

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 19, 1906

No. 25

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

To My Hospital Friends

I KNOW full well a gentle word
May joy impart,
A sunny smile may lift the clouds,
And cheer the heart.

And so I'll clasp your hand, and look
Into your eyes,
And let you know I feel for you
And sympathize.

Upon a bed of pain seems now
To be thy lot,
But this the word I have for thee,
Dear soul, faint not,

BE BRAVE, LOOK UP, there's light to come,
And peace and rest,
Our Father knows just what we need,
Just what is best.

These flowers I leave, a token sweet
Of love divine,
And may that love, the love of Christ,
Be ever thine.

Be reconciled whate'er may come,
And trust in God,
His hand will guide you safely through,
Praise ye the Lord.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Correct Reading Habit

MRS. LOPER'S articles on Reading were invaluable, as all her articles have been. I wish to emphasize the necessity of the greatest carefulness in the forming of reading habits. There is an abundance of the best reading-matter in the world to-day, so there is no excuse for wasting one's time on that which is worse than useless. If good reading were scarce, no company is better than bad company. The brain has only a given amount of capacity,—capable of development,—its capacity is limited. If a measure is filled with sawdust, you can not add much fruit.

A sweet young girl, imaginative (imagination is a God-given quality, useful if consecrated), perhaps slightly sentimental naturally, was an omnivorous reader. Her mother seemed very proud to say, "My daughter is a great reader," but she never concerned herself in regard to the quality of her daughter's reading. At first, weak, if not silly, it soon degenerated into the emptiest trash. As the physical system must be kept up to the fighting point to ward off disease, so must the moral nature keep its boundary-lines very clearly defined, or there is danger of infinite loss. This requires not only well-balanced judgment, but the delicate discrimination of a sensitive conscience. The unwise choice of reading by the girl, often becomes more and more questionable in young womanhood. With the girl in question unsafe ideals evolved, false standards were formed. An early death followed a wrecked life. The mother's health and heart were broken, and mother and daughter soon lay side by side.

Many young persons are devoting precious time to comparatively worthless, if not positively harmful, reading, which, if wisely utilized, would

enable them to acquire a language or learn a trade. The young are not the only ones who are making mistakes in this matter. Some who have assumed the solemn responsibilities of home life, and wear the sacred badge of motherhood, who have not one spare moment if the actual needs of the family are met, and their own physical and intellectual vigor kept at the maximum, are victims of this soul-benumbing habit.

The novel-reading girl is very likely to become the woman whose children give sad evidence of deficient moral training, and a lamentable lack of needle-and-thread movements, and her place of abode a habitation not entitled to the holy name of home. When irreparable ruin results, it is discovered, too late, that the *easy way* was the *hard way*.

No person living can do everything. Life is short. Time is limited. A wise discrimination is necessary to know what *not* to do, as well as what *to do*. The highest skill of the housewife lies in being able to decide what is really essential, and in doing well that which is undertaken.

The editor, the business man, those "pressed above measure" in any calling, need the faculty of glancing through a vast amount of printed matter with an eye trained to detect the few grains of gold contained in a large quantity of crushed quartz. A child can not form this habit without almost certainly drifting into superficiality. Learn to do work thoroughly, then rapidly. It is safer for the young to read with some wise older person capable of revealing the helpfulness contained in that which is read. One may swallow so large an amount of food that instead of nourishing the system as God intended, an unnecessary burden is imposed on the overworked physical powers, whereas much less food, thoroughly masticated, would be far more beneficial. It is not what we swallow, but what we digest and assimilate, that is helpful in the upbuilding of wasting tissue. It is neither the size of the library nor the amount of reading done that decides the intellectual status, but rather that which has been read that was helpful in one's own character building, enabling one to help others.

There are *reading* inebriates, as well as *drinking* inebriates—those who read not for information or education, but for momentary gratification, as the toper swallows his dram. For man, woman, or child to let an uncontrolled and undisciplined passion for reading take possession of the reins must result in weakened memory, and loss of intellectual vigor, to say nothing of consequent neglect of evident duties.

In formulating programs there is one safe rule to follow. It is found in I Cor. 10: 31

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

The San Francisco Earthquake

THE great seismic disturbance which caused the central portion of California to tremble on the morning of April 18, 1906, will go down into history as the San Francisco Earthquake. The time of the shock, as recorded at the Chabot Observatory in Oakland, was 5:14 A. M., and its

duration twenty-eight seconds at that place; while in San Francisco it is reported to have lasted forty-eight seconds. Professor Burckhalter, director of the observatory, ranks this earthquake nine in the scale of ten as to violence of shocks that have been recorded. Never in history has this part of the world seen a greater.

The principal motion of the earth, as recorded by the seismograph, was gyrotory, that is, rotary, or moving in a circle; but the wave-like and up-and-down motions were also present. The movement of the earth's surface at the Oakland Observatory was a little over half an inch. The shock was so violent that the instrument was not capable of recording it fully, and the pen ran off the writing plate several times.

Although commonly spoken of as a single earthquake shock, it was in reality a series of distinct shakings and twistings, the most violent of which came at the last. In many places it was preceded or accompanied by a deep, hollow rumbling in the earth. The sensation was sickening to say the least. Terror-stricken people rushed from their beds into the streets. Dishes, plaster, books, pictures, and in some instances, nearly everything that could be moved, were shaken to the floor. In Oakland, nine out of every ten chimneys were thrown down, many of them going through the roofs into the rooms below. In some towns not a chimney was left standing, and a number of persons were severely injured, and some killed, by the falling brick. Many of these chimneys have not yet been rebuilt; and in San Francisco, on both sides of nearly every street in the unburned district can be seen long lines of cook-stoves or hastily constructed brick furnaces on which the people still do their cooking. The city authorities of both Oakland and San Francisco have given orders that no fires shall be built in any of the houses until the chimneys have been examined by a city inspector.

For hours, and in some cases for several days, no word could be gotten from many outlying cities and towns. Electric railways, lighting plants, telephone and telegraph lines were so disabled that most of them were out of commission for days. Many of the city water-mains were broken, and in San Francisco hundreds of persons suffered from thirst.

The stone and brick structures sustained the greatest damage; and there is scarcely a building of this type in the shaken district whose walls were not badly cracked, if not thrown down altogether. One of the most notable of these, and no doubt the one whose loss exceeds that of any other single structure, was the San Francisco City Hall. This magnificent edifice is said to have cost seven million dollars, and it is now a total wreck. Many fine buildings in nearly every city around the bay suffered a like fate. In places even the frame houses collapsed.

The extent of the earthquake was the narrow strip of country lying west of the coast range of mountains, and reaching perhaps four hundred miles north and south with San Francisco as its center. A ship off Cape Mendocino felt the shock distinctly, and the lighthouse at Point

Arena is reported destroyed. San Luis Obispo was as far south as this particular shock was felt. Within this area lie a number of the principal cities of California, all of which suffered more or less.

San Francisco's loss from the earthquake can never be known on account of the terrible conflagration which immediately followed; but it is estimated that between one and two thousand persons must have perished in the awful crash. Of course the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the unnumbered lives lost in the fire were direct results of the earthquake. The water-supply having been cut off, made it next to impossible to check the progress of the flames, and three fourths of the entire city was burned.

