

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 1, 1906

No. 17

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Life, Here and Hereafter

IN happiest days, when all the earth rejoices,
And waves sing softly on the sun-kissed shore,
E'en then, bereaved ones list for vanished voices,
And wait for footsteps that shall come no more.
They yearn for lips now pale, and cold, and
breathless,
And hope to meet and kiss them yet again,
When resurrected, smiling, pure, and deathless,
They ne'er again shall feel the blight
of pain.

Earth's fairest blossoms mix with
thorns and nettles,
And dark deceit lurks oft beneath
the truth,
And never hand can gather up the
petals
Of the fallen, withered roses of our
youth;
So time sweeps on, a changing, mighty
river,
Its monody the echo of its tears;
Toward that eternity that lasts forever,
We're carried by the silent-footed
years.

But there's a land where loved ones
are undying,
Where parting hands with tears are
never pressed,
Where no sweet hope in cerements is
lying,
No saddened heart is filled with wild
unrest.
This one sweet hope abides, as flowers
that close not,
And makes earth's weary, saddened
ones to smile,
And though "the day and hour" the
pilgrim knows not,
Our Lord is coming in a little while.
L. D. SANTEE.

The Home of the Flamingoes

BIRD land has its cities like mainland,
for birds are usually social beings, and
love, like men, to dwell together. Many such cities
have been visited. There are the Farallones of the
far Pacific, where gulls, puffins, and cormorants
congregate in myriads; there is Shoal Lake, the
northwestern capital of the marsh birds; there
are the pelican cities on Pyramid Land and
Pelican Island; there are the capitals of the
fish-hawks and of many other birds. But that
shyest of birds, the flamingo, has diligently hid-
den his home, frequently on lone islands, out of
the usual routes.

The first man to actually find the flamingo with
his door string out was Mr. Frank Chapman, of
the American Museum of Natural History. In
1902 he visited the Bahamas, and discovered a
deserted flamingo city, with *two thousand dwell-
ings in a space of thirty by one hundred yards*.
Two years later he returned again at the call
of Peter, his faithful negro scout, whom he had
left on the lookout. His journey was anything
but child's play. Calms, storms, head winds,
torrential rains, tormented him for nine terrible

days. Then came three days of rowing through
winding channels and up tiny creeks, amid long,
dreary sand-banks and mango swamps.

At last the point so long sought was reached.
Peter pointed out the screen of woods that hid
the flamingo haunts, but on looking through this
screen a scene of desolation met his eyes. The
storm that had annoyed him had destroyed the
bird city. The nests were washed away, their
eggs destroyed, and the flamingoes gone. For-
tunately the city he had visited in 1902 lay
higher, and there at last he found the shy
bird at home, and a unique home it was.



THE ROSE-HUED FLAMINGO

The long-legged and long-necked rose-hued
creatures seemed present in thousands, and from
behind the screen of an umbrella with cur-
tained edge he watched them day after day with-
out disturbing them, taking photographs through
slits in his umbrella, and learning many lessons
about the manners and customs of the flamingo.
As the negroes of the island are very fond of
flamingo chicks, it looks as if the race, carefully
as it hides itself away, may soon be exterminated.
— Search-Light.

Love Not the World

THE days of youth are the formative period of
life. More persons become Christians in youth
than during any other time of life.

During the early years the mind is plastic,
and subject to taking on a mold either for good
or for evil more readily than in later life. As
the twig is bent, the tree inclines. It is for this
reason the Lord entreats, "Remember now thy

Creator in the days of thy youth." The remain-
ing part of the text tells why the Lord is so
desirous that the young remember him. He says,
"While the evil days come not, nor the years
draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no
pleasure in them."

The Lord, who knows the hearts of all, and is
familiar with the difference of experience during
different stages of life, says that youth is the
best time to give the heart to God and devote the
life to his service. I am aware that youth is the
time when many think they should sow their wild
oats. What does the Bible say about it? "What-

soever a man soweth, that shall he
also reap." If in youth one sows wild
oats, wild oats will be the harvest.
"If we sow to the flesh, we shall of
the flesh reap corruption." This is
but another way of saying that to
love the world better than Christ is to
be lost. If we sow to the Spirit, we
shall of the Spirit reap life everlast-
ing. If we sow to the wind, we shall
reap the whirlwind. The harvest
comes back to us many times multi-
plied above the sowing. Satan, when
an angel of light, sowed to the flesh.
He indulged a selfish spirit of insub-
ordination to God. He sowed a spirit
of self-exaltation. He would be like
the Most High.

Look over the world and see the
decay, darkness, crime, and wretched-
ness extant. This is the harvest from
that sowing. It not only blighted his
own life, but that of many of the
angels and all of the race of mankind.
We say, What an awful harvest!
But the harvest was in the sowing.

Christ remained loyal during the
terrible apostasy started by Satan.
His loyalty held many of the angels
true to God. His loyalty led him to
come to earth from his pleasant home
on high at a great sacrifice to re-es-
tablish in the hearts of fallen men

the principles of loyalty and happiness. He
sacrificed comfort, pleasure, and even life in
order to save the lost. What shall be the
reaping from such sowing? "He shall see of the
travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his
knowledge shall my righteous servant justify
many; for he shall bear their iniquities." Isa.
53:11. Which life appeals to you as more de-
sirable when it comes back with its harvest? The
unselfish humiliation of Christ to save what was
lost through the life of self-exaltation of Satan,
stands forth in sublime grandeur in contrast with
the poor, ignoble, selfish life of Lucifer.

The glory of Eden restored, with all traces of
the curse removed, and the righteous enjoying
eternal bliss in the presence of Christ their be-
loved Redeemer, must be seen to complete the
contrast between the two harvests. In the light
of the contrast between sowing to Christ and
sowing to the world it is easy to understand the
philosophy of the reason why Christ does not
want us to love the world. It is because the

lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, are not of the Father, but are of the world, and if we love the world, the love of the Father is not in us; and further, the world is soon to pass away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. It is because the Lord does not want us to pass away with the world, that he so earnestly entreats us to love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. His sole purpose is to save us when all worldliness and pride and sin are swept into destruction.

A young lady who had for nearly two years lain upon a sick bed, called for a minister to come and pray for her. She said, "The Lord called me to enter the canvassing work. I knew the call, but I loved the world too well, and I said, 'I can not go.' The experience of the past two years of sickness has taken away my love for the world, and made the Saviour very precious to me. I am now willing to do anything for him."

Another who lived a life of worldly pleasure said, "I have never been satisfied with my life. There was something so unsatisfying in it. I have decided henceforth to live for my Master, and the blessed peace that has come to my heart has given me the only real joy I have ever experienced. The pleasures of the world are unsatisfying. I want my friends to know that I have experienced the joy of the Christian's hope."

Another, a girl of sixteen, just before her death, handed to her father, who was not a Christian, her Bible. She said, as she gave it to him, "This book has been the most precious treasure of my life. I give it to you with the hope that you may experience the same comfort from its study that it has afforded me." The father said afterward, "I am praying that the Lord will give me that same sweet and trustful disposition as I read this book, that my daughter had." There is in believing a blessed peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Every young person should consider this subject carefully and thoughtfully. "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt. 7:13, 14.

