

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A Nature Lesson

At the meeting of the rivers
There's a lesson for us each;
There's a deep and solemn warning
In the truths the rivers teach.

I have often stood and watched them
When the evening sun was low,
When the ripples of the south branch
Were with sun-shafts all aglow.

But the north branch flowed on, steady,
Deep and silently it ran,
As if not a stone had chafed it
Since its onward sweep began.

At the union of the rivers
There's a joy exemplified
In the deep and peaceful flowing
Of their willow-shaded tide.

At the parting of the rivers,
Where the island comes between,
There's a blighting sadness pictured
That is all too often seen.

For they flow in troubled channels,
But, united once again,
Roll in strong, majestic current
Onward to the boundless Main.

And how like our lives are rivers
Flowing onward to the sea—
They are flowing toward the ocean
Of a grand eternity.

C. M. SNOW.

Notes by the Way—No. 3

As roll the wheels of our train, so roll the minutes and the hours, and the first half of this blessed day of experience is in the past. In about four hours we shall cross the eastern boundary line of Kansas and enter Missouri, and our first stop in that State will be at Kansas City.

Although I have written quite steadily all the forenoon, and notwithstanding the possibility of wearying the editor of our good paper, I do not feel at all inclined to put away my note-book. While closing my notes concerning the railroad, and considering what the effect would be should the people now crowded into our large cities be distributed upon the broad, fertile plains of this country, the thought came to me, What change would come to the country and the people if the liquor traffic could be abolished? This leads me to give you one more reason for a friendly feeling toward our great State of Colorado. While it has not put down this great evil, it has made a noble effort in that direction. God

will, and does, bless any State or any individual who will take a firm stand against this curse to all mankind. While I have for the past thirty or more years been personally free from its pollution, and have often spoken in public against the evil, I feel ashamed to tell you that this is my first effort at writing for the press on the subject. But I feel impressed now to give to the members of the INSTRUCTOR family one or two little pictures which have long been in my mind; and while it is the old story, I trust it may be of blessing to some soul.

I have at times been tempted to hate the saloon-keeper, or any one who would help to support him, but we can not do this and be Christians. But I do and will hate the saloon and the saloon business, and I will not only *not do* anything knowingly to assist or abet in any degree its work, but *I am pledged* before high heaven to do what I can as a Christian to hinder its work and crush its influence upon my fellow men.

I pity any man who has so little regard for God, man, or right that he will make it his business to sell that which he knows is producing probably nine tenths of all the woe in the land. I pity the poor men and boys who go to such places. I appeal to you, young men who know the truth and love temperance and right, to do more than you have thus far done to manifest a positive influence and power against this entire business. I believe it is right before heaven for every young man, and woman too, to have and to hold *an undying abhorrence and hatred* not only for the saloon, but for those elements which tend to lead men and boys thither. And let me tell you, boys, I must place tobacco in the list of evils which positively tend toward the saloon, and I beg of you in the name of all that you hold dear in this world to *let it alone*.

There are three significant signs, or placards, posted at or near the entrance of the road leading to shame and ruin, and these signs are, "strong cider," "tobacco," and "the saloon." The saloon may truthfully be called "the devil's training-school." The saloon and the saloon-keeper are at best a positive menace to purity or success in any good work. I once heard a story about a professor who was showing an Irishman an insect under the microscope. As soon as Pat took his first look, he turned to the professor and said, "Phwat kind of a craytur do ye call that, yer honor?" The reply was, "Why Pat, that is a flea. Isn't he a wonderful creature?" "Indade and he is," Pat said. "He's a wonderful craytur under the microscope, an he's a wonderful craytur out from under the microscope; but, Professor, to tell ye the truth, I don't like the way he makes his living!" Some saloon-keepers

are nice-looking fellows. Some saloons are nice-looking buildings, in fact, almost palaces. The glare of their bright lights, their cut glass, and their music are to many a young man enticing, but every one of them has the nature of the flea. The business of the saloon is to sap the money and the honor of every man who enters there. Its door is the door to shame and crime of every hue and magnitude. Even the boys who have had their eyes open, know that a very large percentage of all crimes committed in this land are clearly traceable to the saloon and its influence. Will you not *abhor it and everything which tends in that direction?* Seventh-day Adventists, as a people, perhaps more than any other people, are called of God not only to live temperately themselves, but to put themselves in array for aggressive warfare against this awful traffic. I wish you would study the following words, printed first I think in the *Review* in November, 1881, also found in "Ministry of Healing:" "Every possible effort should be made in arousing the people to the evils of intemperance. There is no man who, for his own safeguard, should not set himself to destroy it [the liquor traffic]. . . . Let the voice of the nation demand of its lawmakers that a stop be put to this infamous traffic. The advocates of temperance [that means us] fail to do their whole duty unless they exert their influence by *precept* and *example*, by *voice* and *pen* and *vote*, in behalf of prohibition and total abstinence. WE OURSELVES MUST GRAPPLE THIS GIANT FOE, OUR MOTTO, 'NO COMPROMISE,' and no cessation of our efforts TILL VICTORY IS GAINED."

I ask every young man, yea, all who read this, Will you not frown upon and stand strongly against the use not only of alcohol, but also of tobacco? I ask our young sisters, in all earnestness and sincerity, Will you risk your hopes of happiness, either in this world or in the one to come, in the hands or under the influence of a young man whose breath is poisoned by either liquor or tobacco? Do you say, If I do not, I fear I shall not get married? I reply, Better, a thousand times better, to live alone than to be tied to a man who has so little appreciation of purity and virtue, and your own happiness, that for your sake he will not lay aside any mind- and soul-defiling habit. The young women of this land could work a mighty reformation if they only would. Will you do your part?

Many a young woman, and I fear some who were Seventh-day Adventists in name, have said, "O, I don't mind a little tobacco, if a young man is right other ways. I rather like the smell of a good cigar, and I don't think a little wine occasionally is wrong, for the apostle Paul said to take a little wine for your stomach's sake."

But a few years later some of these poor souls called upon God to let them die that they might be freed from the awful results of these "good things." Dear reader, whoever you are, do not forget that great eternal truth, "At the last it biteth like the serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

I will give you one more quotation worthy your careful consideration. It is a sweeping statement from Cardinal Manning:—

"Though I have seen men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I have known of no cause that affects man, woman, child, and family with such universality of power as intoxicating drink."

Will not *you* then, "by voice, by pen, and by vote," do your best to strike a deadly blow against "this infamous traffic"?

A. E. PLACE.

Young Men Who Are Men

If there is one thing which the world needs above another, it is young men who are *men*. The young man who would be a *man* must be honest. Honesty not only causes its possessor to refrain from taking that which does not belong to him, and from telling that which is not true; but it goes beyond all these and strikes at the principle involved in a dishonest course of action. It causes its possessor to abhor any act or word which is not in perfect harmony with truth. It causes him to be open, frank, and straightforward at all times. He is one who can be depended upon absolutely, and in his character deceit has no place. It is this sort of honesty which is needed by the young men of to-day.

