

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

He Leads

OUR finite minds never can grasp
The plans of the Infinite One.
'Tis ours to hope, too trust, to wait,
Till the journey of life is done.

At last when our faith becomes sight,
All unexplained things we shall know;
We shall see he guided our feet
In the path 'twas best we should go.

ESTHER SMITH.

The Largest Leper Asylum in the World

THERE are many lepers among the natives of India, and this asylum, or rather colony, is situated on the outskirts of Purulia, in Bengal. It belongs to the Lutheran Missionary Society. There are seven hundred eight lepers in the asylum, ninety-two of whom are children.

The men and women of the asylum are kept separate, a high wall dividing their homes. In the center of the colony is a church. The doors on one side of the church lead into the women's grounds, and the doors on the other side into the men's grounds, so that they do not associate together even in church. There are no chairs in the body of the church; the lepers sit on the floor on strips of mat. Near the pulpit are a few wooden benches which are kept for the use of the minister and the native missionaries and doctors who are in charge of the asylum. Opposite these are a few more for the use of the untainted children.

Then there is a school for the men who are able to learn, and also one for the women; while close by is a small building where a kindergarten class is held.

A native doctor and six compounders are in charge of the dispensary and hospital in the colony. In the hospital we saw one poor woman who had sores all over her body, her fingers and toes were gone, and her feet were raw and swollen. She had a very sad face, and though suffering intensely, she seemed quite pleased to see us, and when Mr. Wagner, the missionary in charge, spoke to her, she smiled, and said she

was feeling better that day than usual.

There are two or three wells in the colony, and able-bodied men are employed to draw water for these poor unfortunates, a great many of whom have no fingers and toes. The mission supplies the lepers with rice and a little money with which they buy vegetables and other kinds of food, from a shop in the colony. They do their own cooking, and some of the women can even do a little sewing. In the girls' playground we saw some ducklings which the women were rearing so they could have a feast. This is how these poor people occupy their time, but some of them are only able to creep out of their houses and sit in the sun all day.

Mrs. Wagner told us it cost two thousand rupees (about nine hundred dollars) to support this asylum. A short time ago the government



WOMEN AND GIRLS OF THE ASYLUM ON CHRISTMAS DAY

gave the mission three thousand rupees to build some homes for these lepers, and the mission is allowed five rupees a person every month for the support of four or five lepers.

The missionaries do not force the lepers to become Christians. They are received into the asylum as heathen, but, as Mrs. Wagner said, they do not long remain heathen. These poor people become outcasts when they get the disease; even their own relatives turn them out of their homes. So when they see how kind Christians are to them, they naturally want to know about the God who teaches his servants to be kind to all, even such as they.

At Christmas, ladies from England and other foreign lands send warm socks and other articles of clothing as presents for the lepers, and the missionaries see that they get a Christmas dinner.

A little way from the asylum, the Lutheran Mission has a home for children whose parents were lepers, but who do not have the disease. There are sixty-two children in this home, and here also the boys and girls are kept separate. In the home are schools for each sex. The girls learn sewing, while the boys do some flower and vegetable gardening.



LEPER WOMEN

Though these children have no leprosy sores, still the disease often attacks their eyes, and many become quite blind. The government doctor visits the home two or three times a month and examines all the inmates. As soon as leprosy breaks out on any of them, they are removed to the asylum, where they are more isolated than at the home.

MARION H. BELCHAMBERS.

Karmatar, India.

"Let No Man Despise Thy Youth"

ALTHOUGH this epistle from which our title has been quoted, was originally addressed to Timothy from Paul, it is also significantly and individually applicable at the present time to us as young people. Never has there been a time in the history of this world in which we should be more active, more enthusiastic, more responsible than now. Never has there been a time when we as a denomination have stood in greater need of consecrated young people than in this twentieth century, in which iniquity and infidelity abound, and everywhere by far

are there "more lovers of pleasure than lovers of God." Never has there been a time when the Word of God was more ignored and misinterpreted than at the present time, when spiritualism, pantheism, atheism, and the like are flooding the minds of the people. In view of these and other hopeless conditions of the world, why should we, at the very prime of our manhood and womanhood, just entering upon the golden dawn of usefulness in life, be reluctant in carrying this everlasting gospel to a perishing world? On the contrary, the apostle warns us, "But be thou an ensample to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim. 4:12, R. V. Let us study, therefore, in brief the requirements enumerated above, and see what bearing they have upon us as young people.

"In word." Very few realize that every word uttered exerts some moral influence either for good or for evil. Not infrequently are words spoken without any thought of future significance. One sentence, even one word, may make one's company displeasing, wound the feelings, or even discourage a soul from taking a decided stand for Christ. On the other hand, it may elevate one's thought and ideals, enhance one's happiness,



BOYS FROM THE HOME FOR UNTAINTED CHILDREN

and even encourage some sin-sick soul to find his eternal recovery. How precisely true is the saying of the wise man: "Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof." Prov. 18:21.

"In manner of life." Our outward appearance is the index of our inner character. We are often judged by the way in which we dress, look, or act. Suavity of manner, urbanity of demeanor, and gracefulness of expression are sure agencies of securing friendship.

One of the essentials of conduct is courtesy. It is the twin sister of tact. It is the fruit of every well-regulated home, a necessity in the best society. It is the seed of all Christian success. It is incomparable with any other grace of character when one comes in contact with contempt of the Word of God. There is no agency so effective when an entrance to homes is desired. Nothing could secure more inevitable results when the truth is administered to a wayward soul. As it was in the case of the psalmist, so may it be with us,—*"thy gentleness hath made me great."*

"In love." Love is the dominant attribute of God's character. Although confusion, discord, and war permeate the whole realm of nature, there still remain some traces of union, harmony, and concord. In the scientific world, it is called constancy of substance; in philosophy, altruism, as *"a type of life that is fitted to survive;"* in commerce, co-operation; in government, democracy; in society, brotherhood; and in religion, love. It was love that prompted God to create and redeem this world; it is the same love that keeps it in existence to-day, and love will it be that brings the glory of all the ceaseless ages of eternity. Thus may the matchless love of God reign supreme in our hearts and bear fruit in our lives.

"In faith." We are living in an age of skepticism and infidelity. There are more infidels to-day than there have been before in three or four centuries combined. People are growing cold and indifferent toward their religious life. The ardent love for religious liberty, which so distinguished our Pilgrim fathers, has disappeared. The question naturally arises, What are the causes of these things? First, it is because of the many late inventions and discoveries that draw our minds away from God. The world by its own wisdom knows not God, and consequently ignores the Word of God. 1 Cor. 1:21. Secondly, it is because of the rapid development and growth of false religions, as well as the present-day "isms" that undermine the influence and teachings of Christianity. Thirdly, it is because the infallible word of God predicts that in the last days men shall be so self-centered that to many in the world religion becomes but a mere form.

