

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 5, 1907

No. 6



In the Heart of an Iceberg

SOME of us have camped in the woods or on the seashore, or perhaps spread our canvas on the mountaintops, but it is safe to say that even the most ardent nature lover of us all has never thought of pitching camp in the blue heart of an iceberg. It has remained for Borchgrevink, the great antarctic explorer, gratefully to acknowledge the hospitality of just such a retreat.

One bright July day in the year 1899 he set out with his guides and sledge dogs to skirt the borders of the little-known southern mainland. The frozen ocean over which he journeyed was no level plain. Knobs, mounds, and hillocks of broken ice were everywhere on its surface, with air-holes and treacherous crevasses. As night came on and the stars of the Southern Cross revealed themselves in the chill antarctic sky, searching winds arose, and a heavy snow-storm began. The explorer's eyes roved the white waste in search of possible shelter. Not far off a seemingly imprisoned iceberg thrust its great head and shoulders two hundred feet above the frozen surface, and to this he led his party, trusting that they would find protection from the wind on its leeward side. Closer inspection revealed a deep and darkly blue cavern near its base, and in it the entire party found safe shelter for the night.

Mr. Borchgrevink has thus what may properly be called inside information on the subject of icebergs, and his comments upon this unusual camping-ground are most interesting. "It was a bitterly cold night," he writes, "and the gale howled and whistled around the sharp corners of the berg, producing wonderful sounds in the natural trumpets formed by the cavities in the ice. The snow-squalls were so dense and persistent that we felt as if we were about to be suffocated."

He tells us also that the iceberg, though surrounded by miles of field ice, was not in reality a prisoner. "These brilliant blue monarchs seem entirely independent of their surroundings," he writes. "They move about against wind and tide and plow their way through these tremendous ice-fields, while ice blocks, several tons in weight, rise up and roll aside like foam before their glittering bows. But independent as they seem, it is the undercurrent, an irresistible force, a natural law, which forces these giants onward, apparently against all natural laws."

A watch was set during the entire night lest the berg should suddenly be impelled to start upon its seaward journey, but fortunately there was no cause to arouse the weary men and dogs, who fell straightway into the sleep of exhaustion.—Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in *Young People*.

A Search for the North Pole

MR. ROBERT E. PEARY left New York for his ninth expedition into the Arctic Ocean in July, 1905. He used the "Roosevelt," the most powerful arctic boat ever built. The Peary Arctic Club of New York provided the funds for the construction of the "Roosevelt," and also financed the expedition. The ship was manned with a crew of twenty men. Nothing was heard from Mr. Peary after he left New York in July until the following November.

The expedition was an arduous one; but the indefatigable explorer succeeded in getting within

and one day in every year; where only two steps separate astronomical noon from astronomical midnight.

It is the spot from which all the heavenly bodies appear to move in horizontal courses, and a star just visible above the horizon never sets, but circles forever, just grazing the horizon.

More than this, the north pole is the last great geographical prize which the world has to offer to adventurous man,—the prize for which the best men of the strongest, most enlightened, most adventurous nations of the earth have been struggling unsuccessfully for nearly four centuries.

Perhaps I should say a word or two in explanation of my statement that there is no time at the north pole.

What is the point from which we estimate time here? It is noon, that is, the moment when the sun crosses the meridian where we are, or some fixed meridian that has been selected. At the pole there are no meridians, or, rather, all the meridians of the globe are gathered in one point, so there is no starting-point for time as we estimate it here.

Next after this definition of the pole, perhaps it is well to take up very briefly the four things

which, it may be said, go to form the conception of the arctic regions in the minds of most people. These four things are the cold, the darkness, the silence, and hunger.

In the far north, when winter settles down in earnest, the very air seems frozen, and is filled with tiny frost crystals. Tempered steel and seasoned oak and hickory become brittle, soft iron becomes hard as steel, molasses and lard are cut with a hatchet, kerosene turns white and becomes thick like ice-cream, and one's breath turns instantly to ice. Yet my readers should understand that the cold alone is not the greatest hardship of the arctic regions, nor is it a thing which alone should interfere with arctic work.

Heat and cold, as you know, are relative, and the climate of England may

seem as unendurable and as great a terror to a native of the tropics as does the winter cold of the arctic regions to the native of England.

A sound man, woman, or child, if properly fed and properly clothed, can live and endure the severest cold of the arctic regions just as comfortably as men live and endure the cold of English winters.

It is only when the cold joins forces with an arctic blizzard, the drifting snow and the wind, the winter demons of the north, that all attempts to work or travel must be given up, and men and animals are compelled to burrow in their snow shelters until the storm is over.

The darkness of the arctic regions is another thing which is very greatly misunderstood. The "great night" of the pole is at once the grandest, the sternest, and perhaps the most trying of all natural phenomena on the globe. It is something which, when once experienced, is never forgotten. How many can really form a true idea of this, even when I say that the night is weeks and months in length?

Try to imagine, if possible, what it would be for each of the inhabitants of the home land, if every year the sun set early in October, not to



DR. KANE'S SHIP, THE "ADVANCE," CAUGHT IN THE ICE IN SMITH STRAIT

2° and 54' of the pole, the most northern point ever reached by man. But even this remarkable achievement does not satisfy Mr. Peary. He contemplates making another attempt for the goal.

Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband on three of his expeditions as far as the winter quarters, the extreme northern point of Greenland. On one of these voyages, their little daughter was born, when they were within the arctic circle. They named her Ahnighito, which means "snow baby." Marie Ahnighito is the most northerly born white child in the world.

The following extract is from an address given by Mr. Peary concerning the arctic regions and his experience while there:—

The north pole is the precise center of the northern hemisphere, the hemisphere of land, of population, of civilization. It is the point where the axis of the earth cuts its surface. It is the spot where there is no longitude, no time, no north, no east, no west—only south. It is the place where every wind that blows is a south wind. It is the place where there is but one night

rise again until the last of February. This is about the average night of the arctic regions, although at the pole itself this night is six months long—from September 21 to March 21.

This "great night" is what often drives men crazy in the north. This long, irritating, crushing weight of darkness is the great, the unescapable drawback to arctic work.

But the entire year is not a period of greater or less darkness in the arctic regions. Just as the winter is a period of intense and almost unendurable darkness, so the summer is a time of continuous, brilliant, and at times blinding sunlight.

The silence has been a favorite theme with more than one arctic traveler and writer—the unbearable silence of the arctic regions.

In my own experience I have not found this silence. If one's camp or winter headquarters is near the sea, the rising and falling of the great sheet of ice under the influence of the tides results in a continuous cracking, creaking, and groaning of the ice, which never entirely ceases; and if the camp is in the interior, the chances are that during the greater portion of the time the wind and drifting snow keep up an incessant hiss and rustle.

This is in the winter time. In the brief summer the cries and whirring wings of countless sea-birds, the sound of the arctic brooks, the lapping of the waves against the ice and rocks, keep the air alive with an incessant murmur quite agreeable to one.

Yet there are at times brief periods of utter silence, and when these occur, the silence to me is not repellent, but fascinating in its qualities of absoluteness and purity.

Hunger and starvation have played an important part in many arctic expeditions, yet it should be remembered that they have played an equally prominent part in expeditions in what are considered more favored regions. Carelessness, or mismanagement, or inexperience may make them a serious menace anywhere in the world.