R. C. PORTER.



"That Sweet Story of Old"

THERE has recently died, in the Isle of Wight, Mrs. Jemima Luke, the beloved author of that world-famous song for children (and adults, too, for that matter), "I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Mrs. Luke was ninety-two years old when she passed away. Her famous song was written sixty-five years ago, in 1841. At that time she was Miss Jemima Thompson, the daughter of a missionary enthusiast, and herself a whole-souled laborer for the Lord.

One day she was driving out to see to some work in which she was interested, and, as the journey was an hour long, she occupied her time composing the hymn. The last two stanzas, "But thousands and thousands who wander and fall," were added as an afterthought, to fit the song for use in missionary gatherings. The song was first sung soon after at Blagdon School, where Miss Thompson herself taught it to the children.

Though the gifted author wrote much, no other poem of hers has so seized upon popular fancy. Of this hymn, however, she continued to hear up to the last, and from all parts of the world messages of gratitude were coming to her.

She was very modest, and insisted that she was overpraised. Her character was a charming one, and she was widely beloved. She was accepted as a missionary to the women of India, and was on the point of setting out when a failure of her health compelled her to abandon that design. She edited *The Missionary Repository*, the first missionary magazine for children, which numbered among its contributors David Livingstone, Robert Moffat, and James Montgomery. The last years of her life were largely devoted to the very important work of building parsonages for communities not able to provide them for themselves. In 1843 she married Rev. Samuel Luke, of Bristol, and for twenty-five years, until he died, she was a model pastor's wife.

At the Baltimore convention last summer, the hymn was sung as part of the magnificent "Festival of Praise," and Mrs. Luke wrote for the occasion a delightful message, which was printed in facsimile, and distributed through the audience. Some sentences from that message may well be taken as summing up her beautiful life:—

"Dear children, you will be men and women soon, and it is for you and the children of England to carry the message of a Saviour's love to every nation of this sin-stricken world. It is a blessed message to carry, and it is happy work to do. The Lord make you ever faithful to him, and unspeakably happy in his service! I came to him at ten years of age, and at ninety-one can testify to his care and faithfulness."

The following is the entire hymn:—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

"I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus had bid them to come.

"I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

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

How Music Is Printed

OF making many pieces of music there seems to be no end, and at the present day there are four distinct methods of printing those strange-looking little notes and characters, which, when properly interpreted, produce a "concord of sweet sounds."

One method of printing music consists in making the impression of the notes and characters on stone. The "etching" process takes place when the copy has been engraved on the stone. The stone is then ready for use, and impressions can be taken from it. This method is very satisfactory; but, because it requires much skill and practise, it is but little used.

To print music by another method, the composition is drawn upon transfer paper with a preparation called "litho-transfer ink." The paper is

then transferred to a special kind of limestone, the stone is moistened and etched, and is then ready for use.

A third method requires the setting up of the notes and other musical characters in type.

By a fourth method music is printed from engraved plates. This is the method used in printing all the standard music, and a brief description of it may prove interesting.

The plates used are chiefly zinc, and are about one-eighteenth of an inch in thickness. Punchers, chisels, gravers, hammers, scrapers, and various other tools are used for engraving the musical notes, characters, and signatures upon the metal plates. First of all, the lines for the staff are cut. This is done by means of an instrument that has five very sharp gravers, and these gravers are drawn across the zinc plates until all the staves desired are engraved. Next very fine steel punchers are used. These punchers correspond in shape to note heads, clefs, and various other musical characters, and they are punched into the zinc plate by means of a hammer stroke, thus making impressions where the note heads and characters should be. In case a wrong note is punched, of course a correction becomes necessary. To make the desired correction, the wrong notes or characters are punched back into proper position from the back of the plate, and the correct notes repunched. The stems, ties, slurs, and other characters requiring delicate workmanship are engraved by means of gravers made of the finest of steel. When finally all the required characters have been engraved, the scraper is passed over the surface of the plate for the purpose of scraping away rough places. Then the plate is subjected to pressure by a steel block, after which the surface is cleaned by dipping the palm of the hand into whiting and polishing the surface of the plate. Then the indentations in the plate are filled with printer's ink, and damp paper is used to receive the impressions. Printing from engraved plates gives the most perfect specimens, and that is why it is used for the standard works.

"Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love."

—Miss D. V. Farley.



ONE in every ten persons who die in New York is buried at public expense.

SEVENTY-THREE per cent of the criminals of Ireland pass into the United States.

THE total number of persons calling for aid in the famine districts of Japan exceeds one million.

UPON the bottom of the sea lie about 22,500 miles of cable, each one of which cost one thousand dollars.

THE Catholics are banishing from the public libraries books that contain information unfavorable to their church.

THE farmer can now secure a profitable market for his cornstalks, since they are being utilized in the manufacture of paper.

BOTH Germany and America are to build new battle-ships that will be much more formidable than the British "Dreadnaught," which now stands ahead of any other war vessel ever built.

THE largest drug-store in the world is at Moscow. It is two hundred three years old, and employs over seven hundred persons. It makes up over half a million prescriptions annually. Russians send their orders to it even when traveling abroad.

ROBERT ANDERSON, a newsboy near Los Angeles, California, it is said, has invented a process of tempering copper to the hardness of steel. Having been asked by experts to name a price for the disclosure of his secret, he has set the sum of \$1,500,000 for the release of his claim upon the invention.

TELEPHONES are now being used on some American railways for communication between conductor and engine driver. Connections are also made with business houses in places where a temporary stop is made, so that passengers may talk with friends to conduct business without leaving the train.

THE present wealth of the world, if converted into one-dollar bills, and these were placed together like the leaves of a book, would make a paper cable that would reach from the most eastern corner of Maine to the most western point of California, and out into the ocean on either side for hundreds of miles.

"THE memorial committee of the Pocahontas Association, which has in charge the erection of a tomb or cenotaph for Pocahontas at the Jamestown Exposition, is striving to secure the former. Influential Americans have written to England recently to have the body of Powhatan's famous daughter brought back to her native land. The Indian princess became ill shortly after the vessel which was to bring her home had left Gravesend, and the ship put back. Within a few hours she died. She was buried in the little Gravesend church. The building was burned some years ago, but the vaults were not disturbed."

Little Helps for Home Makers

GASOLINE is much better than coal-oil for removing pitch from garments.

Alcohol will remove grass stains from unwashable fabrics, if used before the stain is dried in.

If a lamp-wick does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from the side.

Rub cream, sour is best, well into grass stains before putting the garment into the wash. The stain will disappear in the laundering.

A few drops of turpentine added to the starch when making will prevent its sticking to the irons. I find it much better than anything else I have tried.

Wash lamp chimneys in good hot suds, drain a little, and dry with a clean cloth. You will find they will have a much finer polish if you do not rinse them.

When a broom becomes shorter on one side, and sharp as needles, dip it into hot water, trim it evenly with the shears, and you will have a broom nearly as good as new.

If the cover of a fruit-jar sticks, do not attempt to wrench it off: simply invert the jar, and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it, and you will find it turns easily.

For a severe sprain take the white of an egg and a tablespoonful each of vinegar and spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, shake it thoroughly, then bathe the sprain often, beginning as soon as possible after the accident.