Another characteristic which may stand next in importance to honesty is purity, or chastity. It is a sad fact that this characteristic is sadly lacking in a large per cent of the young men of to-day, and the result is seen upon every hand. We want young men who are pure in thought, word, and deed,—young men whose standard of purity is as high as that which they demand that their sisters shall maintain. It is a mistaken idea and a snare of the devil which has caused the world to excuse in the man or boy that which it abhors in the woman or girl. It can not be thought for a moment that the blessing pronounced upon the pure in heart means one thing to the boy and another to the girl, for God does not recognize more than one standard of purity and righteousness. Joseph, when in Egypt, surrounded by the sights and sounds of vice, was as one who saw and heard not. He did not allow his mind to linger upon forbidden subjects, and at the time of his greatest temptation he exclaimed, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" More Josephs are needed in the world to-day.

Young men of energy are wanted,—young men who will push to completion any work which they undertake to do,—young men who have fire and enthusiasm, but whose judgment will cause them to refrain from any rash course of action.

Young men with firmness of character are wanted,—young men who will not swerve from a right course of action though the whole world seems turned against them. Firmness of character does not mean "stubbornness." The one who possesses firmness of character remains firm and steadfast to that which he knows to be right, but is willing to be taught, and will be willing to surrender gracefully a point when it can be proved that he is in error.

There are other characteristics which might be mentioned, but those which have been noted and all other desirable traits may be summed up in the word "Christlikeness." One writer has said: "It would not be easy to find a loftier epithet by which to denote any human character. Christ stands out conspicuous and alone as the crown and flower of humanity. To be

like him is the highest and holiest ambition which any heart can foster,—a dream of goodness which even the holiest can never hope to realize, but which has the effect, common to all lofty ideals, of inspiring high purpose and stimulating to incessant effort,—a good which remains ever beyond us and above us, but to which, like the great apostle, we are ever pressing onward."

Christ is more than an example and an ideal; he becomes the inspiration within us, the power to will and to do that which is right. The young man who has Christ as his ideal and his inspiration will naturally have the characteristics which are so much desired by all who have a love for the beautiful. He will be a young man who is honest, pure in heart, firm, and energetic. Like Christ, he will perform faithfully the work given him. Without Christ as his ideal and inspiration a young man must fall short of the mark; for his ideal will always be one of human invention, and therefore necessarily imperfect. It is all-important, then, that the young man who would be a true man should follow in the way of the Perfect Man, Jesus Christ.

HAROLD COBBAN.

Snap-Shots from San Antonio

THE rush of spring, out of the lap of a brief Texas winter, bewildering the senses with so many things to see all at once, brings before us the enrapturing vision of the wild redbird. Condescending to ornament one's premises for a brief period, he decorates a tree top with his brilliant plumage, vying with the potentates of earth, for none could array like one of these.

Of a meadow-lark's size, bold and self-reliant, he may first inform you of his presence by a song of ecstatic, care-free melody, which holds one spellbound during his stay.

Mistress Redbird's wardrobe holds no outfitting so rare as he affords for every day, and she reminds me of 1 Tim. 2:9, 10: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel . . . (which becometh women professing godliness), with good works." This lady bird's suiting is a softened shade of brown, toned down into a fine contrast with the pronounced dash of striking colors in her mate. She, however, displays a becoming topknot, as well as he, who is the singer of the family.

Ah, me! Will the ruthless gun spare this pretty creation? Possibly not; for among the reasons for sacrificing its life, its song, and its beauty—shame, shame to say—not only the belle of fashion, but professed disciples of the lowly Nazarene, actually wear the murdered dead thing to church, and obstruct the view between pulpit and pew.

ALICE A. SHEPARDSON.

A Thirsty Soul

THIS thirst for truth of the soul touched by the Spirit of God is alike in all lands. In his "Village Work in India," Norman Russell, a missionary, describes the longing of an Indian convert to get an education for use to the glory of God:—

"Padri Sahib," he said, "I want to learn to read."

"Very good," I replied, "have you been to school?"

"Nay, teacher."

"Do you know your letters?"

"Nay, Sahib."

"Well, why do you want to learn to read?" I inquired.

"O teacher," he answered, with an earnestness born only of a soul on fire, "I want to be able to read the Christian Shastra for myself and to my caste people."

"But see, brother," I said, "you are a married man, you have the responsibilities of a home, you have your work, and you do not even know your letters. It will be very difficult for you to learn to read."

"Padri Sahib," he replied, "the seed doth not yield its oil to him who refuses to labor; I will

bear the burden, but I want to learn to read."

I did not wish to discourage him altogether, and yet I had already found him to be a young man with a fair opinion of himself, and I was unwilling to make the way easy for him; so I replied, "But there is no school down here; you would require to come to Mhow, and there enter the alphabet class with the boys of four and five. You know what the village people will say about your going to live in Mhow, and how every one will laugh at seeing you in the baby class."

"The bullocks would not travel far," he replied, "if they listened to every squeak of the cart wheels; I am not afraid of what men will say, Sahib; I want to learn to read."

Such pleading was not to be withstood; the drum player came to Mhow and started to school, a friend in the meantime helping him with his food. He went into the alphabet class with the small boys, sitting on their low bench with his knees almost to his chin; and there he struggled till the letters were conquered. He never once complained, but set himself determinedly to learn to read. His books seemed never out of his hand; many a time have I passed his hut late at night, when the rest of the men were in their beds, and seen his little lamp burning, while the raw student pored over his lessons. The Bible was his library, and he read it with such avidity, and gained such a knowledge of its contents as appeared to me incredible under the circumstances. He soon began to take part in the work.

The earnest persistency of this young man makes him akin to all the band of Christian students, the world over. The student spirit, consecrated to God, is a precious gift. It will keep us studying and learning, in school and out of school. The raw youth, called out of heathenism into one of our mission schools, whose heart throbs with a desire that leads him to pray the Lord to help him "to learn quick," has had that student spirit planted in his soul. The youth in the home lands who have greater advantages to begin with, must have this same spirit of earnestness and devotion and persistency, in order to stand shoulder to shoulder in the work with those of lesser advantages, but who are putting out every talent to the exchangers.

W. A. SPICER.

Awakening

THE icy chains are broken
Which bound the little rills.
The streams, in merry freedom,
Go singing down the hills.

The dawning rings with music;
From the old willow tree
There greets my waking moments
The birds' glad jubilee.

The honey-bees are stirring;
From darkness into light
They hastily are swarming
To try their wings in flight.

The flower-folk, arousing
From slumbers long and deep,
Have shaken off the stupor
Of winter's quiet sleep.

My soul, heed now the message:
From lethargy awake;
In nature's glad responding,
A needed lesson take.

The Spirit's quick'ning power
Will restoration bring.
Arise and make thee ready
To greet thy coming King.

NELIA SNOW.

Think on This

MR. MCKEEVER, who has been making a study of the effect of tobacco upon growing young men and boys, obtained the names of fifty students of the Kansas Agricultural College who were habitual cigarette or pipe smokers, and fifty of the same class rank who were non-smokers. He then ascertained from the college records the final grades and other data of the preceding term.