"In purity." "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Purity of words and actions are not sufficient to enable us to enter the kingdom. What counts the most is purity of heart, the seat of sympathy for all that is true, noble, and grand. True purity includes not only absolute freedom from everything that is lustful or lascivious, but also an ardent love for all that is edifying and ennobling both in word and in deed. It is only those who are pure in heart that may become citizens of the heavenly city. In this age of the world when everything tends downward, when every wind of doctrine blows toward every direction, when the very atmosphere seems to be replete with impurity, unless we keep our eyes toward the Source of all purity, unless we have Christ abiding in our hearts, we shall not avert the danger of being led astray.

Thus all these graces are required to make up a perfect Christian character. May we as young people cultivate and practise these principles conscientiously and prayerfully, that we may be an ensample not only to the believers, but also to those who sit in darkness. G. DOANE WONG.

A Song After Drought

Ps. 65:9-13

So thankful for the rain, the cool, refreshing rain,
Rejoicing all the forest, and the scorched and weary plain;
Giving drink to thirsty bees, and thirsty, panting birds;
Filling up the emptied wells and dried-up stream and spring,
And making pasture-lands and fields of corn to sing.
The shrinking tuber grows again, the weary garden smiles,
And many a fainting, doubting heart to tender trust beguiles.
So thankful for the rain; for clouds that hide the sun,
Ere he, upon his blighting course, his day's work had begun;
For respite from the heat, and sweet, refreshing rest;
O Father, we are grateful to be thus richly blest!
We see thee in the showers that from thy river come,
Enriching all the ridges of every humble home;
We see thee in the food thou givest, and magnify thy name
For all thy gifts and goodness, O evermore the same!

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Mount Vesuvius the Terrible

THERE have been many outbreaks of Vesuvius in times past, but the present eruption must be classed among the most terrible. It has not the frightful suddenness of that which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, nor has its work of destruction been nearly so great, but since those frightful days of the year 79 there have been few eruptions to equal the present.

In the recent flight from Ottajano the military carts, with four horses harnessed to each, could not pull their loads through the thick bed of ashes. "This caused a panic among the children, who expected to be buried in the ashes from the volcano, and fled in all directions in the darkness and blinding rain. Searching parties went after them, but in spite of continuous shouting and calling, no trace was found of the little ones, and it is feared that the children were smothered by the ashes and sand." No Pompeii has been buried under a downfall of ashes, but many towns are threatened, and the hot tongues of the lava have licked the life out of Bosco Trecase, a town of ten thousand inhabitants.

In fact, in Naples, ten miles away, the terror has been as great as in the smaller towns that lie under the shadow of the dread volcano. The ashes fell at Naples in such volumes as to crush the roof of the Mount Olivet market by their weight, and bury in death or frightful injury those who were beneath. Marion Crawford tells us that "constant news of fresh destruction and the inexplicable impression that the volcano itself was moving mysteriously toward the city drove the excited people to the verge of madness and the extreme of terror."

Stories are told of the present eruption that recall vividly those told of the pitiful positions of the dead at Pompeii. Here is one: "Three bodies were found in a confessional of one of the fallen churches. One body was that of an old woman who was sitting with her right arm raised as if to ward off the advancing danger. The second was that of a child about eight years old. It was found dead in a position which would indicate that the child had fallen with a little dog close to it, and had died with one arm raised across its face to protect itself and pet from the crumbling ruins. The third body was reduced to an unrecognizable mass."

One soldier, riding through ashes that reached up to his horse's flanks, called out, "Who wants help?" A feeble voice replied, and he floundered through deep ashes to the walls of a ruined house near by. Shouting words of encouragement as he went, he climbed over the ruins and entered the building. In the cellar he found three dead

children, and a woman, with broken legs and a badly crushed body, who for hours had fought off the debris that kept falling upon her. The soldier picked her up, and carried her to a place of safety.

These are a few of the many thrilling stories that are told of the present eruption. There is nothing in them of the awful destructiveness of the Martinique disaster of 1902, when Mount Pelee swept out of existence in one frightful moment the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of St. Pierre; but in the long-drawn-out horror, the dread and dismay and the bitter suffering of the helpless people, the present story of Vesuvius is made the more heart-rending of the two.

No other volcano is situated in such a nest of population as Vesuvius. Rising in the fertile vicinity of the Bay of Naples, in a land that for many centuries has been crowded with people, its outbreaks are sure to be attended with scenes of death and desolation. It has the habit of resting for long intervals, until the people, eager to avail themselves of the rich surrounding land, lose their fear and creep back to its slopes; and then the time surely comes when it breaks out in gushing floods of flame and lava, and sweeps the crowding populace from its flanks. Those who trust it put their trust in a sleeping monster which is sure in time to wake and rend them.

In ancient Roman times Vesuvius lay for ages in slumber. A large population dwelt on its slopes, there were flourishing cities at its foot, beautiful woods covered its sides, its top was flat, with a deep circular valley filled with vines and grass and surrounded by high precipices. No one knew that this valley was a volcanic crater; history had no tale of an eruption. Its terrible nature was so little understood that when Spartacus, the Roman gladiator, rebelled in 72 A. D., he made the crater of Vesuvius his stronghold, and the Roman soldiers were lowered down the precipice to attack him and his followers.

It was seven years later, in 79, that the sleeping demon awoke. Suddenly a terrific rush of steam, smoke, and fire belched forth, one side of the crater was blown off, and vast quantities of ashes and burning stones were flung high into the air. Nothing is said of lava, but the eruption of stones and ashes kept up for eight days, steam was poured forth in great volumes, and rain fell in torrents, sweeping the ashes downward and burying the city of Herculaneum deeply in mud. Pompeii was similarly buried in ashes and loose stones.

Pliny the Elder was smothered by the fumes from the volcano, which he had gone to observe, and his nephew, Pliny the Younger, has given us the only good story of it which we possess. During the fifteen hundred years that followed this great outbreak there were occasional eruptions, but no serious ones. Lava is first spoken of in the eruption of 1036. After 1500 the mountain lay quiet for more than a century, and the crater became as green as in the days of Spartacus. In 1631 a terrible awakening came. Three populous villages were buried under streams of lava, and eighteen thousand people perished. The whole top of the mountain was blown away.

The next severe eruption came in 1767, and a second in 1779, while that of 1794 was one of the most formidable that history records, immense damage being done by lava and volcanic mud and dust. There were few years in the nineteenth century in which the volcano was not active, the severest eruptions being those of 1871 and 1876. But that of 1906 must be classed with the three or four great eruptions, and has added another tale of death and disaster to the record of Vesuvius the Terrible.—*The Search-Light*.

"SERVE God and be cheerful. The winter
Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
And over the grim wave of the snowdrift
The nest-building robins will sing."



THE HOME CIRCLE

The All-Sufficient

LET nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing,
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

—Selected.

The Old Question

HERE it is again! It is always coming to the front. It changes the shape of its garments each season, but they are the same garments. I am often reminded of the reply that my old friend Miss Merrill, of primary Sunday-school fame, made to the criticism of a young teacher.