A loosened knife handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two thirds full of rosin and brick-dust. Heat the

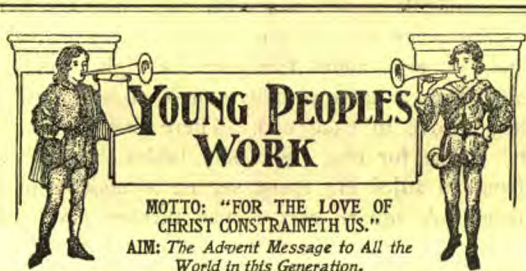
shank of the knife, and while very hot press it into the handle, holding it in place until firmly set.

Do not boil prunes furiously for an hour and call them done. Allow them to boil slowly for two or three hours, adding a little sugar half an hour before taking from the fire. Prunes are the most healthful of fruits when properly cooked.

To hem-stitch on a sewing-machine draw threads from the cloth to be hem-stitched, and baste the edge of the hem in the center of drawn threads. Then loosen the tension of the machine, and stitch very close to the edge of hem. Remove bastings, and pull hem down to edge of drawn threads.

To make sooty water clear place a boiler full of the water over the range to heat. While still cold, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir into the water. As it heats, the froth will rise in a scum, bringing soot with it, and the water will be suitable for the most delicate washing. Should your boiler be very large, you will need the whites of two eggs.

One of the most helpful "helps" I ever have found is the knowledge that buffalo-bugs, or other moths, will not climb over glass. Having some carpets to store away, and fearing dampness if the boxes rested on the floor, I placed a glass bottle (laid on the side) under each corner, thereby raising them just high enough to permit free circulation of air beneath. The carpets were mainly red, as to color, and entirely wool as to texture. The house had stood, furnished and closed, until the buffalo-bugs had become a dreadful pest; but not one was found in those boxes of carpets. After more extended experiments, during a period of three years, every box and packing trunk in the house stands on glass feet, and I am willing to assert that the contents of boxes so guarded are safe from moths of all kinds—unless they were in the goods before packed. Boxes may be piled one above another, with bottles on the floor only, but all must stand free from the wall, to prevent insects from crawling up the wall and onto the boxes.



Our Field—The World

Norway Program

OPENING EXERCISES.
Map Study.
Norway.
Early Experiences.
A Faithful Colporteur.
Progress.
The Present Situation.

Norway

Norway is the long strip of territory extending north and south between the mountains separating it from Sweden and the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans. Hjalmar H. Boyesen gives the following beautiful description in his "Story of Norway":—

"It is a wonderful country—this land of the Norsemen. The ocean roars along its rock-bound coast; and during the long, dark winter the storms howl and rage, and hurl the waves in white showers of spray against the sky. Great swarms of sea-birds drift like snow over the

waters, and circle, screaming, around the lonely cliffs. The aurora borealis flashes like a huge shining fan over the northern heavens, and the stars glitter with a keen, frosty splendor. But in the summer all this is changed, suddenly, as by a miracle. Then the sun shines warmly, even within the polar circle; innumerable wild flowers sprout forth, the swelling rivers dance singing to the sea, and the birches mingle their light-green foliage with the darker needles of the pines. In the northern districts it is light throughout the night, even during the few hours while the sun dips beneath the horizon; the ocean spreads like a great burnished mirror under the cloudless sky, the fishes leap, and the gulls and eider-ducks rock tranquilly upon the shining waters. All along the coast there are excellent harbors, which are free of ice both winter and summer. A multitude of islands, some rocky and barren, others covered with a scant growth of grass and trees, afford hiding-places for ships, and pasturage for cattle. Moreover, long arms of the ocean—the so-called fiords—penetrate far into the country, and being filled with water from the Gulf Stream, which strikes the western coast of Norway, tend greatly to moderate the climate. About the shores of these fiords narrow strips of arable land stretch themselves, with many interruptions, along the edge of the water, and here the early Germanic settlers built their houses and began their fight for existence. Behind them and before them the great snow-hooded mountains rose threateningly, sending down upon them avalanches, floods, and sudden whirlwinds. But, nothing daunted, they clung to the soil, explored the land and the sea, and selected the most favorable sites for their permanent dwellings."

In distinct contrast to some of the countries we have recently studied, Norway has a very thinly scattered population. It is said that in parts of the country one may travel for hundreds of miles without meeting a human being. The country is so mountainous that there is not sufficient agricultural land to grow food for the people. The coast waters yield immense quantities of fish, and the fisheries give employment to the majority of the people outside the few towns and cities. In the large fisheries in the neighborhood of Finmark thirty millions of codfish are caught annually. Extensive shark fisheries operate in the Arctic Ocean, and the walrus and seal captured add materially to the revenue of the people. The commercial navy of Norway is, in proportion to the population, the largest in the world. "Never was there—never can there be—such a race of seafaring folk. Almost every person who lives in sight of the sea is interested in ship owning or ship sailing. Even the servant girls in the towns save up their wages in order to buy a half, a tenth, a twentieth, even the fortieth of a share in some tiny coaster."

For many years Norway and Denmark were united in government, but in 1814 Denmark ceded Norway to the king of Sweden. This arrangement was boldly resisted by Norway, but finally the force of Swedish arms and the influence of foreign powers compelled submission. Quite recently Norway declared her independence, and by a vote decided to remain a monarchy, and elected Prince Charles, of Denmark, as king. His title is King Carl V. He is the grandson of King Christian, recently deceased, the second son of Frederick, now the reigning monarch of Denmark.

The population of Norway is two million two hundred twenty-five thousand. Christiania, the capital, is the principal city. Hammerfest is the most northern seaport in the world open to navigation all the year.

Northern Norway is called the "Land of the Midnight Sun." At the North Cape the sun does not set from May 15 to July 29, and tourists frequent that country to view the midnight sun. The following description is furnished by one

who saw it from a cliff a thousand feet above the sea: "Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon. . . . We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves. . . . We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was spoken. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

In this very high latitude it would seem that no one could live permanently, but at North Cape a few Norwegians and Lapps "maintain a forlorn existence." "In the half-frozen, boggy soil scarcely anything can be cultivated; the sea, however, abounds in fish, and amid the surrounding sterility marks of vegetation suddenly appear—a few stunted trees, and in the clefts of the precipices forget-me-nots and wild geraniums bloom."

Early Experiences

While laboring in Denmark as referred to in our last study, Elder J. G. Matteson received an invitation to visit Norway by an influential man in Christiania, who had become interested through reading our books. Other workers arriving in Denmark, Elder Matteson moved to Christiania in 1878. He thus relates some very interesting experiences:—

"We had a suite of four rooms which we could use for meetings. The largest room and one adjoining it were seated, and when the large folding doors between the rooms were opened, and I stood in the middle one, the preaching could be distinctly heard in all. On the second Sunday the meetings began. I had advertised in three papers, and put up hand-bills announcing the subject to be presented,—the second coming of Christ. The people began to come an hour before the time, and continued to come until they filled all the rooms and the stairs, while many who could not find entrance had to go away. They crowded together, leaving barely room for me to stand, and listened with marked attention, without seeming to become weary from standing. Thus they continued to fill the rooms, evening after evening.