From these he learned that the smokers made

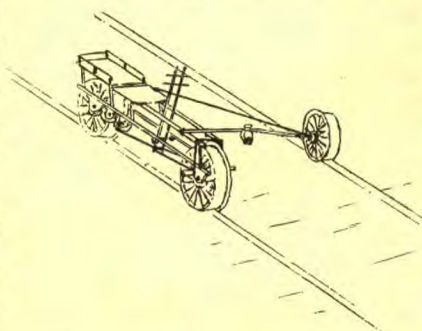
an average nearly *eighteen per cent lower* than the non-smokers, and that *eighty-four per cent* of the whole number of studies discontinued during the term were dropped by the smokers, and that the tobacco users were responsible also for *seventy-four per cent* of the failures.

This record, without doubt, could be duplicated by almost every college in our country. And yet in the face of these astounding facts, young men and boys with every natural capability for making life a success, voluntarily take up this useless and expensive habit of tobacco using, a habit that, next to the liquor curse, unfits men for achieving true success.

The Track-Walker

How few traveling in the West on a first-class railroad, surrounded by every modern convenience and luxury, realize the amount of labor and hardship that some others have to undergo in order that their safety and comfort may be secured.

Among the many who have a share in this great work of safeguarding the traveling public, perhaps the least heard of, spoken of, or written about, is the humble track-walker; and yet he has probably more to do in preventing catastrophes than any others.



The peculiar field of the track-walker is on the mountain divisions of the great railroads in the West. He has from fifteen to twenty miles of track allotted to him, and this he has carefully to watch and guard. He must go over his division just ahead of every passenger-train. All through the long winter months he is on duty from dusk to dawn. No matter how inclement the weather or fierce the storm, he must leave his little fireside to do battle for human life against the elements. Armed with his lanterns, red and white, he mounts his velocipede and speeds over the track at from ten to fifteen miles an hour. Perhaps his greatest service is rendered in the winding canyon, with a fierce, raging torrent below and a high, crumbling wall of the gorge above. Especially are the canyons dangerous in the winter when a heavy rainfall follows a sharp frost. It is at such a time that the great slides come down that bury the track and stop all traffic for days. The frost also loosens massive boulders that may come crashing down from a height of two thousand feet, which, even if they do not stop on the track, frequently break a rail.

Before starting out on his beat, he goes to the telegraph office and gets a list of all trains that he may expect to meet during the night, which way they are bound, and the time they should arrive. If he finds a broken rail, a large boulder, a fallen tree, or a slide, he hastens in the direction of the on-coming train; and ninety rails, or half a mile, from the danger he drives a stake firmly into the ground, upon which he hangs his red lantern. This light must be hung just clear of the track and three feet from the ground. All danger-signals must be placed to the right of the on-coming train. Then going a few rails farther, he attaches several "torpedoes" about a rail apart to the ball of the rail to attract attention to the red lantern, in case the engineer should happen to be a little off his guard. This done, he must warn the nearest section gang on the other side of the danger, and also report to the telegraph operator.

Besides exposure and hardship, the track-walker is often in great personal danger. He has many narrow escapes of being run down by the trains he is trying to safeguard. Sometimes an "extra" or a light engine is sent flying over the line, of which he has received no warning,

and in swinging around a sharp curve, he comes face to face with the glaring headlight. In this case the only chance for life is to throw himself and velocipede bodily off the track regardless of where he may fall, and taking the chance of meeting a horrible death by having his machine caught by the cylinder of the monster engine.

Occasionally while riding swiftly along, a deer, confused by his light, leaps on the track in front of him. In a twinkling, man, beast, and machine are a confused and struggling mass. The deer's sharp hoofs is the danger here, and happy the man who escapes with only bruises and shattered lanterns.

Among the unnamed and the unknown of the world's workers, few are more deserving of respect and gratitude for their plucky deeds and self-sacrificing life than these track-walkers of the Western canyons. J. A. HAMILTON.

A Mountain Experience

ONE cool summer day in California a party of seven started on bicycles from San Jose, in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, to make the trip to Alum Rock Park, several miles distant from the city. This park is nestled in a gorge or a tiny steep-walled valley high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and is noted for its picturesque scenery and for the variety of its mineral springs. Another interesting feature of the trip is a meteorite, a great mass of stone and iron, lying just where it fell, nobody knows when. This mass is deeply imbedded in the earth from its forceful fall from the great unknown. It adds interest to the trip to know that from prehistoric time down to the year 1893 only about five hundred meteors are known to have fallen. Of this number but thirty-seven were seen to fall within the territory of the United States.

The sights to be enjoyed at the end of our ride gave a keen enjoyment to the trip, and though we pedaled against a stiff head wind through the long valley road, when we reached the rugged mountain ascent, our spirits were undaunted, though our muscles were tired.

After going a short distance up this ascent, the road seemed to hold out promises of an easier time for the bicycle rider. It appeared to *descend* gradually into the heart of the mountains rather than to *ascend* as we had thought that it would. So we took our feet off the pedals and prepared to rest our weary bodies by coasting down the long and gentle decline. But a surprise awaited us. Instead of gliding easily down the grade, our wheels stopped abruptly, and we dismounted without ceremony.

Again we were surprised when we tried to mount, for it took more energy than we thought it should on a down grade. What could be the trouble? The way looked so easy, and the shadowy, pinnacled cliffs rising against the blue sky just in front of us, held such fascinating mysteries in their cool dark depths that we could scarcely control our impatience over our slow progress.

I was certain something was wrong with my wheel, else why should it not glide easily down that inviting decline. Perhaps the chain was too tight, or maybe the pedal bearings had not been oiled. All these things and more were examined into, but still the difficulty remained.

We were dusty, warm, and tired. We thought the way ought to be easy, for it certainly had every appearance of being so, and our minds rebelled against the exertion necessary because of our clumsily working bicycles.

All but discouraged, we sat down to rest and to wait for another member of our party, our California host, who was calmly wheeling along

toward us. We told him our troubles. With an amused twinkle in his eye, he proceeded to enlighten us. The apparent gentle decline of the road was a deception, an optical illusion, peculiar to certain mountain ascents, and formed by the incline of the road against the vertical mountain walls always just in front of the traveler at whatever bend or angle of the road. He took us to a turn of the road, and on looking backward we saw the really steep grade up which we had been traveling when all the time we were under the delusion that we were going down grade and ought to have been having an easy time.

We had a good laugh over our mistake, and accused our host of purposely staying in the rear so as to better enjoy the joke at our expense. Then we readjusted our mental vision, though our physical view of the situation remained the same, and, speaking literally, rolled up our sleeves, dispensed with our collars, and mounted our wheels with a determined will to reach our destination. The annoyance and irritation passed away when we understood our task, and set our wills to accomplish it. We reached our goal, and were rewarded by seeing one of nature's masterpieces set high in those mountain fastnesses.

This was an occurrence of several years ago, but only recently did the similarity of the experience to that of our life's hopes and ambitions come to me.

Some bright day the desire comes to one to accomplish something. Perhaps it is a young man who has been deprived of the opportunity of an education in his youth. He desires to fit himself for greater usefulness in the world. He begins to ascend the inclined plane which leads to the mountain peaks of knowledge. He feels the inspiration of the scene before him, and does not realize the long and steady up grade that stretches between him and the intellectual heights to which he aspires. He feels, perhaps, that the hardest task is over after he has by hard work accumulated the necessary amount of money for a few years at college. But this is only the first part of the trip through the valley. He should not be discouraged when he finds that the way which appeared so easy has many rugged steps and rocky climbs; but he should climb steadily on. This is an age in which the youth attempt to *leap* to heights that were made to *climb*.