In regard to hunger, as in regard to darkness, how many know what real hunger is or can form any true idea of it?

I do not mean the hunger of the man who has slowly starved to death inactive, till he is semi-conscious, and life is but the faintest spark. Such hunger I have never known.

What I mean is the hunger which a man feels who has for weeks been working to his limit in the biting air of the arctic regions on half-rations or less, till he is only a gaunt machine of bones and sinews; the hunger of a man whose heart and lungs and muscles are working overtime, but whose blood is still red and hot, and every drop of it calling for meat.

That is the hunger which leads a man to jump on the bear or musk-ox that he has just killed, and lift the skin with his knife. It is the hunger which, when a dog dies in harness, makes a man keep off the other dogs till he himself has eaten.

Yet while these arctic regions, with their cold, their darkness, their privations, labor, and starvation, are shudderingly repellent to the invalid, the aged, and the timid, to the man or boy of health and vigor they have possessed from time immemorial the strongest fascination of any portion of the globe. No other field appeals so strongly and universally to brain and blood as these dazzling, dangerous, mysterious areas. The mystery, the novelty, the challenge, the bigness, and the clearness of it all stir many men.

Nowhere else does one get so close to the great heart of Mother Earth as up there in that dead white borderland between this world and interstellar space. Nowhere else is the air so pure, nowhere else the sunlight so brilliant or the darkness so opaque, nowhere else the storms so furious.

There are to be found the iceberg, the glacier, the eternal ice, and the savage mountains. There are the walrus, the narwhal, the musk-ox, the polar bear, and the white wolf, there the Eskimo and his dogs. There are the "great day" and the "great night," with Polaris in the very center overhead.

Mending Men in the Arctic Region

[DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, the author of the following article, is an eminent physician and Christian worker, who has for several years been a missionary in one of the bleakest regions in the world. His services are given to the deep-

sea fishermen off the coast of Labrador. His spirit of courage and enthusiasm must give a new inspiration to all Christians.—ED.]

The southern birds, returning, remind us that it is summer with you in the south. I have just been down on the wharf which we are building to enable the mission steamer to bring her patients within reach of the hospital, and I found the large barricades of ice at the end of the wharf lifting and floating off on the tide.

The dogs, which have been our trusty friends all winter, are lamenting at being enclosed in a large wire fencing, that our cattle may have a chance to live.

North'ard Ho!

Everywhere as the snow goes, little tips of green are springing up, and we are daily expecting the arrival of the first fishing schooners from

the south, and among them our own little mission hospital ship, "Strathcona." It will soon be "north'ard ho!" with thousands of fishermen; and as far north as Hudson's Bay brave men will be wresting a living from these reluctant seas. Already we are refurbishing up our sea-boots, oilskin frocks, and sou'westers, while we are stowing away our dog sleighs, our deerskin moccasins, and our snow racquets. In this country we jump from winter into summer, and from summer into winter again.

All day long I have heard outside the harbor heads the banging of guns in the fog that is hiding everything from view. The men are taking toll of the ducks and other sea-birds hurrying northward again for the nesting season. Everything is going north. The young seals, borne on the south-driving ice floes, are beating against the polar current. Two polar bears have passed north across our harbor, returning from their long hunt for these same young seals. I struck the track of one in the woods the other day, while on a search party, hunting for a man who had lost his way.

Search for a Doctor

This little hospital is as full as it can hold, and one doctor finds considerably more than he can do, though this winter I have a voluntary assistant from America, who has just come back from a sick call, one hundred and twenty miles, in our little motor launch. Scarcely an hour ago two men arrived from fifteen miles to the north for a man whose life is in danger, and whom I am just bound away to visit. It is some trouble coming for a doctor in this country. Two boats, manned by seven men, crept along the shore last week, between the Arctic floe and these barren rocks, spending four days in rowing, each

boat covering over one hundred miles to get the doctor, if they could; but if not, advice and medicine.

One fisherman I operated on last week had come two hundred miles, and I have two in the hospital at the present moment who have come over seventy. It is a much harder job to get home again, even if you get well, for with the homes of these last men there is no kind of communication. They will have to travel back around shore from place to place, over one hundred miles, as soon as they are able to do so. The kindly people of each place will make it their duty to carry these people free to the next place. One of these poor fellows has had a cancer removed. The other has a diseased spine, which we have been able to straighten partially, and now he is going home to try to earn a living for a wife and three children, handicapped as he is, with the arduous task of fishing with a hook and line in these frigid waters.

I have traveled this winter fifteen hundred miles with my dogs, and before I return to this hospital again for another winter, I shall have covered more than twice that in the little mission boat; for I am bound as far north as Cumberland Inlet if it is in any way possible for me to reach so far north. Early next month I expect to cross the Straits and meet my colleague, the doctor in charge of the mission hospital at Battle Harbor. He has been frozen in there since the end of last November, when he last saw the face of a Southerner. I suppose he has traveled farther still with his dogs, for his people are more scattered than ours. It is always rather an anxious moment when, after these long absences, we anchor off the hospital, until we have heard the news of the winter.

Two hundred miles to the westward a new colleague has been stationed this winter, and there is being built a fourth hospital, a center for two hundred miles on each side of him; while two hundred miles north again of Battle Hospital, on an island out in the Atlantic, I shall shortly be

landing the nurse and the maids who have served here with me all winter, to open up the mission hospital for as long as the sea shall remain open. There, out in the Atlantic, they form a little settlement for thousands of fishermen who bring their sick to and fro as they need assistance.

It has been our great privilege, while trying to tell the good news of the old, old story, to be able to commend its message of love in many ways to the lives of our fishermen. At one place we have a flourishing little mill, where we give work in winter to all the needy ones of the district, cutting logs, building boats, and where now a regular village has grown up in the winter. To this all those who have done badly with the fish in the summer, and stand in danger of going hungry during the long months of enforced idleness, can resort; and while their children go to the little school, they themselves can keep out of

debt and want. This enterprise has proved a blessing.

It is a precarious life, the fisherman's, and many a family has come to want through the perils of the calling that their breadwinner must encounter. For this reason, at another place, we have a fine orphanage, where we can take in derelict children, and feed them, and teach them, and save them from falling victims to the scrofula and scurvy which are too common along these shores among the poorer families. It is the generous



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY



MR. PEARY'S CHILDREN

custom of this people to take charge of children that are left destitute. I know one family here with nine children of their own, who have taken in two more, and I know a large-hearted woman, with no children of her own, who has taken in no fewer than six. At other places we have banded the fishermen together in the co-operative stores, to enable them to obtain the necessities of life at reasonable prices, and to enable them to sell their fish direct to the merchants at cash prices.

We have numbers of loan libraries scattered all along these shores, the only stimulus to reading that many have.

But my space is exhausted. I can only say for myself and my fellow workers that we would change places with no one. The opportunities for service for the Master are so obvious and so numerous, that every day brings the sweetest of all joys—the opportunity of doing something for others.

We have learned many lessons from our seafaring friends on this coast—unselfishness, simplicity, and loyal devotion to Christ. I have known them more than once to do that which the Master himself says is the test of the greatest love a man can show—I have known them more than once to lay down their life for a friend.



The Everlasting Gospel—No. 2.

