhagen is a large city for the little kingdom of Denmark. It possesses an excellent harbor, and being situated on the narrow straits connecting the Baltic with an arm of the North Sea, it is on the highway through which passes much of the commerce of Sweden, Germany, and Russia. It is the residence of the king, and the headquarters of the Danish army. In the midst of the city, and surrounded on all sides by massive stone blocks, are wide, open spaces containing many acres, which are reserved as training-grounds for soldiers. In the early morning we hear the measured tread of large companies of soldiers marching along the streets, and wherever we go on the streets, we see com-

panies of tall, athletic young men dressed in the light, jaunty uniform of the king's guards. . . .

"There is probably no other city of its size which has so many beautiful parks, artificial lakes, and pleasant avenues. At a little distance from our stopping place is an artificial lake which is two miles in length. The water is clear as crystal, and upon its glassy surface many beautiful white swans were floating gracefully. It is crossed by pretty foot-bridges, while a broad street runs all around it, and rows of chestnut-trees beautify its borders. In Copenhagen the children have not been forgotten. In different parts of the city there are small enclosures of three or four acres with groves of shade-trees, which are kept solely for playgrounds. No vehicles are allowed to pass through them, and the children can here enjoy sports in safety."

Closing Thought

"The things of this world would be enjoyable, were it not for the curse of sin; but crime, sorrow, suffering, and death meet us everywhere. Property, and even life itself, is not safe. Upon the most beautiful portions of the earth, in the valleys, on the mountains, in the crowded cities, in the wilderness, or upon the waters of the great deep, there is danger and death. The restless, surging masses of humanity have forgotten their Creator; transgression of God's law has brought discord, misery, and desolation upon our world; and yet, in their blindness and madness, men continue to transgress. They refuse to listen to the voice of God, inviting them to find peace in him. Kings, statesmen, the mighty ones of the earth, are powerless to give peace and rest to the soul. It is only in obedience to God's law that true happiness can be found. We must submit our will to God if we would have his divine and eternal harmony in our souls."

The Present Situation

There are now nineteen organized churches in Denmark, with an aggregate membership of seven hundred forty-four. The medical work in that conference is well represented by the Skodsborg Sanatorium, near Copenhagen. This institution has had the patronage of the royalty, the late King Christian IX having visited it with his family. At Frydenstrand there is a small school and a sanitarium. An earnest effort is now being made to sell a large number of "Christ's Object Lessons" in behalf of the educational work. The two Danish-Norwegian papers, *Evangeliets Sendebud* and *Sundhedsbladet*, the latter a health journal, have a large circulation in Denmark.

Denmark now has five ministers, two licentiates, and one missionary. At the late General Conference, Elder P. A. Hansen, reporting for Scandinavia, gives this cheering word: "We are anxious to place ourselves where God can fulfil his good pleasure through us. We see a rift in the dark cloud which has hung over Scandinavia for years, and streams of blessing are being poured out."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Ceylon Enthusiasm

JOHN R. MOTT visited a college in Ceylon, where he found a band of students so poor that sixteen of them occupied one room. Near the building was a garden in which they spent their spare time cultivating bananas. When Mr. Mott inquired, "What do you do with the money?" they took him to the shore and pointed to an island in the sea. "Two years ago," they said, "we sent one of our graduates there. He started a school, and it has developed now into a church. We are going to send him to another island this year." They also said that they had instructed their cook that every tenth handful of rice should be laid aside, that they might sell it in order to have Christ preached a little more widely.—*Sunday School Times*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Little Dog Dan

"WHAT sight do you love best, O little dog Dan? I would much like to know, so tell, if you can."
"O, I like to see rabbits, as swiftly they flee;
'Tis a joy to behold a cat climbing a tree;
But the sight that most fills me with joy and delight
Is my young master's face, so smiling and bright."

