

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 29, 1906

No. 22

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Musings on the Better Land

THE hills give their streams to the ocean,  
The billows roll in from the sea,  
And my soul, with a tender emotion,  
Muses oft on the glories to be.  
And like those bright streams in their welling,  
Or the waves that strew sands on the beach,  
There's a joy in my heart beyond telling,  
Beyond language or speech.

Though I walk in the pathways of danger,  
I shall rest in the garden of God,  
I shall feel there at home, not a stranger,  
Where the footsteps of sin never trod,  
Where the sweet face of youth ne'er grows older,  
And the flowers of heaven never fall,  
Where the warm hearts of friends ne'er grow colder,  
But love governs all.

How many the families severed,  
To meet upon earth not again,  
But we're nearing the glorious forever,  
Where is recompense sweet for all pain.  
Let us help, let us pray for, each other,  
In this world of temptation and sin,  
That the children, and father, and mother  
Be all gathered in.

I think of the promises gracious  
That unto the ransomed belong,  
That a city with "mansions" so spacious  
Is reserved for the glorified throng.

And like the bright streams in their welling,

Or the waves that strew sands on the beach,  
There's a joy in my heart beyond telling,  
Beyond language or speech.

L. D. SANTEE.

### Cheerfulness a Prime Requisite of Happiness

BECAUSE man severed himself from the perpetuity of true happiness through disobedience to the divine mandate, there has always existed two distinct inborn elements with his posterity,—the sunny and the cloudy,—and these will exist until this present reign of sin shall have forever expired, and the rule of righteousness have been restored. Notwithstanding the manifold changes and perplexities in life, it is quite possible for one to cherish the spirit of cheerfulness at all times. Cheerfulness is like a powerful disinfectant that fumigates the soul, and destroys any disagreeable spirit that may, perchance, fill the individual nature. It is quite correctly said that a smile is to the countenance what sunshine is to the landscape.

### Cheerfulness Prolongs Life

The true value of this grace of character can not be estimated. Like a bosom friend, it helps us to get along with disagreeable things and adverse circumstances; it leads us to associate more

intimately with those who may not be congenial to our tastes; it causes us to subdue our natural temper, it reminds us to say pleasant things to all we meet; in a word, it transmutes all duties into privileges, and all drudgeries into enjoyments. To mollify sorrow, to assuage pains, to dispel gloom, to "bleach blues," there is no more effectual agency than that never-failing prescription—cheerfulness.

### Cheerfulness Disarms Prejudice

A cheerful Christian canvasser or evangelist is never obstructed by prejudice. He carries with him sunshine wherever he goes. His smiling countenance itself is a ready passport to any place he desires. He always has a pleasant salutation to give to every one whom he meets. Old and young enjoy conversing with him. Wherever his presence is, there is sunshine; and wherever his voice is heard, there is joy and song.



NO RIPPLE FROM THE WATER'S HEM.—WHITTIER

### Cheerfulness Lubricates Business Machinery

Everywhere we go, we see persons seemingly late for appointments; others look as if they had gone out to borrow trouble with plenty of it on hand; still others are anxious all day long about making money, and worry all night lest they lose what they have made. Never has there been a time in the history of the world when business was transacted at such impetuous speed as now—this minute catching the street-car, the next minute missing the train; this week on the Pacific, the next week riding on the rolling waves of the Atlantic; this minute standing on the first floor, the next standing on the twenty-fifth story, gazing at the seemingly microscopic people walking on the streets. Hurry and worry are the two distinct characteristics of our national life. The causes of faint-heartedness, bent form, and prematurely gray hair are not due so much to the physical environments and necessity of a person, but more directly to the two marked symptoms of Americanitis—hurry and worry. Cheerfulness doubtless retards the process of assimilation of that deadly poison, worry, in a person's nature, and blockades the advance of hurry to the gate of danger.

Let us, then, carry sunshine with us wherever we go and whatever we do, illuminating

like a ray of light sin-sick souls on this dark, cold earth. The world is sad enough without our added troubles and cares. By having Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, abide in our hearts, we may be a help to the needy, comfort for the sorrowful, strength for the weak, and a means of salvation for many who are burdened with sin. And while this evanescent continues, let us resolve, as did Tom Hood, "So far as my days last, I will look at the bright side of everything."

G. DOANE WONG.

### Courtesy

WHAT a sweet and gracious thing it is—this Christian grace of courtesy that the Bible bids us have! It is a protection from savage spear, a road to the heart of a child, a passport to the favor of royalty. When Edward P. Thwing was in Amsterdam several years ago, he "sat down on a stone step by one of the canals to rest, to write, and to watch the teeming, swarming, ever-moving, cheerful crowds." First a woman with a neatly clad babe, sat down on the same stone, and then two or three clean and smiling little ones nestled down by his "grandfatherly knees." Not a word was spoken, and yet even the pretty spaniel was attracted by the courteous bearing of the stranger, and assured the little people by a wag of the tail, that "he was all right."

At another time, the same gentleman was taking a lunch when three girls, seemingly sisters, came to the same table. They were so pretty

that Thwing called them "Dutch flowers, that needed no fragrance." The eldest child drew out a bottle of perfume from some hiding place, and saturated her own and her sisters' kerchiefs, the trio, in the meanwhile, glancing with happy smiles at Mr. Thwing. Then there was a whispered consultation between the little one and the elder sister, and the latter, by questioning eye and gesture of hand, graciously asked to "extend international courtesies to one whom she must have known, with quick instinct, to be an American abroad!"

A young man belonging to New York City was once taking a journey, and happening to sit down by a feeble old man, was asked to render him some trifling courtesy. He complied in a very pleasant way, and all through the journey did numberless little acts of kindness for the stranger, listened with deference to all he had to say, and bade him good-by with as courteous a bearing as if he had been a king. Years afterward the young man, then married and with a growing family on his hands, received notice from a firm of lawyers that he had been made an heir to property amounting to four hundred thousand dollars, which had been left him by his traveling companion. It pays to be courteous, for courtesy is kindness, and kindness wins all hearts.



Richard Vaux was, in 1837, secretary to Mr. Stevenson, United States minister to the court of St. James. His position of itself brought him into prominence in London. But he had more than position to recommend him. He was a brilliant talker, charming in his personality; he used the choicest language, and was winningly courteous in his manner. During Vaux's stay in London, a court ball was given in honor of Queen Victoria's coronation. When the queen's "cotillion" set was formed, and Vaux took his place in it and led her through its mazes in graceful self-confidence, there was great surprise, for such an honor is usually reserved for princes of royal blood. He had been singled out by Queen Victoria herself and commanded to attend the ball, and is the only American who ever danced with the queen—a fleeting honor, and one that a humble disciple of Christ would not covet, and yet the incident shows to what heights courtesy of manner can carry one.

Lady Martin gives us a very pleasant picture of the courteous treatment accorded by Bishop Patteson—the martyred missionary—to "his boys" of the New Hebrides, Banks and Solomon Isles, and of the influence gained thereby over them. "It is very pleasant," she says, "to see him among his boys. They all used to go off for a walk on Saturday with him, sometimes to town, and he was as full of fun with them as if they had been a party of Eton boys. He had none of the conventional talk, so fatal to all true influence, about degraded heathen. They were brethren, ignorant indeed, but capable of acquiring the highest wisdom. It was a joke among some of us that when asked the meaning of a Nengone term of endearment, he answered naively, 'O, it means "old fellow."' He brought his fresh, happy, kindly feelings toward English lads and young men into constant play among Melanesians, and so they loved and trusted him." He was always courteous, descending to the doing of even the most menial tasks that he might teach and elevate them. It is doubtful if he would ever have been harmed even by the savages of the Santa Cruz group, who were very wild, had it not been for the "semi-legalized slave-trade that was going on between the South Sea islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji." Some of the islands had been half depopulated by the kidnapping, and the people were very angry, and so they killed Bishop Patteson in revenge, not knowing that he had nothing to do with their troubles.