"AND I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth." With these words the first angel's message begins, yet the messenger is called "another angel." This is understood by reference to the thirteenth verse of chapter eight. The prophet there beheld one of these celestial beings "flying through the midst of heaven," announcing the woes that were to befall mankind under the sounding of the last three trumpets. There is no connection between the two, only here the revelator again saw in the heavens a flying messenger, and describes it as "another angel."

Are we, then, to understand that this angel actually preaches to the people of earth? The word "angel" signifies "messenger" or "minister;" and it is true that these unseen beings take a most active interest in the transactions of our world; for, says the Father, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

But while they comfort the discouraged and help the fallen, the Lord in his infinite wisdom has never given to angels the work of preaching the gospel to men. Though the angels were tempted at the time of Lucifer's rebellion in heaven, they have never known our trials and temptations, nor ever experienced our sufferings and weaknesses; and should the persuasive voice of an angelic messenger be heard entreating the multitude to forsake wrong and walk the narrow pathway, without doubt some honest pilgrim who had battled hard against the evils of this sinful nature would approach the speaker with something like the following: "If you have never had the evil tendencies of the sinful heart, the crosses and losses, the doubts and fears, the weariness and defeat that have so often rested upon us with crushing weight, you can in no wise appreciate our condition. It is all very well for you to preach and to live the perfect life, but for us it is altogether another matter." But this has never been done; it is not God's plan; therefore we must conclude that these three

angels represent great religious movements that will stir the world just before the second coming of Christ.

The first angel does not appear with some new religion or message, but with the "everlasting gospel." He comes with the old, old story of peace on earth, good will to men, through the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour. The glad tidings were first made known to Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden as soon as they fell through disobedience. By this act our first parents forfeited all claim to purity of heart, to their Eden home, and to life itself; but before pronouncing the curse upon them, a message of hope—the everlasting gospel—is made known to them in the words addressed to the serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Compare Gal. 3: 16, 29. Here is promised power from on high, grace to overcome sin, the final destruction of Satan, and eternal victory through Christ.

Such is the true everlasting gospel,—a plan by which fallen, helpless humanity may be restored to its place in the great family of the righteous. There is one door to the realms of eternal bliss, and that door is Christ. John 10: 1-9. There is but one name in which is found salvation, and that is the precious name—Jesus. Acts 4: 12.

In recognition of the Lamb of God, Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than did his brother, and the approving smile of heaven rested upon him. It was this faith that took Abraham to the heights of Moriah, that enabled him to bind his only son upon the altar, and to raise the blade with which to take his life. This father of the faithful believed that through the sacrifice of Christ, the son of promise would again be restored; and the universe beheld with wonder and admiration the victory of faith.

In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews is recorded a long list of the triumphs of faith. It was God's purpose that the children of Israel should all share in this experience, but the people of heaven's choice lost sight of the plan of redemption to that extent that when the Desire of all nations came unto his own, they refused to believe that he was any one save the son of Joseph, and in their madness they took his life. How unspeakably sad the picture! The great world at large lost in idolatry, and now the flock of his tenderest care spurn heaven's priceless gift. Yet the offering was not in vain; there is a brighter side to the picture. Although the mystery had been "hid from ages and from generations," it was unfolded in the life and mission of our Saviour to that extent that before his disciples had laid aside life's armor, the gospel had been carried to the entire world. Col. 1: 23.

For a time the world took on new life, and the moral standard was raised, but the mystery of iniquity gradually crept into the church until a compromise was formed with the falsehoods of paganism, and again the world lapsed into darkness. The sixteenth century Reformation for a time seemed to break the spell, but the work was not allowed to go on to perfection. We have now entered upon the twentieth century; God has set his hand once more to save a remnant. He has no new device or plan; the work is accomplished by his *everlasting gospel*. Christ's mission is found in the words, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." He came to break every yoke of bondage, to set free all the captives of sin and Satan, and he is as ready and able to do this now as when he walked among men.

It is related that a man who was an Englishman by birth and an American by naturalization was once arrested in Cuba and condemned to be shot. The hour of his execution came, and as the fatal word was about to be given, the English and American ministers to the island rushed up and wrapped about the prisoner the flags of the two nations they represented. They then bade them shoot if they dared. Those colors were respected, and the prisoner was set at liberty.

Christ's work in behalf of humanity is precisely the same. As sinners, we deserve the death penalty, but Christ hastens to save the prisoners. With his strong arms of infinite love he wraps about them the blood-stained banner of his own victory at Calvary. Satan must respect the ones thus covered, and the Father of all mercies takes delight in accepting them through his Son. The ensign of Prince Immanuel is sufficient to cover all who come. Let us not delay to take refuge beneath its folds, to pass on the glad tidings of an eternal shelter to our brothers and sisters in this world who have not heard of the One who is mighty to save.

ROY F. COTTRELL.

My Only Gift

LONG, long I trod on earth's low sod,
Nor sought the heights to see;
And all within was dark with sin,
For self was king to me.

But, happy day! love found a way,
Revealed to me the cross,
Where, crucified, my Saviour died
For me, nor called it loss.

The agony beyond degree,
The cruel death of shame,—
Such love I own, as at his throne
My lips speak but his name.

My human pride is laid aside;
I claim the cross of Christ,
Whose all he gave my soul to save,
For me the sacrifice.

If he would give, that I might live,
His wealth, his throne, his life,
And come to seek for one so weak,
So full of sin and strife,

My service small, my life, my all
I give for him to bless;
With joy I lift the humble gift,
I could not offer less.

Now joy is mine, for love divine
Has shone into my soul,
And free and blest in peace I rest
In him who makes me whole.

MAX HILL.

Storing the Mind

RUSKIN says, "What fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings; treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care can not disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."

A young man was rapidly losing his eyesight. The physicians told him he would be able to see but a few months at most. Accompanied by his sister, he began at once to travel over Europe, taking a last look at the beautiful sights of nature before his eyes should be closed forever. He desired to have stored up in memory pictures of mountains, streams, and waterfalls, of woods and green fields, so that when no longer able to view these beauties of earth, he might have refreshing visions in his soul to make his darkness more bearable.

If we read good books, thus getting beautiful thoughts and conceptions framed upon memory's walls, when dark hours overtake us, we shall not be utterly cast down.—*Educational Messenger*.



A 1907 Motto

SEIZE upon every opportunity for contributing to the happiness of those around you.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

Lesson for Young People's Society

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Responsive Scripture Reading.

Song.

BIBLE TOPIC: Christian Service.

BIBLE READING:—

What command did the Lord give to the maniac of Gadara when he was healed? Mark 5: 19. Where was he to begin work?

What similar injunction is given by the psalmist? Ps. 66: 16.

For what has the Lord set his people in the world? Matt. 5: 14-16. What is the source of their light? John 1: 4, 9.

What are the Lord's people called in Isa. 43: 12.

To what extent are they to testify? Acts 1: 8.

To how many has the Lord given a work? Mark 13: 34. Does this include young people?

Read the gospel commission. Matt. 28: 18-20.

How much power is promised? Who is to be with the laborer? How long?

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 95-108.

Topics and Questions

SAVED FOR SERVICE:—

Who met the Saviour at the shore of Galilee? Page 98, first paragraph.

What did the disciples do? Next paragraph.

What did Jesus do? Page 96.