"But, Miss Merrill," the young girl said, "that way of illustrating it is so *old*! My teacher used it when I was a child."

"Yes, my dear," said Miss Merrill, sweetly, "but the children are so *new*." So we must remember that there are always "new" young people to be considered.

One of these writes to ask me whether I think it any harm for her chum to walk out to the park, or somewhere, on Sunday afternoons with a "nice" boy friend. And is there any harm in her standing out by the gate, talking with them, when they happen to come around? "Papa and mama don't like it one bit; but I can't, to save my life, see what harm it could do."

Dear girl, sweet and winsome and well-meaning, I should like to put my arms around you, and kiss you, and ask a few questions without attempting to answer a single one of yours.

Do I know what I should ask if I had the chance?—Indeed I do. First, I should say: Do you know, dear, what wonderful gifts a good mother and father are? Do you know that your years of privilege are flying swiftly, and that some day that blessed father and mother of yours will slip away, and you can not find them?

When you think seriously about it, is there a "nice" boy in all the world who is worth an action, or a word, that would hurt their ideas of right? If you are not sure of the answer to that question now, I can tell you something: the time is coming—coming *swiftly*—when you will be.—Pansy, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Work of the Artist

A COMMITTEE of ladies was appointed to oversee the decorating of a certain church. A noted artist-decorator was obtained and set to work on the church. In a preliminary conference, the ladies had a long talk with the artist. Some of them had ideas that they wished to have worked out, and one lady especially was full of preconceived notions. The artist pointed out the crudeness of some of these ideas and the resultant incongruity of others. The lady with many ideas became impatient with the artist and said, crisply:—

"Well, have it your own way. I'll not see it until it is all done."

The artist put his best work into the church, and blended colors as worshipers blend thoughts, and sought to give wings to love and reverence, peace and joy.

At last the work was completed, and the final inspection by the ladies took place. The artist welcomed them all, the lady who had spoken so warmly at the preliminary conference among the others. She had steadily held to her resolution

not to see the church until it was completed. The others had come in from time to time, and had expressed their approval of the work. The artist awaited with interest the judgment of the last.

She walked slowly round the church, first one way, then the other. After walking round it three times and frequently stopping to consider, she came at last to the artist. There were tears in her eyes.

"Such beauty, such harmony of color! It is lovely," she said, and then, after a moment's hesitation, "I—I think it will be easier to be good now."

The artist was abundantly gratified at her words and evident satisfaction with his work.

But our thoughts do not stop here. It was the harmony of color that produced such a delightful, conquering, and yet mellowing effect upon that opinionated churchwoman. Harmony in other things will do the same; and wherever such harmony exists, it is easier to do right.—*The Wellspring*.

Saved

A COMPANY of women and children were standing upon the wharf of a fashionable watering-place, awaiting a steamer, on which were their husbands and fathers, when a splash was heard, and the next moment revealed a young man struggling in the water. He could not swim, and in his frantic efforts to rescue himself, drifted into deeper water and farther from the shore. The women looked for assistance. They found only one person who could render it—an old sailor, standing by motionless, and watching the poor man drown. They appealed to him in vain. As the young man arose the first time, a look of horror came over the little company, who were to be unwilling witnesses of his death. When all hope was gone, the brave sailor leaped into the water, and as the youth rose for the last time, seized him, and bore him safely to shore. As the women gathered around him, he said, "I was compelled to wait until he had ceased trying to save himself; for I could save him only when he was without strength."

The same is true with Jesus. So long as unregenerate man endeavors to save himself, he can not be saved. He may resort to religious forms and ceremonies, like the Pharisees, whom Jesus called hypocrites and "whited sepulchers." He may engage in deeds of mercy and acts of charity; but, like sinking Peter, he must stop his struggling, and, relying on Christ's power and love to save, cry:—

"Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O may I now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies."

—William P. Pearce.

Our Little Women Belonging to Christ

IN your home beside your mother, or in the Sabbath-school class in the little circle that gathers round the teacher, a great deal has been said to you about belonging to Christ. As the child of a Christian home, you were taught to pray almost as soon as you could speak, and you have always had your own Bible, and have read chapters in it and learned texts all your life. You know almost by heart that sweet story of old. I am sure you have often loved to sing:—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,

Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
O, dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him, too.
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And strive his work to do."

I am very sure that you love Jesus Christ. Who can help it? Who can hear him say, "Suffer the little children . . . to come unto me," and then refuse to come and give him her heart? Yet sometimes girls have said to me that they could not understand how to come to One they did not see. They say they would have been glad to come if they had been among the throngs who saw him heal the sick, give the blind their sight, and the deaf their hearing. If they had been with him when he fed the five thousand, they would have been so glad to go and thank him for the bread he blessed and broke. Dear girls, there is nothing in the world so easy as to come to our unseen Friend. We come to him just as we come to a book we love, written by an author whom we never saw. We take what the book says and believe it, and we have come to the person who wrote it. We come to Jesus just as we come to a physician when we are ill. He tells us what to do, and we do it. We have only to let ourselves listen to the voice of Jesus, do what he tells us, pray to him, and ask him to guide us, and he will be a real force and comfort and joy in our lives. We shall belong to him.

Then, of course, we shall want to tell others about him. We shall ask them to go with us to our Sabbath-school class, and to hear our pastor preach. We shall lend them books that we love. We shall try to live so that they will see Christ Jesus in us.

One of the best things we can do to show that we are not our own, but that we belong to Christ, is to join his church, and thus let every one know what uniform we wear, and under what flag we serve. By the simple method of confessing Christ before men, by uniting with the church, we show to every one that we are trying to do his work and follow him wherever he leads us. We do not profess to be perfect when we join the church. We only try in this way to get a little nearer the dear Lord; to belong to the band of his disciples, and day by day to leave sin behind us, and walk in the path that leads to heaven.

Do not let any one tell you that you are too young to know your own mind and to become an out-and-out Christian. The sooner you are pledged to the service of Christ, the longer time you will have to do his work and to serve him. Let your consecration be full. Say in the sweet words of Frances Ridley Havergal:—

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

"Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

"Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

"Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

"Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.

"Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee."

—Margaret E. Sangster.



June Study of the Field

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Isaiah 55—Responsive Reading.

READING BY LEADER: "Breaking Down Barriers."

STUDY OF FIELD:—

"As Sheep Having No Shepherd."

"Morocco"—A Waiting Field.

"The Third Angel's Message in Syria."

"The Society Islands."

SINGING.

READING BY MEMBER: "Prepared for the Closing Work."

BRIEF FIELD REPORTS:—

Straits Settlements, China, British Guiana, Jamaica, River Plate Conference, Honolulu, Egypt, Mexico, Korea, Panama.

CLOSING EXERCISES:—

Song—"O Where Are the Reapers?"

Prayer.

Note

The April numbers of the *Review and Herald* furnish the articles and reports for this study. It will be seen that the trend of study is an open door and preparation for the closing of the work.