Do not conclude that the mind, the vehicle on which you are traveling the road to knowledge, is clumsy, out of repair and almost useless, but assert your will to the end that the task shall be completed, and the mind will be controlled by it, will readjust itself to the accomplishment of the work in hand. Always remember that the *will* is the governing power in the nature of man. The Great Teacher says, "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know."

Or perhaps some one has decided to live the new life, and has thought in his heart that when the first step was taken, the hardest part of the journey was over. Discouragement may be now knocking at the door of his heart as he finds at each turn in the road of life that difficult and still more difficult tasks confront him. To all such I say, Do not despair! Do not give up to the easier life which requires no exertion of will, no discipline of mind or body, and consequently no developing of moral or spiritual fiber of character. Do not look for an easy life.

Pray to be strong men. Do not look for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. The man of *power* is the man of *prayer*. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness and power of the life in you.

By so doing you will develop a character that will make you honored and trusted in this life, and hereafter will gain you abundant entrance to that most beautiful of all beautiful parks—the garden of Eden, our eternal home.

MINNIE GLADYS CADY.



Lesson for Young People's Society Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

- Singing.
- Scripture Reading.
- Sentence Prayers (short prayers by as nearly all as possible).
- Bible Study: "Riches."
- Book Study: "Ministry of Healing," pages 209-216.

Bible Reading

- From whom do men obtain riches? Eccl. 5: 19.
- What is the psalmist's advice concerning riches? Ps. 62: 10.
- Give one reason for not "setting one's heart" on riches. Prov. 23: 5.
- How should riches be used? 1 John 3: 17.
- What will a wrong use of riches yield? James 5: 1-3.
- What is the danger of riches? Luke 6: 24; 18: 22-25.
- Why do the rich especially need our prayers and Christian efforts? Matt. 13: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 9, 10.

Book Study

MINISTRY TO THE RICH:—

- Characterize Cornelius. Page 209, first paragraph.
- In what two ways did God instruct Cornelius? Second paragraph.
- Why have the rich been neglected? Page 210, first paragraph.
- Do riches satisfy the desires of this class? Page 210, second paragraph.
- How may this class be led to accept the principles of true temperance? Page 211, first paragraph.
- Should the temperance pledge ever be used? Give reason. Page 211, second paragraph.
- When do riches become a curse? Page 212, third paragraph.
- How alone can these world-worshipping souls be drawn to Christ? Page 213, last paragraph.
- How did Paul's method of presenting the gospel to the Corinthians and Romans differ from that used in Athens? Page 214, first and second paragraphs.
- What lesson does his experience have for us? Same reference.
- What will be the experience of those who work for the rich? Page 215, last paragraph.
- For what results may they look? Page 216, first and second paragraphs.
- What may we expect of those who thus accept the gospel? Third paragraph.

Note

The riches of this world have a tendency to dwarf the soul, and to cram their possessor into the narrow limits of selfishness. Those who have risen above this spirit have been sources of great blessing to many.

"No one can stand upon a lofty height without danger. As the tempest that leaves unharmed the flower of the valley uproots the tree upon the mountain top, so do fierce temptations that leave untouched the lowly in life assail those who stand in the world's high places of success and honor. But Joseph bore alike the test of adversity and of prosperity. The same fidelity was manifest in the palace of the Pharaohs as in the prisoner's cell."—*"Education,"* pages 51, 52.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Young People's Society at Portland, Maine

THE Young People's Society of Portland recently held a special service and invited the members of the church to attend. This service was planned and the program arranged to especially interest the older ones in the work of the Society. This Society has been organized but eight months, and although composed largely of youthful members, they are doing most excellent work.

The quarterly missionary report read on this occasion was a great surprise to us, for we did not realize the amount of work being done by our young people. The meeting was in charge of the assistant leader, and everything passed off nicely, each member having some part in the program.

One interesting feature was the drill on the Bible readings which the Society have been learning, preceded by the reading of a poem written by Miss Eliza Morton on "Teach the Children the Bible." This poem will soon appear in the *Sabbath School Worker*.

It did our hearts good to see the energy with which the young people have taken hold of this plan of learning to give Bible readings. All showed a remarkable knowledge of the texts learned and located, and the beaming faces and ready answers of even the youngest ones showed their pleasure and confidence. We believe it will be hard for any one to uproot their belief in the coming of the Lord, for they can take their Bibles and point out the verses that tell all about it.

Among the many interesting and instructive articles read were several poems. One on who changed the Sabbath, entitled "The Bells," was especially enjoyed by a sister who has recently come out of the Catholic Church. Another on "How We Made Our Pennies Grow" was also much appreciated, and we expect the thoughts contained in it will bear fruit this summer, for our young people have pledged themselves to help support the mission work in Japan, to which field a brother of one of the members of the Society has just gone as a medical missionary.

The youngest one present contributed a bit which we would all do well always to remember, called "The Road to Heaven," which he told us was "to turn to the right and go straight on." After listening to another beautiful poem on what the Jew has done for Christianity, an offering was taken for the Jewish work. Officers for the next three months were elected, followed by testimonies from the visitors, who expressed themselves as being very glad to be there.

May God bless these dear young people, and help them to realize that the Lord is soon to proclaim his message through them.

MRS. W. O. HOWE.

Gleanings from Reports

GEORGE A. HANDLE, reporting the work of the Kensington Society, says:—

"This quarter makes our Society about ten months old, and although still young in years, we are as young in energy and activity. Our aim is not only to stimulate this working activity, but also to direct and develop it in the right path. In a word, the whole object of our Society is to fit us for the work of the Lord, which is to 'win souls.'

"Sister Butz was elected vice-president. One novel idea of hers was to draw a book on the board, and as each one gave his report, the name was written, and opposite it the number of tracts given away, *Signs* sold, and so on. This was to convey the idea that an actual book in which all these deeds are written is kept in heaven. Thus some were ashamed of their small figures, and were stimulated to do more work.

"Even the smallest take their part and are not forgotten. Those who could not take part in the studies were allotted the selecting of hymns for the afternoon. By this they would read many hymns in the endeavor to find suitable ones.

"The outdoor missionary work engages the attention of all. I believe there is not one drone in the Society. The reports are most encouraging. There surely is not one person in the neighborhood who has not had some of our literature; nor has our work been in vain. The Bible worker has been kept busy, and precious souls have been saved through our work.

"Do not think the missionary work is all done by the older members, for the youngest make us blush with shame when they report their work for the Lord. May we as older members not discourage their enthusiasm by our slothfulness, is my prayer."

From the young people's secretary in Maine, we get the following report: "One member is placing literature in every family in his town, using the envelope plan that has been recommended by our conference."

Miss Nora Hough, secretary of young people's work in Missouri, writes that their Societies are devoting some time to caring for sick people around them, and others are beginning a regular distribution of copies of the *Signs*.

Miss Ruth Hollenbeck, secretary of young people's work in western Washington, writes that "two of the girls of one Society visit the county poor-farm every week, taking papers to the inmates and reading to them."