Oakland was a light sufferer, her principal loss being in cracked walls, fallen chimneys, and broken glass. Eight persons were killed. Santa Rosa, a city of ten thousand inhabitants, lying to the north of San Francisco Bay, suffered perhaps as much according to its size as any other within the devastated region. The business portion of the town was completely annihilated by the shock, and over one hundred persons were killed. Fire broke out, but quick work soon brought it under control.

San Jose and Santa Cruz were badly damaged,



A HINT OF THE EARTHQUAKE'S WORK

and a number lost their lives in these places. Of the Leland Stanford University buildings at Palo Alto, only one is not in ruins. Of the smaller towns, Healdsburg, Sebastopol, Salinas, and Mountain View were heavy losers. At the insane asylum at Agnews, two physicians and nearly one hundred and twenty patients and attendants were crushed under the falling buildings. The large railway tunnel at Wright caved in. Many other places might be mentioned, but the story is the same—destruction, desolation, and death on every hand.

But merciful was the providence which directed the time that the blow should fall. Had the shock come in the evening, when the theaters and public buildings were crowded; had it come at noon day, while the streets were thronged with people; had it come in the darkness of the night when all were asleep in bed, what indescribable panic, what wholesale destruction of human life might have been recorded. As it was, all of the public and business houses were empty, the streets were clear, yet many were up and around, and daylight revealed the extent of the ruin and pointed the way to safety.

Fissures were made in the ground in a number of localities. Near Bolinas Bay on the peninsula north of San Francisco, an opening is said to have been made a number of miles in length, and in some places as much as three hundred feet deep. At one point in its course the ground opened underneath a cow, dropping her eight feet into the crevice and partially closing again. Along the ridge on the southern peninsula, from a point on the ocean beach a few miles south

of the Golden Gate for more than twenty miles down the coast, an old fault, or crack, has been traced by the geologists of Leland Stanford University. This crevice is said to have been opened perceptibly in some places by the earthquake; and a careful survey of the land lying west of the top of this ridge shows that the whole mass has moved toward the ocean as much as two feet.

One of the strangest freaks of the earthquake was that Alcatraz Island, where are located a number of government buildings and forts, lying but a few hundred yards from San Francisco in the Golden Gate channel, did not feel the least tremor of the shock. The people living on the island could see the awful destruction in process over on the mainland, but none knew the cause until their boat landed at the shattered wharf.

Below Santa Cruz several springs of boiling mud were seen bubbling above the ground, and later hot water issued from the same openings, forming a lake which covered several acres. In some places the railroad and street-car tracks sank several feet, while in other places the heaving of the ground caused them to bulge up, twisting many of the irons at sharp angles, and breaking rails in two. In several places in San Francisco the ground underneath buildings sank, tearing away the foundations, and causing the structures to topple over. One hotel is said to have settled down until the second story came even with the ground, entombing a number of persons.

Since the principal disturbance on April 18, as many as forty distinct shocks have been felt around San Francisco Bay, some of which were quite startling, while others were very slight; and for several weeks following the great earthquake, the instruments at the observatory indicated an almost constant tremble of the earth's surface, too slight to be otherwise detected. Many persons are yet almost afraid to sleep in their houses for fear that something more terrible will come. CLAUDE CONARD.

Oakland, Cal.

The San Francisco Fire

THE tremble of the mighty earthquake had hardly died away on the morning of April 18, when a dozen fires broke out in as many different parts of San Francisco. Nearly all of the water-mains having been broken by the shock, almost nothing could be done to check the conflagration. How the fires started is unknown, but it is thought that they were set by crossed electric wires and broken gas-pipes. With marvelous rapidity the flames spread from building to building, from block to block, until within a short time nearly the whole of the lower part of the city was ablaze.

From Wednesday morning until Thursday night the fire raged with unabating fury, and although the firemen fought to exhaustion time and again, every effort to stop it proved fruitless. Building after building was leveled to the ground with dynamite to check the progress of the flames; but to no avail. Up both sides of Market Street it passed with great rapidity. Large fire-proof buildings burned as if they had been but wood. The walls and framework of others were left standing; but so twisted and cracked that many will have to be torn down. The heat was intense, and could be felt for miles.

At last, on Friday morning, the advance of the fire toward the west was checked by dynamiting a strip one block wide along the east side of Van Ness Avenue, one of the broadest

and most popular streets of the city. More than a million dollars' worth of the finest residence property in the West was thus sacrificed; but the remainder of the city in that direction was saved. The water had by this time been restored in part of the mains, and some of the engines pumped brine from the bay nearly a mile distant to quench the flames in the fallen ruins.

But this was not all. The currents of air created by the powerful explosives fanned the flames toward the north, and all day Friday they raged back toward the water front in the Russian and Telegraph Hills' district. Only a few buildings on the very crests of each of these knolls were saved. It was in this section also that perhaps the greatest fatality of the fire occurred. With treacherous swiftness the flames surrounded nearly two hundred persons who had gathered for safety on a small prominence near North Beach, the most of whom were unable to make their escape.

Fully three-fourths of the entire city, and practically all of the business part, was burned. A very conservative estimate is that the fire covered over six thousand acres of ground, or about ten square miles.

The property loss is placed at between three and four hundred million dollars; perhaps one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred million dollars of which is covered by insurance. Of course it will no doubt be some time before final adjustments are made, so that the exact insurance loss will be known; but the above figures have been quoted by the underwriters. In the great Chicago fire of 1871 the insurance loss was one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and in the Baltimore fire of last year, thirty-five million dollars; so one can form something of an idea of the magnitude of San Francisco's holocaust.

A few of the best-known buildings that suffered are the *Call* and *Chronicle* newspaper offices, the Merchant's Exchange, the three great hotels—the Fairmont, which was perhaps the finest hotel in the West, the St. Francis, and the Palace—St. Ignatius and Grace churches, the Emporium department store, the Hopkin's Institute of Art, and the City Hall. The first five of the above named appear to have stood the fiery ordeal well, but the flames passed through them from bottom to top, scaling the stone in the walls and sweeping away everything that would burn. The remainder are all total wrecks. The *Examiner* newspaper building was destroyed by dynamite in the endeavor to save adjoining structures. The United States government buildings—the post-office, the mint, and the revenue customs offices—escaped with very little damage. The flames did not touch the Ferry building.

Chinatown, known the world over for its filth and corruption, was swept clean by the blaze. Interesting indeed is the view that meets the eye in that district. A veritable underground city has been uncovered. Dens, caverns, passages, and runways, some of them one hundred feet below the level of the ground, are now in evidence.

The loss of life from the fire in the city is not known; but probably was not more than a few hundred, as most of the inhabitants had ample opportunity to flee to places of safety. A number of these were able to save the few things that they could carry. Many, however, lost everything that they had save the clothes that were on their backs. Three hundred thousand persons were left homeless. Pitiful indeed was the sight of the refugees being driven before the flames. Those who did not witness it can never realize the awfulness of despair that was pictured on some of the countenances.

Men, women, and children carrying on their backs bundles and bags of every size and shape; others dragging heavy trunks and boxes along the streets, in which were a few necessities hastily gathered together, and on top of some,

small children strapped to keep them from wandering; invalids drawn in small express wagons and on coasters; men carrying their sick wives, or wheeling them over the rough pavements in baby carriages; women hurrying on foot along the streets, with babes in their arms but a few hours old: all driven from their homes by the demon, fire. These were but a few of the dreadful scenes that met the eye during the three days and nights that the flames raged, as the terror-stricken people sought refuge in the parks and on the hills, or made their way to the ferries to leave the city, many of them never to return. Not one-hundredth part of the awful suffering that was endured during those few days will ever be recorded in history.