E. H.

A Mission Garden on a Mission

As the time for mission gardens has come, I thought you might be interested in ours. We are supported by the contributions of others, yet we are not unmindful of the needs of those who are in greater darkness.

The natives in the Sabbath-school noticed that we took a collection once a month. We do this instead of each Sabbath, because they have little to give, and the least change in use here is twelve cents. They asked for an explanation of the collection. This gave us an opportunity to present the subject of offerings to them. We then asked if they did not want to do something. All said, "Yes." But how could they? They had no money. There was no opportunity of earning any. It was suggested that they cultivate some land. They have Friday afternoon to prepare for the Sabbath. Two afternoons in the month they work in the mission garden.

One half of the proceeds of the garden goes to the Sabbath-school, and one half toward a fund to open a mission north of the Kafui River. This is the gift of natives who heard their first sermon three months ago. They are so ignorant of God that they have no such word in their language.

The garden is planted to corn. It is growing well. It will be ripe by the time this is read.

Will you plant a mission garden? Are you improving spare time as well? Are you making as great a sacrifice? Are you giving as much in comparison to your light and opportunities?

Think of their poverty. Four or five of them have hats; a few have shirts; three have trousers. That is all the clothing there is among twenty-five of them, except a piece of muslin that is tied round the waist and extends to the middle of the thighs.

Would you not spend more on yourself? May the love of Christ constrain us; may souls in darkness and the shadow of death appeal to us; may the example of the heathen inspire us to greater efforts in behalf of missions.

W. H. ANDERSON.

Kalomo, Rhodesia, Africa.

A Peep into the Working of the Young People's Societies in Jamaica

WITHIN the past few years the work of organizing our young people into active, working companies has been carried out, and has met with marvelous success.

There are about nine Societies distributed in various parts of our little island home, with memberships varying from eighty-two to thirteen. These are holding regular bimonthly meetings in their churches and schoolrooms. Besides these regular gatherings, its members are seen visiting the homes of the sick, hospitals, almshouses, praying and giving Bible readings, selling the *Watchman* and most of our books relating to the events of the times in which we live, distributing tracts, giving alms to those that are destitute, encouraging those of isolated companies, and in general striving to live the life of Jesus and to tell of his soon coming.

One company reports very favorable results in and around their district; members are gaining a steady march on those that are directly opposed to the plain "Thus saith the Lord," and many, after years of obstinate resistance, are falling before the onward march of the soldiers of Prince Emmanuel, and have cast in their lot with those who obey the commandments of God.

The leading Society, at Kingston, with a membership of eighty-two and an average attendance of fifty, is, rightly speaking, a missionary training-school, preparing strong young men and women for work wherever needed. They held twenty-four meetings in the church building at 32 Text Lane, during the year 1905.

Programs are specially selected, consisting of various principles of the message; synopses on the lives of our leading pioneer workers; reports on mission fields; essays on health and temperance, obedience, sacrifice, and forgiveness. Minute talks, an exercise calculated to give members the habit of condensing thought and expressing it in a few words, were given upon such subjects as the following: The best way of telling the gospel to a transgressing neighbor, the origin of sin, prophecy, suggestions that will help to keep up the missionary spirit in the Society, the third angel's message.

MRS. J. B. BECKNER.

Personal Influence

"FOR none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Rom. 14:7. God has made it so. However much we may wish to stand by ourselves and to ourselves, and like a snail draw inside the shell of our own house, where, shut out from all the world beside, we may lead a life in which figures the interests of self alone, we can not do it. He who gave us being ordered it so that the thread of our life, yours, mine, should be interwoven with the thread of many another life, and if it seem unwelcome to us, and we seek to detach it and pull it loose, so as to be independent of, and disassociated with, those about us, we spoil the plan, and do ourselves a damage.

The original design—no man living unto himself—was to make each life one of betterment, strength, and general helpfulness. A single thread of rope would prove strengthless and worthless, but interwoven with many threads, a cord of considerable strength is produced, and if in sufficient numbers, a cable.

None liveth to himself. He can not, since all are made social beings, sympathetic, and imitative one of another, and so interlocked are we all that many are affected by whatever affects one.

The binding and holding of two souls in one bond, not infrequently occurs, in which one mind and will holds fast its twin soul, till there is scarcely power of thought or action, so entirely does the stronger dominate the weaker, holding

sway and rule until the responsibility becomes fearful to consider; and so it occurs that what is called holding the key to the success of a meeting does indeed rest with some one of greater influence, a born captain and leader, until the well-being of an eternity-bound soul is wrapped up in the grip of some stalwart mind that will not let it go into the sweet service of its God.

Whether we will or no, we are ever preaching, teaching, influencing. Like painters leaving our touches on many a life to be remembered with joy or sorrow, making paths and footprints that others will be certain to follow, and so when death shall have set his cold seal on our lips, his indelible stamp on our brow, still we may not die to ourselves, for "no man dieth to himself." There is the ever-present memory of our life, made up of deeds and words; the little seeds we have sown have shot up life's pathway, and others are repeating and reproducing the things we were wont to say and do. Especially is this true of parental influence. Hence how often does a child call up "a saying of my mother" or "a habit of my father," for on the walls of memory hang their faces and forms, distinctly outlined, a sensible though invisible presence we would not have effaced.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Rom. 14:12. And not for self alone, but for this ever-widening influence, which takes in other lives, and linking with our own, we move on, making the influence of our life tremendously helpful or harmful, because of our power to strengthen our hands with the strength of other hands, till to give account for this conjoint influence is indeed a serious affair.

God's intelligences, creatures of responsibility, of accountability! Well has the hymn writer led us to sing:—

"Arm me with zealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!"

No butterfly existence should be this, to flit in the sunshine, here to-day, there to-morrow, but a sober purpose to spend this one brief life as we shall wish we had done when, perchance, we press our dying pillow; as we could wish when the books above are opened, and a faithful record is read. O, then to have lived wisely and well, in the love and in the fear of God, will bring an eternity of joy! ALICE A. SHEPARDSON.

True Belief

ONE unhappy delusion of many persons is a treacherous disbelief when they profess to believe. A company of ladies visiting a manufactory were conducted into the laboratory. The chemist showed them a vessel containing a certain solution. He explained its properties, told them that by moistening the hand with it, molten lead could be taken up without pain or injury. He told them why it was that the hot lead could not burn flesh moistened with the solution. The visitors were greatly interested, and when asked by the professor if they believed him, declared they did. "Now," said he, "here is a caldron of molten lead. Who will handle it?" Not one responded. They shrank back from the seething mass whose heat could be felt several feet away.

"You say you believe what I told you; just try it," he urged. No one dared venture. Then he dipped his hand into the solution, and, plunging it into the lead, declared that he suffered no harm. But though they protested that they believed, they would not make the experiment themselves. They thought they believed; but it was not the belief that would try. Alas, there are many who believe in Jesus as a historic character, as the Great Reformer, as the wonderful Miracle Worker, as the Saviour of the world; but they have not believed in him to test his power to save them.—"The Lover's Love."