"What sound do you love best, O little dog Dan? I would much like to know, so tell, if you can."
"O, the neigh of a horse has a sound that is sweet,
And so has the bark of a chum I may meet;
But the sound that most causes my heart to rejoice,
And my tail to wag, wag, is my young master's voice."

"What scent do you love best, O little dog Dan? I would much like to know, so tell, if you can."
"O, a nice, juicy bone has a smell that is good,
And so do the burrows I find in the wood;
But O, there's one smell I love better than all,
'Tis the smell of the spot where your footsteps may fall."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A Holiday Investment

"No, it isn't a bit of use; let's not discuss it." Justin opened the first letter in the pile of mail before him.

Grant Marvin turned languidly to his desk. He could not gain his point by pressing the matter at present: he might later.

All through the day that seemed never-ending, the question Justin had decided so decisively in the morning constantly obtruded itself. A letter had just been received from Mr. Bradstock, stating that his absence would doubtless be prolonged for some time yet. Curiously enough, there was no postmark that gave a clue to the writer's whereabouts. It would be perfectly safe to dispatch the most important business in the forenoon, and slip away after dinner for a little recreation. He had earned it; scarcely a night but he had stayed overtime because his sense of justice would not allow him to leave the office until the day's work was done.

And Mr. Bradstock trusted him. He had been so proud of the fact, but somehow to-day he longed for a whiff from the clover fields, for the shadowed coolness of the woods, to shut out for one half-day the sultriness and disquiet of the city.

That night, at a later hour than usual, he crossed the park on his homeward way. The moon was at its full, and turned to spun silver the tossing spray of the fountain. Justin paused for a moment, its beauty was so calm and restful. His better, truer self was uppermost now. "I'm so glad," he half whispered, "that I decided right this morning —"

A figure emerged from the shadow of the palms. "Come, now, Justin, don't be an idiot! I'm going to-morrow noon; it's time for the early peaches, and you know what kind of dinners your Aunt Sally gets up."

"That question was decided this morning, Grant. Have you forgotten?"

"You surely don't mean —"

"That it would be wrong to leave, now that Mr. Bradstock is away and depends on us? I certainly do."

With an angry exclamation the restraining hand was dropped, and Justin passed quietly on.

The next day Grant Marvin left the office before the noon hour. Shortly after, the mail brought a letter that made Justin's eyes open wide with astonishment.

"Dear Nephew," it read, "do you remember the old Flynn place? Job Martin bought it two years ago, and he has a rousing crop of peaches — early and late. The first crop is about ready, and Job was over this morning getting my advice about a market. If you want them, don't lose any time getting out here.

"Yours affectionately,

"DANIEL WAKELEE."

At one o'clock Justin was speeding out across the country into the greenness and freshness for which he had so hungered, with an easy conscience. It was exactly what Mr. Bradstock would have advised, for Justin had done considerable buying for the house. If he succeeded in securing this contract before other dealers heard of it, they would be assured of large profits, for the peach crop was proving a light one in many sections of the country.

The sun was setting when Justin emerged from Job Martin's comfortable farmhouse. A fair, honest bargain had been made, and it was with much elation that the young man followed the winding road that led to the station. He hardly dared think of the temptation of the previous night. If he had gone with Grant, it would have been too late to secure the contract.

"Well, I say, I like this!" Grant Marvin faced Justin with a contemptuous look. "Thought



you'd sneak off by yourself, did you? If you didn't want my company, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't find out until after you had left that I had to come, Grant; it was a purely business matter. I can't tell you about it now, but —"

"Don't think for a moment your fine excuses will go down with me. I —"

There was the sound of wheels, and the young men looked up to meet the astonished gaze of Mr. Bradstock and his two sons. A moment of intense silence was finally broken by the employer's sarcastic tones. "I thought I had assistants at home while I was away. I suppose it is useless to inquire about business?"

"Everything is going as usual, sir," replied Justin, recovering himself, while Grant hung his head guiltily. "I left after dinner on a little business connected with the house. I am sure you will be glad to hear about it, and know that I have been successful." In a few words Justin told of the transaction.

