

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, MAY 14, 1903

No. 19



"Land! Land!" the Emerald Isle

ON the morning of the sixth day there is a stir of excitement on board. All eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse of the southwestern point of Ireland, which, in fair weather, is the first land that is sighted. It is not difficult on this morning to pick out every Irishman on board, each is so proud of his native land, and talks with such enthusiasm of the wonders of the little "emerald isle." In fair weather the sailing along the southern coast of Ireland is pleasant indeed. The numerous fishing-boats; the hills covered with greener grass than an American ever saw in his native land; the ruins of gray old castles, with an occasional white fort, its heavy guns looking out threateningly upon the sea,—all are items of absorbing interest. The enjoyment of the scenery is intensified in contrast with the monotony of the previous six days. The sight-seeing of a whole week seems to be crowded into a single day.

Queenstown, the Port of Cork

As we near Queenstown, the signals are run up the mast to inform the out-lookers that they must "come off" for the mails. Queenstown is the port of Cork. Vessels stop here long enough to leave the mail and the passengers for Ireland.

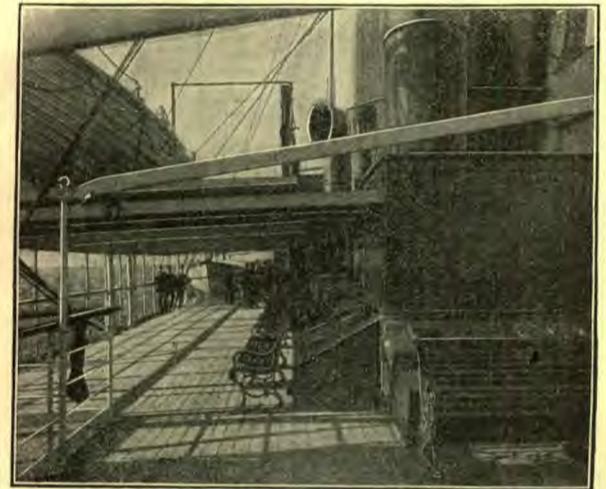
These are taken to the town by a "tender" (a small boat), which comes out to the open sea to meet the largest vessels. In pleasant weather two or three rowboats usually come out to the ship to trade with the passengers over the ship's side. One of the occupants of the little boat climbs aboard the ship, lets down a string for a basket of wares, and one thing after another is brought up for passengers to examine. Irish lace, blackthorn canes, and "schellales" are the most common articles offered for sale. Bits of shamrock are also sold at a shilling a bunch. "Will it grow?" asks a woman who wants a bit of sport at the expense of the poor peasant. "It will grow if you smile on it, lady," answers the witty salesman, who is always ready for the many questions that are asked of him over the ship's railing.

On to Liverpool

But the tender is soon loaded, and off to the town; and our good ship steams ahead again, through St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea to Liverpool. The stately ship works her way carefully and proudly up the narrow channel of the River Mersey, among the hundreds and hundreds of other vessels going in and out, or lying at anchor. Little by little she finds her way to her position at the landing stage. The ropes are carried ashore in a small rowboat, and made fast, the donkey engines on board wind in the rope, and the ship is drawn to the side of the wharf and secured.

The landing stage at Liverpool is the largest and best floating dock in the world, being nearly a mile long, and about one hundred and fifty feet

wide. It floats on the surface of the water, rising and falling with the tide, and is connected with the shore by run-ways on hinges. This is a fine arrangement; for ships fastened at this landing stage are not inconvenienced by the rising and falling tide, as the wharf rises with the ship, and their relation to each other is al-