Be courteous. A disrespectful, unkindly manner always repels. To be courteous is to be polite, and—

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest things in the kindest way."

Jesus is the highest example of courtesy. He was truly courteous because he was truly kind. Imitate him, and you will not fail in courtesy, for to be a Christian is to be the highest type of man.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

## Science Stories

### Spider That Eats Birds

THERE has just been deposited in the insect house at the London zoo a specimen of the bird-eating spider, which earns its name by occasionally including in its menu some of the brilliantly hued humming-birds and varicolored finches of the tropics.

It is doubtful whether the silken threads which he spins in profusion constitute his most effective tackle for securing his prey; indeed, it is more probable that the little birds get caught through alighting upon the banana and other leaves, in the twisted folds of which the spider makes his home. The similarity of his coloring to the bark

of trees, to which he attaches himself, is also a powerful factor in enabling him to approach his prey.

The silken threads which help to ensnare so many beautiful birds are a serious annoyance to the traveler when riding or driving through the less frequented forests.

The South American bird-eating spider is much smaller, although not less ferocious in appearance, than the famous tarantula.—*Search-Light*.

### Helping the Deaf to Hear

"AN invention which is being hailed with delight by persons in Kansas who are hard of hearing is a small tympanum, sensitive to the slightest vibration, and worn concealed from sight in the ear. It is the latest discovery of modern science for the aid of those suffering from deafness.

"This invention was conceived by George P. Way, an electrical engineer, who has been deaf for many years, and had to use an ear-trumpet. The inconvenience of this clumsy aid to hearing stimulated his mechanical talent, and for years he studied on the problem of making something more convenient. His device is said to enable the most deaf persons to hear perfectly."

### From Small Beginnings

"IN a recent government report, the remarkable story of the seedless orange has been told. It has drawn thirteen thousand men from other pursuits, and transformed vast areas of sun-baked land in California into orange groves. It has been a prime factor in the growth of dozens of towns of five thousand and ten thousand inhabitants in southern California, and has added indirectly over sixty million dollars to the taxable wealth of the State. When it is remembered that early fruit growers called the new variety of oranges 'freaks of nature,' and considered them of no account, this is doing pretty well. A great industry has come from four cuttings planted in California, not longer ago than 1873."

### Treatment of Appendicitis

A STATISTICAL study of cases of appendicitis has been made by Dr. Chauvel, the medical inspector of the French army. By far the most valuable information brought out by this investigation is the result of medical treatment for the disease. Although there is a theory that there is no such thing as medical treatment for appendicitis, it is claimed that medical treatment cures ninety-nine out of every one hundred.

In 1902 six hundred and sixty-eight patients suffering from appendicitis were received in the military hospitals of France. Out of this number one hundred and eighty-eight were treated according to the surgical rite, and four hundred and eighty received purely medical treatment. Of the number operated upon twenty-three died, while out of the four hundred and eighty not operated upon only three died.—*Search-Light*.

### Uncle Sam's Newspaper

WASHINGTON CITY has the distinction of being the home of the weekly newspaper which claims—and makes good its boast—to have the widest circulation of any periodical published in the entire United States. It does this not by dint of printing a million copies or more, but by the immense range of circulation of those which it does print. Its edition of seven thousand copies goes into every country in the world.

This paper is the *Patent Office Gazette*, published by Uncle Sam, which has an average size of about two hundred and fifty pages, nearly all of them given to advertising, its reading-matter being boiled down into only two or three pages. Still, in spite of this immense lot of advertising

matter, it is not profitable, for the advertisements are all free! Last year it cost over two hundred fifty thousand dollars to publish it, and it brought in only about twelve thousand dollars, and has lost correspondingly during all its thirty-two years of life.

Nevertheless, the *Patent Office Gazette* is considered to be one of the most valuable of the government publications, and worth far more to the country than the paltry quarter of a million it costs. Its value is not to be estimated in mere figures, because it is the only means that exists for introducing to the public the new inventions that Americans are grinding out day by day to meet the changing industrial and economic conditions. It is through the *Gazette*, first of all, that people are made acquainted with the ingenious contrivances and devices that have made America the leader of the world. Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell received their first taste of publicity through its columns, and thousands of labor-saving devices have been brought to the attention of men who had money to manufacture and put them on the market through this valuable publication. In the *Gazette* the government of the United States takes the form of a proud father showing and explaining to his friends and neighbors some remarkable production of his children. And it is not really a losing venture even from a money point of view, when it is considered that Uncle Sam derives a nice annual profit from fees paid to the Patent Office, of which it is a part. No invention is advertised in the *Gazette* until a patent has been issued for it, and a fee of thirty-five dollars has been paid.

The number of patents issued increases steadily year by year. The year 1903 was the greatest in the history of the patent system of the United States up to that date, and 1904 surpassed it to an extraordinary degree. There were no brilliant inventions, nor startling discoveries during the year, but there were healthy and important improvements in every branch of mechanical industry.

The year 1904 was a record breaker, and 1905 probably surpassed it. The inventors of the country were never so busy, and manufacturers never before showed so much enterprise. The clerks at the Patent Office were compelled to work overtime to keep up with their duties.

The *Gazette* has had four editors in its lifetime, the last of whom, Mr. J. W. Babson, has had charge for twenty-seven years. To aid him, he has a force of thirteen people, who are paid in the aggregate about fifteen thousand dollars a year.—*The Wellspring*.

### Some Facts about the Banana

THE banana is one of the most interesting of all fruits; it was originally found growing wild in the tropical East, but is now cultivated in all tropical countries, where it constitutes one of the principal articles of food.

The banana of to-day differs as widely from its ancestors as does the potato. There are one hundred and seventy-six known varieties, and the productive power per acre is large, the yield being as high as one hundred and seventy-five bunches to the acre.

While bananas can be grown as far north as Florida, to reach their best a much warmer climate is necessary. Cuba is a little too far north to raise the best bananas.

The plant reaches its best along the river bottoms and coast line of Central America, growing there sometimes to a height of forty feet. The young bunch of bananas exists in embryo in the trunk of the plant, and is indicated by a swelling at that point. What, then, is to be the stem of the bunch pushes out with a red blossom at its tip, and a short distance back appear the young bananas. A bunch is made up of so-called



hands or ridges on a stem, and there are usually nine hands to a stem, with from ten to fifteen bananas to a hand.

Bananas are planted in rows, very much like hills of corn, except, of course, at a greater distance apart. The farms sometimes contain twelve thousand acres.

When the stalk is cut down, it is replaced by new ones starting as suckers from the roots; these are cut off, except one, which in its turn produces another bunch of bananas in the course of ten months. These stalks grow as large as twelve to seventeen inches in diameter, and the leaves to the enormous size of ten feet in length and two feet in width. As the stalk falls, the bunch of bananas is cut off and carried away to the ships waiting to carry them northward.