MATILDA ERICKSON.



The Investigative Judgment

1. Of how many is the Lord judge?

"And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead." Acts 10: 42.

"For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Rom. 14: 10.

2. Out of what are the people judged?

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Rev. 20: 12.

3. What will be brought into judgment?

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12: 14.

4. What is said of idle words?

"But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matt. 12: 36.

5. Where shall judgment begin?

"For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" 1 Peter 4: 17.

6. Who will assist in the judgment?

"A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened." Dan. 7: 10.

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Rev. 5: 11.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"HELP us as we see the privileges to see also our responsibilities. We have been very selfish even in the taking of Thy grace. Help us to see that even yet Christ is bearing the world's woe, its wounding, its weariness; and O, help us to enter into the fellowship in that burden bearing!"

CHILDREN'S PAGE



God Wants the Boys and Girls

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,

The thoughtless boys —

God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave he'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity.

God wants the boys!

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,

The worst of girls —

God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And to reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity.

God wants the girls!

— *Craven Pioneer.*

Mattie Lou's Missionary Hen

"PAPA," said little Mattie Lou Stevens one day in the early springtime, "I want a missionary hen; won't you give me one?"

"A missionary hen!" echoed Papa Stevens, mischievously; "what kind of a hen is that? I was not aware that hens ever became missionaries."

"O Papa Stevens, you know what I mean, well enough. A money hen, of course."

"A money hen! Worse and more of it! I wish I had a lot of such hens. I have heard of a goose that laid golden eggs, but never of a hen made of money; that is a new thing. What does it look like, daughter? Gold, silver, or greenbacks, which?"

"O Mama Stevens, just listen to papa! Isn't he awful? Make him behave and talk right. He's tangling my meaning all up. Why, of course, you know, papa. I want a hen to lay eggs, so I can sell them and have money for missions; that's what. Now, you understand, I know."

"O, yes, certainly; it is all straight now. All right, you may have old Croaker; she has been in the laying business a good while, and understands it pretty thoroughly. I advise you to keep an eye upon her, however; she has very decided opinions of her own, and will outwit you if you are not very smart indeed. I believe, unless I am very greatly mistaken, that Croaker is far more inclined to contribute to home than foreign missions."

"O Papa Stevens! As if a hen knew one single thing about heathen or missionaries! She doesn't know anything but to lay eggs; but I'll watch her; you'll see!"

Then Papa Stevens and Mattie Lou went out to the barn-yard hand in hand, and old Croaker, a great white fluffy Brahma, was duly set apart and dedicated to the cause of missions. Mattie Lou gave her a good talking to upon the subject of honesty and faithful discharge of duty, and tied a red ribbon around her neck as a sort of honorary badge, a proceeding which so alarmed the other fowls as to cause them to flee the field, cackling with all their might. Mattie Lou then proceeded to make a nest. She got a new box from the wood-shed, filled it half full of sweet-smelling hay, set it under the chestnut tree, and carefully planted old Croaker exactly in the middle; but Croaker was not to be dictated to in the least. As soon as Mattie Lou removed her presence from her immediate vicinity, she gravely arose, shook her feathers, stepped out of the

"beautiful nest" and walked off in search of bugs and worms, talking just like this: "Ka! ka! ka! ka! ka!"

Contrary old hen!

For three whole days Mattie Lou visited that nest under the chestnut tree, each time expecting an egg, but the nest was empty. At the end of that time she went pouting to her mother.

"She's no good at all!" she complained. "She doesn't mean to do one single thing for the heathen. She just goes around ka, ka-ing, and scratching as if she didn't care one bit about anything, and she won't lay even one egg."

But one day old Croaker stole softly away upon a little mission of her own. If Mattie Lou's Cousin Dora had not come to stay a whole month with her just then, old Croaker would doubtless have been disturbed in her project.

But just a few days before Cousin Dora went away, papa came in bearing a basket with twelve fluffy little puff-balls of chicks, and old Croaker in the midst, seated in solemn state.

"Your missionary hen presents you with her gold coin," he said to Mattie Lou, whose cries of delight at sight of the tiny yellow birds brought the whole family upon the scene.

As for Croaker, she looked profoundly wise, put her head to one side and clucked loudly, all of which meant exactly what Papa Stevens translated out of the hen language, thus:—

"I knew what I was about. Twelve eggs would have been a very small offering for such a cause. They would have brought but fifteen cents; so I invested in chickens, which if you will care for properly, will in time bring you twenty-five cents a piece."

And that is exactly what Mattie Lou made out of her missionary hen that time. Wasn't old Croaker a bird of wisdom?—*Susan M. Griffith, in the Christian Observer.*

The Benefit of the Doubt

"O, MANY an arrow will reach the heart
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And a hurt can never be mended;

"And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken."

"I hear the Macmillans are in debt all round the neighborhood!"

She was not an ill-natured woman, but there was a lull in the conversation, and it was the first thing that came into her head. There was no lack of conversation afterward. Nearly everybody had some little story to tell, the moral of each one being the wickedness of the extravagance of the Macmillans. Nobody was surprised at the news; it was only what they had expected for months past.

But, as it turned out afterward, things were not nearly so black as they were painted. The Macmillans owed money, it was true; but the real reason why the bills had been allowed to become overdue was that Mr. Macmillan, through no fault of his own, had been cheated out of what was to him a large sum of money, and so the bills had to wait while they economized to pay them.

But Mrs. Macmillan turned a smiling face to the world, and took no one into her confidence as to the shifts and expedients she resorted to till they were things of the past; hence the gossip and uncharitable things that were said of her.

Have you ever heard a case tried in a court

of law? Even if you have not, you probably know that under such circumstances an accused man is supposed to be innocent till he is *proved* to be guilty. He is given "the benefit of the doubt." No judgment of any kind is passed till both sides have received a fair hearing. Don't you think there is a lesson here for us?

We hear one side of a case only. We straightway pronounce judgment upon it without troubling to even think if there may not be extenuating circumstances. We are in such a hurry to form our opinions we can not wait to hear both sides. It seems a little bit unfair, doesn't it? We often make life for others much harder than it need be, and frequently by this habit of ours of jumping to conclusions, and not only jumping to them, but talking about them to other people.

We feel very indignant if we hear that some one has been repeating an unkind and largely untrue version of a story about ourselves. "I do think you might have known that I wouldn't do or say such a thing. Anyway, you might have asked me before believing it," we say, and we feel dreadfully hurt to think they did not know us better.

Well, they might. It's quite true. But, then, haven't you done the same thing yourself over and over again? It didn't seem such a very dreadful thing then; it is only now that you are the accused instead of the judge that the verdict is so important.

Remind yourself of it next time you are inclined to sum up the case after hearing the witnesses on one side only. Wait till you have heard the evidence on the side of the accused, and listened to the story of the trials and troubles and heartaches and temptations that came first.

You will probably look on the culprit with quite a different and a more kindly eye. Give him, till such time arrives, the "benefit of the doubt," and maybe you will find he has been far more sinned against than sinning.

One More Thing

Have you ever repeated a discreditable story and found afterward that it is absolutely untrue, or, at all events, that it had its foundation in facts in themselves perfectly harmless? If so, you probably do not need me to remind you how ashamed of yourself you felt when you discovered what you had done. At such a time "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" comes home to one with tenfold meaning.