Baby Dorothy

DEAR, dainty, dimpled Dorothy D—,
Sitting in high chair, laughing in glee,
What wishes too fond, what treasures too rare
To lay at thy feet, O Dorothy fair?

Thy soft eyes of blue, like blue of the sea,
Go round with the steps of thy sister Marie,
Or turn, with sweet queries at shimmer of leaves
When branches are swayed at breath of the breeze,

Or look with such questioning deep in their glance
When I sit by your side, and am sewing perchance,
Or talking with mama, and hap to forget
That baby is there a-watching, a-watching me yet.

O dainty, dimpled Dorothy D—,
Once down on the floor, to the pantry you flee;
Unmindful of pinafores, kettles you rattle,
As if sooty utensils had met in a battle!

And O, what a rebel when bedtime has come,
If mama consent not with you to lie down!
(So dear is that mama, her presence you hold
More precious than miser his millions of gold);

And vigorous kicks of your fat little toes
In defense of your rights do your firmness disclose.

Oh, you are a darling, Dorothy D—!
Washing days, rainy days, sit on my knee.

So good and so pleasant at morning and night,
Though faces be sober, no sunshine in sight,
No wonder we love you, my darling, my dear,
It makes us so happy, the having you here!

My heart, it is asking that life may be long,
And lovingly haloed with gladness and song,
That God of our fathers in mercy be near
To guard you and guide you till Master appear.
S. ROXANA WINCE.

Curly Coated Charlie

True Stories from the South

IN the city of Nashville, Tennessee, once lived an intelligent dog named Charlie, a kindly dispositioned dog, one that never fought except in self-defense; a children's dog, with long brown curly hair, just such long soft curly hair as babies like to push their chubby fingers into, then grip tight and pull. Charlie liked babies, and when he could feel one little hand pulling away at his hairy coat, while the other little fist would be pounding him on the back, he looked the picture of contentment, lolling out his great bright-red tongue, and looking up into the faces of those standing near with such a comical dog lea, just as much as to say, "Isn't that baby just too cute for anything?" All the mothers in the neighborhood were fond of Charlie, and many a savory morsel of food they put away to give him at his next appearance.

Charlie was all play, from the tip of his cold nose to the end of his big bushy tail. He saw fun, and made fun, from everything that came along; and for lack of other playmates, and particularly when the children were at school, Charlie would try to start a romp with the sparrows and the chickens that came along.

A great big Plymouth Rock rooster lived near Charlie's home, a very dignified, pompous old

chap, whose crow sounded somewhat like a Mississippi steamboat whistle. This rooster never did anything in a hurry if he could help himself, or exerted himself in any way if he could avoid it. He walked with a strut, and with very consequential glances from side to side, just as if he were trying to convince passers-by that he was lord of the premises, and was out for an airing and to view his property.

Charlie was a source of grief and terror to this fowl. He would come bounding along toward him, and then crouch down and bark, in fun of course, but to the dismay of the bird, which would be forced to leap aside in a most hurried and awkward way. Before he would have time to recover his breath, or his dignity, Charlie would make another rush for him, and nothing would be left for the poor rooster but an ignominious flight, and the faster he ran, and the wider he spread his wings, the more hilariously would Charlie jump and bark at him, the chase never ending until the bird was safe within his own yard.

Charlie had been taught to carry things, and to run errands for his mistress. She would send him with a note and basket to the stores, or with a pail to get meat from the butcher. He carried the money in his mouth, and when the butcher would put the meat in the pail, would open his mouth and place the money on the counter. He would then wait to be given a piece of meat for himself, which the butcher would always cut off for him. But the butcher would say, "Now, Charlie, here's your piece, but you must pay for it. Where's your money?" The dog, of course, would have no money, but he would run out into the street, and picking up a small piece of wood would return, and lay it on the counter, as much as to say, "There's your money, now give me my meat," and he would get it. After eating his share, Charlie would pick up his pail, and canter away home.

But woe be to any dog who dared to interfere with Charlie when he was out "on business." He would put his pail down, lay the money on the cover, and proceed then and there to teach that dog a lesson so very severe that he never ventured again to interfere with Charlie during business proceedings. Only an occasional strange dog ever ventured to trouble him toward the last.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all Charlie's achievements was the manner in which he acted as mail-carrier. His mistress lived on a side street off from the letter-carrier's route. As soon as the carrier's whistle would be heard, Charlie would pick up the mail that was to go out, leap the fence into the street, and wait until the postman came, delivering the outgoing mail, and receiving whatever the man had for his mistress, bringing it in at once. Some old paper, if nothing more, had to be given him, else he would follow the carrier for blocks, insisting that he receive something.

Charlie's propensity for making the feathered creatures his playmates finally cost the poor dog his life. A gentleman who lived at the corner below the home of Charlie, had some ducks he was quite proud of, and these Charlie would try to engage in a romp. Of course, they would run away from him, crying "Quack! Quack!" and make for their own yard, bringing out the owner,

who would chase Charlie away. The gentleman thought that Charlie might some day hurt or kill his ducks, so gave him some food containing poison, and the poor fellow died in great agony. There was a wail of sorrow when it became known that Charlie was no more. He died lamented by every one who knew him, and to this day whenever a dog's merits are under consideration, some one is sure to tell of the virtues and marvelous accomplishments of the loved curly coated Charlie. W. S. CHAPMAN.



FIG. 1

Work for Little Fingers—No. 12

How beautiful is the opening of summer, with its outbreak of new life and beauty on every hand! and what feelings of gladness, delight, and gratitude it inspires in every heart! It isn't very strange that a season so full of beauty and promise should at all times have been celebrated with special demonstrations of rejoicing, as history tells us it has.

The first day of May, May-day, was the time universally selected both in ancient and in modern times. The Romans celebrated the occasion by a series of floral games; these began the twenty-eighth of April, and continued through the first of May, which was the chief day of the festival.

In England during the Middle Ages it was customary for all ages and classes of people to go out early in the morning the first day of May and gather flowers and branches of hawthorn with which to decorate their houses. This was called "going a-May-ing," and was a time of rejoicing and merry-

FIG. 2

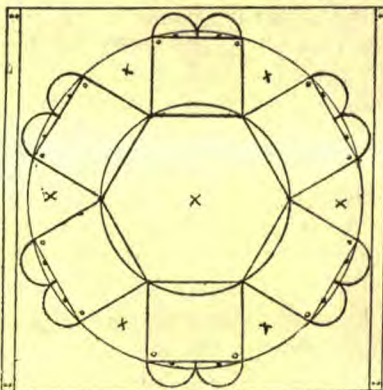
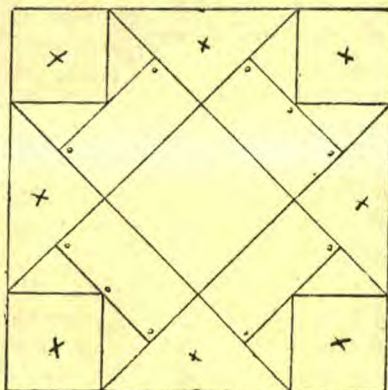


FIG. 3



making. In England, France, and Germany May-poles were common, and are still to be seen in some places. These were decorated with wreaths of flowers, and were the centers of many festive sports. (See Tennyson's poem, "May-Queen.") Some of these customs were introduced in America, but were abolished by the Puritans.