The telegraph offices that continued operations were thronged for days with men and women eager to send messages of their welfare to friends in other parts of the land. Everything that could be written upon—visiting cards, pieces of torn wrappers, and bits of waste paper picked from the streets—was used in sending letters and notes, and many of these were passed through the mails without envelopes or postage.

All the ferry-boats were early instructed to carry refugees free across the bay, and close to one hundred and fifty thousand were housed or camped in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and the adjacent country. Every church that was considered safe was opened for relief work, and at these and numerous other places free lunches were served to those who could not pay. Relief work and caring for the destitute seemed to be the principal industry for days. The railroads carried people free as far as El Paso, Tex.; Ogden, Utah; and Seattle, Wash.; and in many cases to Chicago and the Eastern States. It is claimed that one hundred thousand people took advantage of this opportunity to leave the devastated region.

For a time it almost seemed that a famine in San Francisco and vicinity was imminent, nearly all of the wholesale and warehouses having been destroyed by the fire. In a few instances fabulous prices were charged for the bare necessities; but this was soon stopped by the authorities, and all goods, for the most part, were sold at the regular prices, although the merchants limited the quantity of each purchase. Soon, however, train loads of supplies began to arrive from the more fortunate districts, and food was distributed to every person in need. Clothing, blankets, and tents were also furnished in abundance.

In the forenoon of the first day of the fire, martial law was declared in the city, and a little later the same day in Oakland. Regular troops, State militia, and even the university cadets were pressed into service. In San Francisco the guard was very strict, and a number of rough characters were shot by the soldiers for looting and other misconduct. No one was allowed to enter the city from the Oakland side of the bay without a permit from the governor of the State, whose headquarters were temporarily located at the latter place. Every man who went to the city ran the risk of being compelled by the soldiers to help in fighting the fire. H. F. Curry, California's secretary of state, was thus forced to work until recognized by an army official, and released.

Since the fire, conditions have settled somewhat; but thousands of people are still camped in the parks, along the ocean beach, and on the hills back of San Francisco. Thousands more are camped in Oakland and adjoining cities. These are still being fed by the relief committees. It is not uncommon, at the supply distributing centers, to see extending for blocks, lines of people waiting for their daily rations.

After the fire in San Francisco wagons were seen going about with large placards on them, reading, "I am looking for Mrs. —," giving the name. Many persons had similar slips pinned

to their hats or coats; and on nearly every telegraph-pole and standing wall were bits of paper with addresses on them of where relatives could be found. Column after column in the daily newspapers bore notices of like import. Husbands hunting for wives, wives for husbands, parents for children, and children for parents. Not all of these have yet been found, and still the search goes on. All who received public aid were required to register, and at many of the camps are tacked up alphabetical lists of the names of the occupants.

Many temporary buildings are already going up in San Francisco, and the stir of business is again beginning. Not a few of the large establishments have moved to Oakland, securing temporary quarters, some of whom will remain. Most of the vaults and safes in the burned district have been opened, some of them to the disappointment of their owners. By the governor's continued proclamation of legal holidays, all of the banks in the affected part of the State were closed for several weeks after the fire. These have now resumed business, and a number of the street-cars in the city are again in operation. Busy hands are cleaning the debris in many parts, and plans are being laid for the building of a grander and more beautiful city of San Francisco. CLAUDE CONARD.

Science Stories

To Start a Balky Horse

AN officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman, I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go, take the front foot at the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee-joint. Hold it thus for three minutes and let it down, and the horse will go. The only way in which I can account for this effective mastery of the horse is that he can think of only one thing at a time, and having made up his mind not to go, my theory is that bending the leg takes his mind from the original thought."—*Selected.*

A Detestable Plant

No sort of bird, beast, or creeping thing will touch a castor-oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army-worms and locusts will pass by it, though they may eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles from the lawn than to plant a few castor-beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant's being so universally detested by the animal world.—*Selected.*

Aluminum Books for the Blind

A FURTHER stage in the development of printing for the blind has been reached by an invention of Mr. W. J. M'Laren, of Edinburgh, which supersedes the laborious and costly process of punching the braille letters. The nature of the invention is not divulged, but by it a ten-page paper, the *Braille Weekly*, can be sold for two cents.

Another advance made by Mr. M'Laren is the printing of the embossed braille letters on aluminum sheets instead of paper. The sheets are far easier to read than the best paper books, especially by those who have become blind late in life, or whose fingers are not very sensitive.

They are also practically indestructible. The thickness of the sheets is four one-thousandth of an inch, and a book of twenty pages costs \$1.25 a copy.—*Selected.*

Making Barrels a Wasteful Industry Sources of Supply Are Being Rapidly Exhausted

OF the making of barrels, as of books, there seems to be no end; nevertheless the time is rapidly approaching when the barrels will either have to be made of other material than wood, or go out of existence. The "tight" barrel, which in the language of the manufacturers is one built to contain liquids, has for years been made of white oak. The supply of this wood is almost exhausted in Europe, and it is already becoming scarce in this country. Already the stave men must go back many miles from railroad or river and the cost of getting to transportation is felt in increased cost of barrels.

In an interesting article on barrel making, *Wood Craft* calls attention to the wastefulness of tight barrel manufacture. The white oak staves for these barrels, of which two hundred million are produced in this country annually, sell for forty dollars a thousand; while the same quality and quantity of oak, if sold to the furniture maker, would bring eighty dollars.

Barrels which in the days of hand labor brought four dollars now sell for ninety cents owing to the invention of machines which assemble the staves, form them into shape, insert the heads, pull on the hoops, bore the bung-holes, and roll the barrels down into a car, without a human hand touching them more than once or twice. But these machines which do the work which formerly would have required a small army of men, can not produce the chief essential—the white oak. Long before Mother Earth can be coaxed into growing a new crop of trees, the inventors will be called on to furnish a substitute for the wooden barrel, either by making it of other material, such as paper, glass, or metal; or the barrel will retire in favor of some other form of container.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Question Corner

What is the oldest living thing anywhere in the world?

The big trees in California seem to be entitled to this distinction, being many centuries old.

Am I right in believing that one of the presidents of the United States never went to school at all?

Andrew Johnson, who was apprenticed as a tailor, was taught the alphabet by a fellow workman, and gained his education wholly outside of schools.

How much quicksilver is there in a common thermometer?

If all the mercury could actually be forced through one long tube like that in which it is seen, there probably would be enough in the bulb to fill a tube more than a mile in length. The column of mercury is practically of infinitesimal size, but the rounded glass magnifies it many times.

Why is a woman's pocket money called "pin-money"?

It is said to be because of a curious custom dating back to the fourteenth century when a clumsy form of the modern pin was invented. For a long time these pins were comparatively rare and expensive, and the maker was permitted to sell them only on the first two days of January. None but women of rich families could buy them, and it became customary to give these ladies, when they married, a sum of money with which to buy pins. Thus provided with "pin-money" these brides flocked to the shops on the days set apart for the sale of pins.



Our Field—The World
The Welsh Mission Field
Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

LESSON STUDY—Wales.