Originally bananas were shipped in sailing vessels, but the process was too slow, and the loss too large, so now all fruit is brought by steamer in the least possible time. The latest development is ships of five thousand tons' capacity, capable of carrying forty thousand bunches of bananas at a trip. These ships are cooled by refrigeration, so that the fruit may be brought to the northern market in good condition.

On their arrival in the United States the bananas for the local market are loaded into wagons, while those for the interior are loaded into cars and shipped out frequently in train loads. New Orleans and Mobile supply all the territory west of the Mississippi. Solid train loads of bananas, each in charge of two competent men to watch the temperature of the cars, leave these ports daily, some for markets as far north as Oregon and Alaska.

The secret of success lies in having the fruit properly grown, cut at the right time, handled without bruising, bringing it into the northern markets before the green fruit begins to color, and distributing it immediately to consumers. In tropical countries quite a large proportion of the bananas used for food is cooked, but in the northern markets the greater part of the fruit is now eaten raw.

During 1905, thirty-three million bunches were imported into the United States, or over three billion five hundred million bananas, an average of forty bananas a year for each person in the United States. In 1872 the total number of bunches imported was about five hundred thousand. The fruit at that time was transported by sailing vessels, and sold for not less than ten cents a banana.—*Our Young Folks*.



### Our Field—The World

#### Finland and Iceland

##### Program

##### OPENING EXERCISES.

Finland.

Country Life.

Odd Features.

Our Work in Finland.

Iceland.

Our Work in Iceland.

##### Finland

Finland is one of the divisions of the Russian empire, and is studied in this connection only because in the organization of our work in Europe it has been found expedient to include it in the Scandinavian Union Conference.

Finland is about the size of Montana, and is said to be more abundantly supplied with water than any other country in the world, its lakes occupying about twelve per cent, and its marshes twenty per cent, of the total area. The population is two million eight hundred thousand. The country was probably settled near the close of the seventh century. The people were pagans, believing in a sort of mythical deification of nature.

During the twelfth century the warlike spirit of the people led them to make frequent incursions into Sweden. They were finally repressed by force of arms, and Finland was incorporated in the Swedish kingdom. Later Swedish, Danish, and Russian forces struggled for possession of the country, and the result left Finland absorbed by Russia.

Prominent among the resources of the land are its valuable granite quarries. One immense monolith, twelve feet in diameter and eighty-four feet long, was taken from Finland quarries to form the obelisk erected to the memory of Alexander I at St. Petersburg.

Helsingfors, the leading city, is built upon granite rock, and has over one hundred thousand inhabitants. In late years Finland is becoming

Russianized. There is much outward indication of this in the cities. Policemen are dressed in Russian uniforms. All state and city officials must learn the Russian language, or give up their positions. The names of the streets are shown in the Russian, Finnish, and Swedish languages. The people have become very much dissatisfied, and thousands of Finnish and Swedish emigrants are leaving their country, and Russian colonists are taking their places.

In the autumn of 1904 Brother Guy Dail visited that country, and he thus describes Helsingfors:—

"Most of the houses are of wood, but some are constructed of granite, and a few of brick. There are some as fine business blocks in the city as I have ever seen. The main buildings are of granite, brick, and cement. The stores are, many of them, large and well stocked. I was surprised when I saw the modern air of the city. The university, the senate house, the czar's residence when he chances to visit Helsingfors, the soldiers' barracks, the new Finnish theater of Finnish granite, the observatory, the St. Niccolai church, the two Russian churches, the hospital, museum, a few large hotels, the electric street-railways and lights, give to the place an air of prosperity which is surprising to one whose attention has been called only to the darker side of the political situation.

"There is coeducation here. Many young women visit the higher schools, and become teachers, government employees in post-offices, or engage in other lines of work. As so many men are leaving, some of the work which they could do were they more numerous, is now done by the women. There are women street-sweepers, hod-carriers, and freight forwarders and handlers. The nurses are all women, as well as the bath attendants. In some parts, especially in the north, it is no rare thing to find house after house destitute of male inhabitants. Women in Finland seem to enjoy more liberty than in other European lands I have visited. . . .

"Their art work also surprised me. Not only are there fine painters in the land, but there are skilled earthenware and chinaware manufacturers. I visited the art collection in the city—a collection of Finnish and foreign pictures which a city of much greater size might well prize."

##### Country Life

Brother Dail continues his description as follows:—

"You may be interested to know how the country people of Finland live. There is generally one large room in the home of wealthy families. There may be one or two smaller rooms, for strangers and the accommodation of friends when they come. In the large room is a table, and there may be one or two benches, upon which the people sit. In some of these large rooms they have beds. In east Finland there are generally no beds; but people sleep on box-like benches, made around the walls, or on the floor. In these benches are the mattresses and bed clothes. The rooms are heated by a large brick oven. They also use the regular log-house fireplace for cooking. In summer the peasants work about eighteen hours a day, and in winter they sleep about twelve hours. In the north even longer sleeping hours are observed.

"The poor people working for the farmers get about ten cents a day and some food. There are no plates on the table. The potatoes are put in one dish, herring in another, and then there is a dish of mush or soup. The hired people sit around the table, using nature's fingers, save when it comes to soup, which is eaten with wooden spoons. Generally these poor peasants are not paid in silver or gold or paper; they receive their wages in potatoes and rye. The grain is harvested as in Ruth's time—by women, who seize on a handful of grain and cut it down with

### What to Say, and What Not to Say

#### Don't Say:—

This can be easily *proven*.

NOTE.—"Proved," and not "proven," is the form of the past tense of the verb "prove."

I shall go *providing* I have money.

NOTE.—The conjunction "provided," and not the participle "providing," is required, because conjunctions, and not participles, are used to connect sentences.

I was *raised* in the East.

NOTE.—Cattle are raised, but it is not good form to speak of raising human beings; as, "I have raised ten children." Human beings are brought up, or in the older phrase "reared."

I *rarely* ever go anywhere.

NOTE.—Rarely, like seldom, should never directly precede ever, the meaning being, I rarely go if I ever go. I seldom go if I ever go.

I am *real* glad to see you.

NOTE.—The adverb "very," and not the adjective "real," is required in a construction of this kind.

He is a *relation* of mine.

NOTE.—While "relation" may be used in the sense of "relative," the latter is the better word, for the reason that its meaning is restrictive, "relation" having several different uses.

"I am to have the interest on sixty thousand pounds, although I *may not* touch the capital."

NOTE.—While permission is indicated by "may" in interrogative constructions, and in cases where permission is granted, "can" is the required form when permission is denied. Thus, one says, "May I go?" "You may go," but, "You can not go."—*Correct English*.

#### Say:—

This can be easily *proved*.

I shall go *provided* I have money.

I was *brought up* in the East.

I *rarely if ever* go anywhere.

I am *very* glad to see you.

He is a *relative* of mine.

"I am to have the interest on sixty thousand pounds, although I *can not* touch the capital."



the sickle. The grain can not be dried in the open air by the sun. It is placed on the ground, in a large, tightly built log house, around a big heated brick oven. Such a house is called a *reca*. The grain is either flailed out or threshed by a very slow, simply constructed native threshing-machine. But of course in more wealthy communities there are modern threshing-machines."