"And did you need an adviser?" Mr. Bradstock's anger was not wholly appeased.

Justin's face flushed as he glanced at his silent companion. No, he could never betray a friend.

But that moment of hesitation decided Grant Marvin. All the manliness of his nature was aroused. His head went up with a new dignity. "I have done wrong, Mr. Bradstock. I took a half holiday without your permission, and urged

Justin to come with me, but he refused. We had just met here, accidentally, when you came up. I am very sorry, sir." Grant Marvin's voice was trembling.

Mr. Bradstock stretched out his hand to Justin. "I couldn't have done better myself," he said, "and we'll see about this holiday business when I get back. I believe in a young man getting out in the woods and fields occasionally, when he can rightfully take the time." And then the kindly hand enfolded Grant Marvin's in a friendly clasp. "You have done well also. It takes manliness to confess a fault. But remember, it is a great thing to say of a man, 'He is trustworthy.'" — Isabel Graham Bush.

First Aid to the Injured Drowning

As the boys had not been on the river very many times, they begged Mr. Wilson to let them hire a skiff and take a row by themselves. They said they would take Abe, and they *knew* they would be safe. So for once their guardian was overpersuaded. The plan was to row up the river for two or three miles, as that would be the hard work, and then they could float down with very little effort. Their skiff was rather large and flat-bottomed, so there was no danger of overturning, even though they had to look out for the big waves made by the steamboats going up and down. Abe entertained them on this trip by telling them about the life on the river, and naming the different towns and villages they passed.

They rowed or almost floated down the river. It was sunset, a glorious sight on the Ohio. The river was higher than usual at this season on account of recent heavy rains, and the current ran swiftly as it neared the island. There was a dam built from the mainland on the eastern shore out to the upper end of the island, and before the boys realized the force of the water, they were being swept down upon this wall of stones. Abe, although courageous, was very excitable; and though he pulled with might and main to turn the boat out of the current toward the other side of the island, it was fast getting beyond his control when, suddenly, one of his oars, hitting the trunk of a tree that jutted out of the water, slipped out of his hand, and the boat veered sidewise in its hurried course down the stream.

"We're lotht!" lisped Abe, his face the color of his mother's apron.

On the boat hurled until it struck the dam with such force that Abe, who was standing up in his excitement, was thrown into the water. Although he had lived by the river all his life, Abe did not know how to swim, and down he went, to the terror of John and Jerry, who were sitting quietly in the boat. Mr. Wilson, who had been watching them through his spy-glass all the way through their trip, rushed out on the bank and forded the dam just in time to rescue Abe, who was choking and gasping in the water. He dragged him out and laid him on the bank, and began to work over him, for Abe by this time had lost consciousness. The boys sat quite still in the boat, as Mr. Wilson directed; for after it once struck the dam, it came to a standstill, only knocking against it as it was driven by the waves. With the help of an obliging negro from one of the shanties on the shore near by, the boat was soon dragged round to the shore, and the

two boys landed in safety. In the meantime Mr. Wilson had turned Abe over on his face to let the water out of his mouth. By the time the boys reached him, he had turned him over on his back, and had rolled up a blanket and laid it under Abe's shoulders so that his head hung low. He loosened all the clothing around his neck, chest, and waist, and put his finger into his mouth to see that his tongue had not fallen back in his throat to stop his breathing. More quickly than it takes to tell it, Mr. Wilson then dropped on his knees behind Abe's head, seized both of his arms just above his elbows, and swept them around on the ground in an arc of a circle till they were stretched away above his head. He held them there a few seconds, pulling on them, and then swept them back again, pressing them in against the ribs. He did this slowly and regularly, just about as Abe would breathe; and in two or three minutes the boy's eyelids began to quiver, and he drew a short breath.