- General Description.
- Welsh Life.
- Religion.
- Our Work.

General Description

Wales occupies the southwestern part of Great Britain. Its extreme length is one hundred and forty miles, and its greatest width is one hundred miles. Its area is but a fourth of that of the State of Ohio. The physical features of the country are exceptionally strong. For mountains, hills, valleys, and rivers she is second to no country. Her seaboard is excellent. The country abounds in mineral resources. Her coal deposits are well-nigh inexhaustible. The population numbers 1,864,696.

The Welsh were among the earliest and most important settlers in America. It is estimated that there are over seven hundred thousand Welshmen in the United States.

Though Wales is so small and so closely connected with England and Scotland, it has a people and a language as different from those of the other portions of Great Britain as the people and the language of Mexico are from our own. The people of Wales have always kept much to themselves, and have been very jealous to preserve the purity of their language, and their customs of life. Because of this, they were called "Welsh," which means strangers. But the Welsh have always called themselves "Cymri," which is a word of their own language, and means "native to the soil." The people claim to be descendants of Gomer, one of the sons of Japheth, and the claim rests upon more than Celtic tradition.

The Welsh are the descendants of the ancient Britons. Stoutly resisting all efforts of subjugation by the Anglo-Saxons, their ancestors from year to year were driven farther to the west. They were finally made subservient to England through the Norman conquest, but have never willingly submitted to English rule. For centuries there was bitter war and strife between the two countries. But now, after ages of injustice and neglect, Wales enjoys political and educational benefits which place her on an equality with England.

Welsh Life

The peasants' homes are neat, clean, and attractive. The people are hospitable. A stranger may travel among them without any expense for food and lodging. They live simply, are industrious and economical.

When they meet each other, they ask: "How is thy heart?" Then, "How are the good wife at home, the children, and the rest of the family?"

In the western part of Wales the old Welsh costumes are still worn. The women wear tall beaver hats with broad brims that look somewhat like the stove-pipe hats worn by men years ago. These women wear short gray or red flannel skirts, black or red dresses, long pointed bodices hooked in front, and flannel aprons. Kerchief and cap complete the costume.

Wales is said to be the greatest country in the world for fairs,—horse shows, flower shows,

Christmas shows, cattle shows, poultry shows, and a multitude more. There are the unique Winter Fairs, Midsummer Fairs, the October Fair, April Fair, Dish Fair, Pear Fair—a list almost without end.

The Welsh people are a musical people. Everybody sings. There is singing on all occasions. They are lovers of poetry, and Wales has given to the world some worthy poets.

A marriage among the Welsh is surrounded by many curious customs which have survived from old times. On the occasion of a marriage, a "bidder" goes from house to house inviting guests to the wedding. The ceremony always takes place on a Saturday, but the guests assemble on Friday with their presents. On Saturday ten or twenty of the groom's friends who are best mounted, go to demand the bride. She is placed on a horse behind her father, who rides off as fast as he can. He is soon overtaken, however, and the bride brought back. Presents continue to be received on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday they are sold. Sometimes hundreds of dollars are received from this sale.

Religion

The people of Wales are very religious. They are nonconformists, that is, they do not conform to the state church; but all denominations are represented. Many fine chapels have been erected. In the city of Cardiff alone there are more than fifty churches.

A hundred years ago it was a very unusual thing to see a copy of the Bible in the home of a poor family in Wales. But I suppose that there is not a home without one to-day, and this fact is due to the efforts of a poor peasant girl, Mary Jones. She had been taught something of the Bible in one of the schools, and was very anxious to study it. A farmer who lived two miles from her home gave her permission to read his copy. Every week after this for six years Mary walked in all kinds of weather, to the home of this man to read his Bible. She began at the same time to save her pennies to buy one for herself. At last after six long years, she had enough, and walked fifty miles to make the purchase. The minister of whom she bought the book told the story to the members of a tract society, and suggested the need of a society that would furnish Bibles to persons who were too poor to buy. The people were much touched by the story, and the result was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has caused the Bible to be printed in every language, and circulated all over the world. Nearly six million copies were distributed by the society last year.

When the arrival of the cart which carried the first load of the sacred Scriptures to Wales in 1816 sent by the Bible Society, was announced, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it, as the Israelites did the ark of old, drew it into town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispensed. The young people were to be seen spending the whole night in reading it. Laborers carried it with them into the field that they might enjoy it during the intervals of their labors, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its sacred truths.

Our Work

The following report given by Elder Dail contains the most up-to-date information relative to the progress of the work in Wales. He says:—

The fourth annual meeting in this mission was held in the modern, nicely built, and attractive city of Cardiff, a town of about one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, March 23-27. Before the session proper began, there was a workers' meeting, where the laborers and canvassers had a profitable time in study and preparation.

It might be well to give a brief review of the work in this part of the Master's vineyard. In the Welsh Mission there are about 1,865,000 people—nearly equally divided between those who

prefer the Welsh language, and those to whom the English is more agreeable. About eighty per cent of the population is to be found in the two southern counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan.

Our first public effort in the field was made at Cardiff, in 1896; after two years of hard work, forty had been baptized. Late in 1898, meetings were begun in Swansea, where, nine months later, a company had been gathered out. For a time then Wales was left without much help. In 1901 the present superintendent was again permitted to return to the field, and he found a number still faithful to the message. In July, 1902, he began work in Pontypridd, and in April of the following year, was able to organize a church of twenty-six members—the first organized church in the Welsh Mission.

It was in 1902 that the British field was divided into the South and North Conferences, and the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Missions, when Wales was more fully put under the charge of its own local committee. Since that time the work has grown more rapidly. The first year's report (1903) showed two churches, a total membership of eighty-seven, and a tithe of seven hundred and eighty-five dollars. For 1904 the tithe had increased to nine hundred and forty-five dollars, and the membership to one hundred and forty. During 1905 efforts have been carried on in two new places (Abergavenny and Blaenavon), and at the close of the year meetings were being conducted in nine different towns where there were companies of Sabbath-keepers, with a total membership of one hundred and seventy-five, and an annual tithe of \$1,405.

The Sabbath-school and young people's work received attention; there is a thriving Young People's Society at Cardiff; and the youth will heartily enter into the campaign of securing funds for the British East African Mission through the sale of "Story of Joseph." Two hundred and twenty copies of this book were subscribed for at the meeting.

Brethren Conradi, Andross, Sisley, Salisbury, and Joyce, as well as the laborers in the home field, found plenty to do in connection with the meetings and the outside interest. One of the problems that received careful attention is that of providing more literature in the Welsh language. This will be done as soon as circumstances permit. The depression in the price of coal has made it rather difficult for our agents the past few months, but conditions in this respect seem to be improving. On Sabbath nine were baptized.

The other matters considered, and the resolutions passed, were in harmony with those things that needed to be given attention at the South and North England Conferences.

The officers chosen for the new year are as follows: Director, W. H. Meredith; other members of the Advisory Committee: A. Rodd, I. Powell, I. W. Ford, and W. Woodland; Mission and Sabbath-school Secretary and Treasurer, W. Read. The director is the only ordained minister in the field. Ministerial licenses were granted to W. Halliday, A. Rodd, W. Read; missionary licenses to C. A. Swann, M. Asay, and T. Buckman.

