

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Future Life

THE roses may grow pale,
And flowers wither in earth's darkened way,
And gloom and sadness in our lives prevail,
And friends we love pass one by one away.

We know in God's own time
Our loved and lost shall breathe the air of
heaven,
While songs of victory with their psalms combine
O'er death the vanquished, and his fetters riven.

For in some rapturous hour,
When dazzling glory lights the skies of day,
Our Lord shall come with his life-giving power,
And rob the haughty spoiler of his prey.

Not long shall churchyards keep,
Beneath the willows lone, their precious dust;
Not long shall pilgrims by the wayside sleep,
For Christ shall call, and graves resign their
trust.

All free from toil and pain,
The white-robed throng ascend the heights of
heaven,
Bearing their golden sheaves of ripened grain,
Where starry crowns and endless life are given.

Triumphant, glorious day!
Oft has the pilgrim prayed and longed for thee,
With pain "no more," and sorrow fled away,
The "strong one" vanquished, and the captive
free.

L. D. SANTEE.

Preparing for Life's Work

THE deacons of a church recently purposed fitting the basement for a social room. When preliminary examination was made, the project was found impracticable because the foundation of the church did not go deep enough to permit excavation sufficient for proper height in the room. A foot greater depth in the wall would have rendered a large space available for use at a small additional cost. But the builders, not expecting ever to use the basement, for the sake of a small saving had ordered a shallow foundation.

A parallel is found in the case of a young man who applied for entrance into the ministry from another profession. Examination revealed the fact that while he was well qualified by nature for the work of his calling, he was seriously deficient in the academic preparation for the ministry. Inquiry elicited the information that to save expense and time, the man had taken in the university only those studies which seemed particularly necessary for his purpose. Now that he wished to change his life-work, he found to his chagrin that his economy in preparation had been effected at the expense of breadth of foundation. He must either rebuild in part or abandon his project.

It is common to hear a young man in the upper grades of school say that he does not wish to

take up certain subjects because they will never be necessary in the calling he will pursue. Even parents direct their children to omit important studies that do not appear absolutely essential, in order to hasten their entrance upon work. Narrowly it may be true that such studies are not necessary. But it is wiser while laying the foundation for life's work to expend a little more energy to make it broader and deeper, so that the opportunities of life may not find you lacking in capacity.—*The Wellspring.*

"Thy Word Is Truth"

MANY statements made in the Bible are considered symbolical, which, if understood, would doubtless prove to be absolute truths. Such an example is found in the ninety-first psalm. The seventh verse reads thus: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand." This text refers to the time when the plagues are being poured out upon the world. Human probation has ended, and the Lord is about to come.

If we apply it mathematically, it significantly suggests that the end of the world is coming in this generation. One hundred and forty-four thousand are to be saved from the living when Christ comes. Multiply this number by eleven thousand—a thousand at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand—and you will have the approximate population of the world to-day.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

Notes by the Way Sunrise on the Prairie (Concluded)

I AWOKE this morning (June sixth) in time to see one of the most gorgeous and inspiring sights of my life—a sunrise on the great prairie. The shining queen of night has passed on with her retinue of twinkling stars, to bless others farther to the west, and to give place once more to her more glorious light-bearer.

How can I write, and what words can I choose in an attempt to picture the scene spread before me, and gradually unfolding itself all around? I find myself apparently in the very center of a mighty circle, whose radii are formed by a level carpet of green of various hues, and whose gigantic circumference in every direction but one is the dim meeting point between earth and heaven. All night the train has been rushing at full speed toward the East, and still it rushes on, seemingly unmindful of the broad fields of clover, corn, wheat, and barley, waving in the gentle breeze; unmindful of hamlet or cottage, tree or grove, sheep or herd. Still our tireless iron horse is plunging forward, seemingly with only one thought in mind—to hasten to bathe its lidless eye once more in the splendor of a new morning, and to immerse a train-load of sleepers in a sea of glory. Suddenly I hear the shrill scream of the whistle, "Toot, toot," "Toot, T-o-o-t," and it seemed to say, "Awake, awake, ye sleepers, and view the majestic rising of earth's shining king!" Let him who can not paint the bridal veil of the queen of night, stand back! Raise not your brush! I call for the hand

that can paint the living freshness of this new-born day! Where is the sweet singer, with his harp or lyre, who can strike the notes of a song or hymn worthy of this morning hour? What voice that is not divine, is there in all this world, whose notes would not jar or hush the sacred song which bird and flower and waving field are singing to another new day? While waiting and listening for that voice or hand, I seem to feel an angel messenger placing his fingers, with all the gentleness of heaven, upon the strings which the divine One has in love stretched across the framework of my soul. I imagined that I felt him tightening a string here and there, and then, with a sweep, strike the notes of a new song which is beyond the reach or power of any Æolian harp, breathed upon by zephyrs through any earthly casement, and he brought the music of my soul to blend with that of the unfolding day. Yea, more! He seemed to raise me above the song of bird and flower, above the glory with which that new morning was so lavishly adorned, above the brightness of the on-coming king of day, up to another world where they need no light of the sun, and there, with joy unspeakable, he caused me to sing, as I had never before sung, the notes of that grand benediction hymn:—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

In the ecstasy of the moment there came a refrain that I can never forget in this world—angel voices sang the same words of benediction, and the music of their voices seemed to be laden with the perfume of roses and violets as they concluded, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Three hours have passed since first I woke. What hours they have been to this poor man! They have seemed but so many minutes. So short, and yet so full that I had no thought or power to write. As passed the minutes and hours, so passed the miles, so passed the towns of Dodge City, Kingsley, Pawnee Rock, Dundee, and Alden—passed without hearing their names called, or caring when they came or went. Still before me is this great expanse of fertility and life. This great manifestation of nature, clothed in her fresh morning attire, so far outstrips the handiwork of man that, losing sight of cities and towns, I lie back upon my seat, then reach forward with head out of the window to catch one more look at a scene passed by, then across through the opposite window, I watch the lighting up of the landscape. I have seen the onward march of the sun, as it filled the dark shadows with its light, and changed the dim gray horizon line into blue, but still that horizon is no nearer. Corn and wheat fields continue to wave their heads of green and gold. Here and there, the farmer is cutting his first ripe crop of alfalfa clover, the sweet fragrance of which at times comes through the window of the train.

The engine whistles longer than usual, and in a moment the porter cries, "Hutchinson! Hutchinson! Twenty minutes for breakfast!" With the thought of the three hours of feasting I had enjoyed since the first peep of day, I felt like

saying, in the language of the Great Teacher, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." To eat an ordinary breakfast *now* would seem like dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous, and so I once more leaned back in my seat, covered my eyes with my hand that the vision that had brought such blessing and comfort to me might tarry, and that I might further muse upon God's great goodness to man, and consider soberly the infinite possibilities before every one who has eyes to see or ears to hear. I felt a longing to close my eyes, and bar my mind to earth's scenes of injustice, misjudgment, and misrepresentations, and my ears to the voices of condemnation and controversy, and see only the beautiful picture of divine love, and hear only the refrain of the angels, "On earth peace, good will toward men." But alas! No man can meet the divine in the realms of peace and good will, till he has proved himself worthy through the conception and development of the divine life in the midst of earth's Babel. "Great Deliverer, be thou still my strength, my shield."