"The interest being so great and steady, I anticipated a long battle, and went slowly, explaining the prophecies and mingling in practical discourses, taking care to have a new and distinct subject every time, yet to connect one subject with another, also to point out the next, and thus keep up the interest. We continued to occupy our rented rooms during the week, but found it necessary to hire halls for our meetings on Sunday.

"Jan. 1, 1879, I hired a gymnasium to use every Sunday evening for three months. Here was room for six hundred people, but they crowded in and filled up every available space, so that there were often more than one thousand present."

Very soon opposition developed, and priests and many people combined to overthrow that which they termed an "awful heresy." In spite of difficulties a church of thirty-eight members was organized, and the Sabbath meetings were attended by more than a hundred persons.

Feeling the urgent need of a paper, early in 1879 the *Tidernes Tegn* (Advent Tidings) was published, and fifteen hundred copies printed each week. Of this undertaking Elder Matteson says: "In June I bought a hand press, and in July we began to print our own paper, as well as many tracts and pamphlets. My own children did most of the work, so the expense was small. None of us had received any practical instruc-

tions in printing, and we had many obstacles to meet. We could not at first do very good work; yet the papers could be read.

"Our first effort to print the paper on the hand press was almost a failure. I had obtained some printer's ink in a little box; but it did not prove to be of the right kind, being intended for a cylinder press instead of a hand press. We did not dampen the paper, as we should have done; and as it had quite a smooth surface, the print was very black, and would not dry; every touch smeared the paper. Our last resort was to do as we had heard that printers did in Norway,—hang up the papers on a line to dry. Thus in the course of a week we succeeded in drying a sufficient number to supply our subscribers."

In 1886 the Christiania publishing house and meeting hall was erected.

Progress

At the session of the European Council in 1885 Elder E. G. Olsen reported that a church of twenty-one members had been organized in the vicinity of Drammen, and twenty-eight persons added to the Christiania church. The missionary colporteurs had secured five hundred subscriptions, and about six hundred thousand pages of reading-matter had been given away. Four hundred dollars had been received on sales. The publishing work was prospering. Two religious monthly papers and one monthly health journal was published. The office also issued forty-five different books and tracts in the Danish-Norwegian and Swedish languages.

During the visit of Mrs. E. G. White and company to Europe in the autumn of 1885 she held several meetings at Christiania. Of these meetings she writes thus: "About two hundred attended the meeting Sabbath forenoon, and in the afternoon one hundred assembled to celebrate the ordinances of the Lord's house. A large hall belonging to a workingmen's society had been hired for Sunday forenoon, and I addressed an attentive congregation of about fourteen hundred. The hall was crowded, and many went away, unable to obtain an entrance.

"Tuesday we went about thirty miles from Christiania, to Drammen, a city of several thousand inhabitants, where there is a church of twenty members. Here, as in other places, it was difficult to obtain a good hall. But the best in the place was secured, a hall used for balls and concerts, about thirty-six by eighty feet in size, with a narrow gallery on each side, and a huge stove in each end. There was no pulpit nor place for one. Six beer tables, brought in from an adjoining room, served to make a platform. A square carpet was thrown over this platform, and another table set on top for light-stand and pulpit, while steps were made with chairs and stools. We doubt if the hall or tables were ever put to so good use before. The people came and filled the seats, the galleries, and all the standing room, and listened with the best of attention while I spoke to them of the love of Christ, and his life of sacrifice.

"Wednesday and Friday evenings another hall was secured in Christiania, and I spoke to about five hundred each evening.

"On Sunday, by request of the president of the temperance society, I spoke upon the subject of temperance. The meeting was held in the soldiers' military gymnasium, the largest hall in the city. An American flag was placed as a canopy above the pulpit; this was an attention which I highly appreciated. There were about sixteen hundred assembled. Among them was a bishop of the state church, with a number of the clergy; a large proportion were of the better class of society.

"I took up the subject from a religious standpoint, showing that the Bible is full of history bearing upon temperance, and that Christ was connected with the work of temperance, even from the beginning. It was by the indulgence

of appetite that our first parents sinned and fell. Christ redeemed man's failure."

In 1887 there was a general meeting held at Moos, Norway, and the Norwegian Conference was organized. Sister White was present at that meeting.

A Faithful Colporteur

The sale of books and tracts has been a most important part of the work in this field. In Norway and Sweden the laws permitted the canvasser the utmost liberty. One of the most active colporteurs connected with the early work in Norway was Brother H. H. Surthen. He came into the office at Christiania one day, an entire stranger, and said that he had come from America to do a colporteur's work in Norway. On his way to America a few years before, a fellow passenger had loaned him some of our books. In America he found our people and began to keep the Sabbath, and now he had returned to Norway to labor as a colporteur. The brethren in the office did not think this man well fitted for the work, as it was very difficult for him to express his thoughts intelligently. However, he bought books from the office, and started out to sell them, but met many rebuffs and no success. He finally left the cities, and went into the country, where he gained a fair start in the work. On one of his trips to the far north he wrote: "At Trondhjem I went on board a small sailing vessel to reach this place in the cheapest possible way. The wind was against us, and it took us three weeks to reach this distant haven. Every time I visit Norland, it looks to me like a risky undertaking. The barren, snow-capped mountain peaks towering far up among the clouds, very much resemble icebergs, and bring gloomy feelings. They remind me of the desolate fields of ice with their big white bears; and I begin to think of my means, whether it is sufficient to take me back if my undertaking should prove a failure.

"When I reached the rugged mountain peaks of Lofoden (the most celebrated fishing place in Norway), many questions crowded into my mind. Can I find a foothold in this unpleasant place? Will the fish come this year? Have any among these weather-beaten fishermen dressed in oiled clothes a taste for anything else than fishing and sailing? My courage began to sink, and it was high time to look away from the cold mountains and dreary ocean, to the word of faith which the apostle says is near, 'in thy mouth, and in thy heart.' A fearful person may soon lose his faith, and become unfitted for colporteur work.

"I have now been here two weeks. My earnings on sales are more than sufficient to cover my daily expenses."

The Present Situation

There are now twenty-four churches in the Norway Conference, the membership aggregating eight hundred and eighty-four. Five ministers and four missionaries are at work in the field. In the financial panic that came to Norway some years ago, the Christiania publishing house failed, but was redeemed by gifts from our brethren in all lands. The building is still used as a printing-office, and for treatment rooms and mission headquarters. A mission school is held at Bergen, from which a number of workers have entered the work as canvassers and missionary workers. Sabbath-keepers are in Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, Stavanger, and other parts, even to the far north, within the arctic circle. We have brethren among the Laplanders of the north. A Lapp stopped one night at the home of a Sabbath-keeper, and was given a few tracts. He accepted the message, taught it to others, bringing them also into the truth. Tracts have now been printed for the Lapps in northern Norway and Finland. At the last General Conference the delegate from that field said of the believers in Norway, "They are of good courage."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



Her Chance

Big brother called her "a darling elf,"
Our baby just turned two;
Then, catching her face between his hands,
"Lady-bird, say Goo goo."

She puckered her mouth into a bud,
Her cheeks to dimples ran,
And 'twixt her smiles she gurgled forth,
"Goo goo, Bert—I can."

And over and over with coaxing wiles,
As they gamboled at noon or night,
He drew from her lips the self-same phrase,
Till it wearied Miss Dimple quite.