Of course many of our readers have heard of the great "revival" that visited Wales last year. It might have been expected that this would interfere with our work in some way; but so far as we can learn, our brethren have felt the greatness of the truth God has committed to us, and have not been turned aside because of the excitement and enthusiasm seen in the revival movement. We feel very thankful for this, as some had feared it would unsettle the faith of many. There have been other difficulties that threatened the prosperity of the message; but we are glad God has so overruled that continual, steady progress may be reported. The meeting in Cardiff was certainly the best ever held in Wales, from the accounts of those present; and they go forth again with quickened faith and hope in the ultimate success of the message that is to prepare a people for the second advent. Courage and good cheer are ours, for although the battle may be terrible, it can not last long. We bespeak for this small, but very interesting, people and field a deep place in the hearts of God's children.

Wales has twenty-two canvassers, and the book sales last year amounted to \$3,488.64. The per cent of gain during the past year in membership was twenty-five. If the United States had shown an equal growth, there would have been fifteen or twenty thousand more Sabbath-keepers in this country at the close of the year 1905 than at its beginning.



• CHILDREN'S PAGE •



*Little
Dandelion,
Dancing in the sun,
In the pretty velvet grass
Life is just begun.*

*Rare little dandelion,
Lost your cap of gold.
Little did we think that you
Would so soon grow old.*

*Dear little dandelion,
We'll heed the story told
In youth to give out sunshine
And as gracefully grow old.*
Esther M. Spicer

**The Work of One Little Child
A True Incident**

VERY tiny and pale the little girl looked as she stood before those three grave and dignified gentlemen. She had been ushered into Dr. Gordon's study, where he was holding counsel with two of his deacons. And now, upon inquiry into the nature of her errand, a little shyly she requested to be allowed to become a member of his church.

"You are quite too young to join the church," said one of the deacons, "you had better run home, and let us talk to your mother."

She showed no sign of running, however, as her wistful blue eyes traveled from one face to another of the three gentlemen sitting in their comfortable chairs; she only drew a step nearer to Dr. Gordon. He arose, and with the gentle courtesy that ever marked him, placed her in a small chair close beside himself.

"Now, my child, tell me your name, and where you live."

"Winnie Lewis, sir, and I live on Newton Street. I go to your Sunday-school."

"You do; and who is your teacher?"

"Miss Colby. She is very good to me."

"And you want to join my church?"

The child's face glowed as she leaned eagerly toward him, clasping her hands, but all she said was, "Yes, sir."

"She can not be more than six years old," said one of the deacons, disapprovingly.

Dr. Gordon said nothing, but quietly regarded the small, earnest face, now becoming a little downcast.

"I am nine years old; older than I look," she said.

"It is not usual for us to admit any one so young to membership," he said, thoughtfully, "We never have done so, still —"

"It may be an undesirable precedent," re-

marked the other deacon.

The Doctor did not seem to hear, as he asked, "You know what joining the church is, Winnie?"

"Yes, sir," and she answered a few questions that proved she understood the meaning of the step she wished to take. She had slipped off her chair, and now stood close to Dr. Gordon's knee.

"You said last Sunday, sir, that the lambs should be in the fold."

"I did," he answered with one of his own lovely smiles. "It is surely not for us to keep them out. Go home now, my child. I will see your friends and arrange to take you into membership very soon."

The cloud lifted from the child's face, and her expression, as she passed through the door he opened for her, was one of entire peace.

The inquiries made of Winnie's Sunday-school teacher proved satisfactory, and she was baptized the following week. After that, except for occasional information from Miss Colby, that the child was doing well, Dr. Gordon heard no more of her for six months.

Then he was summoned to her funeral. It was one of June's hottest days, and as the Doctor made his way along the narrow street on which Winnie had lived, he wished for a moment, that he had asked his assistant to come instead of himself, but as he neared the house, the crowd filled him with wonder. Progress was hindered, and as he paused for a moment, his eyes fell on a crippled lad crying bitterly as he sat on a low door-step.

"Did you know Winnie Lewis, my lad?" he asked.

"Know her? Niver a week passed but what she came twice or thrice with a picture or book, mayhaps an apple for me, an' it's owing to her an' no clargy at all that I'll ever follow her blessed footsteps to heaven. She'd read me from her own Bible whenever she came, an' now she's gone there'll be none at all to help me, for mother's dead an' dad's drunk, an' the sunshine's gone from Mike's sky intoirely with Winnie, sir."

A burst of sobs choked the boy. Dr. Gordon passed on, after promising him a visit very soon, and made his way through the crowd of tear-stained, sorrowful faces. The Doctor came to a stop again on the narrow passageway of the little house. A woman stood beside him drying her fast-falling tears, while a wee child hid his face in her skirts and wept.

"Was Winnie a relative of yours?" he asked.

"No, sir; but the blessed child was at our house constantly, and when Bob here was sick she nursed and tended him, and her hymns quieted him when nothing else seemed to do it. It was just the same with all the neighbors. She took tracts to them all, and has prayed with them ever since she was converted. What she's been to us all no one but the Lord will ever know, and now she lies there."

Recognized at last, Dr. Gordon was led to the room where the child lay at rest, looking almost younger than when he had seen her in his study six months before. An old, bent woman was crying aloud before the casket.

"I never thought she'd go afore I did. She used regular to read an' sing to me every evening, an' it was her talk an' prayers that made a Christian of me. You could a'most go to heaven on one of her prayers."

"Mother, mother, come away," said a young man, putting his arm around her to lead her back. "You'll see her again."

"I know, I know. But I miss her sore now."

"It's the old lady as Mrs. Lewis lived with, sir," said a young lad standing next to Dr. Gordon, as one and another still pressed up toward the little casket, for a last look at the beloved face. "She was a Unitarian, but she could not hold out against Winnie's prayers and pleadings to love Jesus, and she's been trusting in him now for quite a while. A good thing it is, too."

"You are right, my lad," replied the Doctor, "do you trust him, too?"

"Winnie taught me, sir," the boy made answer, and sudden tears filled his eyes.

A silence fell on those assembled, and, marveling at such testimony, Dr. Gordon proceeded with the service, feeling as if there was little more he could say of one whose deeds thus spoke for her. Loving hands had laid flowers all around the child who had led them. One tiny lassie had placed a dandelion in the small waxen fingers, and now stood, abandoned to grief, beside the still form that bore the impress of absolute purity. The service over, again and again was the coffin lid waved back by some one longing for another look, and it seemed as if they could not let her go.

The next day a good-looking man came to Dr. Gordon's house, and was admitted into his study.

"I am Winnie's uncle, sir," he said, simply. "She never rested till she made me promise to join the church, and I've come."

"Will you tell me about it, my friend?" said Dr. Gordon.

"Well, you see, sir, it was this way. Winnie always had been uncommonly fond of me, and so was I of her,"—his voice broke a little—"and I'd never joined the church, never felt, as I believed, quite right. Yet I knew her religion was true enough, and a half-hour before she died, she had the whole family with her, and she took my hand between her little ones and said, 'Uncle John, you will love Jesus and meet me in heaven, won't you?' What could I do? It broke me all up, and I've come to ask you, sir, what to do so's to keep my promise to Winnie, for she was an angel if there ever was one."