I need not tell any of you little people how the day is celebrated in this country at the present time. You well know the delight of creeping softly to some friend's door in the dusk of a May evening with a fragrant bunch of freshly gathered flowers.

Perhaps you leave them on the step, or silently hang them on the door-knob, but in any case there is a rush of eager, hurrying feet as you endeavor to escape before your knock can be answered, and then a delightful peeping around some tree or corner to watch the discovery of your gift. It is a pleasant custom both for those who give and for those who receive, and it is particularly pleasant for those who are ill or "shut-in" to be remembered in this way. But let me whisper one little suggestion: Do tuck a scrap of paper with your name on somewhere among the flowers, for it is very pleasant to know who has been so thoughtful.

For our lesson to-day we have two May baskets—one hexagonal, the other square. Fig. 1 shows the hexagonal. Make a drawing exactly the same as for the hexagonal box in the last lesson. Connect the ends of the lines which form the sides of the basket. Fig. 2. Make a point one-half inch from each end of each of these short lines. Open your compasses one-half inch, place the point at each of these points in turn, and draw half a circle. Fig. 2. On two sides of the paper you will have a margin of nearly half an inch. Cut these strips off, place one on top of the other, and tie together in the center with a bit of ribbon. Perforate the ends as shown in Fig. 2, and raise them for a handle, unless you prefer a ribbon handle. Mark the places for tying, and cut out the form as usual. Turn the paper over, and fold the lines which form the bottom of the basket so that the lines will be on the outside. Fold the other lines in the usual way. The scallops should stand out straight around the top of the basket. Tie the handle on with the same knot which ties two sides of the basket together.

For the square basket make points two inches from each corner of the paper on all sides, and in the center of each side. Connect the points as shown in Fig. 3.

To draw the squares in each corner, place the ruler across the proper points, and draw a two-inch line at each side.

To draw the lines which form the top of the basket, place the ruler across two central points on adjoining sides.

The extra places for tying are meant for a ribbon handle. The triangular points around the top should be folded outward the same as the scallops on the hexagonal basket.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

Weight of a Lion

"WHAT does a lion weigh?" Ask that question of any acquaintance, and see what he will say. Those who best know the look of the king of beasts, and how small his lithe body really is, will probably come furthest from the truth. About three hundred to three hundred fifty pounds

is a usual estimate. But this is below the mark. A full-grown lion will tip the scale at no less than five hundred pounds. Five hundred forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory.

The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger killed two years ago by an English officer scaled five hundred twenty pounds. A tiger of this size has, however, considerably greater muscular strength than the largest lion.

Few people know that the grizzly bear can give points to any other carnivorous animal in point of strength. A grizzly bear weighing just four hundredweight has been watched carrying a heifer of more than two thirds its own weight for two miles up the most steep and rugged mountainside, and this without pausing one instant for rest. The grizzly bear is the largest and most powerful of all the bear tribe, but his cousin, the cinnamon bear, runs him very close; and the big white polar bear, though not really so dangerous a customer, is capable of performing the most extraordinary feats of strength.—*Our Young Folks*.



FIG. 4

Some Curious Animals

THERE is a small dog in the interior of China that is called the *wunk*. He doesn't look at all like a dog, but more like a tiny bear. He is very short, and his long, brown hair is so thick that "it sticks out straight like wool" on a sheep's back. He carries his tail, which is short and stumpy, flat on his back, while his ears stand up like those of a fox. When he opens his mouth, you will see that both it and the tongue are inky black. The Chinese raise and fatten these dogs for food, just as people in this country raise and fatten pigs. Instead of giving them corn to eat, they feed them on rice. Only one *wunk* dog, so far as I know, has ever been brought to our country.

If you were to visit Borneo, one of the largest islands in the world, you would find another curious animal, which is called the *pouched jumper*. He belongs to the kangaroo family, and looks very much like a kangaroo, but can jump much farther. Woe betide the poor squirrel, rabbit, or bird that is in sight when the pouched jumper wants his breakfast. He will jump and seize it, even if it be seventy feet away, and he finds it very easy to jump forty or fifty feet.

The *fennec*, or *zerda*, is an active and pretty little creature that is found in Egypt and Nubia. Without his bushy tail he is about a foot in length. His ears, like those of the *wunk*, resemble the ears of the fox, and his color is a pale fawn or a creamy white, with a dash of black at the base and end of the tail. His eyes are the color of the summer sky, and are as bright and intelligent looking as those of a shepherd dog. He will run quite a distance, and will then sit down much as the rabbit does. He lives on fruit, eggs, and insects, and makes his burrow in the sand, seldom coming out except at night. He is generally classed with the fox family.

The *Indian sondeli*, or hairy muskrat, is another strange animal. It has soft, silky hair, of a reddish color on its back, and mouse-gray and white hair underneath. The Indian woman greatly dislikes the *mondgooroo*, as she calls it, for he comes into her house as the rat does into ours, and crawls over her food and spoils it with his strong, musky smell. She does not like that kind of essence in her rice and vegetables, and gets after him with a stick or a broom.

The *sondeli* has a very long nose that looks a little like that of a dog. His paws are very strong, and they have claws set in them that make excellent tools for digging. With these little hoe-like tools he can make a hole in the ground so quickly that before you know it, he is gone, and you will have to be spry if you catch him. Like the mole, he lives on crickets, worms, grubs, and grasshoppers. He "is a curious medley of the shrew-mouse and mole." The English shrew has the same fetid smell, and yet its silky skin is often made into waistcoats and coverlets, the musky odor being washed out.

In the mountains of the west lives the *mountain beaver* or *whistling marmot*. In the dusk of the evening, "the mountain skies will seem to be alive with men, whistling to one another," but if you were there, somewhere near Sentinel Rock, you would soon discover by looking closely that the whistlers were not men, but little animals instead, about the size of a fox. They would be playing like children, now running from one rock to another, then sitting down, or stretching out at full length on the grass. They have bushy tails, two long, beaver-like teeth in front, and squirrel-like feet.

They are found on the mountains as long as there is grass. They live under the snow in winter. In summer they wear yellow coats, and in cold weather their clothes are a dark gray. Some travelers say these whistling dogs are good for food; but you would not like to eat them, for in God's Book they would not be counted clean animals. They neither chew the cud nor part the hoof.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Forks

WHERE is the man to-day who would count forks as a luxury? Even the poorest consider them a necessity of table service, and thereby they possess something which Queen Elizabeth and the grandees of her time regarded as both a luxury and a curiosity.