One day he rolled on the nursery floor;
Had she downed him? She gave a flirt,
And hastily scrambled astride his neck,
"Now oo thay Goo goo, Bert."

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

First Aid to the Injured Sunstroke

"WHAT queer names the Indians used to have!" said John, as they were walking along the road one afternoon. "I have read about them at home; an Indian who lived in this valley was named Cornstalk because he was so strong and his people could lean and depend upon him. Another was called Big Foot. He was very large and very strong; in fact, a regular giant. He was, besides, a celebrated chief of the Wyandottes."

"You have a good memory, John," said Guardie.

Just here Sarah, Abe's sister, who with Abe had been invited over to the camp for the day, chimed in and said: "Mr. Wilson, father has told me that the Indians greased their bodies so that when they had a hand-to-hand fight they could slip out of the grasp of their enemy like a greased pig."

"They could get plenty of oil in this part of the country in these days, couldn't they, Guardie?" said Jerry.

From place to place in the Ohio Valley are the wonderful oil fields with the derricks raising their tall heads here and there; and this is one of the most noted oil regions in the world. These derricks had interested the boys very much, and they asked many questions about them. Mr. Wilson took them out one day and showed them a genuine oil field, where the pumps were at work, and the oil was flowing out. This afternoon he had planned a surprise for the boys in the way of a trip out into the country to an old farmhouse on the mainland, where they could be sure of a good supper. On the way they passed the oil-wells, noticed the many-colored effects of the oil which lay on the surface of the river, and saw the rows on rows of workmen's cottages down in the valleys. Finally, as they were passing a large farm made up of a long stretch of land with very few trees, Mr. Wilson saw something wrong among a group of men who quickly gathered about one of their number.

"Ah, boys," said he, "one of those men has a sunstroke."

Guardie stopped the horses, handed the reins to John, and quickly jumping down, went up to the little group.

"What's the matter, men?" he asked; "a sunstroke?"

They nodded their heads, and one of them said: "He has told me all day that his head hurt him, and that he felt weak and dizzy. I tried to make him stop working, but he kept

right on, and now I guess he's certainly done for."

Mr. Wilson looked at the man, and told the others to carry him up under the shade of the one friendly tree that stood near. He then asked if they had any water. The men said that there was a well near by, and they went for a bucket of its cool water. Sarah had jumped down, and was standing at Mr. Wilson's side, so that she might help if there was any chance. This soon came, for Mr. Wilson said, "Sarah, I wish you would run up to the farmhouse and ask them to give you a towel and a pan of cracked ice." Sarah soon returned with the ice, which Mr. Wilson told her to wrap in the towel and lay on the man's head. He then thoroughly sponged the head and chest of the unconscious man with the cold water until he opened his eyes and began to breathe naturally. "That was not a very bad attack," said Mr. Wilson. He then told the men to carry the sick man to the house, and put him to bed in a large, airy room; for, as he told the boys, people who live or sleep in close, unventilated rooms, and those who use alcohol freely, are far more liable to attack by sunstroke than those who breathe pure, fresh air both by night and by day, and who let alcohol alone.

As they started on their way again, John said: "Guardie, how did you know that man had sunstroke? How does any one feel before he gets a sunstroke?"

"Well, John, in most cases there is pain in the head, which this man had; you often feel heavy at the pit of your stomach, and dizzy and faint, and begin to find that you can't breathe very well. Oftentimes, too, the mind is a little queer, and your thoughts wander. Generally the skin is hard and dry. Sunstroke comes on in very hot weather, generally after it has lasted for quite a while. People who get sunstroke are often those who have worked very hard, and have not drunk enough water; as I said before, people who drink alcohol, and those who breathe impure air, are far more apt to be overcome by the heat."

"What's the best thing to do for a person with the sunstroke?" John asked.

"First take him to a cool place. But, really, the best thing is to put him into a bath tub which is filled with cool water. The whole body should be put in—except the head, of course. And then do as I did—put an ice-cap on the head."

"How long should a person be kept in the bath, Mr. Wilson?" asked Sarah, who had been very much interested in everything that had gone on.

"For about ten or fifteen minutes," said Mr. Wilson. "He should then be taken out and placed in bed, between blankets, without being dried. If the patient stops breathing, then begin artificial respiration, as I explained to you in our talk on drowning."

"Does the first bath always cure him?" asked Jerry.

"No," said Mr. Wilson; "and then a second bath should be given—that is, if his body gets hot again, and he becomes stupid. You don't need medicine at this time, unless, as sometimes happens, a stimulant is necessary, and one of the best is aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"Oh," said John, "mother always has that at home; and you would give fifteen or twenty drops in a tablespoon of water every few minutes, till three or four doses have been taken, wouldn't you, Guardie?"

"Good, John!" said Mr. Wilson. "You

haven't missed your calling, I see. Now, boys and Sarah, what would you do to keep off sunstroke?"

"Well, Guardie," said John, "if I were a doctor and had to look out that my patient didn't get a sunstroke, I'd tell him he couldn't drink any beer, or wine, or anything like that."

"And I'd tell him that he must sleep a great deal, and keep his windows wide open all the time," said Jerry.

"And I'd make him take a bath every night," said Sarah; "and I wouldn't let him eat much pie or candy."

"Now, Abe, it's your turn," said Mr. Wilson.

"Well," he drawled, "I wouldn't let him drink ice-water, but I'd make him drink spring-water between meals."

"Well, children, you've told almost all the things," said Mr. Wilson; "but you haven't said anything about your patient's clothes. You must make him wear light-colored things, and loose-fitting, as they do in all hot countries. But the hat's the most important part of all."

"Oh, yes," interrupted John; "it should be straw."

"Yes, and one that will let the air in," said Mr. Wilson. "And if you have to be out in the sun, it is a fine thing to put a wet handkerchief or some damp leaves on top of your head, under your hat. When I was a boy, we always put plantain leaves in our hats when we were out playing. But even if you've done all these things, and begin to feel queer out in the sun, what would you do?"

"I'd run for a cool, shady place, and rest, and drink some cold water," said Jerry.

"That is about the best thing you could do," said Mr. Wilson.

"Guardie, what would you do for sunburn?" said John.

"Apply the same treatment that you would for any burn," replied Mr. Wilson. "Put on plain baking-soda, or vaseline mixed with soda. This will take out the smart."—*Dr. E. E. Walker, in St. Nicholas.*

My Mocking-Bird

True Stories from the South

ONCE the writer bought a mocking-bird; he was a beautiful bird, so clean, and so graceful in every move he made, and he had such a pretty, long, and perfect tail. Most mocking-birds, in captivity, wear their tail-feathers off, until they present a "bedraggled" appearance, but mine was always clean and perfect.

The lady from whom I purchased the bird told me that the only reason she had for selling him was because he was so noisy and sang night and day, giving the family no peace.

I occupied two rented rooms at the time, a bedroom and a kitchen, keeping "bachelor's hall," and so was alone. I thought, "How pleasant it will be to hear the little fellow singing when I come home! and what company he will be evenings as I sit and study and read! And in the morning, how pleasant to be awakened by his glad carrol!"