#### Odd Features of Finnish Life

"The people do not live in scattered, widely separated houses, but in village communities, as in southern Germany. Within the last ten or fifteen years public village schools have been established, in which are taught the common branches and the Lutheran religion. The children attend these schools until they are thirteen years of age. Completing, at this time, the work offered in these schools, they are examined, and then study for a few months with the priest on certain days of the week. This is the confirmation school. After finishing the work here, they are confirmed, and take part in the Lord's supper. No one can get married or obtain a state office of any kind unless he has gone through this confirmation school. A person can not sever his connection with the church unless he unites with a body recognized by the state. He must pay his church dues even though belonging to a non-recognized sect. The Methodists and Baptists are recognized by law, and of course the Russian church has all the rights it wants.

"Certain interesting facts should be noted with reference to these churches recently recognized by the state. For example, the law granting them their rights says they shall not baptize a candidate under twenty-one years of age. Of course a father whose children are minors may leave the Lutheran Church with them; but the children who are of age must decide for themselves. A man who unites with the Baptist or Methodist Church ever remains a member of that, though he may become a backslider and reprobate, until he comes before the proper church officials and renounces his former faith. This makes it necessary for these churches to have two church records—one for members in 'good standing,' and the other for 'backsliders.' Not all the individual Baptist and Methodist churches have accepted this law. After a church does accept it, that church must have the senate of Finland sanction its choice of pastor, before he is recognized as the regular pastor of that church. Sometimes the senate has failed to sanction the first choice, and another man has had to be chosen. All of our people, and all sectarians, and all individual Baptists and Methodists, and all local Baptist and Methodist churches that have not accepted the provisions of the law, are still members of, and must pay their dues to, the state church."

#### Our Work in Finland

In 1892 Elder O. Johnson and two Bible workers from Sweden began work in Helsingfors among the three hundred thousand Swedish-speaking people in Finland. The interest extended into outlying districts. Elder John Hoffman took charge of the work there in 1898. A missionary boat was used for a time in cruising among the islands off the Baltic coast, and much seed was scattered by means of the printed page. The publishing house at Helsingfors is a great factor in this work, and literature has been provided in both Swedish and Finnish languages. A Finnish paper is published monthly.

There is an organized church at Helsingfors, and companies at Borga, Bjorneborg, Vasa, Abo, and a few isolated believers. Two ministers and two missionaries are at work in the Finland Mission Field.

#### Iceland

Iceland, belonging to the kingdom of Denmark, "contains forty thousand square miles of lava and glaciers, interspersed with farms and

grazing grounds, and intersected by endless inlets of the sea," and is probably one of the most desolate countries on earth. Only a small part of the country is habitable. The bleak, ice-bound, inhospitable interior is bordered by a most irregular coast line, the inhabitable part. The population is about seventy thousand. Farming is impossible, and only a little cultivation of "kitchen gardens," in which potatoes, turnips, and carrots are grown.

Many sheep are grown, and women are busy in spinning, weaving, and knitting the wool. Almost every farm has an old-fashioned loom. Inland communication and conveyance is by ponies. These little animals carry a burden of two hundred pounds, and they walk about twenty-five miles a day.

The Icelanders have long been famous for their education and learning. A child of ten unable to read is hardly to be found. Until recent years there were no elementary schools, and the children were taught by parents or neighbors. A peasant understanding several languages is no rarity. Various learned societies are in existence at Reykjavik, the capital.

The volcanic mountain Hecla and the great geysers are better known to the world than are the people of Iceland. Many summer tourists visit the famous wonders. Volcanic dust from Hecla has been borne by upper-air currents as far as Norway on the one side and the north of Scotland on the other.

#### Our Work in Iceland

David Ostlund opened work in Iceland in 1897. He translated "Steps to Christ" and "Prophecies of Jesus" into the Icelandic language, and sold them in all parts of the island. In 1900 he began the publication of a paper. He first located at Reykjavik, on the west, but later removed to the eastern end, locating at Seydisfjord. A colporteur was sent to assist him. The latest reports show twelve believers on the island.

In a recent letter Brother Ostlund says: "What I see in the work makes me glad. We have recently undertaken the establishment of a school here for children. One of our Icelandic sisters is a good teacher, and we thought it would be a grand thing to take up this sort of work. We advertised that we would start a school for children between seven and fifteen years old. We could take about forty, but we could have secured eighty. The parents had such confidence in us that they would willingly send their children to our school. Some of them said they knew we might make Adventists of their children, but they would not be afraid of this, as the seventh-day religion was a better faith than their own. I am glad that this part of the work will be self-supporting. It will certainly be a help, as the teacher is well qualified."

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



AN auger has been invented which will bore square holes.

THE government of Belgium has adopted plans for spending fifty million dollars to make Antwerp the largest seaport in the world.

THE most costly thermometer in the world is in use at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. It is valued at ten thousand dollars, and is a perfect instrument.

"A GOLD-MINE in Mexico, just sold for one hundred fifty thousand dollars, was discovered through the thoughtfulness of a man who found

some grains of gold in the crop of a fowl, and bought the land where the bird did its scratching."

"It is said that the wonderful successes of Dr. Lorenz in the field of bloodless surgery are due to some skin trouble which hindered the use of his hands in ordinary cases of surgery. It is often through disappointment and pain that Christ makes his followers ready to do some special kind of work in saving men from sin."

PERSONS not hardy enough to risk the rigors of Alpine climbing are now enabled to mount to the summit of one of the chief peaks by means of an elevator. The elevator is located not far from Lucerne. It is operated by electricity, and lifts the passenger six hundred feet.

PAPER handkerchiefs are now being recommended by London physicians, to take the place of the linen handkerchief, which becomes heated in the pocket, and is a dangerous disseminator of germs. Hospitals are now provided with the paper articles, and it is desired that the new custom be adopted in the schools of London.

"CHARLES B. HARRIS, American consul at Nagasaki, who came into fame last summer by giving the world the first news of the battle of the Sea of Japan, says that Japan is rapidly recovering from the industrial depression brought on by the war. In the shipyards at Nagasaki six thousand men are now employed, and business all over the country is improving."

THE gipsy-moth came to us because of the carelessness of a scientist living in Medford, Massachusetts, who thought that by crossing the gipsy with the common silkworm, he could produce a silkworm that would thrive in New England. The country has spent one million five hundred thousand dollars the past ten years in the attempt to exterminate this scientific plague.

THE success attained in breeding ostriches in southern California has inspired capitalists to establish a ranch on which to breed elephants to supply the demand from menageries and parks. Mineral Park, a densely wooded section adjoining South Pasadena, is a natural jungle, such as elephants like, and it is large enough to accommodate from two hundred to three hundred animals.

Six years ago at the time of the flood, the city of Galveston, Texas, was placed by the governor under the control of a commission of five men, elected by the people. One of these five was the mayor. This commission was virtually absolute, but its service during the work of reconstruction was so effective and satisfactory that the city has declined to return to the old system. Other cities of the State are clamoring for an opportunity to test this new form of city government.

THE United States Weather Bureau has made arrangements to send wireless storm warnings to vessels at sea. This will be done by collecting observations from vessels far out to sea, and immediately sending them to other vessels. A special code has been prepared, by means of which information as to the date and hour, the latitude and longitude of the vessel, the force and direction of the wind, as well as other information, is all compressed into four words.

"WORK is to begin soon on the new home for the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Congress has appropriated one million five hundred thousand dollars for the building, but that will not be sufficient to complete the plans. There are to be three large laboratories where the experiments made by the scientists of the department can be carried on under the most favorable conditions. When finished, this will be the finest building of its kind in the world. The importance of agriculture in a country like ours justifies the attention the government is paying to it."