In the days before the latter part of the seventeenth century, meat was commonly stewed. When roasted, it was cut in bits by the carver, that it might be taken by the guests without soiling more than the tips of their fingers. It was a part of table etiquette to keep the hands as clean as possible. After eating, the hands were cleansed by water poured over them into basins. These were the original finger-bowls. In the royal household there was a dignitary called the *ewrar*, whose duty it was to superintend the necessary servants, basins, and towels for this service.

The Greeks and Romans, with all their luxury, ate with their fingers. They had large forks for hay and for taking meats from kettles, but they never dreamed of having small ones for table use. These are the only forms of forks known to have been in use before the fifteenth century. Sometime during that epoch the Italians began the practise, now common to all civilized people among the Western nations, of eating with forks.

There is an account given by a traveler in Italy in 1608, in which he says: "I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians and also most strangers do always at their meals use a little forke when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they eat the meat out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of others at meals should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company,

as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being for the most parte made of yron, steele, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen."

Though the Italian had reached this degree of refinement during the fifteenth century, England was slow to follow the example. This was less from ignorance than prejudice. Having assumed that to seize one's food with one's fingers was the proper mode, the people persisted in eating according to their own code of etiquette.

At the middle of the seventeenth century the highest classes had adopted the use of forks, but few noblemen had more than a dozen silver forks, and possibly some of steel. During the early part of the eighteenth century these articles were so little in common use that it was customary for gentlemen to carry their own knives and forks with them. Silver forks were introduced into Great Britain in 1814, and their extensive use marks the increase of wealth and refinement in that country.

Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England known to have owned a fork, but she kept it for ornament, not for use. In "Nichol's Progresses," where is given an inventory of her appointments, is, "Item, a knife and a spoune, and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly, and sparcks of garnetts; given by the Countess of Lyncolne." This fork undoubtedly was given and prized as a foreign curiosity of considerable value.—*D. M. Morrell, in St. Nicholas.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—The Conversion of Saul

(June 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9: 1-31.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts 9: 6.

"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.

"And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink.

"And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias: and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how

much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.

"And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened. Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus. And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said; Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests? But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ.

"And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him: but their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket. And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.

"And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem. And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to slay him. Which when the brethren knew, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus. Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

Questions

1. What man in high rank had consented to the death of Stephen? Acts 8: 1. How active was he in persecuting the church? Verse 3.
2. What measures did Saul now take to destroy all Christians? To what distant city did he carry his persecution?
3. As he drew near Damascus, what happened? What question was asked Saul? How did he reply? What did the Lord now say to Saul?
4. When Saul, "trembling and astonished," heard these words, what did he ask? Memory verse. What does this show?—That Saul saw his mistake, and was willing at once to place himself on the Lord's side.
5. From what did the Lord promise to deliver Saul? Acts 26: 17. What would his preaching do for the people? Verse 18. To what place did the Lord tell Saul to go? How was he brought into the city? Why was this necessary?
6. What "certain disciple" lived at Damascus? What did the Lord say to this man in a vision? Acts 9: 10-12.
7. How did Ananias answer this call? For what work did the Lord say he had chosen Saul? What would he show him?
8. Describe the meeting of Saul and Ananias. By what step did Saul at once show his faith in Jesus?
9. What work did Saul soon begin? Why

were his hearers amazed? What did they say? What was the result of Saul's preaching in Damascus? Verse 22.

10. What did the Jews take counsel to do? What watch was kept? Tell how Saul escaped.

11. How was Saul received by the disciples? What did he seek to do when he returned to Jerusalem? What man brought him again to the disciples, and related to them his experience?

12. How did Saul continue to witness for Jesus in Jerusalem? Verse 29. Who now sought his life? Where was he sent by the brethren?

13. What was now enjoyed for a time by the churches? What was the result?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—The Source of Love

(June 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 4: 7-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." 1 John 4: 11.

Questions

1. What are the beloved admonished to do? Whence cometh love? 1 John 4: 7; note 1.
2. What is the experience of those who have this love in their hearts? 1 John 4: 7; note 2.
3. What is the condition of those who do not love God? Why? Verse 8.
4. How was the love of God manifested toward sinful man? Verse 9.
5. For what purpose? Verse 9.
6. On whose part was this love first shown? Verse 10.
7. What evidence did God give of his love? Verse 10; note 3.
8. On what basis are Christians urged to love one another? Verse 11.
9. Has any man ever seen God? Verse 12.
10. Where may he be seen? What is true of his love in those with whom he dwells? Verse 12; note 4.
11. How may we know that he dwells in us and we in him? Verse 13.
12. What testimony is borne by those to whom he has given his Spirit? Verse 14.
13. Why can they bear such a testimony? Verse 14; note 5.

Notes

1. "Whenever the life of God is in the hearts of men, it will flow out to others in love and blessing." "Of God he hath been begotten and doth know God," is Dr. Young's rendering of the last clause of verse 7.
2. The new birth is a past experience, but knowing God is always a present experience.
3. God's love to us is not simply an abstract thing, but it was shown in a most practical way. John 3: 16. Man lost his life by sin (Gen. 2: 17), and Christ came to restore life (John 10: 10), which is wholly the gift of God. Rom. 6: 23. "Said the angel, Think ye that the Father yielded up his beloved Son without a struggle? No, no. It was even a struggle with the God of heaven, whether to let guilty man perish, or to give his beloved Son to die for him."
4. Men can not see God with the natural eye, but they ought to see his character wrought out in Christians. "Perhaps they do not read the Bible, or do not hear the voice that speaks to them in its pages; they do not see the love of God through his works. But if you are a true representative of Jesus, it may be that through you they will be led to understand something of his goodness, and be won to love and serve him."
5. Christ sends his followers on the same errand which brought him to the earth (John 20: 21), and has promised his presence to them. Matt. 28: 20. "As Jesus has revealed to us the true character of the Father, so we are to reveal Christ to a world that does not know his love."



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OVER three hundred Japanese youths employed in housework by St. Louis families are saving money to go to college. Are our young people, those who are to be ambassadors of the King of heaven, making as earnest endeavors to gain an education that they may efficiently do the work they are called to do?

A YOUNG man from a prison in Missouri wrote to one of our workers that he had reformed through reading the INSTRUCTOR and *Life Boat*. The chaplain of a State prison said that these two papers were the very best of literature. Why not save all our papers and give them to these people who are hungry for just such reading-matter?

THE following encouraging letter relative to the lessons for the Young People's Societies was received by Mrs. Plummer, and is only one of many similar ones that have come to her office:—

DEAR SISTER: Our Young People's Society here at the academy is finding the programs in the INSTRUCTOR very helpful. We have never had a more interested Society than at present. We are glad indeed for the lessons. Nothing seems to stir our young people like the study of missions and missionary life.

Yours in the work,

ELLEN I. BURRILL.