I bought the widest and largest cage I could find, put my bird in it, and hung it on the back porch. There were several other mocking-birds in the block, and all sang more or less, and I hoped to hear my bird, too; but I had him with me for nearly four months, yet in all that time he never sang a note—at least never when I was

at home, and my neighbors told me they never heard him either.

At last I gave him to a friend, and she carried him to her home. I thought that perhaps the reason the bird never sang at my place was because it was so quiet that he was lonely. This lady had children, and lived near the Southern Publishing House building, where there was more noise and activity. I hoped that the change would rouse him, and that he would sing again, but day after day went by, and no song was heard. After several weeks the lady was taken sick, and was very ill for a long time. She had the bird hung in her room near the door, where she could see him, and would often talk to him, and try to get him to sing to her, but without success.

After the lady had been sick for some time, on a very warm day, when the doors and windows were all open, the mocking-bird suddenly began to chirp and chirp, and then burst forth in such a song of thrilling melody that it caused every one who passed by to stop and wonder at its beauty. It was not the imitation of other birds and of animals which the mocking-birds that are captives learn so readily, but it was the natural notes of the wild bird, poured forth in richest harmony and beauty, a peon of praise and gratitude to God for the recovery of his vocal powers—at least so it seemed to the wondering ears of the sick lady as she listened.

All day and far into the night the song continued, but little did the listeners imagine that when he finally stopped and sank to sleep, they would never again hear his beautiful song, but so it was. During the night some animal, a rat or an owl, attacked him, and bit off his bill and the front of his face, and in the morning they found his mutilated body on the bottom of the cage, the poor little songster, so full of life the day before, lying cold in death, never again to gladden hearts with his charming melodies.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"You Say You Love Me"

MR. H. B. GIBBUD, in his little book, "Under the Blue Canopy of Heaven," gives the following incident: "Some years ago I got a woman out of one of the Mulberry Bend dives in New York. She was a poor, wretched, drunken creature, covered with filth and vermin. I took her to the Florence Mission, of which I was then superintendent. We reached the mission about two o'clock in the morning. I called my wife, who got up, dressed, and came down into the chapel. Taking her seat by the woman, she began to tell the poor drunken creature of God's love. With a growl like a bear, she said, 'What do I care about the love of God up in heaven? What I want is some one down here to love me.' My wife went on to say that she loved her soul. With another growl she turned on her, and said, 'You say you love me? What do people who love each other do when they meet? Don't they put their arms around each other and kiss each other? You didn't put your arms around me and kiss me. Now you say you love me—then kiss me.' And she put her dirty mouth, reeking with rum and snuff, up to my wife to be kissed. Now my wife is not one of the kissing kind. But without a moment's hesitation she put her arms around the woman and kissed her, who, without another word, fell on the floor crying to God for mercy, and rose up a redeemed woman."

A Bright Shepherd Dog

A LARGE collie had been trying to drive a flock of sheep across a narrow bridge, but they were suspicious of it, and held back. Presently the dog, finding it useless to try to drive them, leaped upon the backs of the sheep, which, in their crowded condition, looked like a great woolly floor, ran along on their backs to the bridge

entrance, leaped upon the floor, and seizing one of the sheep by the neck with his mouth, dragged it onto the bridge. Once on it, its suspicions were allayed, and it trotted across, followed by the whole flock, while the dog stepped to one side to let them pass, then walked along behind.—*Our Young Folks.*



Work for Little Fingers—No. 10

We have two stars for our lesson to-day. Fig. 1 shows a six-pointed star mat. To make this, first find the center of your paper, then open your compasses three and one-half inches and draw a circle. Divide the circle into six equal parts just as you have done before. Connect every other point as you did in making the wall-pocket.

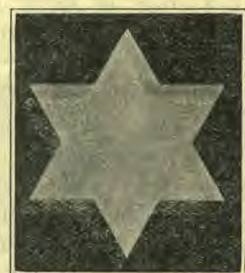


FIG. 1

What do we call the three-sided figure thus formed? Now connect the other three points. This forms another three-sided figure, or triangle, crossing the first. Fig. 2. The points of these two triangles form the outline of the star.

Fig. 3 shows the drawing for an eight-pointed star. Find the *exact* center of your paper; also the center of each side, placing the points on the edges of the paper. Open your compasses three and one-half inches and draw a circle. Place the ruler across through the center and just touching the points on two sides, and make points in the circle where the ruler crosses it. Place the ruler across the points in the other two sides, and make two more points in the circle. The remaining four points are located by placing the ruler across cornerwise, just as in finding the center of the paper. In connecting the points to form the star, skip two each time, instead of one as in the six-pointed star. Study the drawing carefully, and you will have no difficulty.

Fig. 4 shows the drawing for a five-pointed star. This does not properly belong in this course, as it is too difficult for "little fingers," but it is inserted here for the benefit of older workers who may wish to know how to draw it. Card-board compasses will need special perforations for this purpose. Find the center of your paper, open your compasses three and one-half inches and draw a circle. Draw a dotted line from one side of the circle to the other through the center. Mark the points where the line touches the circle

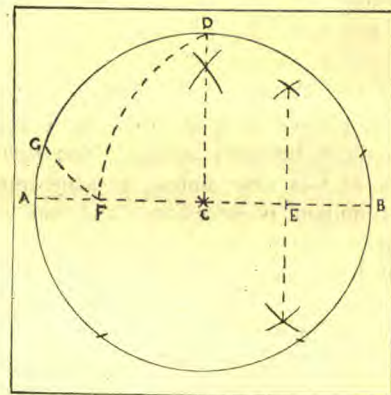


FIG. 4

A and B. Fig. 4. Open your compasses a little more than when you drew the circle, perhaps four or four and one-half inches. Place the point of the compasses at the point marked A, and draw a short curved line above the center. Place the point of the compasses at the point marked B, and draw another short curved line crossing the first. Draw a dotted straight line from the center through the point where the curved lines cross and on to the circle. Mark the center C, and the point where this line touches the circle D. Open your compasses more than half the distance from C to B, perhaps two and one-half or three inches. Place the point of the compasses at B, and draw short curved lines above and below the line through the center. Place the point of the compasses at C, and draw short curved lines crossing the two just drawn. Connect the points where these cross with a dotted line. Mark the point where this line crosses the center line E.

Place the point of the compasses at the point marked E, and open so that the pencil point just touches the point marked D. Draw a curved dotted line from D down to the center line, and mark the point where it touches F. Place the point of the compasses at D, and open until the pencil point just touches the point marked F. Draw a short curved line to the circle, and mark the point G. Measure off around the circle the distance between D and G. If correctly done, this will divide the circle into five equal parts. Connect every other point to form the star. Fig. 5. For practise draw circles of different sizes, and divide into five equal parts.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

A PRAYER of three links, connecting earth with heaven: "LORD,—HELP—ME."