I am awakened from my reverie by the repeated cry, "All aboard!" Men and women hasten from the restaurant, and soon we are on our way. A few minutes are sufficient to take us beyond the dusty limits of the city, and once more the broad plain is all around us. Breathing again a deep inhalation of air perfumed by the meadows, the words come with force to my mind, "Man made the cities, but God made the country." Once more I fall into a musing attitude. I wonder if there is more than one city in heaven? Did the Lord design that there should be more than one city in this world? Will there be more than one city, "the New Jerusalem," when all things are made new? Did the building of the city of Babel lead to the building of the tower? Would language have ever been confounded had Babel never been builded? What effect would be seen if the thousands of men and women now congesting the tenement portions of our cities could be settled upon the broad prairies, the thousands of square miles of tillable soil of this great country? Would it minimize the perplexities of the disease problems and the social problems almost without end? Would it help materially to stem the awful tide of infidelity and atheism in our land? What is the significance of the prophet's words, "And the cities of the nations fell"?

Still our train hurries toward the East. As hour after hour the eye watches the very earth passing so swiftly under the wheels that the head is dizzy at the sight, and on either side the plain continues to stretch out to a tiresome distance, one can but be impressed with the greatness of the work of Him whose "hands formed the dry land." Again and again this morning the words of the poet run through my mind:—

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

Then comes the thought, Any man who can grasp that mercy in the wideness of even one circle of this Kansas prairie, will at once grasp the blessed fact that his sins are forgiven and buried in the great ocean of God's love, and he will be inspired to reach out his arms and stretch out his life to bless suffering humanity.

Lessons Drawn from the Railroad

Three more hours have rolled away into eternity, hastened by the ever-rushing movement of our train toward the East. During the past few minutes I have been considering this great double line of steel which connects ocean with ocean, and I feel impressed to write out a brief outline of my thoughts.

Compared with the wideness of this prairie, how very narrow is this roadway. Looking ahead or behind a little distance, and the rails seem to meet and blend in one, and then all is lost or swallowed up by the distance; and yet these rails, this narrow way, bears this long train-load of

human freight onward, hour after hour, and day after day, in safety till a great continent is crossed, and a long journey ended. How important not only that our engine, but each coach in the train shall keep on the track. How important that each passenger shall keep on the train while it is in motion. How important that at stations no passenger shall allow desire for a longer breakfast or dinner, or conversation with a friend, to keep him in the station till the train leaves. He who will remain on board will be taken to his journey's end. He who jumps off, is not only left behind, but he jumps off at the peril of his own life. This road reminds me of the way of life. The Master said, "Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." How many on this train are on the "narrow way" to life? How important to get on board and remain to the end of the journey! "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

On this train we can stop at stations for lunch, or to change engines, but on God's train there is no stopping for lunch, no change of engine or conductor. Nothing but a through ticket for "to-day" is acceptable. The passenger seldom realizes how rapidly the train is moving. I remember one day while riding on The Empire State Express between Albany and New York City, I had been counting the mile-posts, and with watch in hand comparing the time. Two men in the seat ahead of me were commenting about the slowness of the train, and one said, "I do wish Depew would have one train put on this road that would get a man somewhere in the course of a day." I bent forward, and with a smile said, "Gentlemen, I happened to overhear your remark about the motion of the train. I have a good watch, and it may surprise you when I say that I have kept record for the past ten miles, and we are running about sixty-five miles an hour. Perhaps if you should jump off and try it a race for a few telegraph-poles, you would come to the conclusion that Depew is quite a lively chap after all." His answer was, "Well, well, I had no idea we were getting along that fast. I do not think I will try to improve the speed." Many are not satisfied with the speed of the train that heaven is handling. They have not had their eyes on the hands of the accurate prophetic chronometer, neither have they been considering or counting the mile-posts, and they fail to realize how fast the wheels of providence are turning round and round. He who steps off can not keep pace with the car for a single mile. He who realizes facts fears to try to jump ahead, or off either side, or from the platform at the rear end.

This train is taking me across the prairie of Kansas, but the train of truth has taken me across the plains and mountains of a fifty years' experience. I have faith to believe that it will take me across every field of experience, whether fruitful or barren, across every brier-strewn, sandy desert, across every swollen torrent stream of selfishness and sin. So it will do for every one who loves the way of truth. It takes the traveler not only to the end of life's mortal journey, but to the green fields and beside the still waters of a divine life. Blessed by it, each one helps (not to condemn the fields as desert but) to make the desert places to blossom as the rose.

As this railroad has been a means of planting life and beauty all along its way, so the train of truth has planted gardens of joy and beauty in the place of sorrow, and misery, and death. It has many times given "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." It has opened many prison doors and enabled the oppressed to go free. It has taken the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and borne them forward with songs of rejoicing toward the desired haven. "All aboard."

What has been required to build this road? Suppose we try to think of the number of miles from Denver to Chicago. Now we will take each mile and consider the number of steps necessary for one to walk the distance. Then we will remember that the cross-ties are laid about three to every two ordinary steps. To get these ties, millions of beautiful trees of the forest have had to lay down their life, that these two parallel lines of steel may bear us onward in safety. Let us stretch our mathematical mind to estimate the time and labor in prospecting for ore, digging in the mines, smelting, rolling, and laying of the lines of steel. Then compute the weary days and years of digging, grading, tunneling, to open this great highway, not simply across Kansas, but across this great continent. We must not stop till we consider the great bridges spanning chasms and torrent streams. Is it weariness to figure more? Is it not impossible to compute in figures the details of this wonderful undertaking? I will not press you to the task, but let us suppose that we have gone through the ordeal, that we have untiringly struggled through every figure, and carefully massed every fact, till we have before us the number of feet, ties, rails, cuts, fills, bridges, and all, nay more, we have each fact concerning the building and equipping of every engine, every baggage-car and coach, every dining-car, and every palace-car, with their wonderful appointments. What a stupendous totality!

Let us now make two comparisons. Suppose we compare first the cost of building all these bridges with the cost of building the bridge which spans the chasm between earth and heaven over the torrent of sin. Let us consider next how the cost of all earth's highways sinks into insignificance before the cost of laying the "narrow way" from paradise, over this divine bridge, straight to every man's door.

As the beautiful trees gave up their lives, were cut down, nailed, and buried in the soil of earth that the traffic of man might be hastened, and that man might be carried safely from ocean to ocean, so Christ our Lord, the beautiful tree of life planted at the right of the throne of the Majesty in paradise, was cut down that the torrent of sin might be bridged. He was then laid low in the pathway of every man's need.

Examine any earthly railroad and you will see that four great spikes pierce every cross-tie. This is done that the highway may be secure to the traveler. So four spikes pierced the divine cross-tie, our tree of life,—“they pierced my hands and my feet,”—that a highway might be “cast up” for not only the redeemed to walk in, but that poor, lost, maimed humanity might have opportunity to be taken from the sloughs of despair, from the deserts of sin, and transported safely to the desired land. To all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, let me say with kindness and with godly earnestness, You may be nearer the close of your one day of life than you think. The Lord, your divine friend, has built the road to your very door. The train is about to leave your station. Scarred “more than the sons of men,” the Conductor is crying to you, “All aboard!” Will you use the road? If so, “*Now* is the accepted time.”