### Three Sixpences

"SING a song of sixpence"—'tis such a tiny sum!  
But it will buy some candy, an orange, and some gum.  
The candy soon was eaten (the orange went before);  
And so the pretty sixpence came back to me no more.

"Sing a song of sixpence"—it looks so very small!  
I think that I will spend it to get me a new doll.  
Alas! the doll was broken before the week was done,  
And so the little sixpence beyond recall was gone.

"Sing a song of sixpence"—I wish 'twere ten times more;  
But I'm not going to waste it the way I did before;  
'Twill help to teach the heathen the way of life and peace,  
And so my silver sixpence its work will never cease.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### Elsie's Mission

"O, I WISH I had a particular work—a mission! It may surprise you, but I believe I am fitted for something of that sort."

A chorus of laughter followed this remark; not the ill-natured, sneering laughter that leaves a sting, but a merry burst.

It was an evening late in May. Mrs. Webster and her four children were assembled on the front porch of their pleasant farmhouse. The mother sat in a low rocker, her hands folded in her lap. Mark and Marian, twins who were twenty years old and counterparts of their gentle blonde mother, occupied a rustic settle. Elsie sat on a cushion. She was a slender little girl with a bright face lighted by big gray eyes. Her heavy hair was coal-black, and was rolled back from her low brow. Carl, a merry, freckled-faced, red-haired boy, two years Elsie's junior, lay stretched full length on the floor.

"A new version of 'breaking home ties,'" Carl announced. "Miss Elsie Webster leaving her devoted family in tears and sailing away on a mission to India."

"No, no," and Elsie shivered. "I don't want to leave mother. I want my mission at home."

Carl's voice, in a high-pitched tone of mock gravity, broke in upon the general laugh. "Now, Elsie, that's too bad. You insinuate that we are heathen. Of course you mean Mark and me. The *mater* is above reproach, and as for Marian, why—she's a schoolma'am."

"What a chattering!" exclaimed a man's voice. It was Mr. Webster, who had just returned from Lamour, a town three miles distant, and the post-office of the Websters.

"Heard us when you left town, did you not?" Carl asked.

"Not quite so bad as that; but I heard you at the foot of the hill. Sweetest music I ever heard, too," the farmer went on, sitting down near Elsie. Then, as if to cover his unusual show of sentiment, he asked, "What were you talking about?"

It was Carl who replied. "We were discussing a new and fascinating topic, sir. Your youngest

daughter has just announced that she feels called upon to abandon dish washing and cake baking, and devote herself to a mission. She insists on said mission being served up at home."

Elsie had slipped one hand into her father's. He would understand; father always did.

"I am not sure, little girl, but a mission is already on its way to you."

All knew father had some news. They were silent until he said: "I just received a letter from Alvin Dunn. You know he is my cousin, and lives in Louisiana."

"It was with his people you lived once, was it not, father?" Marian asked.

"Yes; when I was left an orphan at the age of fifteen, I went there to live. Aunt Abigail, my father's sister, was a real mother to me, but Uncle Ben was a miserly tyrant. He has been dead many years. Alvin is like his father."

Mrs. Webster leaned forward and laid one hand on her husband's shoulder. "John, there is something wrong."

"Yes, Mary. Alvin is comfortably well off. There were but two children, and Fannie died a few years ago. She was a noble woman. Aunt Abigail lived with her, and was tenderly cared for. After Fannie's death her mother went to live with Alvin, her proper home. He has grown tired of her."

"Does he say so?"

"He said the climate did not agree with his mother, that she and his wife did not get on well together, and that he was about to send her to me. She will arrive at Lamour at three, tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, that will be nice," Mrs. Webster said, cheerily. "It has been a long time since any of our folks visited us."

"Alvin Dunn expects us to care for his mother while she lives. He said it would be only a small return for what was done for me, and that she would not live long. Aunt Abigail is seventy years old and blind."

"Blind!" The exclamation came from all the children. Elsie clutched her father's hand, while Carl wormed along on the floor to lay his red head on his mother's lap.

"Are you sure he is her own son?" Carl asked, a curious catch in his voice.

"Yes, my boy, I am sure. It is a sad thing, a shame. Now, what are we to do?"

"Why, John, I don't see as there is but one thing for us to do, and that is to make the poor old body welcome."

"Do you all understand what that implies? Aunt Abigail must have constant care. She may have much illness, and there may be many expenses we are not able to meet."

"Don't you want her to come, father?" Mark asked, a little indignantly.

"Yes, I do. The question is—is it right to burden you with her care? for a certain amount of the care will come upon each one of us."

"Let us think it over until morning," and Mrs. Webster rose. "What is that?" for Elsie and Carl were both clinging to her and whispering in her ears. "No, no, dears. I know my precious children will never treat me so."

The subject was resumed the next morning at

the breakfast table. The sunlight peered through the morning-glory vines at the east window, and cast a mosaic of shifting light and shade on the floor. The table was neatly spread, a dish filled with wild violets occupying the place of honor in the center. Mr. Webster served the baked potatoes, ham, and eggs, while his wife poured the coffee, and Marian dished the fresh, crisp lettuce.

"It is a good thing Elsie and I have moved up-stairs for the summer," Marian said. "Aunt Abigail can have the south bedroom."

"She will doubtless be here next winter. Will you girls be willing to sleep in a cold room so that she can have your warm one?"

Both girls nodded. Mark said: "We all enjoy our up-stairs parlor in the summer. I'll get a cheap stove for it, next winter. Wood costs nothing but cutting."

"I dislike to see your mother assume extra work, for —"

Mr. Webster was interrupted by his youngest daughter. "I'll do it. I'll have plenty of time."

Marian was a graduate from the Lamour high school. Elsie had started there, but, after one term, had begged so hard to remain at home that her parents had consented. Elsie loved music. Their only instrument was an old organ. Some day Elsie was to have a piano, but she must wait. They were paying for a small farm for Mark, he having chosen this instead of the schooling his sister had received.

Mr. Webster's face was grave as he turned to Elsie. "Little daughter, much of the work must come upon you. Should there be extra expenses, they may still further defer the purchase of your longed-for piano. Can you accept all this? Remember, it may be for a long time, and our aunt may be querulous and exacting."

Elsie was silent a moment. Her gaze wandered out to where the sunlight lay, warm and bright, on the dew-spangled field. Could she have patience and strength? Aunt Abigail was old and blind.

"I will, through Christ," she whispered to herself, shutting her little brown hand tightly. Aloud she said:—

"I'll take Aunt Abigail for my mission. It may not be exactly delightful, but I've an idea people do not usually choose a mission because it promises them a good time."

Her mission did not seem formidable that afternoon when she stood at the depot and watched her father and the conductor lift the bowed, shrinking form of Mrs. Dunn down the steps.

Aunt Abigail was well dressed. While the daughter lived, the mother had wanted for nothing, so the black dress and bonnet, while somewhat old-fashioned, were neat and becoming. Her pale face was covered with a network of fine wrinkles, her sightless blue eyes were faded and blurred, and her hair, disordered and roughened by her long journey, was soft and white.

Her helpless condition had enlisted the sympathy not only of the trainmen, but also of other passengers. More than one was conscious of a feeling of relief when they saw a bright-faced

(Continued on page six)



## AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

### Work for Little Fingers—13

HERE we have a card tray; and as you see, it has six sides, so it is called a hexagonal tray. Compare it with the hexagonal box and basket and see if you can tell in what ways it is different from them. The first thing we notice is that it has slanting sides, while the box and basket were both straight. The slanting sides make it larger around the top than it is at the bottom. We see also that it is differently curved around the top. These, then, are the things that we must learn how to do in this lesson.