And such things might be so easily avoided if only we could remember to keep a bridle on our tongues. We don't think—that is the trouble. Often and often when we repeat discreditable things that we have heard, we have not the least intention of harming any one.

Make it a principle with yourself that in future you will give every one the benefit of the doubt, and believe him innocent till he is proved to be guilty.—*Home Chat.*

Obedience

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.

—*Alice Cary.*

"THE high duties are the high duties."

Two Ways of Wasting Time

Two young men were roommates at college, and friends. Both were conscientious in their work, but they did not see alike as to methods. The one was an incessant student. Early and late he was at his books. The other varied his study by outdoor exercise and social relaxation.

One afternoon he came in, ruddy and tired after a long tramp in the woods. A lady's-slipper was pinned in his buttonhole, a fringe of green burs ornamented his coat sleeve. His roommate looked at him reproachfully: "You've been gone a long time," he said.

"Yes, I took the mill road and came back through the woods. But I rested," added the student. "I spent half an hour trying to coax a squirrel to take a nut out of my hand; sat like a graven image, and the little chap watched me as if he were fascinated. I believe I'd have won if I hadn't had to get home for supper."

"I don't see," said his friend, irritably, "how you can reconcile it with your conscience to waste time as you do."

The other young man looked at him across the table. He saw the lines under his eyes, the flush of weariness on his thin cheeks, and he said, quietly, "You are wasting time, rather than I."

"Wasting time!" cried his friend, in indignant protest. "I have been busy every minute since you left!" He was about to explain what he had accomplished during the afternoon, when the other's gesture checked him.

"I don't doubt that, my dear fellow," said his roommate, kindly. "You are saving the minutes and wasting years. If you go on as you have begun, the chances are against a long life for you. The minutes you say I am wasting I am only investing, and I expect that they will yield me good health, and add to my years and give me a longer influence for good. You are the real waster of time."

There are many ambitious young people who are making the same mistake as this zealous student. In their effort to use every minute, they are wasting life at the other end. Many a career has been cut short in the height of its usefulness because of this mistaken economy. To deny one's self the relaxation one needs, is in the end to waste time.—*Hattie L. Smith, in Young People's Weekly.*

The Birth of a Song

IN "Wisconsin in Three Centuries" is given the origin of "In the sweet by and by," written by S. Fillmore Bennett. In Mr. Bennett's words the story is, as follows:—

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?"

He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied, "That sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said, indifferently.

I then turned to my desk, and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it, his eyes kindled, and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the *Signet Ring* a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since.—*The Circle.*

National Flower Wanted

WHAT flower shall be officially recognized as the floral emblem of Norway, is a question now before the statesmen of that country. There are flowers enough, but it is difficult to find one that symbolizes the country and has not been taken by some other nation. The British Isles have the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle; Canada the maple leaf; France the fleur-de-lis; Greece the violet; Japan the chrysanthemum; Egypt the lotus flower; Spain the pomegranate; Switzerland the edelweiss; Germany the corn-flower; and Saxony the mignonne.—*Selected.*

God forget you? Never, never;
He will keep you to the end;
If he send a sudden tempest,
Still his rainbow he will send.
Trust in heaven, and make earth brighter
For the trust, and let no dart
Of a transient pain bereave you
Of God's gift, the cheery heart.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*



JAPAN claims to have launched the largest battle-ship in the world, the "Satsuma."

ALCOHOL is now being manufactured commercially in Pennsylvania from sawdust, and the industry is expected to extend to all sawmill communities.

WOMEN always rode astride until Queen Elizabeth, in order, it is said, to show a magnificent gown, upon a certain state occasion rode sideways, and so set the fashion.

SCIENTISTS claim that nine years would be sufficient to depopulate the world if all birds should become extinct; for the pests would so multiply as to wholly destroy man's food supply.

ABERNATHY wisely said, "One fourth of what we eat keeps us. The other three fourths we keep at the risk of our lives." If more food is taken than can be digested, the whole mass ferments, and then the intestinal absorbents take up the poisonous products of fermentation and putrefaction, and convey them to every part of the body, with grave results to the system.

WITH every tick of the clock nearly fifty dollars' worth of liquor vanishes down the world's throat. Thus nearly three thousand dollars every minute, or one hundred and eighty thousand dollars every hour, is given by the people of the world to the liquor traffic. No one reaps any physical or spiritual good from this steady, enormous expenditure, but many lives are wrecked every day.

"ENGLISH manufacturers shipped more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of automobiles to South Africa during the first nine months of last year. It is proposed to institute an extensive system of good roads in that far-away territory, as these can be built for about twenty-five hundred dollars a mile, as against twenty thousand dollars a mile for railroads, and motor-coaches will transport mail and passengers more economically and expeditiously than a railroad. Aluminum bodies for automobiles are popular throughout South Africa, as wood does not stand the subtropical sun without warping."

CONGRESS recently enacted a law pensioning every soldier sixty-two years old who had served in the Union army ninety days and received an honorable discharge. The law is less than

ninety days old, yet 325,000 applications have already been received. They are coming in at the rate of five thousand a day. The total appropriations for pensions for the next year is \$145,000,000, and the new law will make it necessary to add several more million to the present appropriation.

"THE fishermen of Iceland are rapidly replacing their open boats and sailing craft with motor-boats. In 1895 there were two of these boats at Westmann Islands, and they proved so successful and profitable that nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been expended for motor-boats during the last three seasons. These boats do not require so large a crew, nor are they dependent upon fickle breezes; hence, they give many times better results during the season than sailing boats."

"FOR some time the Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with camphor trees, and so successful have the tests been that a tract of three thousand acres has been acquired in Florida by the government for this industry. It seems to have been proved that camphor trees can be grown successfully in the Southern States and California. The profit per acre is large, and the market is in little danger of being overstocked, as camphor is used in making smokeless powder, as well as for medicinal purposes. At present Japan practically has a monopoly of camphor."

EVERY business must bear its own losses and repair any damages it may inflict upon individuals or upon the community. The owner of a dog that kills a sheep must pay for it. If a mill-dam destroys property, the loss must be made good, and the one who alienates the affections of husband or wife is held responsible before the courts. By the same parity of reason, citizens should demand that the liquor traffic bear all judicial, legislative, criminal, and other costs involved in the trade. It should sustain the large proportion of inmates in the poorhouses, jails, State prisons, and asylums. It ought to make good the damages resulting from the sale of liquor. If this valid business principle were rigidly applied by those in authority, the saloon would soon be taxed out of existence.—*Selected.*



ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 5, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS: As there were no letters in the INSTRUCTOR last week, and as I never saw any from this place, I thought I would write one. I am twelve years old. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Sister Nellie Benjamin. I go to church-school. My teacher's name is Miss Abbie St. John. She is very nice. She lives at Hannibal, Missouri. There are only about twelve in the church-school, and sixty-four in the church. I live at 5020 Moffitt Avenue. It is almost like country out here in this part of the city. There are a great many trees. In the autumn the leaves on the maple trees are all different colors. They are very pretty. In the winter there is nice skating. There is a big maple tree by our house. Hoping not to crowd other letters out, I remain,

ALLEN GEO. BEEBE.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 18, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: I am going to a church-school. I am in the fourth grade. We are about through our physiology. I like to read the letters in the INSTRUCTOR. I have about one mile to walk to school. Sometimes we go out in the country and gather flowers and nuts. I have some pigeons. We have one cow and some chickens. When school is out, I intend to work some place. I want to earn some money and buy some chickens. I go to Sabbath-school. I am eleven years old.