Where did the evil spirits go? Page 97.

How did the two men who were delivered feel? Page 98, first paragraph.

What did they become? Page 99, first paragraph.

How is the gospel to be presented? Page 99, second paragraph.

RECEIVE FREELY, GIVE FREELY:—

To how many is the gospel invitation to be given? Page 102, first paragraph.

Relate the example of the Samaritan woman. Second paragraph.

What is every true disciple? Last paragraph.

What are those who receive to do? Page 103, third paragraph.

JESUS ALWAYS WITH US:—

How will Jesus always be with his people? Page 104, first paragraph.

What is every Christian? Second and third paragraphs.

Are there many who need our help? Last paragraph.

When are angels most present? Page 105, second paragraph.

What example is left for us? Third paragraph.

How is each child of God to regard himself? Fourth paragraph.

Where can we find the Saviour's footsteps? Fifth paragraph.

Is Christ near us to-day? Page 107, second and third paragraphs.

Notes

The subject of this lesson is an excellent motto for all our young people,—Saved to Serve. The Lord blesses us as he did Abraham, that we may be a blessing to others.

The only real object of our Young People's Societies is to learn to win souls. It is for this purpose that we ourselves are saved from sin. As soon as a person is truly converted, he has a real burden to lead others to the Saviour. Those who have no burden for souls need a deeper conversion ourselves. G. B. THOMPSON.

The Iowa Young People's Convention

THIS convention was held at Des Moines, December 26-30. About twenty-five delegates were present, representing almost as many Societies or churches, and these, together with the young people residing at Des Moines, made a good company to consider the important issues that were brought before the convention. In addition to the delegates, Elders Warren and Starr, Brethren Fred Wilbur and Floyd Bralliar, and the writer were present.

The program consisted of addresses, papers, and discussions. There was the utmost freedom, and a good spirit was manifested in carrying on the discussions. It was intensely interesting to learn the attitude of the different churches toward the young people's work, the nature of the Societies' programs, and the kinds of work conducted by each. In following the discussions the delegates used their note-books and pencils freely, to preserve the many practical suggestions offered.

The stirring addresses given by Elder Warren aroused all present to the importance of making their calling and election sure. An individual heart-searching resulted, the fallow ground was broken up, and praise and consecration meetings were enjoyed by all. The Spirit of the Lord brooded over all the meetings of the convention.

From the convention the various delegates returned home with a strong determination to set their Societies on fire, by furnishing, through Christ, fuel from the inspiration, plans, and methods gained at the council. We look for Iowa to forge to the front ranks, to raise her standard where it belongs, and to sound the rallying cry to her hundreds of young people—"The advent message to all the world in this generation."

C. L. BENSON.

The Young People's Society at Birmingham, Alabama

THE young people of church No. 1 (colored) are glad to report what they are doing. As we read the reports of sister Societies, it stirs us to greater faithfulness. Our Society was organized the latter part of October, 1906; it is composed principally of children. From the beginning, our attendance has been good. Many visitors have come in during our meetings, and have been benefited.

As we draw near the close of time, we see the necessity of giving our children early training in the things of God. A little while from this the conditions will be such that children in the message will do more effective work than adults. Sunday laws will be made so stringent that our mothers and fathers, and even our ministers, will be hindered by civil authority; but no one would be likely to interfere with children's giving the message, however much the world hated it.

We are using "Steps to Christ" for our book study. It is the best book outside of the Bible we can use, furnishing a course adapted to our use here. Our children are taught missionary work, theoretically and experimentally. We assist the church in selling three hundred copies of the *Watchman* every week. We have experience meetings in which the children testify to what they have gained through selling the paper. It would do one good to hear them tell how the work is done. In these meetings the *Watchman's* little agents get strength for future service.

We have purchased five dollars' worth of literature for the Society; we have raised \$1.66 as a

poor fund to help the needy ones in the church. We are planning to do more effective work this year than last year. Our Society has been organized only three months. Our strength comes as we mature in age. We get strength from the reports we read in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. May God bless the sister Societies.

MRS. SYDNEY SCOTT.

A Temperance Rally

THINKING that all THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers would enjoy hearing about the Englewood Young People's Temperance Rally, I will tell you about it. We had one thousand invitations and programs printed free. Then four girls and six boys from our Willing Workers' band distributed them, giving them to the people in their homes. As a result our hall was more than full.

The program was very interesting; some of our boys who play the violin had never appeared before such a large audience, but they did well. This you know is the beginning of the temperance rally that is to go all over the city of Chicago. We are to have one grand rally, when all are to unite. Every member is actively engaged in selling *Life and Health*. We have just sent \$6.25 for two hundred and fifty copies. This money is to go toward our part of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars fund. We get the *Life and Health* for two and one-half cents a copy, and sell them for five cents.

At our next young people's meeting we will appoint each one his part, and thus carry out the program suggested in the *INSTRUCTOR* for Young People's Day.

Our Society started with seventeen members, but now we have forty. The Lord has blessed us by opening a way for us to have a nice large hall. We are of good courage, and hope to do our part in this glorious work of helping to spread the third angel's message throughout the earth.

IDA BOWEN BROWN.

Scripture Enigma

1. ONE who received the blessed gift of sight
From Him who came to be the world's true light.
2. What priest of God with all his sons was slain
The favor of a tyrant king to gain?
3. What people did their fathers' law obey,
From ancient times until the prophet's day?
4. To what great city was a prophet sent,
Whose people with contrite grief repent?
5. Whence came that mighty host, by angels slain,
To prove that God o'er all the earth doth reign?
6. What beauteous sign was placed the earth above,
Emblem of God's sure truth and love?
7. To what lone land did holy Paul retreat,
To make himself by his high office meet?
8. What monarch o'er a mighty realm had sway,
And bore the tribes of Israel far away?

If the initials side by side you place,
You'll find the name of one renowned for grace.

His name, the comfort that he brought, will show,

To those that were in trouble and in woe.

He gladly gave up all that he possessed,
To aid the church of Christ, when sore distressed.

He was among the first of those who bore

The gospel light to many a heathen shore.

O! may we imitate his works of love,

And share with him in glorious joys above.

—J. H. Vincent.



The Chickadees

"A FLUFFY little chickadee,
When winds began to blow,
Crept up beside a forest tree
And watched the flakes of snow.

"My brother," said poor Chickadee,
"This wind is very cold;
Why don't we go to sunny lands,
Like good Sir Robin bold?"

"The snow is covering all the worms,
The flies are gone away,
I haven't caught a single bug —
Not one — to eat to-day."

"Fie on you!" chirped good Brother Dee.
"Don't creep in there to whine,
For Chickadees weren't made for that.
I'll show you how to dine.

"When flies and worms and bugs are gone,
Sir Robin has to go,
Because, you see, good brother mine,
His lordship was made so.

"But Chickadees and birds of pluck,
When cold and wintry weather
Cuts off their whole supply of meat,
Forage for seeds together.

"We'll hunt for weeds and berries red,
And surely find our dinner,
For flowers that bloom in summer days
Leave seeds for birds in winter.

"So, pluck up courage, brother dear,
For Chickadees must never
Do aught but sing the whole year through,
No matter what the weather."

— Elizabeth Keese.