A. E. PLACE.

Reflections

“As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

How few of our young people of to-day realize that life is hastening fast. Can it be joyful to reflect that this year may be our last? Alas! how shall I account for the whole number of years which have completed their course upon my head? have they been employed about my Father's business, or crammed with selfishness, pride, and indolence?

How much owest thou unto thy Lord? With all the blessings and invitations and offers of salvation, by the shedding of a Saviour's blood, we are *deeply* involved. We know not how near we are to the time when the account is to be made up; but we know that what we receive will be required at our hands. Shall we clear off this debt or go on slighting the visitations of divine grace and have the deeply stained record stand against us, "I called, ye did not answer"?

Our sins, if persisted in, will bring us into closer and closer bondage. Let us break the chains, then will the gospel of salvation be tasted in its sweetness and completeness. The Lord will enable us to commit the toiling, roving mind into his hand.

There is no quiet habitation out of the fold of Christ. Why halt longer between two opinions? What is holding us captive to the world?

O, let us be in the form of passive clay, and yield ourselves to Christ to be molded and fashioned according to his will.

MRS. R. A. STONER.

No Cause for Anxiety

ONE of the most suggestive texts in the Bible, far reaching in its many applications, is that in which God says to Moses, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount." Not a stake, or a curtain, or an atom of fragrant spice was left to the genius of the artificer or the fancy of the lawgiver. All was unfolded to Moses in elaborate detail; and all he had to do was to produce that plan in careful and exact obedience, until at last it stood complete before the wondering host of Israel. And God provided the material in abundance, out of which the plan was to be elaborated. If we will execute his plans, we need have no anxiety about the stuff; he will make himself responsible for that.—*F. B. Meyer.*



THERE isn't a blossom under our feet,
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing;
And the roughest hedge, or the sharpest thorn,
Is blest with a power to guard or warn,
If we will but heed its showing.

So do not spoil your happy looks
By pouring always over your books,
Written by scholars and sages;
For there's many a lesson in brooks or birds,
Told in plainer and prettier words
Than those in your printed pages.

And yet, I would not have you think
No wisdom comes through pen and ink,
And all books are dull and dreary;
For not all of life can be pleasant play,
Nor every day a holiday,
And tasks must be hard and weary.

And that is the very reason why
I would have you learn from earth and sky
Their lessons of good, and heed them:
For there our Father, with loving hand,
Writes truths that a child may understand,
So plain that a child can read them.

—*Phæbe Cary.*

Writing for the Press The Introduction

IN thinking out an introduction for your article, do as one man advised about an important act, "Don't stand shivering on the brink, but plunge right in." And so in writing an article for publication, it is best perhaps to plunge into your subject without too many preliminary remarks. An ornate introduction has been likened

to the portico of a house, which serves as an ornament, and to indicate the best way into the house.

As a means of entrance into your subject, you might use some incident of recent experience, something unusual you saw yesterday or to-day, or some bright saying that will serve to illustrate your subject, and at the same time to introduce it.

Write Definitely

Do not say to yourself, "I think I shall write an article for the INSTRUCTOR, and see if the editor will print it." The chances are that she will not, if it is written for such an object. Everybody has some definite thought, on some subject. This is the best thought to write out. Put your thoughts down on a scratch tablet with a lead-pencil first, then review what you have written, interline, and cut out indefinite statements. Correct your rhetoric and your grammar in the meantime, to the best of your ability. Boil the article down, and down; cut off all redundancy; then write it out and send it to your editor. Be sure you send it to the right editor. Do not send an article that is best fitted for an agricultural journal, to the editor of a journal devoted to ethical culture.

A Subhead

now and then in some articles is a good thing. It gives the reader a chance for a breathing spell, a place to stop and ruminate, thinking over what you have written.

Pegasus

I believe that most of our thoughts are suggested, that is, they come in from outside of us, instead of springing up out of our brains, an evidence of our smartness. We are but instruments for the play of divine or evil hands. Nearly all our great poets have recognized this fact, and have written at the inspiration of the muse. The ancients even, recognized the same truth, and gave it a form, that of the winged horse, Pegasus. When about to write a poem or prepare an oration, they spoke of "mounting Pegasus." Having had a bright, clear thought given you, do not let it smolder to dust in your brain, but let the world have it. If one editor will not take it, try another.

Do Not Haggle

"Hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they will." You have perhaps seen a tree that had been cut down by a child. It has many marks of the little ax up and down, and around the trunk, which showed a wild and useless display of energy. You have seen magazine, and newspaper articles that showed the same hit-or-miss idea in their construction. If your mind is not of the buzz-saw power, you can at least use the hand-saw, and cut your article to a line of clear statement and truth. Stick to your subject. Do not ramble on grounds outside of it. Reserve these side thoughts, if good, for another article.

Illustrations and Decorations

When the potter makes a homely article for every-day use, he often turns it out rough, with finger-marks upon it, but if it is a vase to grace the front room mantle, or a fine jardinière, he decorates it with his finest art. And so with an article for the press. One does not expect a beautiful thought-picture upon a common salad recipe, but upon a poem which we keep upon our shelves, the most careful embellishment is almost necessary. Illustrations, if well used, serve to make more lasting the impressions of the article, make it more readable, and more easily understood.

Hide Your Own Personality

Do not project it into your article to set yourself in a fair light to your readers. Every reader of your articles is also a reader of yourself. He is much more ready to turn his back upon an egotistical article than he is upon the egotistical man on the street whom courtesy would make him treat decently.

Editorial Trimming

Some editors, in their zeal for "pure English," will trim and prune an article unmercifully. They

will punch out its pith, take out its snap, or otherwise flatten it, making it weak and insipid. Well, we must bear it as meekly as we can, but we can now and then put in a gentle remonstrance. Every writer has a right to his own personality, to his own way of putting things, and the editor should confine his trimming to corrections of obvious mistakes in grammar and construction.

Concluding an Article

Here is where the amateur writer is at as much of a loss as in his introduction. He hangs on to his subject, and repeats, and defines what he should have made clear before, and wishes he had a poem or something by which he may creditably let go of his subject.

Do not misunderstand me, a summing up of the salient points in an article in conclusion is a good thing sometimes, using brief, pointed words in which to do so, but usually when through with your subject, stop. E. L. PAULDING.

Try Again

ONCE Bruce of Scotland flung him down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was a monarch and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink;

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And his heart was sore and sad.

He flung himself down in sore despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And, as hour after hour he pondered there,
"I must give up at last," said he.

Now just at this moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

It presently began to climb
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came, time after time,
As near the ground as ever.

But nothing discouraged, again it went
And traveled a half ravel higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "the foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But steadily upward, inch by inch,
Higher and higher it passed,
Till a bold little run at the very last pinch,
Put it into its web at last.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
"All honor to those who try!
The spider up there defied despair—
It conquered; why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And as gossips tell the tale,
He tried once more as he tried before,
And this time he did not fail.