The man wept like a child, and for a minute Dr. Gordon did not speak. Within a month Winnie's uncle was baptized. In the evening after his baptism Dr. Gordon sat resting in his study, thinking of his little child member. "It is truly a wonderful record. Would we had more like her!"—*Our Boys and Girls.*

**Susie and the Pet Rooster
True Stories from the South**

IN the city of New Orleans lived a wee girl, named Susie, with her mama. There are many Chinese in that city, and whenever one passed the house, Susie, with childish, innocent mischief, would call after him, as she heard the boys of the street do. Once she so angered a man that he

chased her into the house, and, ever after, the little girl entertained a great fear of a Chinaman. She could not be induced even to pass a laundry unaccompanied by her mother. As soon as they would draw near to one, Susie would creep under her mother's dress, and using the placket of the dress for a lookout would watch the door of the laundry until well past the danger before she could be induced to venture out again.

One day, a "dago," as Italians are called in that city, sold Susie's mama some spring chickens. Among them was one so exceptionally tame that his life was spared, and he lived to grow up and became a great pet of the family. After Pet, as he was named, had grown to be quite large, a lady seeing and admiring him, said to Susie, "Where did your mama get this fine bird?" Susie, having McGinnis in mind, the pet lamb I told you of, and how she raised him on the bottle, replied: "Mama bought some eggs and Pet was in one. Mama pulled him out, and I raised him on the bottle." Of course Susie did not realize that she was telling a story. It was a make-believe that children are so likely to indulge in, until they grow older, and are taught better.

In this southland the home kitchens are generally small one-story buildings set back, and detached from the house, or main building. Half-way between the kitchen and the house at Susie's home was a covered well. Susie's mama was accustomed to sit here to mix her cakes and other foods. As soon as she had seated herself, Pet would fly up on a beam above and look into her lap. If he saw there anything which he thought especially attractive he would drop down, and putting his head under her arm, would inspect the dishes, and then, if unobserved, coolly select a morsel for himself.

As he grew older, Susie's mama bought a black hen to keep Pet company. On her arrival he proved himself to be a very gentlemanly rooster. With true gallantry he escorted his mate all over the place, introducing her to every nook and corner of the outbuildings, and then leading the way into the house, allowed her to inspect every room, apparently explaining in his rooster language, those things which he thought to be of most interest. The house being duly gone over, Pet led the way into the back yard, and passing under the steps to the back porch, pointed out to his little biddy wife a cozy corner where they could begin housekeeping. Biddie at once took possession, preparing a nest of straw, and eventually laying a sitting of eggs, and hatching out a family of wee chicks of which they and the whole family became very proud.

Pet was very fond of green grass, but there was none growing in the yard. Plenty of it was to be found outside of the gate; but the bird could never be induced to venture out after it. He would stand just inside of the gate, and cackle and cackle until Susie's mama would come and gather a handful, and bring it to him.

One day a big Newfoundland dog came bounding into the yard with his tongue hanging out of his mouth because of the heat, and made straight for a large tub of water standing there. Pet had his back turned to the gate, and did not see the dog come in. Splash went the dog, and the water flew over poor Pet, almost drowning him. As soon as he could recover his senses, shrieking with terror, Pet flew onto the fence, and then to the top of the house whence he could not be induced to come down all that day nor night, and the next morning Susie's mama was forced to climb out of one of the windows, reach up, and bring him down. Never after was Pet able to endure the sight of a dog. No doubt the dear, good-natured dog would have felt sorry had he known what a bad scare he gave the bird, but he trotted off, looking his thanks for the delicious bath he had enjoyed, never dreaming of the mischief he had done, or the fright he had given.

Pet did not like visitors, and would peck at them if they came into the yard. Susie's mama would often play with Pet by pretending to step on his toes, when he would peck at her slippers. If she would succeed in treading on his toes, Pet would crow in apparent glee. One day a visitor put on the Japanese slippers Susie's mama wore, and stepped into the yard. Pet immediately flew at him, and literally tore the slippers to pieces, making the gentleman's toes bleed freely. The guest was very much provoked, and wanted to kill poor Pet, but was finally pacified.

Pet took a violent dislike to a little boy who lived next door. I suspect this boy used to throw things at Pet. Anyway, one day when the lad was straddling the fence, barefooted, Pet flew to the top of the fence and began pecking the boy's knees, and kept it up until they bled. In terror the boy dropped from the fence, ran screaming into the house, and never after did he dare climb the fence. As soon as Pet would hear him in the next yard, he would fly onto the fence, and strutting back and forth would crow lustily, as much as to say, "Come up here, if you dare, I'll show you who's master here." The boy never took up the challenge, but would occasionally throw a stick or stone at Pet, but a motion from the bird as though he intended to come down and run after him would send the boy scampering into the house.

Pet lived to a good old age, and his little black biddy wife remained faithful to him, and to the many broods of family chickens she presented to him. She was a good wife and mother, and as long as she was able to do so, kept Susie's mother supplied with large white eggs for household use. It might be hard to find another pair of chickens whose lives were more of an example of what a rooster and his wife's should be, than were those of Pet and his dear little black mate.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

Work for Little Fingers—No. 14

We have another card-tray for our lesson today. To make this successfully it will be necessary to find the exact center of your paper and to be very particular in all your measurements. Open your compasses three inches, and draw a circle. To divide the circle place the ruler across two corners of the paper just as in finding the center, and make points in the circle where the ruler crosses it. Place the ruler across the opposite corners and make two more points. With the compasses open just as when you drew the circle—three inches—place the point in turn at each of the four points you already have, and make a point each side of each one. This, of course, gives you twelve points, and if correctly done, they are equal distances apart.

Another method of locating the points is to divide the circle into six equal parts in the usual way. Then open your compasses one half as wide as when you drew the circle and divide each of the six parts. Measure from

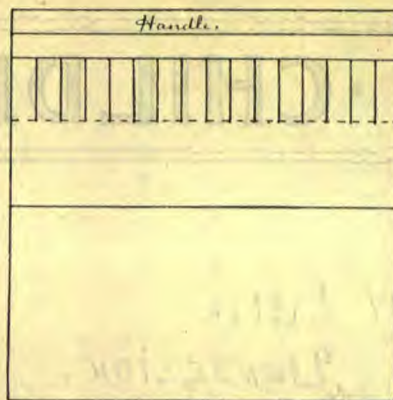


FIG. 5

and draw a circle around each. Fig. 2.

These circles will overlap. Notice the little boat-shaped parts formed by the overlapping. These should all be the same size. Mark the inner points where the circles cross each other and connect with straight lines. Fig. 3. Mark the places for tying. Cut the curved outline and cut out the boat-shaped pieces. Fold the straight lines.

Fig. 4 shows what the children like to call a lantern. Of course it is only a make-believe lantern, but it is just as good for Christmas or school decoration, and there is no danger of accidents as there might be with the "truly" kind. You will need only half a sheet of paper for this, so place a point in the center of two opposite sides and draw a line across.

Cut this line. On each end of the half you are going to use place a point one-half inch from the upper edge. Draw a line across, and cut this strip off for a handle. Fig. 5. On each end of what is left place a point one-half inch from the upper edge and draw a line across. Right in the center of each end, which will be one and three-fourths inches from the top, place a point and connect the two with a dotted line. On this dotted line and also on the line near the top place points one-half inch apart all the way across. Connect these points as in Fig. 5. Fold the dotted line so that the line will be on the outside. The upper and lower edges should just meet.