An Incident of the Boxer Outbreak

WHEN Europeans and Americans were besieged by the Boxers in Peking, Yao Chen-Yuan, a native Christian, risked his life to carry letters to the legation at Tientsin, telling of their awful plight, and begging for immediate assistance. In a recent publication, "Chinese Heroes," Yao Chen-Yuan's own account is given of the way he accomplished his dangerous mission. The following extracts give a glimpse of the courageous character of this man, who is now devoting his time to carrying the gospel to his fellow men:—

When the letters of the various ministers had been committed to my care, I said to myself, "How shall I ever be able to take these letters to Tientsin?" I breathed a simple prayer to God to give me some method by which I might reach my destination in safety. The words had scarcely left my lips when I noticed on the wall a large straw hat, such as is commonly used by coolies in the summer-time. As it was composed of two layers of straw, I wet it, ripped it apart, and concealed my letters between the two sections, which I carefully sewed together.

When I left the legation, I crossed the bridge and climbed over a wall of barricades into Su Wang Fu, where two Japanese soldiers said to me: "What are you doing here?"

"I am going to Tientsin with letters," I replied. "You must be careful," one of them said, in a kind but warning tone, "or you will be killed before you are well started on your way."

He took me to a small lane at the outskirts of the barricades, where he left me to go on alone, but I had not gone far when I discovered that a Boxer watchman was stationed at the other end of the street.

"Give me ten cents, and I will let you pass,"

was all he said. This I was quite ready to do. Half-way to Tung Chou I overtook some three hundred of Tung Fuhsiang's soldiers, whom I joined, stopping with them that night at a Mohammedan inn. During the night a crowd passed by, led by a woman Boxer—a member of the Society of the Red Lantern—who asked me my name, my business, and where I was going. As I seemed to satisfy them with my answer, they went about their business, which was the destruction of a Catholic village and the murder of the Christians. The next morning I continued on my way, being early joined by a Boxer, who invited me to dine with him, after which we separated.

That night I heard the keeper of the inn at which I stayed say to a Boxer, "We have no Christians here," and I spent the night unmolested. The following day a child warned me not to go through a certain village, saying that the Boxers were taking every one they suspected, and I saw the fire kindled at which they burned twenty Christians. I thanked the Lord for putting it into the mind of a child to warn me, and thus save me, and perhaps the people of the legation, from a like horrible fate. The country was flooded. I was compelled to wade through water the depth of which I knew nothing, and I was wet and discouraged.

At the next village a shoemaker informed me that the road was dangerous, being crowded with Chinese troops, a thing which I soon found to be true by being made prisoner, and having my money taken from me. My money being all they wanted, the soldiers at once set me free, and I in turn complained to the officer that I had been robbed by his troops.

"Wait," said he, "until I see who did it."

"No, no," said I, "do not let me trouble you to that extent; the day is far spent, and I would like to stay the night in your camp."

"With pleasure," said he. So I spent the night in the protection of my enemies.

In the morning he returned my money, warning me not to go on the Great Road, lest I fall into the hands of the foreign troops, and suffer at their hands.

"I understand," I said, with a meaning which he did not comprehend, and I left. When I came to the river, I noticed a boatman, and asked, "Will you take me to the red bridge in Tientsin?"

"We do not dare to go as far as the red bridge," he answered; "the Japanese soldiers are there, and they will shoot us."

"You need not be afraid," I said; "I can protect you from the Japanese soldiers." On hearing this he readily consented, but he put me off some distance from the bridge. I saw the soldiers in the distance, and waved my handkerchief as a token that I was a messenger, and thus encountered no danger. They escorted me to the foreign settlement, and then left me to go alone; the Russians refused to allow me to pass, and I was compelled to return to the red bridge.

Then I took one of the letters out of the hat, and showed it to three Japanese officers who happened to be passing.

"Where do you come from?" they asked.

"From Peking."

"Were you not afraid of the Boxers?"

"No."

"You are a good man; wait till I give you a pass." They took me to their headquarters, where I saw a higher official, and related all my adventures by the way, as well as the condition of affairs in Peking; all of which he wrote down, and then sent four of his soldiers to accompany me to the British and American consulates. When I saw the American consul, I burst into tears, and told him of all that the people in Peking were suffering; how the Boxers were firing on them from all sides, and trying to burn

them out; how each man was limited to a small cup of grain a day, while at the same time they were compelled to labor like coolies, under a burning sun, in employments to which they were not accustomed. And I urged him to send soldiers at once to relieve them.

After a rest of two days I received the letters from the various consuls in Tientsin, together with others from friends of some of the besieged, and started on my return journey, depending upon the Lord for protection. Seven miles from the city I fell into a nest of Boxers, the head of whom asked, "Where have you been?"

"To Tientsin," I replied.

He questioned me again, and I asked if I could dine with them. After dinner I said to the head Boxer: "I wish to go to Peking; can you tell me the safest route for me to take?"

He told me, and I left, taking the direction he suggested. Next day, when passing a melon patch watched by Boxers, I walked up to them and asked them to give me a melon, thinking they would be less likely to disturb me if I first addressed them.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To Peking," I answered; "can you tell me which road it would be safest for me to take?"

They told me, and, as in the former case, I followed their direction, reaching Peking without further adventure other than that of avoiding several crowds of Boxers and Chinese soldiers. All the way through the city I was compelled to saunter slowly, as if I were merely looking about and not going anywhere, so that it took me from noon till evening to go from the east gate to the legation. In the Austrian legation grounds I noticed a Chinese soldier digging as if for treasure. Walking up to him, I addressed him with, "Hello! Captain, what are you doing?"

"What are you doing here?" he said, staring at me, and speaking in a loud voice.

"Please do not speak so loud," I said, in an undertone, as if anxious to enter into a secret alliance with him.

While we were talking, an officer with forty or fifty soldiers came up and wanted to have me killed.

"Do not kill him," said the soldier to whom I had been talking, "he is an old friend of mine."

Just then a crowd of Boxers came up, and the leader asked: "What is this fellow doing here?"

"Do not meddle with my affairs," said the soldier, "he is my friend," and with this they passed on, leaving us alone.

"Now you go into Su Wang Fu," said the soldier, "and get your money; and if you can not come out to-morrow, stand behind the wall and hold your hand aloft that I may know you are safe."

"Very well," I replied, "but how am I to get in?"

"I will take you to the end of that alley, where you will be safe," he said, at which place I bade him good afternoon. In a few moments the Japanese soldiers, who had observed and recognized me, pulled me up over the wall, and my dangers were over.

I was at once taken to an officer, and delivered the letters. When he saw me ripping open the hat and taking them out, one after another, until I had given him eleven, he could not refrain from laughing. He took me with him to the American legation, where, as we entered, he held aloft the letters. The people clapped their hands and cheered, and many of them wanted to talk to me, but I was let through the Russian into the British legation.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

"MOMENTS are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play."

Colors in the Sunlight

ONE day as Uncle Dick was watching the little girl ravel a piece of cloth, she looked up and said, "You see it's green, don't you? just bright green; but wait." And she picked out of that green cloth a yellow thread and a blue thread, a yellow and a blue, yellow and blue, until the cloth was all raveled away, but there wasn't one green thread anywhere!

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed her uncle, as he looked at the little bundle of yellow threads and then at the bundle of blue ones, "that really, if you mix those just right, it will make green cloth?"