Mr. Wilson then rubbed him thoroughly and wrapped him in warm blankets which the boys had brought down from the camp. John also made a cup of hot coffee, which Abe was soon able to drink, and then they took him to the camp. In about an hour he was ready to go home, and Mr. Wilson rowed him across to the Ohio side.

When the boys were eating supper that night, Jerry said, "Guardie, why didn't you roll Abe on that barrel that was down there on the shore? I thought that was always tried first when anybody was 'most drowned."

"Not at all. I once knew a man whose ribs were broken by being treated so roughly."

John asked, "But, Guardie, why didn't you carry him up to the camp first?"

"Because he might have died before we got him there. The first thing to do, when a person is almost drowned, is to start his breathing again."

"You mean to pump air in and out of his lungs, the way you did with Abe?" said Jerry.

"Yes, that is really it; for when the arms come up, the air goes into the lungs, and when the hands are swept down and pressed against the ribs, it squeezes the air out."

"I think it would be jolly fun to try it when a person isn't drowned," said John.

"It would not be a bad plan for you boys to practise it on each other," said Mr. Wilson.

"And then we could rub each other with our hands, and have a cup of coffee, couldn't we?"

"You might, if you didn't practise too often," said Guardie.

"I wonder what Abe's mother said when she saw him with my clothes on," said Jerry. "It's lucky we were near the camp, and could get some good dry ones."

"But, Guardie," said John, "why is it that you are always hearing about good swimmers getting drowned?"

"It's generally because they are taken with cramp," said Guardie. "You know how hard it is to come out of the water when you are down at the seashore; and you know how your father insists on your not staying in swimming more than ten or fifteen minutes. Well, this is largely on account of the danger from cramp; for when you stay in the water too long, you are apt to get chilled; then the cramp comes on and makes the best swimmer utterly powerless." — *Dr. E. E. Walker, in St. Nicholas.*

Creation and Evolution

"O TIMOTHY, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." Undoubtedly these words have never applied with so much force at any other time in the history of the world as in these last days, when the world is rank with science "falsely so called." We thus see from God's own Word that there is false science as well as false wisdom. As it is Satan's purpose to deceive, if possible, even the elect, it is little wonder that persons who believe they are the Lord's, yet are not rooted and grounded in his Word, are ensnared by this false science and worldly wisdom.

A few days ago a young man spoke to me concerning evolution. He asked me if I believed in evolution. I replied that I did not. His next question naturally was, "Why not?" "Because I believe the Bible," I replied. "But science has proved that the scientific part of the Bible is not true; science and the Bible do not agree." Now when science and the Bible do not agree, there is something wrong. God has given us the written Word whereby we may learn to know him and understand something about him; in it are revealed his thoughts toward us, his character. It is to be our

guide and the man of our counsel. But he has also designed that we should see his power and his glory in his works; "for the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." Rom. 1:20.

How preposterous it is for one to doubt God's Word, and pin one's faith to mere supposition! Yet such persons claim to believe in the Infinite One. If it were not for the Bible, which so clearly and definitely speaks of God and his creative power, where would we go to read of the One who has created all these things? Surely evolution does not tell us that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." From all appearance evolution tries to establish the theory that there is no God; that the things which are seen were slowly evolved from chaos; in fact, that things made themselves. How true it is that "God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

Those who believe in evolution claim to have more than the Inspired Record gives us. Not very long ago some one said to me, "You who believe the Bible have to live by faith. Now science, through geology, brings to light facts which can be clearly seen; we see that certain things are so, we do not have to accept them upon faith." All down the ages come the immortal words, "The just shall live by faith." How we should praise the Lord for faith—faith that is stronger and more far-reaching than sight. Geology can prove nothing apart from the Bible. God has made great light to shine upon men. But instead of using this light and knowledge to glorify the Creator, they seek to bring honor and renown to themselves. Instead of seeking God for wisdom in their researches that they may see the harmony between his Word and the things which he has revealed in nature, they permit themselves to be carried away by their own reasonings and imaginations.