FIG. 1

Open your compasses two inches, draw a circle in the center of your paper, and divide it into six equal parts. Open your compasses three and one-half inches, and draw another circle around the same center. This also must be divided into six equal parts, and the points must be on a line with those in the small circle, that is, they must be so placed that when the ruler is laid across, touching the center and two points in the small circle, it will touch two points in the large circle

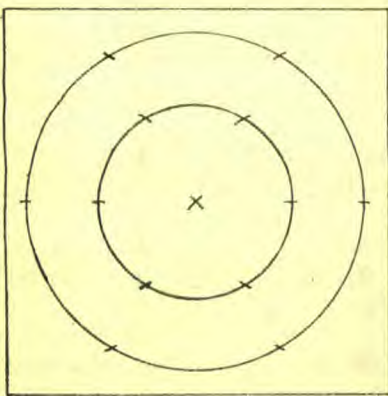


FIG. 2

as well. Fig. 2. Locate the first two with the ruler in this way, and make the remaining four with the compasses as usual. Now make a point one fourth of an inch each side of each point in the large circle. Fig. 3. You may use either ruler or compasses in making these. Now connect each two of the points last made with the nearest point in the small circle. Fig. 4. This forms a V-shaped figure at each point.

Now open your compasses the distance between the two circles. Place the point in turn at each point in the small circle, and draw the curved lines which form the top of the tray. See if you can measure so correctly with your eyes that the curved lines will just meet in the center of each side of the tray. Fig. 5. Connect the points in the small circle with straight lines. Mark the places for tying. Cut away the parts marked X. Fold and tie.

This tray may be put to another use if you wish. Cut two circles of white tissue paper the size of the large circle used for the tray. Fold the two together in the center, and then in the center again. Slash the edge nearly an inch deep and about one sixteenth of an inch apart for a fringe. Open the two folds, press the two pieces evenly into the tray for a lining, and fill with popped corn, fresh berries, or nuts for a tired mama, a lonely grandma, or a weary invalid.

It is a very little thing, but try it and see if it does not bring a glad look into somebody's

face, and make *two* hearts lighter and happier for a whole day. It is the kind thought which prompts a gift that makes it so precious to the one who receives it.

MRS. E. M. F. LONG.

### Elsie's Mission

(Concluded from page five)

girl, in fresh pink dimity, put both arms round the old lady, and heard her say:—

"You poor tired auntie! I am Elsie, and I am so glad to see you."

"Glad! Really glad, child? Ah! it's been many a day since any one said that to me. I'm afraid I shall make you a lot of trouble, John. I didn't want to come this way, for I don't know when I'll get away, but Alvin and his wife insisted that —"

"Never mind, Aunt Abigail," John Webster said, cheerily. "We are glad to see you, and you shall stay as long as you like."

To the poor old woman it seemed as if the sunny farmhouse was akin to her dreams of heaven. There was no faultfinding or unkind words. She was one of the family, and shared their simple pleasures.

Had it not been for her helplessness, Mrs. Dunn would have been very little trouble. She was gentle and uncomplaining, although it was easy to see her life had not been a pleasant one.

"I would not mind eating out on the kitchen table, Mary," she said to her niece. "I did at Alvin's, and I can't help spilling and dropping things sometimes."

It was a moment before Mary Webster could speak. She walked over and took Aunt Abigail's face between her hands, tenderly kissing the sightless eyes.

"You dear auntie! Not one of us could eat a mouthful if you were out in that stuffy room alone. Your place at table is neater than is that of our careless Carl. This is your home, Aunt Abigail, and you are one of us."

"God bless you, Mary! You don't know how tired I was of life, so eager to go; but now I am happy."

Elsie kept her word. She read to Mrs. Dunn, played and sang for her, listened with real interest to the old lady's stories of long ago, and coaxed her to sit at the organ and amuse herself with simple melodies.

"If there was only something she could do," the young girl confided to her mother. "The time is so long when she must sit and fold her hands."

"I believe I could help you pare potatoes, that is, if you would not mind looking them over," Aunt Abigail said one day, and Elsie cried, blithely:—

"Why, I believe you could! You shall try."

FIG. 4

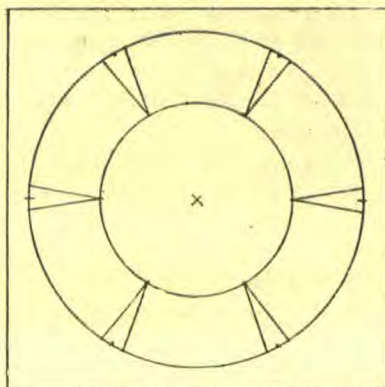
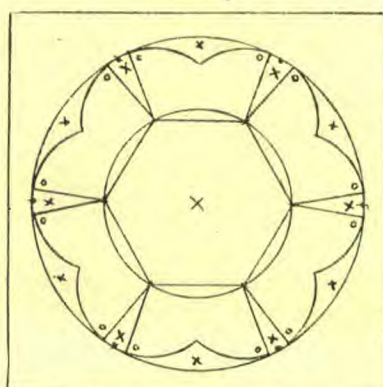


FIG. 5



FOR A FRIEND

She could do it. So she came to pare the potatoes and apples, chop suet, and seed raisins. She did all these things with dainty neatness, overjoyed because she was helping.

The Websters took Aunt Abigail to church. She went visiting with Mary and to the meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society. Nor was she shut out from the pleasures of the young people.

"Come and talk to Aunt Abigail," Elsie would say to her girl friends, as if she were conferring a favor. The polite attention of these girls was a source of great delight to the aged woman.

Madeline Lester, Elsie's dearest friend, came to the farmhouse one afternoon. She had been spending a few days at the seashore, and brought Aunt Abigail some pretty shells. "The song of the sea is in them," she said, gaily. "I thought you would like to hear it."

"Ah, dearie, you are so good! Everybody is good to me, and Elsie is the best of all. In heaven she will be rewarded for her goodness to her troublesome old auntie."

"Now, Aunt Abigail, that's heresy," Elsie called out. "You are not troublesome. I just love to do things for you."

The summer passed. One October day the Websters were making apple butter. Marian, too, was at home, and it was a time of general merry-making. In the side yard a huge kettle hung over an open fire. This spot was shaded by trees, whose brilliantly colored foliage was outlined against a clear, blue sky. The air was laden with the odors of boiling cider and cooking apples. Aunt Abigail's chair was placed on a blanket. The crimson and golden leaves of a maple reached down over her white head. In her lap was a plate of purple grapes just brought her by Mark. A look of perfect content was on her face.

They were all laughing at Carl's nonsense when a voice said: "Is this the residence of John Webster?"

All turned. It was a handsome, middle-aged man who had approached unperceived. Before any one could speak, Mrs. Dunn had risen.

"Charles! My boy!" and she tottered forward to meet the stranger.

Aunt Abigail was too excited to explain. So the newcomer introduced himself as Charles Bentley, the husband of Mrs. Dunn's daughter. The Websters had wondered a little at her silence regarding him, for they knew he had been very kind to her.

Alvin Dunn had told his mother that Bentley disliked her, and was glad to be rid of her. The unnatural son had had a reason for this. This reason was a part of Mr. Bentley's explanation.