Our school will close the first week of May. There are only six in our schoolroom to-day. In our Bible class we are studying about the Israelites in the wilderness, and how God sent manna down to the people. Our next lesson will be about Moses striking the rock with his rod and causing water to flow out for the people. We are studying about the elephant in our reading lesson. We have also studied about the bison and tiger. My teacher's name is Miss Lewins.

VERNE ANDERSON.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 18, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I enjoy reading it. I go to Sabbath-school. I am in the intermediate class. I go to church-school. I am in the fourth grade. I live in the city about three blocks from the school. My teacher's name is Miss Lewins. Our school will close the first week in May. I am ten years old. I have a brother fifteen years old. He has some rabbits and pigeons. We have some chickens also. When school is out I am going to sell *Life and Health* and the *Life Boat*. I have sold seven of them in one afternoon. I am waiting for summer to come so I can go and get flowers and plants. We have five children in our school. I will close so as not to crowd out any of the other letters.

ETHEL WHITTEMORE.

I hope Miss Ethel will not forget to sell one hundred or more copies of the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI — The Rainbow

(June 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 8: 20-22; 9: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "He is faithful that promised." Heb. 10: 23.

Review

Who was Noah? What great work was he chosen to do? Tell all you can about the ark that he built. Who went into it when it was finished? Tell how the flood came. What did the flood destroy? Where did the ark finally rest? Why did Noah send out a raven and a dove? How did he know when the waters were dried away, and things had begun to grow? Who told Noah when the time came to leave the ark?

Lesson Story

1. When Noah and his family and all the animals had come out of the ark, "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar."

2. "And the Lord smelled a sweet savor; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

3. "And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you. . . . And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth."

4. "And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."

5. "And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh."

And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

6. Whenever we look at the beautiful rainbow shining on the clouds, we may know that God sees it, too, and that he remembers his promise to Noah, and to all who should live on the earth after him. The rainbow reminds us of God's glory; for we read that the brightness that is around God's throne is "as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." It also speaks to us of God's faithfulness; for as often as we see it, we are reminded of the promise that God made to Noah. We know that the same God who made the earth, who destroyed it, and who has promised that he will not again destroy it by a flood, is faithful to keep every promise that he has made to his children.

Questions

1. What was the first thing that Noah did when he had come out of the ark? To whom did he offer sacrifice? What does this show? — That Noah's first thought was to thank God for his protecting care.

2. How did God reward Noah's sacrifice? What did the Lord say he would not again do to the ground? What did he promise should not fail "while the earth remaineth"?

3. What did God say to Noah and his sons? What covenant, or promise, did he establish with them?

4. What token, or sign, did the Lord give to Noah and his descendants, that he would never again destroy the earth by a flood?

5. Where would the bow be seen? What did God say he would remember as often as he should look upon the bow in the cloud?

6. What may we know whenever we see a rainbow? What is the glory about God's throne said to be like? How does the rainbow remind us of God's faithfulness? In the memory verse what is said about this same God that promised Noah never again to destroy the earth by a flood?

Suggestive Thoughts on the Sabbath-school Lesson

The Deluge

Tablets containing a part of the deluge stories have been found in Ur, and it is hoped to find there the Babylonian library, containing the original tablets from which the stories of creation and of the flood were copied for the library at Nineveh. "The account of the deluge is a universal tradition in all branches of the human family, with the sole exception of the black race. And a tradition everywhere so exact and so concordant can not possibly be referred to an imaginary myth. . . . It must necessarily be the reminiscence of an actual and terrible event . . . near to the primitive cradle of mankind, and previous to the separation of the families from whom the principal races were to descend."—*Lenormant*.

The Bow in the Cloud

The rainbow tells us that God's covenant with mankind is everlasting, and it assures sunshine after storm and harvest following seed-time, the constant purpose of God to care for mankind and provide for their needs. Wherever the rainbow arches the sky, it spells the word Providence for all who have eyes to see its meaning. It declares the loving thought of God for all his creatures. It counsels us to be bountiful toward one another. Matt. 5: 45. It teaches us to be kind to animals because they are included in the covenant. Gen. 9: 12. As the rainbow spans the sky after a shower, so also it spans the ages with its lesson of trust for all from the time of the deluge that washed the earth clean of its sin until the coming of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—*A. E. Dunning*.

Spring Notes

Gen. 8: 22

Now we see the promised seed-time;
Earth with hope is rife.
Nature's heart, her God obeying,
Sings her song of life.

Joy to live in tender spring-time,
Green with budding leaf.
Violets of heaven's own tinting,
Teach God's love beneath.

Verdure paints the barren soil;
Robins sing sweet lays;
Husbandmen sow for the harvest
Of golden, summer days.

Divine promise, never failing,
Bring to life all seeds.
Plant and harvest, God obeying,
Grow to fill man's needs.

LILIAN S. MARDEN.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI — To Every One for Service

(June 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work." Mark 13: 34.

Questions

1. Upon how many of God's children are the gifts of the Spirit bestowed? For what purpose? 1 Cor. 12: 7; note 1.

2. What threefold division is made of the purpose of the gifts? Eph. 4: 12; note 2.

3. What is each man's duty as to his gift? 1 Peter 4: 10.

4. How did Jesus describe this duty? Mark 13: 34.

5. How long is each individual responsible to improve his gift? Luke 19: 13.

6. What will be the result where the gift is used? Matt. 25: 16, 17.

7. What will be done to the man who does not use his gift? Matt. 25: 28, 30.

8. What will be the reward of the faithful ones? Matt. 25: 21; note 3.

9. Who assigns the various gifts to each individual? 1 Cor. 12: 11; note 4.

10. Out of what condition will the proper use of these gifts guide us? Eph. 4: 14.

11. Into whom will they enable us to grow? Eph. 4: 15.

12. What effect will this have on the church? Eph. 4: 16.

Notes

1. "Every one;" "each one"—both expressions are used. Not one is to be an idler. Each and every one has a work to do for the Master which will use every power of his being. He needs that work for the formation of character; he owes that work to him who released him from bondage; he must share in it as a privilege if he is to be a partaker in the eternal joy. The great need of the world demands consecration to God's service now.

2. (a) "For the perfecting of the saints," the development of character; (b) "for the work of the ministry," not necessarily preaching, but including it. Every child of God ought to be a minister, a servant of his. Every work done for God is a work of ministry or service; (c) "the edifying of the body of Christ." It is the purpose of God that his children should build one another up. But this can be done only in God's way, by God's means, his Word, his Spirit, his service.

3. To him who holds his gift for God, who uses it for God, shall be given other gifts. The use of the one gift makes that gift more effective.

4. It is not for man to choose his gift or gifts. God divides these gifts of the Spirit, not as we will, but as he wills.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DIGKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
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.