—*Eliza Cook.*

A Great King

WHAT man was named over a century before he was born? The story covers a long period in history, yet it may be briefly told.

The prophet Isaiah records the first chapter in this man's wonderful biography. See Isaiah 44, 45. The Lord instructed Isaiah to tell the Jews that when their city and temple should lie in ruins, after a while a certain individual, named Cyrus, would command their restoration. Now let us glance at history and see how marvelously exact it has been in fulfilling this and one other prophecy concerning the same event.

Isaiah made the prediction about 712 B. C., and in about one hundred and six years, 606 B. C.,

Nebuchadnezzar battered down the walls of Jerusalem, burned the temple, and took the Jews captive to Babylon. At about this time, too, Jeremiah was given another view of this series of events in the history of God's backslidden people. He told the Jews that their captivity would cease at the end of seventy years. Subtracting 70 from 606 leaves 536. So by the word of the Lord, through his prophets, the Hebrews awaited the passing of the seventy years, when the person whom God himself had named would come,—even Cyrus.

Without dwelling upon the subsequent experiences of the Jewish captives, we shall quickly turn the pages of history until the seventy years are seen drawing to a close. Nebuchadnezzar died less than twenty-five years before the overthrow of Babylon. With the rise of his successors the Jews had witnessed the glory of Babylon sinking as the sun toward the western hills. Eastward another light was beginning to lighten the sky of the nations. From the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the rugged mountains of Media, the soldiers of Darius and his mighty nephew, Cyrus, gathered for the conquest. One by one adjacent kingdoms fell. Lydia, under the wealthy Croesus, acknowledged the supremacy of the invincible armies. The tributaries of Babylon gradually submitted to the Medo-Persian yoke, until two years before the expiration of the seventy years of Jeremiah 25, we see the Babylonians besieged within the walls of their capital.

The feast of Belshazzar, the stratagem of Cyrus, and the taking of the city are interesting facts of this time. The absence of King Nabonadius, besieged in near-by Borsippa, the death of his son, Belshazzar, whose last official act was to proclaim Daniel the third ruler in the kingdom, left God's prophet to meet as the highest ruler in the kingdom, the one whom God had named and anointed for a work which Daniel doubtless then revealed to him. For just two years afterward, Darius the Median having died, Cyrus, who had become king, gave a decree authorizing the rebuilding of the temple and releasing the Jews from captivity. This was in 536 B. C., as Jeremiah had prophesied, and by a man named Cyrus, as Isaiah had foretold over one hundred and seventy years before. Truly the Bible is the word of God.

S. W. TRUMP.



Two Islands of the West

TATOOSH ISLE lies about six miles out in the ocean from the northwestern part of the State of Washington. Here you may stand, and, as Emerson said of Cape Cod, "have all America at your back." Upon this rocky isle dwells a remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Nitinats, numbering perhaps one hundred in all. According to tradition of old, the Nitinats dwelt on Neah Bay. Up the straits of Juan de Fuca lived their neighbors, the Clallams. Southward in the valley of Ozette was the home of the Makahs. For a long time these three tribes were friendly, but, finally, after some disagreement, the Clallams and the Makahs formed a league against the Nitinats. In a single battle the allied tribes almost exterminated the Nitinats. Some of the survivors escaped to Vancouver Island. Others went to Tatoosh Isle. According to the Indians, this battle occurred many years prior to the advent of the white man.

Memaloose Isle is situated in the Columbia River about twelve miles from The Dalles, Oregon. Memaloose, in the Indian tongue signifies, "Abode of the Departed." Among the Chinook

Indians it was said of a man who was dead, "His soul has gone to Memaloose." The Chinooks used the island for a great number of years as a burying-ground. Here, also sleeps Victor Trevet, an Oregon pioneer, a marble shaft marking his final resting-place. In accordance with his wishes, his body was buried here, that he might repose among his "red brethren" on Memaloose Isle.

J. FRED SANTEE.



Lesson for Young People's Societies Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.
Responsive Scripture Reading.
Prayer.

BIBLE STUDY: Temperance.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 171-182.

Bible Reading

In how many things are Christians to be temperate? 1 Cor. 9:25.

In what company has the Lord placed intemperance? Gal. 5:19-21.

Can drunkards inherit the kingdom of heaven? 1 Cor. 6:9, 10.

What warning is given against overeating? To what special time does this apply? Luke 21:34, 35.

What questions are asked in Prov. 23:29, 30?

What admonition is given? Verse 31.

What is the final end? Verse 32.

What admonition is given us? 1 Cor. 10:31.

Book Study

WORKING FOR THE INTEMPERATE:—

What should be the attitude of Christians toward temperance? Page 171, paragraph 1.

What are many of the youth choosing? Paragraph 2.

Who are among the intemperate? Page 172, paragraph 1.

State some of the ways to work for the intemperate. Paragraphs 2, 3.

Against what must the intemperate battle? Page 173, paragraph 3.

Who will help us in this work? Page 174, paragraph 1.

Will any of these be saved? Paragraph 2.

EFFORTS FOR THEMSELVES:—

What must the intemperate do? Page 174, paragraph 3.

What is said concerning those who trust in Christ? Page 175, last paragraph.

POWER OF THE WILL:—

Why do many go down to ruin? Page 176, paragraph 1.

What has the Lord given us? Paragraph 2.

What can be accomplished by the will? Paragraph 3.

WORK FOR OTHERS:—

Who should be encouraged to help others? Page 178, paragraph 2.

Who can best help others? Page 179, paragraphs 1, 2.

HOPE OF THE TEMPTED:—

What is the only remedy for sin? Page 179, paragraph 3.

Will pledges reform a soul? Paragraph 4.

Where does true reform begin? Page 180, paragraph 1.

What decides our eternal destiny? Paragraph 3.

How can we overcome? Page 181, paragraph 1.

When should we especially pray? Last paragraph.

G. B. T.

Word from the Bermuda Islands

WE have a Sabbath-school in Hamilton, Bermuda, of about fifty members. This school gave to missions during 1906 one hundred dollars. How much did your school give during the same time? This school gave this at a time when they were making a special effort to raise money to build a church at Hamilton.

JAMES A. MORROW.

For the Leader

EVERY meeting should have a definite program. It is hard to estimate the value of a bright, hearty tone and manner in conducting a meeting. If a leader is spirited, the meeting is almost sure to be spiritual. If a leader's voice is cold, the meeting freezes.

There are few of our reader speakers who do not say too much at the beginning of the meeting. They may themselves be conscious of how much remains to be said, but to the minds less thoroughly furnished their remarks have an air of finality, and the subject seems tightly closed by the time the leader declares the meeting open. It is very often best for the leader to reserve his words on the topic to the very close of the meeting.—*Selected.*

Personal Work

THERE are many lines of Christian work, but that which is the basis of all, is individual, or personal work.