But what is the conclusion of this whole matter? The apostle Paul, in giving a list of the iniquities which should abound in the last days, placed self-love at the head. Men have come to think that they are very wise, and that they must understand all things. As they exalt self, Satan stands ever ready to deceive; and he is well pleased when he can draw the thoughts of men away from God, and center them upon the human. It is his aim to have men worship the creature rather than the Creator. Let the

great and the wise men of this world answer some of the questions the Lord put to Job. Man with his finite mind can not comprehend Jehovah. His ways are past finding out. If men would but humble themselves before God, he would help them realize how great he is, and how small they are. And unto man he said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Except we become as little children, confiding and implicitly trusting in him by whom all things are created, and by whom all things consist, we shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

PAULINE SCHILBERG.

Diplomacy

WE have a right to our own way if it is a right way, and if we can take it without infringing the rights of others; but there are many better methods of clearing our path than by striking down all obstacles with a club. Persuasion is better than antagonism, and diplomacy, in its best sense, is an art worth cultivating.

To many persons, especially quick tempered, candid-speaking young persons, the idea of diplomacy is linked with duplicity. It is a sort of shrewd covering up of real designs, and a watchful scheming for selfish advantages which nations may, perhaps, find necessary, but which is not to be tolerated in individuals. Yet the word has a better meaning, and that which it represents has its righteous use.

"I never bring wills to a clash when it is possible to avert it," said a wise woman in authority. "The conflicts avoided to-day may not arise to-morrow. A pleasant word or a gentle suggestion will soften, while a sharp demand would have raised a barricade. Agree heartily so far as possible, is my rule, and skilfully avoid disagreeing so long as possible."—*The Well-spring.*

BIBLE READERS COURSE

The Resurrection—No. 1

1. How positive was Job that he should live again?

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Job 19:25, 26.

2. How does the apostle Paul declare the same thing?

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. . . . But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. 15:13, 20.

3. Where will those be who shall be resurrected?

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice." John 5:28.

4. How many resurrections are brought to view in the Scriptures?

"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Verse 29.

5. Who has control of the resurrection?

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 11:25.

6. When will the righteous dead be made alive?

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4:16.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

The Bible

My precious, loved Bible!
This leather-bound Bible,
All marked, and worn yellow,
I'll ever con well;
For comfort I need it,
To others I read it;
'Tis meat, drink, and life,
For of Christ it doth tell.

Of old, God inspired
His servants unhired,
To write as the Spirit
Indwelling should speak.
" 'Twas thus," said Jehovah,
When Israel came over
The Red Sea to Canaan,
The good land to seek.

But, doubting and faithless,
They found manna tasteless,
And lusted for flesh-pots
Of Egypt's bondage.
O! "present-time" pilgrim,
Gospel lamps fill and trim,
For soon shall the Master
Reap his true fruitage.

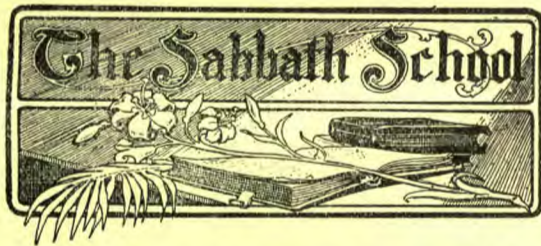
O then let us read it,
To little ones feed it,
Our hearts drink deep of it,
As springs from life's well;
For through it God sends us
A message to blend us
In one perfect body
For life immortal.

LILIAN S. MARDEN.

The Dictograph

A TELL-TALE telephone is the dictograph, the most remarkable of recent contrivances. One can stand ten feet away and whisper a message, or when thirty feet distant speak in an ordinary tone, and the message will be clearly and audibly transmitted. It can be used by an employer for dictating to a stenographer in another room.