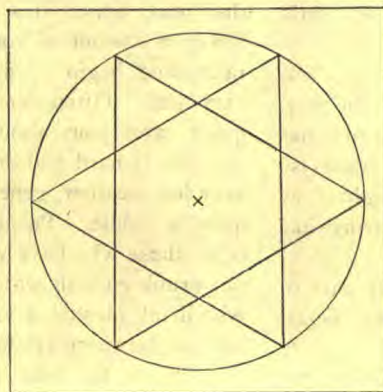


FIG. 2

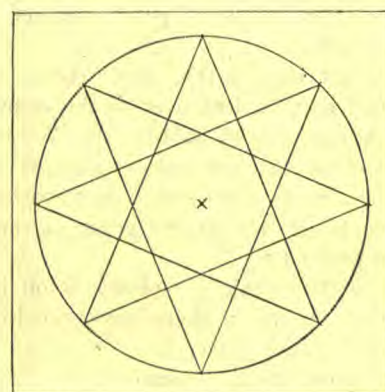


FIG. 3

A Light That Need Not Fail

AMONG the stations in the Canadian lighthouse service is one upon Island Damien, where the force consisted of four persons—the keeper, his wife, and two assistants. One day the three men went on the ice. They never returned. Before the woman's eyes they were swept down by the breaking ice-floes. Months after, when the supply ship reached the island with its supplies for four, it was met by the woman. "How did you get through the winter?" the skipper asked. They are used to heroism in the service, but the thought of those terrible months caught at the brave woman's heart as she replied, "I don't know. I only know that I have kept the light burning." God grant that when our relief comes, we may each one be able to say, "I have kept the light burning," even though at times it has seemed almost impossible.—*Montreal Weekly Witness.*

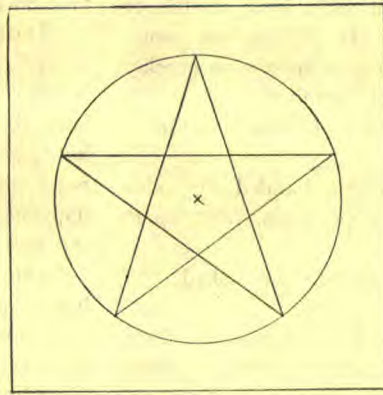


FIG. 5

Harvest Without End

I SOWED a seed in the heart of the soil;
It lived and grew, and the harvesting
Was such as I'd sowed in the days of spring.
And, on through the years, in response to my toil,
The seed brought forth, in abundant gain,
A million seeds of the selfsame grain.

I sowed a seed in the heart of a friend;
'Twas only a deed, but it kept on growing;
And, down through the years, it has still been
showing
That whate'er is sowed shall be reaped without
end.

And the little deed that I did, one day,
Is growing in thousands of souls, I say.

—Benjamin Keech, in *Ram's Horn*.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****VI—Opening of the Prison Doors**

(May 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 5:17-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

"Then the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him, . . . and laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison.

"But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.

"And when they heard that, they entered into the temple early in the morning, and taught. But the high priest came, and they that were with him, and called the council together, and all the senate of the children of Israel, and sent to the prison to have them brought. But when the officers came, and found them not in the prison, they returned, and told, saying, The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing without before the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within.

"Now when the high priest and the captain of the temple and the chief priests heard these things, they doubted of them whereunto this would grow. Then came one and told them, saying, Behold, the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple, and teaching the people.

"Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence: for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned. And when they had brought them, they set them before the council: and the high priest asked them, saying, Did we not straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us.

"Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

"And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.

"When they heard that, they were cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay them. Then stood there up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation

among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space; and said unto them, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to naught. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him: he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed. And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. And to him they agreed: and when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go.

"And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ."

Questions

1. Who now rose up against the apostles? With what were they filled? What did they do?
2. Tell what happened that night. What precious promise was thus fulfilled in their case? Memory Verse. What may we learn from this experience of the apostles, when we are in danger?

3. What command did the angel of the Lord give the apostles? What did they therefore do early in the morning?

4. What did the high priest do in the morning? For whom did he send? What report was brought to the council by the officers who were sent to the prison?

5. What was done when it was learned that the apostles were preaching in the temple? Why were they brought before the council "without violence"?

6. What did the high priest say to the apostles? Of what did he accuse them?

7. How did Peter answer this charge? Verse 29. Who had raised up Jesus? How had he been treated by the leaders of the Jews? To what high place had God exalted him? What did the apostles firmly declare themselves to be? Verse 32.

8. What was the effect of these words on the council? Who now rose up to speak? What did he advise?

9. What did Gamaliel say would happen if the apostles' work were not of God? What examples did he mention to prove this? If their work was of God, could the rulers overthrow it? What were they in danger of doing?

10. How was this man's counsel received? What was done to the apostles? What command was laid upon them before they were released? In what did they rejoice? What did they continue to do?

**VI—Sin and Righteousness**

(May 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 3:4-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." 1 John 3:7.

Questions

1. How does inspiration define sin? Then what is the attitude of the sinner toward the law? 1 John 3:4; note 1.

2. For what purpose was Jesus manifested?

What effect does sin have upon him? Verse 5; note 2.

3. What is true of those who abide in him? Verse 6; note 3.

4. What is the sinner's relation to Christ? Verse 6.

5. To whom does John address his next statement? What does he say to them? Verse 7.

6. What does he want them to understand concerning the one who "doeth righteousness"? Verse 7.

7. What is said of the one who commits sin? How long had the devil been sinning? Verse 8.

8. What did the sin of Satan in the beginning make it necessary for Jesus to do? Verse 8.

9. What results from being born of God? Why? Verse 9; note 4.

10. How are the children of God distinguished from the children of the devil? Verse 10.

11. What message has been taught from the beginning? Verse 11.

12. In whose case is the result of the absence of this love illustrated? Why did Cain slay his brother? Verse 12; note 5.

13. What is the Christian to expect from the world? Verse 13.

14. By what fact may we know that we have passed from death unto life? Verse 14.

15. What is true of him who does not love his brother? Verse 14.

16. Of what is he guilty who hates his brother? Verse 15.

17. Then how broad is the sixth commandment? Matt. 5:22.

Notes

1. Unrighteousness and sin are the same (1 John 5:17), and both are the result of being out of harmony with God's law, which is righteousness. Ps. 119:172. "The character of God is righteousness and truth; such is the nature of his law." The law detects sin (Rom. 3:20), and drives to Christ for justification. Gal. 3:24. "A view of our sinfulness drives us to him who can pardon."

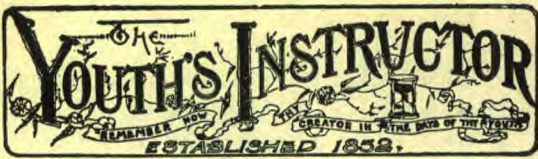
2. Christ bore the sins of the world (John 1:29, margin) in the sinner's place (Gal. 3:13); and although free from sin (1 Peter 2:22), and "hating sin with a perfect hatred, he yet gathered to his soul the sins of the whole world." "Though the guilt of sin was not his, his spirit was torn and bruised by the transgressions of men." It was at such cost as this that "he was manifested to take away our sins."

3. That vital union with Christ which imparts his nature (2 Peter 1:4) enables us to realize the fulfilment of "God's mighty emancipation proclamation." Rom. 6:14.

4. "The character is revealed, not by occasional good deeds and occasional misdeeds, but by the tendency of the habitual words and acts." Christ prayed in behalf of all his disciples that the Father might "keep them from the evil one" (Revised Version), and that prayer avails now.