The first effort of the Saviour after his baptism was not a sermon or a miracle, but the personal enlistment of some men as his followers. Andrew and John were personally directed to the Lamb of God; they followed Christ, who, always ready to hear the footsteps of those following him, turned to these men, asking whom they were seeking. They answered, "Master, where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see."

To us, as to the man of Gadara who was delivered from the demons, Jesus says, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Christ says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

But we often ask, How can we go into all the world? It is true we can not, but we can have a little world of our own. Our circle of influence and association may be ever so small, but there is no reason why all within it can not hear the blessed news of the gospel. Not a day passes but opportunities present themselves in which we can comfort and enlighten others and help them to know Jesus. This may be done by a kind word, the quoting of a Bible verse, the insertion of a loving wish in a letter, or gentle ministration in a sick-room. Can we not do something? We must pray earnestly for strength and help to do this work.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once invited Charles Sumner to her home to meet a distinguished friend. Mr. Sumner declined, and in doing so said, "I have come to that period where I have lost all interest in individuals." "Why, Charles!" was the reply of Mrs. Howe, "God has not gotten so far as that, and if God has not, and Christ has not, why should we?" We should be like the Samaritan. We should—"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave: Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

HAZEL FARNSWORTH.

Did You Know It?

NEXT to the angelic beings, the human family, formed in "the image of God," are the noblest of his created works. God desires them to become all that he has made it possible for them to be, and to do their very best with the powers he has given them.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



A Lifelong Scar

GRACE and Mabel were having no end of fun, seeing who could jump farthest from the low veranda. They lived near the edge of a prosperous little city, and their mother allowed such exercises as were not too boisterous for such healthy, happy children.

"O Mabel, there's a stake we might fall onto and hurt ourselves. You run in and get the ax, and I'll chop it off. It is too far in for me to pull out."

"All right, Grace," said Mabel, who was only about five years old. Grace was nearly ten, and should have gone herself. But Mabel was a willing little body, so she trotted off at once, and soon returned bringing the ax, which happened to be quite dull.

"Now jump back while I chop, so you won't get hurt," she said, as Mabel bent over to watch the proceedings.

But Mabel didn't jump back, and the chopper continued her operation instead of enforcing obedience, or stopping altogether. Suddenly the ax glanced a trifle, and little sister's head, which was now bending low, full of interest in the proceedings, received the full force of the blow, which cut a deep gash about three inches long.

Consternation followed, and the first thought that came into Grace's mind was, "What will mother say? I will pretend I know nothing about it!" And the worst of it was she heeded the awful suggestion. So leaving her sister to make her way into the house alone, she ran around the house and entered later, affecting surprise, and asking, "Why, what's the matter with Mabel?" But that scheme didn't work very well, for the whole story was soon out, and Grace confessed that she had done it.

Of course, being an accident, she was not punished for that, and felt sorry enough for the deceit she had tried to practise.

Mother and sister May did up the wound, and it soon healed, but not being stitched, it always left a scar near her chin.

Often now when some one asks her the cause of the scar, her only answer is, "Ask Grace," unless pressed to tell the story when Grace is not present.

As for Grace, she never looks at the scar on that sweet, gentle face, without thinking of how she tried to shirk the responsibility of the deed. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

HATTIE ROSSER HICKOK.

"For the year of peace and plenty,
And for blessings without end,
Let the voices of the people
In thanksgiving praises blend."

Mabel and the Woman with the Black Sunbonnet

A True Story

"Look, girls! The old witch of the cave has gotten on this train. Here she comes into this car." So saying, a bright-faced young lady and her companions fluttered together like so many frightened birds, and tittered and whispered as a poor old woman tottered in and took her seat wearily at the rear end of the car. She was a queer-looking figure, clothed all in black, and wearing a long black sunbonnet, which, when she threw it back, revealed a face wrinkled and furrowed by age and suffering.

"Now she surely does look like the witch of Lomo Cave we were reading about," one of the girls said, turning toward the poor old woman, who seemed too much absorbed with her own

"I have this." And Mabel held up to view a silver dollar. "For one month," she said, "I've been saving this, so that when I went to Atlanta, I could spend it just as I pleased."

"How do you intend spending it?"

"Well, let me see," Mabel said. "I'm going to buy a red stock collar with a little gilt buckle on it, and a big bunch of Malaga grapes, and some bananas. I never did eat as many bananas as I wanted, and"—here Mabel paused. "Wait, I'm going to offer the old lady some of our lunch." And, selecting the most tempting dainties, she offered them to the poor woman.

"Thank you, my sweet girl," said the woman, raising her eyes with gratitude as she eagerly accepted the lunch. "I didn't know how hungry I was till just now. I was so weak I almost fainted. You see, I've been almost starved. Just to get to Atlanta, with these old hands I picked five hundred pounds of cotton and made two dollars to come on this excursion."

Mabel smiled as she took her seat beside the woman. "Why, you must be anxious to see the sights of the big city to do all that to get there."

"O, my dear child, it isn't anything in the city I want to see, but the governor and my boy, my baby." And here her lips quivered, and tears flooded her eyes. "But, honey, go back to your happy young friends over there. You look like God's angels, with your soft eyes and yellow hair and that blessed, kind look in your pretty face. I'm just a miserable, poor old soul. I'm going to Atlanta to plead for my boy. He wasn't bad, but the kindest, most loving boy to his old mother. He's on the State

farm, serving out a five years' sentence. He got into trouble, you see. He lost his temper, and that put him there. It made him do the sin that put him in prison all these years. Only one more year, but I am not going to live another year to see him come home. I'm going to the governor and fall on my knees and plead for mercy. Don't you suppose the great, good governor will see me? I'll hunt his house and beg him to let a poor old woman go down on her knees before him, begging for her boy; but, I didn't mean to bring tears to those pretty, bright eyes. God bless you, child! Now go back to your friends."

"No, no. Please, ma'am, I want to go with you. I want to help you plead. The governor is kind and good. The people love him, and love his beautiful wife, who is good and pitiful to the poor. I don't believe he will turn us away. Yes, I'm going with you and show you the way to the mansion."

And so saying, Mabel took the hard, wrinkled old hand between her soft, dimpled palms, and in her sweet, caressing voice assured the old



RAY AND HIS PETS

troubled thoughts to notice that she was an object of ridicule.

"No, she does not look like that horrid, bad witch, and you girls are cruel and mean to say so. She is old and wrinkled; but she has a sweet, pitiful face, and her eyes are blue, but look as if tears had washed them pale. I wonder why she looks so sad and troubled." And Mabel, the leader and most popular girl of her crowd, became silent as she watched the lonely old stranger.

"Come, Mabel, we didn't mean any harm. You know we came on this excursion for fun. We promise not to worry the old lady."

"That's right, girls. Now come and let's have lunch. It's fully an hour before we reach Atlanta. I'm as hungry as a cat in a mouseless garret. It's my spread first." And Mabel opened a basket around which her companions gathered eagerly, and were soon busy with its contents.

"Say, Mabel, how much money have you to spend on fun and frolic to-day?" Kate asked, showing her own well-filled purse

mother that she would go to the governor's mansion and help her plead for the pardon of the boy.