In detective work it will be of service. When a third person is desired to hear an interview between two persons, it will no longer be necessary for the witness to hide behind a screen. The dictograph can be hung behind a picture, and transmit faithfully anything that is said in the room, to another office miles away. The inventor refuses to disclose the secret of how the machine is made, for the reason that it is not yet patented in all countries.—*Young People's Weekly.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V—The Sin of Ananias and Sapphira

(May 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Acts 4:23-37; 5:1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt not steal."

Ex. 20:15.

"And being let go, they went to their own company, and reported all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them. And when they heard that, they lifted up their voice to God. . . .

"And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of

the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.

"Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.

"And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, The son of consolation), a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

"But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

"But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.

"And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things. And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

"And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband. And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.

"And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people (and they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch. And of the rest durst no man join himself to them: but the people magnified them. And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women); insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them.

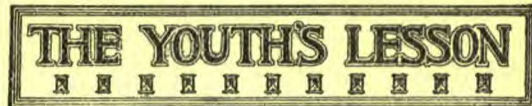
"There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one."

Questions

1. What was done by the disciples when Peter and John told them their experience? Acts 4:24. What sign was given to show that God heard their prayer? What blessing did they receive?
2. What spirit was manifested by the believers for one another? Verse 32. How did the Lord especially bless them? Verse 33.
3. Were there any very poor among the believers? Were any very rich? Why? Who was Joses? What did he do with his land? To whom did he bring the money received for it?
4. What prompted Ananias to sell his land? How did he try to deceive the apostles? Who agreed with Ananias in this deception? What did they both lose for money?
5. What questions did Peter ask Ananias? What is Satan's relation to a lie?—The father of it. Read John 8:44.
6. Describe the terrible punishment that came upon Ananias and Sapphira. What lesson does it teach?
7. What came upon the church when the death of these deceivers was known? What was done

by the apostles? How was the good cause prospered? Verse 14.

8. Where were the sick brought? How far was the news of the healing of the sick carried? Who were brought in from the country around Jerusalem? What was done for each one?



V—Abiding in Christ

(May 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: 1 John 2:26 to 3:3.

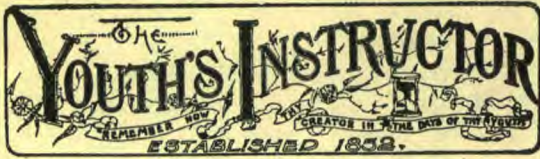
MEMORY VERSE: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John 3:2.

Questions

1. Concerning whom was John writing in the last lesson? 1 John 2:26.
2. What does each believer possess? What is said of this anointing? Verse 27.
3. Because of this of what have they no need? How are they taught? Verse 27; note 1.
4. What will this teaching enable the believer to do? Verse 27; note 2.
5. In view of this great blessing what are we urged to do? What will be the result of this abiding? Verse 28.
6. What fearful experience comes to those who fail to abide in him? Verse 28.
7. What may we know of every one that doeth righteousness? Why? Verse 29.
8. What are we especially urged to consider? Chapter 3:1; note 3.
9. How is this love manifested? Verse 1.
10. How did the world treat the Son of God? John 15:18. Then what are we to expect? 1 John 3:1; note 4.
11. When is this relation with God as his son entered upon? What has been revealed concerning it? Verse 2.
12. What do we know will take place at his appearing? Why? Verse 2.
13. What effect does this hope have upon the one who cherishes it? Whose life represents the true standard after which these pattern their lives? Verse 3; note 5.