A Trained Ear

IN prayer the ear is an organ of first importance. It is of equal importance with the tongue, but must be named first; for the ear leads the way to the tongue. The child hears a word before it speaks it. Through the ear comes the use of the tongue. When the faculties are normal, the tongue is trained only through the ear. This is nature's method. The mind is molded largely through the ear and eye. It reveals itself, asserts itself, largely through the tongue. What the ear lets in, the mind works over, and the tongue gives out.

This is the order of Isaiah's fifteenth chapter in those words, prophetic of Jesus: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of them that are taught. . . . He wakeneth mine ear to hear as they that are taught." Here the taught tongue came through the awakened ear. One reason why so many of us do not have taught tongues is because we give God so little chance at our ears.

It is a striking fact that the men who have been mightiest in prayer have known God well. They have seemed peculiarly sensitive to him, and to be overawed with the sense of his love and his greatness. There are three of the Old Testament characters who are particularly mentioned as being mighty in prayer. Jeremiah tells that when God spoke to him about the deep perversity of that nation, he exclaimed, "Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be toward this people." When James wants an illustration of a man of prayer for the scattered Jews, he speaks of Elijah, and of one particular crisis in his life, the praying on Carmel's tip-top.

These three men are Israel's great men in the great crises of its history. Moses was the maker and molder of the nation. Samuel was the patient teacher who introduced a new order of things in the national life. Elijah was the rugged leader when the national worship of Jehovah was about to be officially overthrown. These three men, the maker, the teacher, the emergency leader, are singled out in the record as peculiarly men of prayer.

Now regarding these men, it is most interesting to observe what *listeners* they were to God's voice. Their ears were trained early and trained long, until great acuteness and sensitiveness to God's will was the result.

Special pains seem to have been taken with the first man, the nation's greatest giant and history's greatest jurist. There were two distinct stages in the training of his ears. First, there were the forty years of solitude in the desert sands, alone with the sheep, and the stars, and—God. His ears were being trained by silence.

The bustle and confusion of Egypt's busy life

were being taken out of his ears. How silent are God's voices! How few men are strong enough to be able to endure silence! For in silence God is speaking to the inner ear.

A gentleman was asked by an artist friend of some note to come to his home, and see a painting just finished. He went at the time appointed, was shown by the attendant into a room which was quite dark, and left there. He was much surprised, but quietly waited developments. After perhaps fifteen minutes his friend came into the room with a cordial greeting, and took him up to the studio to see the painting, which was greatly admired. Before he left, the artist said, laughingly, "I suppose you thought it queer to be left in that dark room so long." "Yes," the visitor said, "I did." "Well," his friend replied, "I knew that if you came into my studio with the glare of the street in your eyes, you could not appreciate the fine coloring of the picture. So I left you in the dark room till the glare had worn out of your eyes."

The first stage of Moses' prayer-training was wearing the noise of Egypt out of his ears so he could hear the quiet, fine tones of God's voice. He who would become skilled in prayer must take a silence course in the University of Arabia. Then came the second stage. Forty years were followed by forty days, twice over, of listening to God's speaking voice up in the mount. Such an ear-course as that made a skilled, famous intercessor.

A PRAYER

O thou who reign'st "high throned above all height,"

Circled with rays of uncreated light,
Shine through these glooms of sin a heavenly ray,
And guide my footsteps in the perfect way,
All selfish motives banish from my breast,
Which seek their own, and not another's rest,
May nobler motives animate my soul,
Reign in my life, and through my actions roll,
May ne'er my bosom pant for empty fame,
But thine own glory be my constant aim.

Ernest Lloyd.

Samuel had an earlier course than Moses. While yet a child, before his ears had been dulled by earth sounds, they were tuned to the hearing of God's voice. The child heart and ear naturally open upward. They hear easily and believe readily. The roadway of the ear has not been beaten down hard by much travel. God's rains and dews have made it soft, and impressionable. This child's ear was quickly trained to recognize God's voice. And the tented Hebrew nation soon came to know that there was a man in their midst to whom God was talking. O, to keep the heart and inner ear of a child as mature years come!

Of the third of these famous intercessors little is known except of the few striking events in which he figured. Of these, the scene that finds its climax in the opening on Carmel's top of the rain-windows, occupies by far the greater space. And it is notable that the beginning of that long eighteenth chapter of First Kings which tells of the Carmel conflict begins with a message to Elijah from God: "The word of the Lord came to Elijah: . . . I will send rain upon the earth." That was the foundation of that persistent praying and sevenfold watching on the mountain top. First the ear heard, then the will persistently claimed, and the eye expectantly looked. First the voice of God, then the will of man—that is the true order. Tremendous results always follow that combination.—S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on Prayer."

Answers to Correspondents

"GRACE is to the body what good sense is to the mind."

What should be the conduct of a company of workers in a mission toward one another?

This question is almost too general to admit of an answer here; but if it relates to the conduct of gentlemen toward ladies and ladies toward gentlemen, the answer is apparent. There should be friendliness and cordiality, but no undue familiarity. Each young woman must surround herself with a certain modest dignity that can never be laid aside, however well acquainted or closely associated in work she may be with gentlemen.

Should a young woman receive her gentlemen callers alone?

One authority says: "A young lady, as a rule, receives her men callers without the chaperonage of her mother. A mother, however, is an indifferent companion and guardian for her young daughter if she does not occasionally go into the drawing-room and make some acquaintance with the young men who call at her house." Miss Eleanor B. Clapp in her book, "The Courtesies," says: "When a young man calls in the evening, the best and most sensible etiquette prescribes that the mother should come in with her daughter, and stay for a short time, talking pleasantly with him, then after half an hour or so she can withdraw, leaving the young people to talk over their own concerns for a time."

Is it permissible to lean the elbows on the table when eating?

This habit has nothing in its favor, so deserves to be wholly deprecated.

Should a girl swing her arms carelessly when walking?

The *Ladies' Home Journal* answered a similar question recently, as follows:—

"It is extremely inelegant to move the arms so much as to be noticeable. Time was when such motion would be regarded as sufficient to deny a woman's claim to gentleness, but the world is less conventional than formerly. You have only to fancy a bride and her attendants walking up a church aisle swaying their arms if you would test the inelegance of the action."

In sending one's plate to be served a second time, what should be done with the knife and fork?

Place them side by side on the plate before passing it to the host.

Is it polite for Seventh-day Adventist young people to say "hello" when they meet? Would it be polite to say it to others that greet one so?

The author of the foregoing question recognizes that there should be a high standard of politeness among Seventh-day Adventist young people. This is right. Our own young people everywhere should be the most gentle, refined, and courteous of young people. The word in question has so many rough and uncouth associations that it seldom, if ever, is befitting a cultured young woman. Telephone rules, however, make no discrimination. Cultured and uncultured alike must use the word. But only a slight observation will suffice to show that it is not, after all, so much the word that gives the unsavory sound as the manner of speaking it. As it is generally spoken by the flippant, careless boy or girl, it deserves no place in one's vocabulary. In some sections of the country, it now seems to be about the only known way of addressing one; but people have all these years found some happy way of greeting one another, even though the present common form was used until within a few years only by those who wished to get a person's attention at a distance by calling.