When the girls learned Mabel's intention, and saw her on the arrival of the train in Atlanta take the old woman's arm and help her through the crowd, they decided that surely she had lost her mind; but the wise officials who sat in the governor's reception-room thought her the sweetest, wisest girl in the State of Georgia as she entered their presence and told the mission of the poor woman, who was too dazed and overpowered to speak for herself.

"Please show me the governor," was the fearless request of Mabel to the private secretary of the governor as he inquired her mission.

"Here he is, my child. Now what can I do for you?"

Throwing her head back, she opened wide her brown eyes and said: "Dear governor, it isn't for me that I've come, but for this poor woman. Please, governor, give her back her boy!" And then she told the story of the young criminal, and how unhappy the old mother was.

"Have mercy and give me back my baby boy! Have mercy!" And the mother fell on her knees, sobbing out her sorrow in broken words.

"Rise, my poor, poor woman," the governor said, raising her gently. "I will see what can be done. If it is possible, with no violation of law or justice, your boy shall be pardoned."

"O, I just *know* you will get him home again," Mabel said, assuringly.

"You reckon so, honey? God bless you! Sure, you're one of his angels." And a smile lighted up the weary old face.

Passers-by on fashionable Elm Street paused and wondered at the strange pair who emerged from the door of the mansion—the beautifully dressed girl, with her rosy face aglow with joy, leading lovingly and gently the old woman with the black sun-bonnet and bowed figure.

"Do you suppose Mabel will ever get through with the queer old lady?" asked one of the party as they fed the monkeys in Grant Park. "Do you think she is going to give up all the pleasures of the day to her crankish whim?"

One of the girls replied, "There is no telling what Mabel will do. She never counts self when others need help."—*The Children's Visitor*.

Bird Letters to a Boy

My dear Gyles:—

Your letter brought to me the odor of the pine trees as an accompaniment to the description of your walk. What a morning of enjoyment you had!

So the chickadees came and talked to you while you rested? That is a little way they have. Have you ever read Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem, "The Titmouse"? If you have, you remember that he interprets their twittering thus:—

"Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces."

Titmouse is the correct name of the bird, but he is generally called chickadee from one of his songs.

There are many kinds of titmice in the world, seventy-five, I believe, but only a few of them live in this country. The mountain-chickadee is found in the far West; the tufted-titmouse and the Carolina live in the Middle and Southern States, while the common chickadee, or black-capped titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*), is best known in the Northern and Eastern States. All the birds are dressed in gray set off by black and white, with a little reddish-brown on the flanks. They have a soft and fluffy plumage.

We are so fortunate as to have them with us the entire year, and cheery, confiding little companions we find them. A whole family spent some days here last summer. The young, as soon

as fledged, have the same coloring as their parents. They are smaller, of course. Such pretty, tiny creatures, and so full of life! They moved together from tree to tree, and kept up a continuous 'tshe-de-de-de-de', while busily picking around the birds and branches, in all sorts of positions, for their food. We enjoy them exceedingly in the winter months, when few species of birds visit us. Then they come every day for the suet, cracked nuts, and seed we have for them. If no food is found in the accustomed places, they make us realize the fact by singing, scolding, or picking at the window.

I wish you would put out some food for them near your window, and write me what you observe. A box containing cracked nuts, bits of fat meat, and seeds, particularly those which are oily, will delight the little fellows. They hold a seed in place by the claw, while they pick it open with the bill. A few crumbs scattered about occasionally will be eagerly eaten. Sometimes they descend to a snow-bank and quench their thirst by eating small pieces.

Besides the joy they bring into your life, these birds will repay you a thousandfold in protecting your trees from insects. It has been learned that a family of chickadees will destroy five hundred pests, such as caterpillars, flies, and grubs, every day. You will notice them scrambling over trees, hanging head downward and performing such acrobatic feats that you will wonder what it all means. They are simply egg-hunting. The eggs of insects furnish them many dainty morsels, particularly those of the leaf-rolling caterpillar, the canker-worm, and the apple-tree moth, all of which are very troublesome creatures.

Chickadees usually roost in holes in trees or stumps, where they also nest, but have been known to sleep on a branch with the head tucked under the wing. They like to find a woodpecker's hole for their nursery, but are able to cut one for themselves if necessary. I once observed a pair thus employed. A small birch tree had been chosen; whose top had been broken off in an ice-storm probably. The little fellows were digging out and carrying away the tiny chips, apparently undisturbed by my presence. The nest is lined with moss, hair, or feathers, and six or even eight eggs are laid. Do you wonder the young birds are small?

Everybody knows the common call of the chickadee, but his real song consists of two sweet, pure notes, known as the *phabe note* of the chickadee. He also gives us odd bits of song and queer little sounds that seem much like talking.

Almost all birds have many notes and calls besides their usual song, or songs,—for some have more than one,—and the regular call. To hear these and learn to know a bird whatever he says is one of the most delightful parts of bird study.

If you *squeak* or imitate a bird's call in the woods, a chickadee is usually the first bird to appear, with his head cocked to one side and his bright eyes twinkling, to see what it is all about. They have a great deal of curiosity and little fear. Woodchoppers interest them greatly, particularly at luncheon time. If crumbs are not forthcoming to their satisfaction, they have been known to fly into a pail and help themselves.

Your loving,
"Aunt Winnie."

Mineral Adulteration of Dress Fabrics

MINERAL adulteration of dress fabrics has lately become a common practise. For instance, the rustling of a lady's silk dress which at one time was attributable to the high quality of the silk, is now often the result of the impregnation of thirty-six per cent of salts of tin. Epsom salts are widely adopted for giving weight to flannel, and the old-fashioned pure linen used for table-cloths is now largely displaced by cotton filled with china-clay, starch, and size.—*Selected*.

Taking a Wrong View

WEALTH nor honor does not make a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.—*The Christian World*.

Give and Live

Ask, and to you shall be given;
Faith shall a mountain remove.
Give, and to you shall be opened,
All heaven's blessings to prove.

Drink at the Fountain whose waters
Quench every thirst of the soul,
Cheering, refreshing the weary,
Making the dying ones whole.

Ask for true light from the Father;
Ask for a heart full of love;
Give, as to you it is given,
Free from the heaven above.

MRS. FLORA E. YERGIN.

Questions for Our Schoolboys and Girls

MR. FRANK CALDWELL, a writer and lecturer, recently gave to the public school children of Washington, D. C., a list of ten questions to answer. Perhaps some of the geography students in our church-schools will be interested in testing themselves on the list, which follows:—

1. What is a glacier, and in what kind of place would you expect to find a glacier?
 2. What is a totem-pole, and in what region are they found?
 3. Is the Klondike country in Alaska?
 4. Why do they need no pilot lights to guide boats on the Yukon River?
 5. Why is it that the people of Nome, when celebrating the fourth of July, do not use fireworks at night?
 6. In what direction did Mrs. Caldwell point her camera when making pictures of the sun at midnight while north of the arctic circle?
 7. How many days in summer-time could you see the sun at midnight from Point Barrow, and how many days in winter-time would it be impossible to see the sun even at noon at Point Barrow?
 8. Eli Smith, the mail-carrier, who will appear, with his team of dogs and wolves, at my entertainment in your city, informs me that when he is driving east or west when north of the arctic circle, his watch goes wrong, so that it is impossible for him to keep the correct time. Why does his watch get wrong more quickly there than here?
 9. How wide is Bering Strait in the narrowest place?
 10. To what race of people do the Eskimos of the Behring Strait region belong?
- These principles could be studied with the idea of getting the most concise and definite answers possible.