Notes

1. "The Holy Spirit, which was promised by Christ (John 16:7) and had been poured upon them (Acts 2:33), would teach them the truth (John 16:13), and would protect them from deceivers. Acts 10:19, 20.
2. "Jesus says, 'Abide in me.' These words convey the idea of rest, stability, confidence. See the lesson in John 15:4-7. Such a life brings conformity to the divine character (2 Cor. 3:18), and confidence at his coming. Isa. 25:9.
3. "It would require the language of the Infinite to express the love that has made it possible for us to be called the sons of God. Faith makes us children of God (Gal. 3:26), and this is a present experience. The Holy Spirit belongs to the sons of God (Gal. 4:6), who are also heirs (Rom. 8:17) of the inheritance. In fact, 'all things' belong to them. 1 Cor. 3:21.
4. "The world knew not Christ (John 1:10), nor the Father (John 17:25), and for this reason (John 16:3) will persecute true Christians. John 15:18-20."
5. "Holiness is required of those who shall see God (Heb. 12:14), and this privilege is promised to the pure in heart (Matt. 5:8); but 'who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from sin?' Prov. 20:9. It is by faith (Acts 15:9) which works (Gal. 5:6) in obedience (1 Peter 1:22) that we are purified. 'He who hath this hope in him learns from the Scriptures that he must be a worker together with God.'"



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

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

Reading Circle for 1906

Lola Spear	Grace Innis
Lottie Angell	Lela Warner
Jennie Bates	Irene Moon
Lucy Marr	Martha Gyles
Emma Twitchell	Howard M. Cobb
H. W. Herrell	Mary Moore
Fern Banks	Pearl Hill
Geneva Baumbach	Irene Magary
Fay Faller	Ida Cook
Pearl F. Stafford	Bessie Woodruff
Nina Albertson	Lena Woodruff
Elva May Bowker	Waldo Wilcox
Annie Carter	Henrietta Nolan
Elizabeth Miller	Salome Graybill
Mary Whitmore	Lulu Thurlow
Charles Harlow	Edwin Thurlow
George Wilson	Rosie Thurlow
Chester Beckler	Ernest Higgins
Gladys Beckler	Albert Silver
Eva N. Harlow	Mina Harriman
Marion Harlow	Sarah E. Bartlett
Hortense Harlow	Elmer Bryant
Lincoln Whitman	S. W. Trump
Isaac Thorne	

How many of the INSTRUCTOR readers can explain satisfactorily the following statements? They were brought up in the course of a five-minutes' talk as excuses for Sunday-keeping.

1. Christ was born under the law; therefore he kept the law, and thus fulfilled it.
2. "The law and the prophets were until John; after that the kingdom of heaven was preached."
3. The penalty of the Jews was death if they should build a fire on the Sabbath day. If we keep the Jewish Sabbath, we should keep it as they did.
4. We are not under the law, but under grace.
5. The disciples met together on the first day of the week.
6. Paul commanded to lay by money on the first day.

Practical Thoughts from "Ministry of Healing"

IN the dining-room, on the table laden with abundant food, we should see traced, "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?"

The inhumanity of man toward man is our greatest sin. Many think that they are representing the justice of God, while they wholly fail of representing his tenderness and his great love.

Minds that have been given up to loose thought need to change. "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Many despise economy, confounding it with stinginess and narrowness. But economy is consistent with the broadest liberality. Indeed,

without economy, there can be no true liberality. We are to save that we may give.

Many become inefficient by evading responsibilities for fear of failure. Thus they fail of gaining that education which results from experience, and which reading and study and all the advantages otherwise gained, can not give them.

A thousand doors of usefulness are open to us. Often we lament the scanty resources available, but were Christians thoroughly in earnest, they could multiply the resources a thousandfold. It is selfishness, self-indulgence, that bars the way to our usefulness.

Circumstances may separate friends; the restless waters of the wide sea may roll between us and them. But no circumstances, no distance, can separate us from the Saviour. Whatever we may be, he is at our right hand, to support, maintain, uphold, and cheer. Greater than the love of a mother for her child, is Christ's love for his redeemed. It is our privilege to rest in his love; to say, "I will trust him; for he gave his life for me."

The Queen and the Umbrella

THERE is a story that the queen of England, in one of her wanderings among the cottages of the poor, was caught in a shower. Entering the dwelling of an old woman, she said, "Will you lend me an umbrella?"