"Ever since my wife's death, I have paid Alvin Dunn two hundred dollars a year toward his mother's maintenance," he said. "I did this because I knew he was penurious,



and I wanted to make sure mother had the little luxuries to which she had been accustomed in my home. I thought Alvin could be trusted. A week ago I returned from a trip abroad and went to see her. Alvin told me she was away for a few days, but his manner roused my suspicions, and inquiries among the neighbors resulted in my learning mother's whereabouts."

At first John Webster refused to accept the two hundred dollars yearly that Mr. Bentley wished to pay him. The other pressed the matter.

"I shall send it. Do not say no, for I—well, I promised Fannie in those last days that I would see that her mother lacked for nothing. Perhaps I have been careless, but I never dreamed Alvin Dunn would do so. God grant me as tender care in my old age as you and yours give Mrs. Dunn."

—*Hope Daring.*

### Faithful in the Least

THE algebra class was large. Fifty lively young people filled the long settees facing Miss Grey; and Miss Grey herself was young and inexperienced. This was her first term at Ryonel Academy, and the class tasked her strength severely. So noisy had it become, that rigid rules had to be laid down to suppress the riotous whispering.

Every student passing from the room handed in a slip of paper which stated whether or not he had whispered; if so, a zero on the day's recitation card resulted. The desire to rank well is a strong incentive to self-control, so the whispering subsided; but note writing speedily took its place.

I was one of the older students at Ryonel, and had little time or inclination for this kind of pastime; but when a tiny folded missive, duly addressed, passed down the line from hand to hand on its surreptitious journey to the end of the row, I forwarded it to my neighbor without a thought.

One day Aurelia Johnson sat next to me. She had not been with us long, and was a girl of very quiet and unassuming manner. She was tall, rather awkward, and evidently bashful; for her rosy cheeks blushed crimson at the slightest provocation.

This morning as the usual letter, intended for some confederate across the room, reached me, I passed it to Aurelia, but she never touched it. Her eyes were fastened upon Miss Grey, as though she were intensely interested in the fact that "the square of the sum of two quantities is equal to the square of the first, plus twice the product of the first by the second, plus the square of the second."

The blood mounted to my cheeks, until they must have rivaled in color that of my neighbor's. I knew why Aurelia refused to be even a forwarder of this unlawful correspondence.

In the recent revival she had taken her place as a disciple of Christ, and that meant loyalty to principle in all things. I, long a professed Christian, was rebuked and enlightened by her silent example. The note went back, and made a successful passage by way of the next row. Henceforth there were at least two in the algebra class who did not pass notes.

CORNELIA G. SNOW.

### A Boy's Testing

A LITTLE boy in a mission school in India learned about the true God and accepted Christ. His parents were shocked and alarmed, and did all in their power to change his mind. But he remained true. They sent for heathen teachers and Brahmans, but he was unmoved by their arguments. Then the father offered him jewels of gold, silver, and precious stones if he would give up the Christian religion, but he refused all. He was beaten and tortured by his father and elder brother. In distress he fled by night to a missionary, who sheltered him. He was

soon summoned before a magistrate by his father. The magistrate examined him personally, and was so pleased with his reasons for changing his religion that he allowed him to choose for himself whether he would live as a Christian with the missionary, or go back home to his parents and worship idols. He bravely chose to forsake father and mother and all that he had and follow Jesus.—*Nellie G. Caldwell.*

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### X—Dorcas Restored to Life

(June 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9: 32-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Prov. 19: 17.

"And it came to pass, as Peter passed through-out all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord.

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

"Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive.

"And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord. And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner."

#### Questions

1. What is thought to have been the cause of the rest from persecution enjoyed by the believers soon after Saul went to Tarsus?—That the Jews, being themselves persecuted by the cruel emperor Caligula, did not have so much time to persecute the Christians.
2. What did Peter do during this time? To what town did he come in his travels?
3. Where is Lydda?—About a day's journey from Jerusalem, in the plain of Sharon, not far from the Mediterranean Sea.
4. Describe the case of Eneas. Tell how he was healed. What was the result of this miracle on those who lived in that region?
5. What important city was near Lydda? For what was this city noted in ancient times?—It was the seaport of Jerusalem.
6. While Peter was at Lydda, what word did he receive from Joppa? Why did the disciples wish him to come there?
7. Was Dorcas a believer in Jesus? For what was she remarkable?
8. When Peter came to Joppa, where was he taken? Who were gathered there? What were they doing?
9. Before kneeling down to pray, what did Peter do? What did he do when he had finished

praying? What miracle was performed? To whom did Peter now restore this good woman?

10. How widely was the miracle known? What good results followed it? How long did Peter stay in Joppa? With whom did he make his home?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X—The Influence of Love

(June 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 4: 15-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "We love him, because he first loved us." 1 John 4: 19.

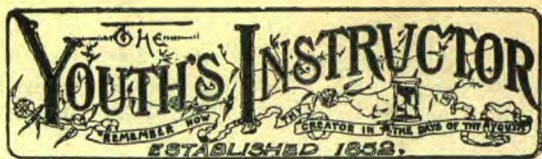
#### Questions

1. What is the experience of him who confesses that Jesus is the Son of God? Verse 15; note 1.
2. What does such a one know and believe? Verse 16; note 2.
3. What is the character of God? What follows as a result of this truth? Verse 16.
4. What is the effect of this union? Verse 17; note 3.
5. What confidence does perfect love give? How do you account for such boldness? Verse 17.
6. What is said of fear where the love of God abides? Verse 18; note 4.
7. What is the state of mind where fear exists? What is true of him that feareth? Verse 18.
8. Why do believers love God? Verse 19.
9. What charge is made against him who professes to love God, but hates his brother? Verse 20.
10. Whom do we usually love most? Then why is such a profession inconsistent? Verse 20; note 5.
11. What is always true of the one who loves God? Who is the author of this statement? Verse 21.

#### Notes

1. When Peter confessed that Jesus was the Son of God, the reply of Christ indicated that this truth can not be discerned by the natural man (Matt. 16: 16, 17), and it is only when Christ, in whom God dwelt (2 Cor. 5: 19), is revealed in us (Gal. 1: 16) that we can confess this truth in the sense of the Scripture.
2. The love of God can be known only by experience, as it is poured out in the heart. Rom. 5: 5. "Human language can never explain how the love of Christ can take possession of the soul, and lead captive every power of the mind; but you will know it by personal experience." Since God is love, and all love is of God, no one can be in love and separated from God at the same time.
3. The result aimed at in all God's love to us is that we may be restored to his favor and dwell in his presence (1 Tim. 2: 4), but this involves a testing of the character (2 Cor. 5: 10), and the law demands perfection. James 2: 10. "None are so sinful that they can not find strength, purity, and righteousness in Jesus, who died for them. He is waiting to strip them of their garments, stained and polluted with sin, and to put upon them the white robes of righteousness."
4. Although there is a certain fear (1 Peter 1: 17) in which we are to live (Phil. 2: 12), yet "not in distrust of the grace of God, but in fear that self shall gain the supremacy. We are not to fear that there will be any failure on the part of God, but fear lest because of our own sinful inclinations any of us should seem to come short of the promise."
5. If we love God, whom we have not seen (1 Peter 1: 8), then we shall surely love all the objects of his love about us whom we can see. This love is a proof to the world of our discipleship. John 13: 35.





ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE  
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.  
 222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . . . EDITOR

**Subscription Rates**

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

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

THE business men of San Francisco have joined together to rebuild the unfortunate city. They say, "We will build a safe city—as safe from fire as the bottom of the ocean." But even the ocean depths may burn as stubble at the word of the Lord; so it is not well to boast of safety outside of God's protection. The story of the tower of Babel needs often to be recalled, lest in our pride we forget that the Lord rules in the kingdoms of men.

THE One Hundred Bible Questions have been studied in America, Europe, Africa, Australia, Hawaiian Islands, and New Zealand. Two excellent papers have come in recently from New Zealand. These were from Winnie and Una Hosking. Lottie and Edna Stewart, Gladys Rosser, Carita L. Sturges from Honolulu, H. I.; Arthur L. Fellows, Myrtle Osborne, Cora Louise Palmer, also had excellent papers. There is one more whose name should be included in the list, but the author failed to sign his name to the list of answers.

"WHAT if God should place in your hand a diamond," wrote Payson to a young divinity student, "and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and show there as an index of your thoughts and feelings. What care and caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you human minds on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instruction, by your spirit, and by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

"MONSIEUR DORE, you must love Him to be able to paint him so!" said a lady looking at one of the artist's beautiful paintings of Christ. "Love him, madam? I should think I do love him! but if I loved him more, I should paint him better." And it is the depth of our love that gives distinctness to the image of the Saviour's life in our own. We are to show to the world that we have been with Jesus and learned of him, we are to manifest the fragrance of his life to all about us, therefore we must love him with a love born of his love for us. This is not the time to suffer our love to grow cold.

**Confession Brings Liberty**

WHEN Alexander of Russia visited Napoleon at Toulon, the French emperor gave his illustrious visitor the privilege of liberating one prisoner from the galleys. Speaking to one whose intelligent look aroused his curiosity, he asked for what crime he suffered. In reply the convict told a long story of innocence, and how he was imprisoned by the testimony of false witnesses. To another, and another, and still another the

prince went, only to learn that they had been unjustly condemned. At length he found a man whose countenance was sad. Inquiring into the cause of his punishment, the man replied, "I have been a vile wretch, and have deserved far more than my present punishment. I have set at naught the laws of both God and man, and am not fit to look upon the blue of heaven or the green earth." The Russian monarch, pleased with this confession, said to his attendants, "Set this man free. He is in a fit state of mind to make the most of liberty." Turning to the convict, he said, "Go, use your liberty for God's honor, to whose clemency you owe it."

Such a confession is proof that one realizes his condition. The galley-slave never once thought that it would open to him the door of liberty; but the poor, perishing sinner may know, for Jesus has emphatically declared that if he will believe in his power and love to liberate from sin, he "should not" perish. And on this "should not," God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit have set their seal. While the assertions and promises of men may be mistrusted, you can depend on the word of these three, for when the heavens and earth pass away, their words will still remain.—William Pearce.

**Seed Sowing**

"GUARD it well. Always remember that it holds treasures with which you may buy cities," said a king of olden days, handing his son a box as the latter was leaving home for a time to stay among distant and not highly developed subjects. When the time came to open the box, the prince was looking for gems and gold, but found only dull, shriveled seeds and roots and bulbs. After some thinking he began teaching his people how to prepare lands, how to plant the seeds and bulbs and roots, then how to care for the tender growths. Soon he and his people saw treasures growing up out of the ground, not one harvest and one grove only, but multiplied harvests and spreading groves worth more to the people of his principality, both in actual and in prospective wealth, than the richest gems and much gold.

One does not have to be a prince in order to be able to furnish seeds from which truth and right ideals and good purposes shall spring up in others' lives. We may be sure that if we give and plant truth in love, God will give increase of rich harvests.—The Wellspring.

**Counting the Cost**

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said: "I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me, or what he has done for me. I do wish you would enlist in his army." "I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things—in fact, I am counting the cost." An officer passing at that moment overheard the last remark, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said: "Young friend, you talk of 'counting the cost' of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following him?" For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought and found it at the feet of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has been for twenty-seven years.—Grace Buck.

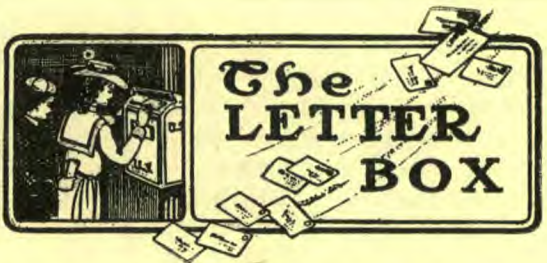
**Table Conversation**

MUCH good or evil may come from table conversation. Instead of talking about the neighbors and engaging in current gossip, would it not be well to have some definite subject for each meal, as, for breakfast, some portion of scripture or some Bible character? At dinner the news of the day, as the progress of state affairs, the Panama Canal, and other timely subjects, might be discussed. At the supper table ask each one the question, What have you learned to-day? A good

plan is to let each member of the family suggest topics for discussion. These should be announced the day before, so that all may have time to consider the subject.

A plan tried by one mother whose large family of children are all active in the message, was to read to them from the *Signs, Review*, and other papers while they were eating.

D. D. FITCH.



TONGA, FRIENDLY ISLANDS, March 4, 1906.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have never written before, so I thought I would write. I love the stories in the paper. I have a missionary garden, and we are getting money to send to the children in India. The natives here are all professed Christians, and it is very hard to work for them. I am thirteen years old, and am in the sixth grade at school. I hope to meet all the readers in heaven. Yours truly,

CYRIL PALMER.

P. S.—Pray for Tonga.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have never seen a letter from Africa, so I thought I would write one. I am thirteen years old, and go to Sabbath-school, and love my teacher, Mrs. Mason. I give out tracts, and sometimes sell papers, and the half I give to the mission. I came from Switzerland three and one-half years ago. I could not then speak English, but now I can speak it all right. I do wish some one would go and work there, where my brother and sisters are. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much.

MARY STUDER.

CAPE TOWN, April 4, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is a great help to me. I go to Sabbath-school, and also to church. I am thirteen years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. We all keep the Sabbath. My teacher's name is Mrs. Mason. She is a good teacher, and tries her best to teach us more and more of Christ's coming. The baby is two and one-half years old, and says nicely his memory verse on Sabbath; and the second boy is five years old, and also says his memory verse on Sabbath. We have morning, afternoon, and evening prayer at home, and I play the organ. We ask you to pray for us that we may meet you all in the earth made new.

WENTZEL HAWLA.

WAHROONGA, N. S. W., SYDNEY.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have never seen a letter from this place, so I thought I would write one. I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR ever since I can remember, and I think it is a very nice paper.

We have just come from Fiji. Papa has been a missionary ten years, and I love the natives very much. It is a very pretty place. When we were in Fiji, we adopted a Fijian baby. We have her with us now. She is one year and four months old. She has black eyes, curly hair, and dark skin.

I have a missionary hen, and she has laid two dozen eggs. I sell them, and give the money to the missionary work.

I am twelve years old. I have a sister fourteen years old. My brother died in Fiji; but we know that if we are good, we shall see him in the new earth.

I will close with love, AGNES FULTON.

We are very glad to hear from any of our INSTRUCTOR friends across the ocean. When they write for the Letter Box, answer the Bible questions, join the Reading Circle, and do the work of the manual training class, it seems more as if we were one large family; we almost forget the thousands of miles of treacherous sea that separate us. Sometime "there will be no more sea," and we can all then meet together on Sabbath in the New Jerusalem. We must be there—every one of us.