INSTEAD of the regular Letter Box letters, I will give this week one that was not intended for publication. The editor asked the author of the letter to take part in the program to be given on Children's Day, Sabbath, December 29; but since he felt that he did not have time to give to the preparation of the part assigned him, he wrote the following courteous letter:—

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., Dec. 19, 1906.
MY DEAR MRS. CHASE,—

I sincerely appreciate your kindness in granting me a part in the program to be given one week from next Sabbath. It is very thoughtful of you; and while I would under no ordinary circumstances disappoint you (being an old teacher of mine), yet I would humbly beg to be excused. The only excuse I have to offer is a multiplicity of business, which occupies my eve-

nings to such an extent that I really have no time of my own. I am timekeeper where I work, and it is in the evening after working hours that I have to make out the time sheet for the day just passed. While I would be only too glad to help in any way I could, I feel that I could not do justice to the part designed for me, so consequently feel justified in asking you to excuse me this time. Since coming to Washington, I have scarcely had any spare time to speak of. Trusting my explanation will prove satisfactory, and that you will readily find some one to take the part, I remain, with kindest regards,

Very sincerely,

JOHN K. JONES.

A well-written, sincere note of apology or explanation does much toward overcoming the disappointment caused by a refusal. It is wise for all young people to cultivate the gift of writing acceptable notes, notes of apology, sympathy, congratulation, and appreciation.

Suggestive Thoughts on the Sabbath-School Lesson

Creation

FIRST DAY

VOID the deep, innate darkness,
When God's Spirit breathed in might!
Chaos heard the Word commanding,
And came forth in brilliant light!

SECOND DAY

Lo, the firmament of heaven,
Fast and clear in mighty space,
Separated from great waters;
Thus another day found place.

THIRD DAY

Let the waters under heaven
Take their place, and land appear,
Bearing fruit, its seed producing;
Thus God planned man's food, while here.

FOURTH DAY

In the firmament of heaven
Hung he then the sun's great light,
Lesser lights, to measure seasons,
And for signs of his great might.

FIFTH DAY

Let the waters from their depths bring
Forth the living creatures there,
And the winged fowl, after his kind,
Multiply, and fill the air.

SIXTH DAY

Let the earth bring forth the cattle,
And to creeping things give birth;
Then, of dust, in his own image
Formed he man, to rule the earth.

SEVENTH DAY

Then God saw his works of beauty,
Making glad both man and beast,
And he rested from his labors,
Blessing all from first to last,
Sanctifying then his rest day
To perpetuate a feast,
By his Spirit's holy presence
In the day his labors ceased.

L. S. MARDEN.

THE holy pair were not only children under the fatherly care of God, but students receiving instruction from the all-wise Creator. They were visited by heavenly angels, and were granted communion with their Maker, with no obscuring veil between. They were full of the vigor imparted by the tree of life, and their intellectual power was but little less than that of the angels.

The mysteries of the visible universe—"the wondrous works of him who is perfect in knowledge"—afforded them an exhaustless source of instruction and delight. The laws and operations of nature, which have engaged men's study for six thousand years, were opened to their minds by the infinite framer and upholder of all. They held converse with leaf and flower and tree, gathering from each the secrets of its life. With every living creature, from the mighty leviathan that plays among the waters, to the insect mote that floats in the sunbeam, Adam was familiar. He had given to each its name, and he was acquainted with the nature and habits of all. God's glory in the heavens, the innumerable worlds in their orderly revolutions, "the balancings of the clouds," the mysteries of light and sound, of day and night,—all were open to the study of our

first parents. The order and harmony of creation spoke to them of infinite wisdom and power. They were ever discovering some attraction that filled their hearts with deeper love, and called forth fresh expressions of gratitude.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — The Story of Eden

(April 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 2:8-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15.

Lesson Story

1. When the earth was first made, it was very beautiful. There were no deserts, no rocky, barren places where nothing grew. The mountains were not rough and broken, but were covered with large trees, whose wide branches made a home for countless birds. Tall, thick grass covered the valleys; and flowers of every color and kind filled the air with their fragrance. Trees and vines were laden with delicious fruit. There was no sign of death—not so much as a falling leaf. Everywhere there was life and beauty.

2. God made this beautiful earth for a purpose. It was to be the home of man. And when the earth was all ready, man was created.

3. And the Lord brought every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air "unto Adam to see what he would call them: . . . and Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him."

4. "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him." So God created Eve, and gave her to Adam for a wife.

5. Though the whole earth was so beautiful, God chose one part of it, and made it more lovely than all the rest, to be the special home of man. It was called the garden of Eden. The word "Eden" means "delight;" everything in man's home was to be a delight, a pleasure, and all his work in it a joy.

6. "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

7. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

8. "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Review

In how many days did God make the world? Give the work of each day. What did God do on the seventh day? How did he set this day apart from other days? What does it mean to remember the Sabbath? How should we keep the Sabbath?

Questions

1. How did the earth look at the end of creation week? Tell all you can about its appearance.
2. Why did God make the earth?
3. For what purpose did the Lord cause all the beasts to pass before Adam? What did Adam give to all the cattle and beasts and fowls? What was not found for Adam among all these?
4. What did the Lord say he would make for Adam? What was the name of the woman whom God created to be Adam's wife?

5. How did God further show his love to man? What does the word "Eden" mean? What did the Lord intend man's home to be?

6. What did the Lord cause to grow out of the ground? What grew in the midst of this garden? What other tree is spoken of as being in the garden? How was the garden watered?

7. What was to be man's work in the garden of Eden?

8. What commandment did God give to Adam when he put him in the garden? What would happen if man should disobey this command?

9. How did Jesus say his children would show that they loved him? Memory Verse. Then how could Adam show that he truly loved his Creator, who had given him life, and breath, and his beautiful Eden home? How can children best show their love for their parents?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The Fulness of the Purpose

(April 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. 8:28.

Questions

1. What is the character of the people whom God designed should inherit the new earth? 2 Peter 3:13.

2. When were these righteous characters chosen? Eph. 1:4; note 1.

3. Where were the names of these characters written? Heb. 12:23.

4. In what are they recorded? How long have they been recorded there? Rev. 17:8.

5. To what then is each one called of God? Note 2.

6. When are our individual names placed in the book of life? John 3:3; Luke 10:20; note 3.

7. What is necessary that we may win the new name and character? Rev. 2:17.

8. What is the experience of those who overcome? Rev. 3:10; James 1:12.

9. What is the character of the crown prepared for the overcomer? 2 Tim. 4:8.

10. How enduring is this crown? 1 Peter 5:4.

11. What will be the family name in the universe? Eph. 3:14, 15, R. V.; note 4.

12. What other name will we bear? Rev. 3:12.

13. How many will know the new name representing the character, which each one will receive? Rev. 2:17.

14. What confidence may those have who yield to God's purpose in every experience through which he permits them to pass? Rom. 8:28.