"I hae twa umbrellas," said the old woman; "ane is a guid ane, t'other verra old. You may take this; I guess I'll never see it again," and she handed over the old umbrella, which showed its ribs through its coarse, torn cover. The visitor took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants returned the umbrella, and then the cottager knew what she had missed.

"Ay, ay; had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to the best of a' that I hae in the world," exclaimed the mortified old woman. She had missed her opportunity; she did not know her visitor.

To the woman by Jacob's well the Saviour said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and *who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink*; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

How much we miss when we do not know the things which belong to our peace. "There standeth one among you, whom ye know not," said the great preacher on the banks of Jordan. Many in that great day will say "When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst?" They do not recognize the Son of God in the person of his humblest child.

There are those who would traverse oceans and cross continents to do a kindness to the Saviour of sinners, but who miss the opportunities within their reach and before their eyes.

They do not perceive in the faint and weary traveler who asks a cup of cold water, a likeness to him, who "wearied with his journey," sat thus on Jacob's well. They do not see in those who are reproached and scorned for righteousness' sake, the representatives of that Man of sorrows who stood at Pilate's bar, and hid not his face from shame and spitting. They do not discern in the scoffed-at follower of the Lord Jesus, any resemblance to him who was "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." They do not recognize in the worn and weary bearer of the gospel message, the representative of him who "went about doing good."

And yet the likeness is there, and the day shall declare it, and we shall see at last, when all earth's transient scenes have passed away, what opportunities we have neglected, what mis-

takes we have made, and how dull our eyes have been not to discern the presence of him who still lives and abides in his people; who walks the earth unseen by the thronging multitude, but who takes notice of all our acts, and shall call us at last to an account of all our deeds, and who has said, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."—H. R. Hastings.



MURILLO, ARK.

DEAR AUNT AND EDITOR: As it is a rainy day, I will drop a few lines to you. I enjoy your paper very much, especially the Children's Page. You had on the first page of the INSTRUCTOR of March 6 a piece entitled "A Good Missionary Meeting." The children were very enterprising. I am thinking of taking up their plan. Papa gave sister Lottie and me five cents each to invest in missionary work. Lottie is going to invest hers in eggs, and I in onions. We live on a farm in the northern part of Arkansas, twenty miles from the nearest town. I am ten years old.

SAMUEL R. DICKERSON.

HAMPTON, IOWA, Jan. 28, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND INSTRUCTOR READERS: This is my second letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have decided to join the Reading Circle. I have chosen "Christ's Object Lessons," "Heralds of the Morning," the Bible, "Early Writings," and "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VII. Since I wrote before, we have moved. I suppose you remember that I wrote from Baxter before. We have a church here with about twenty-five members.

I am fifteen years old. I am trying to be a good girl so that I may be able to meet all of our INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new. Mama and I belong to the church, but papa is not a Sabbath-keeper. Pray for him.

ELVA MAY BOWKER.

MANCHESTER, OHIO, Feb. 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR. My brother takes the paper, and I love to read it. I am twelve years old, and go to public school. We are the only Sabbath-keepers here. I would like to send a piece which I have composed, so I will not write too long a letter.

The Birth of Christ

Christ was born in a lowly stable,
And in a manger lay;
Mary, his mother, watched o'er him
As he lay on a bed of hay.

Angels came and told the shepherds
As they were herding their flocks,
That Jesus had come to the earth,
While in wonder and fear they watched.

Then the shepherds left their flocks quickly,
And hurried to Bethlehem,
And there they found their Saviour
Who is the "Son of man."

And wise men from the East came to see him,
They came unto Herod the king,
And said they had seen Christ's star in the east,
And had come to worship him.

Then the star in the east shone to guide them,
And they followed it until
It came to the house where Jesus was,
And over it stood still.

Then thy went in and saw their Saviour,
And found him as they had been told,
And they spread their gifts before him,
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold.

Such was the birth of our Saviour,
In the city of Bethlehem,
And the angels sang their carols,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

BESSIE MOUNT.