ONE telegraph company in Chicago had on hand at one time since the earthquake five thousand messages waiting their turn to be sent to San Francisco. The anxiety of the people there to communicate with their friends in the East was shown by the mail received at Washington. There were messages on visiting cards, on scraps of paper picked up from the street, pieces of envelopes, or anything that could be secured. These were sent without postage, and the government did not repulse the confidence thus expressed in its generosity, but delivered the unstamped messages to the proper persons.

"AN abbot once wanted to buy a piece of land next to the abbey where he lived. He offered large sums, but the owner refused to sell it on any condition. Finally the abbot persuaded the man to lease it to him for one crop. Accordingly a written agreement was drawn up and signed before witnesses. Then the abbot sowed a crop of oaks which lasted three hundred years. This is a clear illustration of the enemy's sowing. He is satisfied if he can sow and attend to one sin in our lives, well knowing that if he can hold his ground with one sin, a multitude of other sins will follow. Ah, yes, he can well go his way, for he knows the soil in which he sows his seed, and well knows that no man can take out from the minds and hearts of other men the seed he has planted there. He knows also how "one little sin tells upon the character, and makes the repetition of itself more easy."

The Earthquake "Signs"

MOUNTAIN VIEW, the site of our Pacific Press Publishing House, suffered with San Francisco in the recent disaster. The earthquake, it is said, lasted only about a minute, but all brick and stone buildings were pitiful wrecks. The water-tower which supplied the town, fell with a tremendous crash, and is a shapeless heap of splinters. Scores and scores of water-towers and windmills were demolished. Hotels, theaters, asylums, public buildings, and residences suffered alike in the catastrophe. The Pacific Press is practically ruined. Some of the machinery and books can be used, but almost everything else is destroyed. No one was hurt by the disaster, coming as it did early in the morning. Those connected with the publishing house feel deeply the great loss that has come to them, but our brethren and sisters throughout the country, no doubt, will come loyally to their help and aid in rebuilding the institution.

But our friends at Mountain View and San Francisco did not sit down with folded hands to mourn over their losses. Though some in San Francisco were left without a thing in the world, except the clothes they had on, they began at once to minister to those around them who were in greater need, and have been kept busy ever since. Our little church, which remained standing while everything about it was burned, was thrown open to be used as a temporary hospital. Those connected with the Pacific Press were not long in awakening to the fact that their machinery was left standing for a purpose, so plans at once were laid to print an Earthquake Special number of *The Signs of the Times*. This number will give vivid descriptions of the catastrophe, and will call especial attention to the meaning of the disaster, and to future calamities that are to precede the coming of the Saviour. It will urge upon the people the claims of the third angel's message.

The workers in every department of the office pledged themselves to remain by the work without stopping for rest or sleep until the paper was on the press. Photographers were immediately sent to San Francisco, Palo Alto, San Jose, and other places that suffered most severely from the earthquake, to secure photographs, and the editors began preparing copy, and in less than twenty-four hours the paper was being taken from the press.

Orders for nearly sixty thousand copies were received the first day, and people everywhere are calling for the paper. Hundreds can be sold in an hour by one worker. Now is the opportune time. People are anxious to read. Our Young People's Societies everywhere without doubt will loyally interest themselves in this effort to scatter the *Signs* throughout every city in every State of the Union.

It will not need many such catastrophes to cause "our literature to be scattered like the leaves of autumn," if all awake at such times to their opportunity. May none of us sleep now.

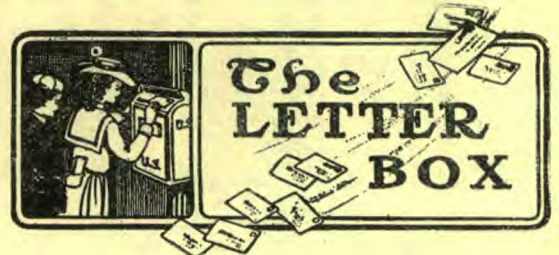
There are some things that can not be shaken even by earthquakes. God's Word, his truth, and Christian character will remain secure though the earth be turned upside down, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. It is well before the time of trouble that is to come upon the world—a time of which the recent disaster is but a suggestion—to make our peace with God, and do all we can to persuade others to take the same step.

You Will Never Be Sorry

FOR telling the truth.
FOR living a pure life.
FOR your faith in Christ.
FOR doing your very best.
FOR confessing your sins.
FOR thinking before acting.

FOR being kind to the poor.
FOR hearing before judging.
FOR forgiving your enemies.
FOR helping a fallen brother.
FOR being candid and frank.
FOR thinking before speaking.
FOR being honest in business.
FOR being loyal to your church.
FOR standing by your principles.
FOR stopping your ears to gossip.
FOR harboring only pure thoughts.
FOR bridling a slanderous tongue.
FOR being courteous and kind to all.
FOR sympathizing with the afflicted.
FOR money given to the Lord's cause.
FOR faithfulness in keeping your promises.
FOR asking pardon when you have done wrong.

—Selected.



BELDING, MICH., March 7, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have two sisters and one brother. I do not go to Sabbath-school, as there is none to attend. I love to go to Sabbath-school, and I wish I could go now. I hope to meet all our little readers in the happy land above.

LOIS ELIZABETH ZIMMER.

SPENCER, IOWA, Jan. 20, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines too. I have four brothers and seven sisters. I am ten years of age.

I have been going to church-school, and love my teacher very much. Her name is Emma Curtis. There are eight scholars in the school.

I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. I love my Sabbath-school teacher very much also. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and love to read the letters.

CHARLES PELLEYMOUNTER.

LENORA, KAN., Jan. 27, 1906.

DEAR READERS: As I have never seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write one. I go to public school, as there is no church-school around here; neither is there any Sabbath-school, so we have Sabbath-school at home, using the INSTRUCTOR and *Little Friend*. I have three brothers and three sisters. I am thirteen years old. I would like to see a letter from Maniton, Oregon, as we used to live there.

ANNA JOHNSON.

SOUTH BOLTON, QUEBEC, March 14, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As you requested the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, a long time ago, to write about the occupations of the people where they live, I thought I would write about lumbering, which, in winter, is carried on quite extensively here.

The trees are cut down, and usually sawed into logs ten or twelve feet in length. The smaller end is then measured, to find out how many feet of lumber the log contains. The logs are then stamped with the buyer's mark, drawn to the rivers, and floated down stream to the mills, where they are sawed into boards, pulpwood, etc. The boards are used for building purposes, and the pulpwood is manufactured into paper.

I think the INSTRUCTOR is a very nice paper. I like to read Elder L. D. Santee's poems, they are so instructive.

I attended school last year for five months, and did not miss a day during that time. I will be fifteen years old the twenty-fifth day of this month.

I am the only one of a family of seven who keep the Sabbath. My former home was in Westfield, N. Y., where mama still resides. I have been living with friends in Quebec for nearly three years. I am trying to follow in the footsteps of my Saviour.

Wishing the INSTRUCTOR much of the blessing of God, I remain,

GOLDIE A. DINGMAN.