With the paper folded begin at the dotted line and cut each of the short lines. Stop exactly on the upper line. Unfold the paper, bring the two ends together with the folded edge outward. Let the ends overlap one-half inch and either paste or tie. The handle also may be either pasted or tied to opposite sides of the lantern.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.



FIG. 4



FIG. 1

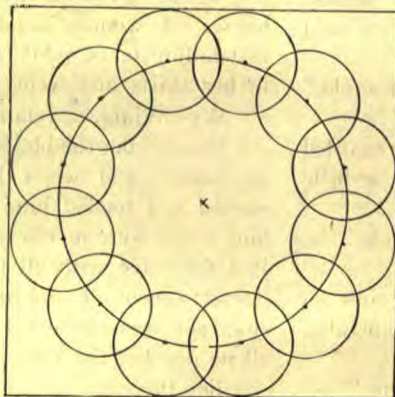


FIG. 2

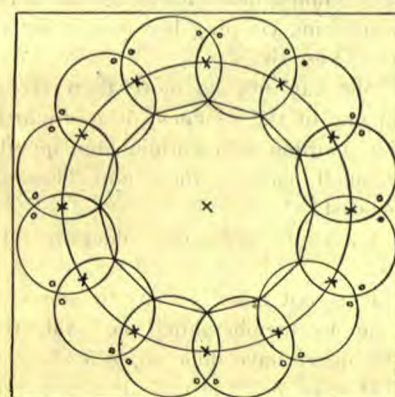


FIG. 3

"As the shadows of the sun are longest when its beams are the lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest."

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Paul and Barnabas

(June 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Acts 13: 1-3, 49-52; and Acts 14.

MEMORY VERSE: "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Acts 14: 22, last part.

"Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away."

Paul and Barnabas preached in many places, finally coming to Antioch in Pisidia. Here they taught in the synagogue on the Sabbath days. But the Jews in that place were "filled with envy," and "spake against these things that were spoken by Paul." Then Paul declared that they would carry the gospel henceforth to the gentiles.

"And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad. And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts. But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium. And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost.

"And it came to pass in Iconium, that they went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake, that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed. But the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren. Long time therefore abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands. But the multitude of the city was divided: and part held with the Jews, and part with the apostles. And when there was an assault made both of the Gentiles, and also of the Jews with their rulers, to use them despitefully, and to stone them, they were ware of it, and fled unto Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia and unto the region that lieth round about: and there they preached the gospel.

"And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked: the same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked. And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.

"Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways: Nevertheless he left not himself

without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them.

"And there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and, having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead. Howbeit, as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and came into the city: and the next day he departed with Barnabas to Derbe.

"And when they had preached the gospel to that city, and had taught many, they returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium, and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed."

After this missionary journey, Paul and Barnabas came back to Antioch in Syria. There they gathered the church together, and "rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles. And there they abode long time with the disciples."

Questions

1. Where was the Antioch mentioned in Acts 13: 1 situated?—Near the northwestern angle of the Mediterranean Sea. What rank did it hold in Paul's day?—It was the capital of Syria, and the home of the Roman governors of that province.

2. What prophets and teachers were in the church at Antioch? Who chose Paul and Barnabas to carry the gospel to other countries? How were they set apart for this work?

3. As Paul and Barnabas journeyed from one place to another, preaching the gospel, to what city did they come?—Antioch in Pisidia. Where did they go on the Sabbath days?

4. How was their message received by the Jews? What did Paul then declare? How did the Gentiles receive the gospel? How widely was the work extended?

5. What did the Jews raise against Paul and Barnabas? Where did these men go? With what were they filled?

6. How far is Iconium from Antioch in Pisidia?—About forty-five miles. What did the disciples do when they came to Iconium?

7. What was done by the unbelieving Jews? How was the city divided? What caused Paul and Barnabas to leave Iconium? Where did they then go?

8. Tell how the cripple at Lystra was healed by Paul. What did the people say when they saw this miracle?

9. What was done by the priest of Jupiter? When the apostles heard what was going on, what did they do? How did they direct the minds of the people to the true God?

10. Who followed Paul to Lystra from Antioch and Iconium? How cruelly did they persecute him?

11. Tell the rest of the lesson in your own words.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—Knowing the True God

(June 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I John 5: 16-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." I John 5: 21.

Questions

1. What is the privilege of the one who sees another sin who has not entirely cut himself off from God? I John 5: 16; note 1.

2. What is said of a sin that is unto death? I John 5: 16; note 2.

3. What is all unrighteousness? What is said of one kind of sin? Verse 17; note 3.

4. What do we know concerning him who is born of God? Verse 18.

5. What is the experience of such? Verse 18; note 4.

6. How are believers contrasted with unbelievers? How many are included in the latter class? Verse 19.

7. What further does the believer know? Verse 20, first part.

8. How is the same fact stated elsewhere by John? I John 4: 2.

9. What does the Son of God give to every believer? For what purpose? Verse 20; note 5.

10. What is the relation of the believer to him? Verse 20.

11. Who in reality is he, and what does he bring? Verse 20.

12. What is the closing admonition of this book? Verse 21.

13. Why were these things written to the "little children?" What precious promise is made to those who fall in temptation? I John 2: 1.

Notes

1. It is evident from many scriptures that the prayers of the righteous avail in behalf of the sinner who has not entirely cut himself off from God (Job 42: 7, 8), and this intercession brings a blessing to him who prays. Verse 10. Thus a soul is saved from death. James 5: 20. Sin ends in death (James 1: 15) unless repentance has been granted to life. Acts 11: 18.

2. "It is the Holy Spirit that draws men to Christ;" and so when this means of grace is refused, there is no way by which the sinner may be reached. "There is a terrible danger—a danger not sufficiently understood—in delaying to yield to the pleading voice of God's Holy Spirit, in choosing to live in sin; for such this delay really is." "Every act of transgression, every neglect or rejection of the grace of Christ, is reacting upon yourself; it is hardening the heart, depraving the will, benumbing the understanding, and not only making you less inclined to yield, but less capable of yielding, to the tender pleading of God's Holy Spirit." There is a sin which is not pardoned (Matt. 12: 31, 32) here or hereafter. "What constitutes the sin against the Holy Ghost?—It is wilfully attributing to Satan the work of the Holy Spirit. . . . It is through the medium of his Spirit that God works upon the human heart; and when men wilfully reject the Spirit, and declare it to be from Satan, they cut off the channel by which God can communicate with them."

3. The Lord is righteous (Ps. 119: 137), and his commandments are righteousness. Verse 172. Anything out of harmony with his character, as expressed by his law, is unrighteousness or sin, but it is by faith that our hearts are purified (Acts 15: 9), and that we attain to righteousness (Rom. 9: 30-32); thus it is that whatever is not done through faith in the merit of Christ is sin. Rom. 14: 23.

4. Satan was permitted to tempt Christ (Matt. 4: 1), but according to the prophecy (Gen. 3: 15) he did not touch any vital part. So with the Christian. Angels will give strength to us (Heb. 1: 14), "but the ministry of angels will not insure us against sorrow and trial. Angels ministered to Jesus; but their presence did not make his life one of ease, nor free him from conflict and temptation."

5. The Christian experience set forth in this epistle is a very positive one. Fifteen times occurs the statement "we know," or "know we," or "we have known," and by other expressions it is clearly shown that positive knowledge concerning the things of God is the privilege of the Christian. I Cor. 2: 12.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DIGKERSON CHASE - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
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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.