Notes

1. Ever keep in mind that in the sight of God character is most precious. It was character that God chose in the beginning,—a complete number of complete, harmonious characters to people the perfect world. These characters, expressed in names, were written, before sin entered, in the book of life.

2. To one of these characters, one of these names with the trial and testing necessary, every soul is called. If he conquers, he will have bestowed upon him absolutely that new name, wrought in him and known only to him.

3. When we yield up the world, when we receive Christ, then we are accepted as sons and daughters of God, and our names are written among the candidates for eternal life.

4. The family name is of the Father, not the Son. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and earth is named."

It is how we live more than where we live.—*Fidelia Fiske.*



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"When duty calls from home, it may be calling toward heaven."

We have just heard of another Sabbath-school class of seven who were given five cents each to invest for missionary purposes. Four dollars for India was received from them. We wonder if there were not others who did similar work, and we are hoping there will be an army of workers during the coming summer. It is the sum of many small efforts that makes the large work.

Peace Congresses

THE International Peace Congress, it is thought, will meet in June of the present year at The Hague. In the meantime national congresses will be held as a preparation for The Hague Conference. Both France and England have held national peace congresses, and Germany is intending to follow in their footsteps.

The United States has a number of enthusiastic peace societies, but has never held a national congress. However, on the fourteenth of April, two days before the date of this issue, the first American National Congress convenes in New York City. It was in this city in 1815 that the first peace society in the world was organized, so it is highly appropriate that New York should have the honor of the first national peace congress.

The Russian Famine

SIXTY thousand persons are said to have perished in Russia in the years 1891 and 1892 from famine. The present conditions in that country are much worse than in those years. Cattle and horses have been sold or killed, and scurvy and a terrible malady of the eyes have appeared. The ceaseless cries of the children for food are heart rending.

Various societies in the United States are sending aid. Five cents will furnish food for the sustenance of a man for one day.

A very pertinent question in view of this great calamity has been raised by a Boston minister. He said, in a recent sermon:—

"If there is abundant grain to be had in Siberia, and only a dollar's worth a month is needed to save a life, why doesn't the Russian government stop building battle-ships and go to buying grain? Why doesn't it stop raising loans to buy the munitions of war to fight other nations, and go to raising loans to save the lives of these starving millions of its own subjects? That is a perfectly obvious and reasonable question. Everybody asks it. But there is no answer but the grim fact that nations do become so infatuated with the suicidal lust for naval and military power that the provision of battle-ships and munitions of war is regarded as the first necessity of national life, more necessary even than the provision for starving millions."

Memory Text

"We should cherish gratitude of heart all the days of our life," says Mrs. E. G. White, "because the Lord has put on record these words:—

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

Agnosticism—the Religion of "Don't Know"

THE religion of "don't know," is a poor article for any man to keep on hand. Is there a personal God?—"I don't know." If there is such a God, what are his attributes and relation to men?—"I don't know." Will man have a future life?—"I don't know." Is there a heaven, and will there be a hell?—"I don't know." Is the Bible true?—"I don't know."

Did Jesus Christ come into the world to save sinners?—"I don't know." Did Jesus Christ arise from the dead and ascend into heaven, and is he our High Priest?—"I don't know." The man who thus answers these, and similar questions, and thus disposes of them all, would do well to see where he stands. He declares his own ignorance upon the most important questions that can be asked or answered. This is the one saying which he flings at every religious truth, and with which he seeks to relieve himself of its pressure. We more than suspect that he does not want to know. He prefers the religion of "don't know," rather than the one of I do know. When life comes to a close, he will want to know something—that which contains the solution of what death is, and what the future is to be to him.

He will find it hard to be satisfied with the naked theory of "I don't know." When probation closes, he will be frantic to know. Read Amos 8:11-13: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord: and they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. In that day shall the fair virgins and the young men faint for thirst." Alas, for those who in that day can only say, "I don't know."

L. D. SANTEE.



"In Spain every fifteenth man is a noble."

ALUMINUM paper is now being used in Germany in the place of tin-foil.

OUR government provides three meals a day at the Panama canal for at least thirty thousand men.

AUSTRIA has about eight thousand school gardens. They are connected with both private and public schools.

A UNIQUE anniversary was recently celebrated in various countries of Europe. In Paris several banquets were given in honor of the event—the discovery of the table fork in the year 1307.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE, of New York, has given recently the sum of ten million dollars to be used in the "improvement of social and living conditions in the United States."

THE Chicago University, according to the *New World*, has opened its lecture hall to Emma Goldman, the apostle of anarchy. This act on the part of the university can hardly be understood by law-abiding Americans.

HECTOR MACPHERSON, a Scottish youth of eighteen years, is said to be the youngest astronomer in the world. He has produced two notable astronomical works, and has learned the German, French, and Italian languages, in order that he may extend his study of astronomy to the books on that science written in those languages.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH died in Boston, March 19, 1907. Mark Twain said of this famous writer: "Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equaled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

Answers to Correspondents

"Good fashion rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders."

When one is invited out to dinner, should one fold one's napkin on leaving the table?

Upon leaving the table, and the signal for leaving is given when the hostess rises, one's napkin should be placed upon the table unfolded, unless one is to remain for another meal; in such case it should be folded and placed beside the plate.

Should one crumb bread or crackers into one's soup?

Crackers and bread should be eaten from the hand, never from the soup.

If a young man is walking with two ladies, should he walk between them?

A man who is escorting two women in the street should not walk between them, but on the outside of both near the curb; at any place of amusement or at church he should sit nearest to the aisle at the side of one of them, but not between them.

On opening the parlor door for a caller, should the hostess follow or precede the caller?

If a hostess opens the door for a gentleman caller, she should precede him in entering the parlor, but if the caller is a lady, the hostess allows the caller to precede.

How can one who hates to do housework be made to like it?

This is an important question, and it is a good indication in a girl who finds herself in such a forlorn condition to want to find some way to extricate herself immediately. Somehow the expression, "I hate housework," always carries with it something of an unsavory sound. I almost instinctively think of the woman who said she did not "like music, birds, nor children"—our Father's best gifts to earth. Certainly one so afflicted should be reticent about telling others of her prejudices. Some one made the suggestion to a young girl who was emphasizing her dislike for housework that she call it *home work*; for there is no more beautiful word in all the world than home, and a home and work are inseparable. She further said:—

Read and note the beautiful things the most earnest thinkers say of the home, calling it the hope of the nation, the foundation of social peace and purity, the conservator of religion; note what a place the poets have given it; learn what the most devoted workers are doing to-day to teach and help the submerged classes to make and preserve homes for themselves; get some information as to what our laws provide for its production; then try to see that, as housework is essential to home, one who does well the work that keeps the home pleasant is taking part in the most important as well as the most beautiful work that can be done. Get a high ideal of what home should be, of what it does and can do for you; let "Home, sweet home," sing in your heart while you work, and it will sweeten and elevate the tasks wonderfully.