5. The cause assigned for the murder of Abel is really at the root of all the injuries inflicted upon the righteous by evil men, and was illustrated in the death of Christ. "It was not so much because he appeared without worldly wealth, pomp, or grandeur, that the Jews were led to reject him. They saw that he possessed power which could more than compensate for the lack of these outward advantages."

6. "The purity and holiness of Christ called forth against him the hatred of the ungodly. His life of self-denial and sinless devotion was a perpetual reproof to a proud, sensual people. It was this that evoked enmity against the Son of God." "So in all ages the wicked have hated those who were better than themselves." "It is the spirit that through all the ages has set up the stake and kindled the burning pile for the disciples of Christ." The world hated Christ (John 15:24), and so would naturally hate his followers.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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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.

MICHAEL ANGELO once painted a magnificent fresco on the dome of a cathedral. But the dome was so high that the painting could be observed only with personal discomfort, so people paid but little attention to it. Finally some one conceived the idea of placing a large mirror beneath the dome so that it would reflect the rays from the ceiling. Now the artist's handiwork was greatly admired by all visitors. What the mirror did for the painting, the Bible does for God. It brings him nearer to us, and gives us clearer views of his character, and enables us to enter into closer fellowship with him. Again, in the person of our Saviour, we see just what the Father is, how full of love and compassion, and how forbearing and forgiving he is.

"WHEN I was a boy, my mother used to put a little water in a dish with certain herbs, and place the dish on the back of the stove to 'simmer,' as she called it. She insisted that the best way to extract the juice from the herbs was to cook it slowly, and not let it boil furiously. Now that is what I mean by meditation. Take a little truth into your mind, and think upon it until its meaning dawns upon you and you begin to see its application to your own life. Then read another verse, and meditate on it until that yields its tribute to patient thought. To meditate means, I suppose, to get into the middle of anything. I have heard of a man who had meditated his way three times through the Bible. Think what a wealth of meaning he must have discovered; and all you find in the Bible is yours."

IN the library of the late Professor Huntington, of Auburn Theological Seminary, hung a beautiful painting of David with the head of Goliath in his hand. It was a picture in which the light came down from above. One time a friend of Mr. Huntington was passing through one of the poorest streets of Quebec, when he saw a child playing in the gutter with this picture, which was covered with dirt. The man bought it from the child's mother, and presented it to the professor. And after it was cleaned and beautifully framed, it was hung in the most prominent place in the library, admired by every one who saw it. So the gospel of Christ finds men in the "miry clay" of sin, and lifts them out, cleanses them, and places their feet upon the solid rock, and makes them to be "known and read of all men" because of the beauty of the Saviour's life revealed in theirs.

Saved by Hope

"WE are saved by hope." The fallen must be led to feel that it is not too late for them to be men. Christ honored man with his confidence, and thus placed him on his honor. Even

those who had fallen the lowest he treated with respect. It was a continual pain to Christ to be brought into contact with enmity, depravity, and impurity; but *never did he utter one expression to show that his sensibilities were shocked or his refined tastes offended.* Whatever the evil habits, the strong prejudices, or the overbearing passions of human beings, he met them all with pitying tenderness.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Masters Made Slaves

EDWARD W. BOK says, in *Young People*: "One thing that led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the ruin which I saw it bring to some of the finest minds with which I have ever come in contact. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest literary men dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine."

"Only recently there applied to me for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who, two years ago, easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of

Right and Truth

THE man who dares to think, to live,
True to his soul's divinest light,
Shall to the world an impulse give
For truth and right.

The brave in heart, the true in mind,
Will dare to see the truth aright,
While coward souls, perverse and blind,
Will shun the light.

But though all eyes on earth were closed,
Still would the sun as brightly shine,
And truth, by all the world opposed,
Is still divine.

Right will be placed upon the throne,
And there will rule with power,
The thought and act of honor sown
Will speed the glorious hour.

That which men abuse to-day,
Men of the future will adore,
And truth which error seeks to slay,
Lives evermore.

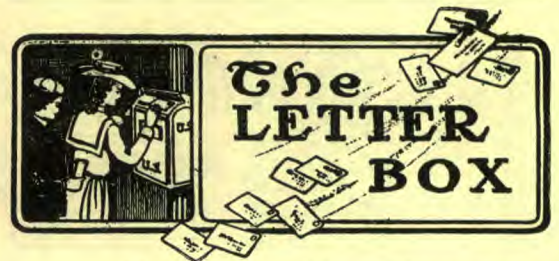
—Selected.

his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar a thousand. That is only one instance of several I could recite. I do not hold my friend up as a 'terrible example.' He is but one of a type of men who convinced me, and may convince others, that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.

"I know it is said, when one brings up such an instance as this, 'O, well, that man drank to excess! One glass will not hurt any one.' How do these people know that it will not? One drop of kerosene has been known to throw into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smoldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there, and it may not be. Why take the risk? Liquor will never do a healthy boy or man the least particle of good."

"Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence—that is, the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to inquire personally into it. I found that, of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine. I made up my mind that

there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why do not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong."



COLLEGE VIEW, NEB., Feb. 25, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath and get a paper. I love to read the paper.

We have a church-school here in College View, which I attend; I am in the seventh grade. Our teacher's name is Mr. M. A. Farnsworth.

My father and mother have been keeping the Sabbath ever since and before I was born. I was baptized not long ago, and am trying to be a good girl. I am twelve years old. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new.

ZELLA MABLE SCHMALTZ.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., March 9, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been reading the INSTRUCTOR for a long time, and I enjoy the stories on the Children's Page, and the letters also. I live on an island in the middle of the Acushnet River. I have one sister and one brother. I go about two miles to Sabbath-school. There are no church-schools here, so I go to the public school.

I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new. I would like to have some of the INSTRUCTOR readers write to me. I was baptized last August.

GERTRUDE E. WOOD.

DU QUOIN, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR AND INSTRUCTOR READERS: As I have taken the INSTRUCTOR so long, I thought I would write a letter for it. I anxiously wait for it each week. I think it has a grand name; for it is indeed an instructor for the youth, for it has much good advice in it. I go to the Du Quoin Industrial School. Prof. A. C. Haughey is my teacher. Our school will close March 22. My sister's school closed three weeks ago. I am indeed thankful for the privilege of going to school, and I want to fit myself for the Lord's work. I hope to meet the dear INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

BRITTIE WILLIAMSON.

CUMBERLAND, MD., March 21, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: We thought we would write you about our "Sunlight Band" here in Cumberland, which was organized Jan. 19, 1906. It consists of about thirty members, ranging from five to sixteen years of age, and we have given away about eleven hundred pages of papers and tracts. We also have members who have together taken fifteen *Signs of the Times* a week. Two dozen mottoes, and *Life and Health*, *Signs of the Times*, *Review and Herald*, and other papers have been sold.

We have a small orchestra consisting of an organ (for which we helped to pay), a violin, guitar, and mandolin.

Most of our band are not Adventists, but all are glad to sell and give away our papers. Surely God's message is going to the world in this generation.

LOCHARD LOVENTSTEIN,

Secretary;

JOHN G. MITCHELL,
Corresponding Secretary.

The editor was very glad to get this report, and she hopes that the members of this Sunlight Band may not weary in well-doing. If they do not, great will be their eternal reward. Are there not other bands who can send in a report of earnest service for our Saviour?