"Yes, Uncle Dick," she laughed, "that is really, really true. And if you mix red threads and yellow threads, the cloth will be orange colored; and if you mix blue threads with the red ones, the cloth will be purple. Now I wonder if you can show me anything as interesting as that!"

"We might ravel out a little piece of sunlight," replied her uncle.

"O, but you're just playing now—the idea of raveling sunshine, Uncle Dick! Nobody could do that!"

For answer he took a little pocket looking-glass and leaned it up in a bowl of water on the table. Sunshine came in through the open door and shone upon the glass, whence it was reflected to the wall, not as white light as we might suppose, but all raveled out into most lovely and beautiful colors. You may well believe that Lucy's eyes danced and sparkled as she saw those splendid tints—the deep rich red, bright yellow, the beautiful blue, and the green and orange and violet. And then you may believe she listened closely as her uncle told her how God, the great weaver, wove all these colored light threads (or rays) together, not into cloth, but into the glorious white sunlight, which minute by minute he sends down to this earth to dress it in loveliness and beauty.

EDISON DRIVER.

Paper Rags

FIFTY years ago it was customary, at least in the eastern part of the United States, to save all rags, and even the best of paper, to sell. The average reader of this paper may inquire what could be done with such material. What was it worth? In those days such substances were the principal reliance of paper-makers, especially for the common printing and writing paper. Colored rags were bleached, and with those already white were made into good paper. Making paper from wood was a process then unknown, but straw was used for making a yellowish-brown paper for wrapping such articles as meat, groceries, dry-goods, etc. Such paper not being very strong, many a luckless child has had occasion to grieve over lost sugar or other commodity because the paper burst. Nothing was known of paper sacks for common use, though when cotton became so expensive during the Civil War, heavy and strong paper flour sacks were substituted for the cloth ones in use.

But to return to the domestic phase of the rag business. In every thrifty home was the inevitable "rag-bag" into which every fragment of cloth must find its way, for three cents a pound was not an uncommon price for these savings. So thoroughly was the writer trained in such economics, that now when such scraps are worth more for fuel than for paper purposes, it yet seems wasteful to burn them.

In those days the "paper rags"—a contraction

for "paper and rags"—could be exchanged for eatables or other things at the country "grocery and dry-goods" house," but usually the tin peddler took them in exchange for his wares. As children we were much interested in looking over both upper and lower decks of the tinman's cart, and always were eager to have "ma" take such pieces as suited our fancy, irrespective of price or adaptability. I well remember one such peddler who frequently called at the home of my parents. Once, being very busy, mother simply inquired what he had in stock, and did not go out to the cart. He was a good-natured man, so after naming over a few articles, he concluded by saying, "and dust-pan handles." This last was called out by seeing a handleless dust-pan hung on its peg by a string. It is needless to say we bought not only a handle, but that which belonged with it.

Girls and women were employed in the paper mills to sort and classify the rags. At that time little, if anything, was known about bacteria, but no doubt many disease germs found their way into homes, inducing sickness and causing death, no one suspecting the origin.

The time came when only one cent, and later one-half cent, a pound could be obtained for them, and I think there is now very little use made of them in paper mills. I was reading a few days ago that in some places the "stuff" gathered by rag-pickers in the alleys of cities was being used for making cheap mattresses to be sold to the poor. An unlawful desire for money tempts manufacturers to do many things which are very contrary to the "golden rule," and will at last be the means of closing the pearly gates against those who might have had an entrance there had they lived unselfish lives.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

An Unsinkable Ship

It is reported that there are being built for a Kiel shipping company five steamships which are said to be wholly unsinkable. A recent trial of one of the boats was carried out in the presence of representatives of the imperial navy and many shipping firms. The vessel was fully laden to represent two hundred passengers, and it was assumed that, in consequence of a leak caused by a collision, the entire engine-room division, into which the water was pumped, had filled, while a hole was made in the exterior to admit water freely. The ship accordingly sank, but when it was full of water, it had still about a foot of free board above the surface, thus satisfying the conditions imposed.—*The Round Table*.

The Smallest Engine

MR. THOMAS H. ROBINSON, a watchmaker, of Toronto, has recently constructed an engine smaller than a common house-fly. It slips easily into a "22 short" empty cartridge, with room to spare. It weighs just four grains troy, so nineteen hundred and twenty such engines would be required to tip the scales to the amount of one pound.

It is no exception to the saying that little things move rapidly, for it has a speed of six thousand revolutions a minute. When running at this speed, the vibrating piston makes a sound like the buzzing of a mosquito.

It is mounted on an ebony stand, and is run by compressed air. It was by request exhibited not long ago before the Canadian Institute in Toronto.

The Snow

BEAUTIFUL diamonds sparkling bright,
Robing nature in fleecy white,
Swiftly eddying through the air,
Falling to earth so cold and bare.

In ermine garments of whitest shade
Are clothed the mountain and hill and glade;
The meadows and woodland, the river and race,
Are locked in the arms of winter's embrace.

The wild wind whistles in merry glee
As he sifts the snow over bush and tree,
And of crystal drops makes royal gems,
Crowns of glory, and diadems.

The white below and the blue above
Kiss, as they meet, in mutual love;
And the Sun-king smiles in radiant light,
As he views with pleasure the beauteous sight.

Snow is the symbol of God's good grace
Revealed in the light of Nature's face;
Freely he offers his love to all,
As showers of heaven freely fall.

That grace, O Lord, to me impart,
Give me a clean and snow-white heart;
Thine own true life let me but know,
Make me as pure as pure-white snow.

FRANCIS McLELLAN.

Scripture Enigma in the "Instructor" Dated Oct. 30, 1906

CORRECT answers have been received from—

Arch Willhelm	Inez Brasier
Goldie Dingman	Ilone Bennett
Lizzie Bennett	H. P. Mortenson
Nina Randolph	Frank Bennett
Mrs. Edith Goodrich	Florence Brooks
Mina Thompson	Vesta Sammer
Bessie Stanfield	Lou Smith

All but question eighteen were correctly answered by—

Hannah Rasmussen	Mrs. J. S. Becroft
Mae Erskine	Janet Harding
	Bertha Blough

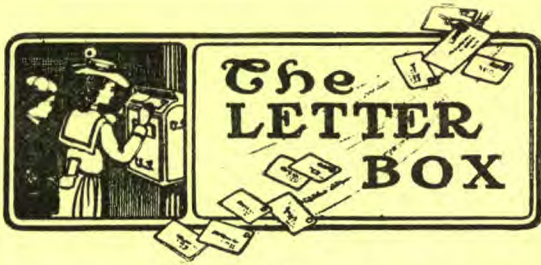
Correct Solution of the Enigma

1. TarshishJonah 1:3
2. AbrahamGen. 18:7, 8
3. Kidron2 Sam. 15:23
4. EzraEzra 7:6
5. FelixActs 24:25, 26
6. AaronEx. 32:22-24
7. Shimei2 Sam. 16:5, 6
8. Timothy2 Tim. 4:13
9. Hiram1 Kings 5:9, 10
10. Ophir1 Kings 9:28
11. LazarusJohn 11:43, 44
12. Demas2 Tim. 4:10
13. OnesimusPhilemon 10
14. FelixActs 23:23, 24
15. IsaacGen. 22:9
16. Naboth1 Kings 21:1-4
17. ShibbolethJudges 12:5, 6
18. TrogyllumActs 20:15
19. Ramah1 Sam. 2:11
20. Uzzah2 Sam. 6:6, 7
21. CainGen. 4:5, 8
22. Timothy2 Tim. 3:15
23. Ishbosheth2 Sam. 4:5, 6
24. Onesiphorus2 Tim. 1:16
25. NicodemusJohn 3:1, 2

ADMONITION: "Take fast hold of instruction." Prov. 4:13.