"EVERY Christian an evangelist," is the world's present need.

COMPOUND interest must always be paid on neglect.

A METHODIST minister in Spain was imprisoned nineteen days recently because he did not take off his hat when a Catholic procession bearing the "host" passed along the street.

THE appearance of Mr. Driver's articles are delayed because our artist, from the press of other work, has been unable to finish the drawings. We hope to have an article for next week.

"THEY all do it," is not the rule for Christian living. It excuses no sin of omission or commission. The Christian must test all his actions by one standard. "For I [Christ] have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." "They all do it," can be used, then, only by disloyal hearts.

So much has appeared in various papers relative to the San Francisco disaster that no effort has been made to give any detailed description of the catastrophe in the INSTRUCTOR; but two excellent articles having just been received from Brother Conard of Oakland, California, it seemed that our readers would be interested in them, even though two months have passed since the city was destroyed.

DWIGHT L. MOODY wrote: "I prayed for faith, and thought that some day faith would come down and strike me like lightning. But faith did not seem to come. One day I read in the tenth chapter of Romans, 'Now faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' I had closed my Bible and prayed for faith. I now opened my Bible and began to study, and faith has been growing ever since."

A PHYSICIAN in search of remedies for human ills finds that laughter stands very high in the list. The effect of mere cheerfulness as a health promoter is well known, but an occasional outburst of hearty laughter is the heroic remedy,—an explosion of laughter being in truth a "nerve-storm, comparable in its effect to a thunder-storm in nature, doing good by dissipating those oppressive clouds of care which sometimes darken the mental horizon."

ONE of our canvassers relates the following experience:—

"I worked two days and failed to take an order. I felt somewhat discouraged, for it seemed as though the Lord had let me go; so I sought earnestly to know what my trouble was. I prayed to God to tell me what to do. The Lord told me

while I was praying that my canvass was too tame, that I should emphasize and make plain the second coming of Christ; so now I use that and the work of the papacy and the two-horned beast, the Eastern question, and also the San Francisco disaster as signs of the times. The Lord is very near to me, and I dare not try to work without his presence."

Since this experience, this brother has been taking orders for "Daniel and the Revelation" at the rate of *one hundred and fifty dollars' worth a week.*SABBATH, June 30, is the day appointed for the taking of the midsummer collection for missions. Elder Daniells in a recent article in the *Review* gives some pertinent suggestions relative to the approaching holiday: "Millions of people will give themselves up to mirth and revelry on the coming fourth of July. Millions of dollars will be thoughtlessly and uselessly spent for that which will do harm. Thus God's money will be squandered. Thousands of men and women are dying without hope of a future life because they do not know the truth of the gospel as it has been made known to Seventh-day Adventists in the third angel's message. They never can know this truth until it has been proclaimed to them, and this can not be done without money. Therefore it is plain that we should contribute of our means to the cause of missions instead of wasting it in the festivities of the fourth-of-July celebration." Shall we spend our money for firecrackers or for the salvation of human souls? Let the children and young people answer for themselves. God notes every sacrifice made for his cause.

Mendelssohn and His Sister

NEVER has there been known a finer comradeship between brother and sister than that which existed with the great composer, Mendelssohn, and his sister, Fanny.

As children, they studied, played, and read together, and when their parents discovered the pronounced musical nature possessed by both, they sent the two to the same teacher for musical instruction.

As years went by, and Felix Mendelssohn became known to the world as a composer of astonishing genius, receiving heartiest applause wherever he appeared on the concert platform, whether at the piano or conducting an orchestral rendition of his works, his sister Fanny was his chief confidante and sympathizer. Herself a finished musician, she could keenly appreciate her brother's aspirations.

When Mendelssohn left his home in Berlin to make his first tour of the cities of Europe and Great Britain, his most cherished correspondent was this devoted sister, and into the long letters dispatched to her each day went all his jubilant descriptions of his triumphal progress. During his London engagement, Fanny married the distinguished Berlin painter, William Hensel. Mendelssohn had expected to hasten back to the German capital to be present at the ceremony, but on the morning of his intended departure he was seized with an illness that kept him confined to his London apartment for two months. His disappointment at this enforced absence from his sister's side at so important a time was so great that the excitement and despondency thus entailed seriously retarded his recovery.

On his last return from England, after many remarkable concert tours had brought the world to his feet, Mendelssohn received the news of his sister Fanny's death. Overwhelmed by the blow, he fell unconscious to the ground. He fled to the mountains for relief from this terrible sorrow, and journeyed hither and thither, vainly struggling to ease his heart of its piteous burden; but neither magnificence of Alpine scenery, the prized recreation of painting in water colors,

nor the companionship of friends and followers could mitigate his grief. His sole respite seemed to be in the hours when he sought the village church, high on the mountainside, and through the organ, poured out his soul and his sorrow.—*Harriet Pearl Skinner.*

"It may be a diviner care
Transfigured and made pure
The harvest we deemed wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature,
And the faint heart that now defeated
grieves,
May yet stand smiling mid abundant
sheaves."



BENTONVILLE, ARK., Feb. 26, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written to the INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write. I am a girl thirteen years old. I went to church-school at Fayetteville, Arkansas, about two months for the first time. My teacher was Sister Lem Oliver. I went to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Brother J. M. Kinzer was my Sabbath-school teacher. I hope to meet the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

KATIE MYRTLE GRAY.

KANAWHA STATION, W. VA., March 15, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I think it is a very good paper. I enjoy reading the story on the Children's Page I think that was an excellent report of the five little Missouri gardeners. I am thirteen years old. I have two sisters and two brothers older than myself. I was baptized a year ago last July. I live on a farm, and have six little lambs I hope this will not reach the waste-basket.

ISA V. JOHNSON.

DOWNS, KAN., Feb. 15, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is indeed a welcome visitor to me. I love it so much. We have a church and church-school here. Sister Clara Underwood is my church-school teacher. She is also leader of our Young People's Society.

Almost all the pupils of our school have taken up the articles written by Mrs. Long, "Work for Little Fingers." I hope to make everything successfully. I like it real well.

I want to do everything I can to spread this message. I now join the Reading Circle. I have chosen to read "Testimonies for the Church," Vols. I and II, "Steps to Christ," the Bible, "Desire of Ages," and "Life of Sister Henry." I hope to read all these books.

I am thirteen years old. I send my love to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. I was baptized Aug. 6, 1905. Pray for me that I may be faithful unto the end.

PEARL HILL.

SYLVA, N. C., May 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: Here is a good flower puzzle. I thought you would like it to put in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR:—

1. Who turned the woods into a temple?
2. What furnished its illumination by day?
3. What furnished its illumination by night?
4. Who rang the bells?
5. With what was the interior decorated?
6. Who preached the sermon?
7. What did his assistants wear on their heads?
8. What did his assistants wear on their feet?
9. What did his assistants wear on their hands?
10. Who took up the collection?
11. What two men were ushers?
12. What two tramps occupied places?
13. What one word composed the benediction?

RALPH EDWARDS.

This letter has been patiently waiting for its turn for a whole year. I hope the writer will forgive the delay. Each question is to be answered by the name of a flower. See if you can not correctly guess them all before the answers appear in another number of the paper.