[I am very sorry this list has been delayed so long. It was made out weeks ago, but was overlooked. If you will answer the next enigma or list of questions promptly, I will endeavor to have the list of those who answer appear in good time.—Ed.]

THE nearest duty bears to us the greatest obligations.—*Brethren Evangelist*.



COLLEGE PLACE, WASH., Dec. 3, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: The chapel where I attend Sabbath-school is only one block from my home. I like to read the letters in the INSTRUCTOR and *Our Little Friend*. I am in the intermediate division. There will be a Sabbath-school convention held here next Sabbath, and I am in one of the exercises. I like to go to school, and am in the fifth grade.

I am learning to sew, and have made myself and sister a dress apiece. Pray for me that I may meet you all on the new earth.

HATTIE BUNKER.

NORTH TOPEKA, KAN., Nov. 29, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR AND FRIENDS: We have taken the INSTRUCTOR for several years, but I have never written a letter to it before.

We live on a farm about half a mile north of Topeka. I would much rather live in the country than in the city.

My mother, two sisters, and myself attend church in Topeka. The church here has about ninety-eight members.

I think that it would be very nice for the readers of the INSTRUCTOR to correspond with one another, and go by the rules laid down in Henry W. Rose's "Chats on Letter-Writing," which are very good, I think.

I am sixteen years old, and I have passed from the common schools, and expect to go to the school at College View, Neb., next year.

Well, my letter is too lengthy now, so I will say good-by.

EDITH DRANSFIELD.

SAGINAW W. S., MICH., Dec. 31, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and I like the paper very much. It has been a weekly visitor to my home for nearly four years.

I go to the district school. I am in the eighth grade, and am twelve years old.

I liked the enigmas and Bible problems in the INSTRUCTOR, and I have made up one. It is as follows:—

Multiply the number of people in Jacob's household that went into Egypt by the number of persons on board the boat that took Paul to Rome; then multiply the product by the number of days Christ was in the grave; subtract the number of people Christ fed with the seven loaves and fishes; subtract the number of days Christ was on earth after his resurrection; add the number of days Christ instituted as a week; subtract the number of camels Job had at the latter end of his life; add the length of the time Satan shall be bound in the bottomless pit; add the number of men Samson killed with the jawbone of an ass; subtract David's age when he began to reign, and the result will be the number of persons, including musicians and servants, in the congregation that returned from Babylon out of the captivity at Cyrus's decree.

AMMI KING.

The first correct solution of Master Ammi's problem that is sent in will be printed.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—The Ordinances

(February 16)

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John 13:17.

REVIEW.—The Sabbath begins — and ends —. In the Bible the sixth day is called —. God gave us the Sabbath because —. On the Sabbath we should not —. We should not find —, nor speak —. On the Sabbath Jesus went —. He said it was lawful to — on the Sabbath.

Questions

1. What must we do to be saved? Mark 16:16.
2. Who is our example? Where was Jesus

baptized? By whom was he baptized? Matt. 3:13.

3. What did John say when Jesus came for baptism? Verse 14.

4. How did Jesus reply? Verse 15.

5. How was Jesus baptized? Verse 16. What took place when he came up out of the water? Verse 16.

6. What words were spoken from heaven? Verse 17.

7. As Philip and the eunuch came where there was water, what did the eunuch say? How did Philip reply? How was the eunuch baptized? Acts 8:36-38.

8. What does baptism represent? Rom. 6:3. With whom are we buried when baptized? Verse 4.

9. After being baptized, how should we walk? Verse 4.

10. What should be destroyed before we are buried in baptism? Verse 6.

11. When the passover supper was ended, what did Jesus do? John 13:4, 5.

12. After Jesus had washed the disciples' feet, what question did he ask? Verse 12.

13. What did Jesus say they ought to do? Verse 14.

14. What had he given them? Verse 15. What is the meaning of this ordinance?

15. What ordinance did Jesus leave as a memorial of his death? When was it given? 1 Cor. 11:23.

16. When he had taken the bread, what did he do? What did he say? Verse 24.

17. What did he do with the wine? Verse 25.

18. What do we show by eating the bread and drinking the wine? Verse 26.

Lesson Story

Jesus said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Jesus is our example, and he was baptized. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

In Acts 8:36-38 we learn how we ought to be baptized. As Philip and the eunuch traveled together, they came to a body of water, and the eunuch said, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him."

Baptism represents the death and resurrection of Jesus our Saviour. "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

Having eaten the passover supper, "he riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. . . . So after he

had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? . . . If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. . . . If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The Lord gave us this ordinance just before he was crucified, to teach us to be humble and to love and serve one another.

There is an ordinance given us as a memorial of the death of Jesus which will help us to keep it in mind till he comes again. We call it the Lord's supper. Paul writes: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII—The Second Part of the Great Decree

(February 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 6:6-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Ps. 84:11.

Questions

1. What reply did Darius make to Tatnai in response to his letter? Ezra 6:6, 7.
2. In addition to this good word, what decree did Darius make? Why was such liberal provision to be made? Verse 8.
3. What further was to be provided? Verse 9. For what purpose? How were they to remember the king and his sons? Verse 10.
4. What was the penalty for disregarding this decree? Verse 11.
5. Who did the king say would also punish those who disregarded the decree or attempted to destroy the house of God at Jerusalem? Verse 12.
6. How did Tatnai and those associated with him receive the decree of Darius? Verse 13.
7. What was the result in Jerusalem? Verse 14.
8. Why were the Jews prospered in their work? Verse 14; 2 Chron. 20:20.
9. How many kings had a part in the decree which resulted in the rebuilding of the temple? Ezra 6:14.
10. Who was the original framer of the great decree?—The God of Israel. Verse 16; Ezra 1:1, 2.
11. When was the house completed? Ezra 6:15.
12. Who took part in the dedication of the temple? Verse 16.
13. How many tribes were represented in the service? Verse 17.
14. What feast was kept the first month after the temple was completed? Verses 19-21.
15. In what spirit did they keep this feast? Why? Verse 22.

Note

Past history is but an object-lesson of the present and future. Those in the closing work of God who will take a firm stand to carry out the teaching of the spirit of prophecy will find Isa. 60:10 fulfilled in behalf of the work of the Lord to-day. Eccl. 1:9, 10.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - 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.

Another Canal

PLANS have been made for constructing a canal across Cape Cod. The passage from New York to Boston must now be made around Cape Cod, where navigation is rendered perilous by storms, fogs, and swift tides. The canal would thus insure greater safety, besides shortening the distance one hundred and forty miles on the sea route, and seventy-six miles over the route through Long Island Sound.

The canal will be about twelve miles long, and its greatest width will be three hundred and fifty feet. Its estimated cost is twelve million dollars, and three years is the time allotted for building it.

Requirements for a Degree

A CHICAGO professor recently told his class that every man before he is granted the degree of Bachelor of Arts should be required to satisfactorily answer the following list of questions:—

- Do you see anything to love in a little child?
 - Have you sympathy with all good causes?
 - Can you look straight in the eye of an honest man or a pure woman?
 - Will a lonely dog follow you?
 - Do you believe in lending a helping hand to weaker men?
 - Do you believe in taking advantage of the law when you can do so?
 - Can you be high-minded and happy in drudgery?
 - Can you see as much beauty in washing dishes and hoeing corn as in playing golf and the piano?
 - Do you know the value of time and money?
 - Are you good friends with yourself?
 - Do you see anything in life besides dollars and cents?
 - Can you see sunshine in a mud puddle?
 - Can you see beyond the stars?
- One paper in commenting on this suggestion of the professor said:—

"He has hit upon a great truth; for an education that inculcates kind-heartedness, helpfulness, pure living, the love of honest labor, the sunniest optimism as to the present, and a firm trust in God for the future, is worth more than all other kinds of training put together."

A Humane Thought

IN winter weather a motor-man's hands are very likely to be numbed by the cold, causing him a great deal of discomfort, and also rendering him unable to properly operate the brake and controller handles. The same is true of the pilot of a ship, the chauffeur, or any operator who is exposed to cold. A recent invention provides a very simple remedy for these troubles. The operating handle is made hollow to receive an incandescent electric lamp. At one side is a plug which, on being screwed in, will switch on the

current. The heat radiating from the incandescent lamp will warm the handle, giving the motor-man a comfortable handhold. As the chamber in the handle is hermetically sealed, all the heat developed by the lamp is given up to the handle, so that the operator is sure of having his hands comfortable, even in the coldest weather. The handhold will also aid in keeping the operator warm, as the palm of the hand is a large nerve-center. It is obvious that, instead of a lamp, a resistance coil would give equally good results.—*The Scientific American.*

Another Earthquake

MONDAY afternoon, January 14, the city of Kingston, Jamaica, was partially destroyed by an earthquake. Like those of San Francisco and Valparaiso, the shock came suddenly, no warning being given to the people. The full extent of the calamity is not yet known; for reports have been conflicting.

The latest word received at Washington says that hundreds, and possibly thousands, were killed, thousands were injured, and that practically the entire city has been destroyed. Fire followed the earthquake, and greatly increased the fatalities.

More than thirty thousand persons, among them many wealthy people, are encamped on the outskirts of the city, and all are suffering for food and medical supplies.

The harbor has been closed to shipping by the earthquake; for the lower strata of rocks that have always been more or less feared, were lifted, while the "side walls" of the harbor fell in. Considerable time will be required to get the harbor into safe condition.

Kingston has been pronounced the second most immoral city of the world. It is not ours to condemn, but it seems that the Lord is seeking to arouse the world to their sins, and to their obligations to him.

These dreadful calamities have a message for every person. May we all early learn the lessons intended for us, making sure that our anchor is fastened securely to the Eternal Rock, Christ Jesus.

Answers to Correspondents

A New Department

LAST summer the editor received a suggestion that she is just now ready to act upon, though it seemed an excellent one at the time it was given. It was to the effect that there be opened in the INSTRUCTOR a department of Answers to Correspondents, dealing with questions of deportment, social usages, or any question that a person really desires help upon. Such a department is now open to all INSTRUCTOR readers; but if it proves interesting and helpful, you, the readers, must make it so by sending in questions that are of real interest to you. And if they are of concern to you, they doubtless will be to many others; for the chief problems of life confront us all alike.

If a question is answered, and any one has a point that will further strengthen the answer given by the editor, send it in. Let all be free to ask questions or answer them. The department is yours. Let us seek both to give and to get good.

What is the best way to acknowledge a gift?

All gifts received from a person at a distance should be promptly acknowledged by a sincere, well-written note of appreciation. A tactful, cheery note may be prized by the receiver more than a costly gift would be. It is the fashion to make gifts; but a warm-hearted note is not a product of Dame Fashion. In fact, the writing of little notes of appreciation need not be limited

to distant friends. Even those within our home circle often prize such little tokens of our heart's affection.

Should a guest on departing thank the hostess for the evening's entertainment?

No; but with a warm grasp of the hand, say, "I have thoroughly enjoyed the evening, Mrs. C;" or "I don't know when I have spent such a pleasant evening," or "I am sure every one has enjoyed the evening. I know I have." It may not be amiss here to suggest that one should avoid making the very common error of saying: "I have thoroughly enjoyed *myself* this evening." Of course all of us enjoy ourselves, we are *very* interesting to ourselves; but it is well to be somewhat reticent in expressing this partiality to others. Speak of enjoying the entertainment, the evening, the program, or the music,—anything but ourselves.

Should a lady thank a gentleman who has taken her to a concert or an entertainment, or accompanied her home from church?

No; it is proper to say: "You have given me a delightful evening," or, "It has been a most enjoyable evening, Mr. D," or some other simple expression of appreciation of the entertainment and company.

If another has shown me, or any member of my immediate family, special favors and courtesies, what is the best way to make known my appreciation?

By feeling sincerely appreciative; for the heart can usually be trusted to find some way to express itself tactfully and beautifully. I will give an incident related in a Washington paper, that shows a painful lack of tact in the attempt to express appreciation, which I believe was due to the heart's not properly appreciating the spirit of the courtesies shown:—

A woman I know had been very kind to a girl friend of her daughter. This friend had attended many pleasant gatherings at the house, stayed overnight, taken dinner frequently, and enjoyed other pleasures. She was an agreeable guest, but persisted in thanking her hostess for the meal she ate. This was discouraging in one so young, but wait —

One beautiful, sunny day the mother of this girl drove up in a stylish carriage to take for a drive the woman who had offered continued hospitality to her daughter.

As my friend stepped into the carriage, she thought, "How lovely of Mrs. — to come after such a busy woman as I and give her an afternoon of such pleasure as this promises to be." The idea of the courtesy being in the form of a debt never entered my friend's mind. I am sure she had entirely forgotten that there could be a possible debt, so fully had she given of her hospitality to the daughter. They drove through a most beautiful country, but the charm of the expected pleasure was gone—forever blighted even in memory. Whenever my friend would from utter abandonment to the pleasure of the drive express her appreciation, the mother would say: "Well, I'm so glad you're enjoying it, for I've felt for so long that I must do something—you've been so kind to Jessie. It seemed as if I couldn't come this afternoon, I had a headache and so much to do; you know we go to the shore next week, but I have planned for so long to do something for you, that I thought if I didn't come to-day, I wouldn't get a chance again—and then you've been so kind to Jessie."

My friend could only reply, "I never knew I was kind. I just thoroughly enjoyed having her there."

The keen edge of the pleasure was marred, the prospect of a pleasant memory gone.

Several times the mother repeated, "I'm so glad you're enjoying it," not because she herself enjoyed it, but—"because you've been so kind to Jessie." And this was again repeated as my friend, upon leaving, expressed her appreciation of the drive.

No, my friend did not thank her for the drive. And she can scarcely think of the drive without a shiver. And it was all entirely unnecessary, and so unkind, for, if the mother had truly wanted to take my friend for a drive, and if she had felt that she herself would really enjoy doing so, she would never have thought of it as a debt she owed.