THE PROMENADE DECK

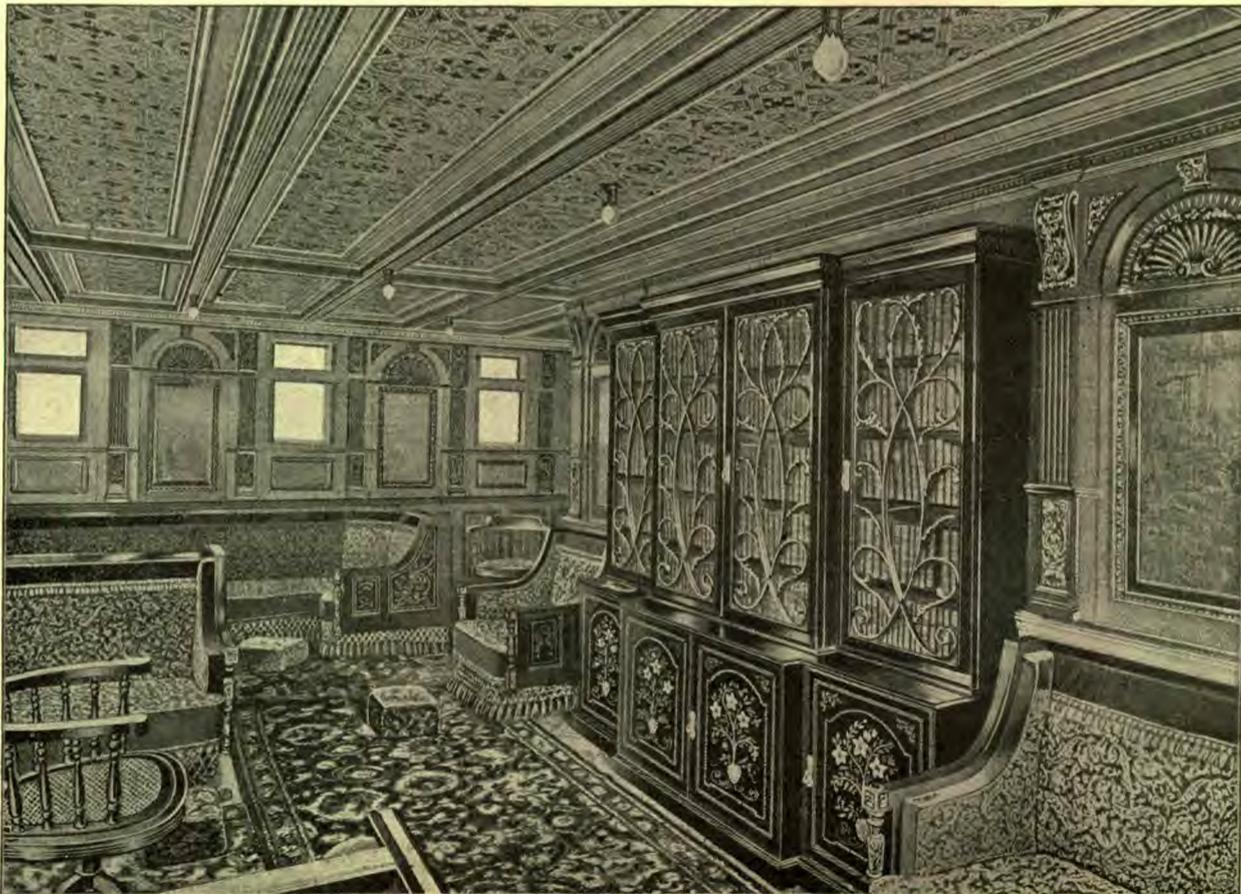
ways the same. At an ordinary stationary wharf it is often difficult to manage a ship, and load and unload cargo, when the tide is rising and falling from four to twenty feet.

The second-class passengers must wait patiently while the gangway is thrown down for the first-class passengers, and the fine ladies and gentlemen go ashore, and get their baggage safely on the train. After waiting for the longest kind of a half-hour, the gangway is opened for the second-class; and we hasten down, and again enjoy the blessed privilege of standing squarely on the earth. What a pleasure to walk about on a surface that is not always tipping and falling out from under one's feet!

But we must not waste time now. This is the one hour above all others on the way to London when it is necessary to be cool-headed and attend to business. We collect the hand baggage in one place; then secure the services of two or three pleasant-looking porters, and pay them a shilling each for giving us good service. They assist in finding the trunks, and in securing a customs officer to pass the baggage. Then it must be labeled for the special train which is waiting at the wharf to take the passengers to London. We are happy indeed when the trunks are all on board, and we have found places in the third-class compartments on the railway carriages.

English Railway Trains

Now, if you please, reserve your comments concerning the railway trains until you become better acquainted with them. Everything



THE LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM OF THE "OCEANIC"

looks new and strange; and we are likely to make unfavorable remarks concerning anything that is different from what we have previously been accustomed to. The railway carriages are short and low, and the entrance doors are in the side. Each car is divided by cross-sections into six or eight compartments; and each compartment will hold about eight passengers. The first experience in one of these compartments is a bit like being shut up in a box, and it does not strike an American favorably.

When our company of canvassers went from here to England last April, they greatly enjoyed thinking of the country to which they were going; and they fully resolved not to make any unfavorable comments, or introduce any national comparisons. In other words, they had rolled up the United States flag, and left it at home. They did first rate until they got into the railway train. Then one brother who did not understand about the first-, second-, and third-class compartments in an English train, found a pleasant corner for himself in a first-class compartment, though he had only a third-class ticket. When the porter went through the car to examine the tickets, he hustled this good brother with all his luggage into a third-class compartment, which was rather smoky and stuffy. This was too much; and he could not, or at least did not, restrain himself from remarking to the porter that he "ought to go to America, and see how they manage their railway trains;" but the other members of the party soon got this unruly brother into a corner, and refreshed his memory with his good resolutions.

Liverpool to London

It is about two hundred miles from Liverpool to London, and the run is easily made in four hours. This is a wonderfully charming ride after a long, monotonous voyage, and is likely to give the traveler a favorable impression of English country life. The far-famed hedgerows; the small, irregular fields; the beautiful country-seats, with an occasional ivy-clad ruin of some famous old castle or chapel; the greenest of all green grass; the great English oaks and elms; the numerous little patches of woodland, which are preserved with jealous care,—all unite in making landscapes of unparalleled beauty.

"What a short ride!" some one remarks. "I wish it were as long again," says another, as we find ourselves actually drawing up to the Euston railway station, in the great city of London.

We are met by at least a half-dozen of our brethren, who are always careful that every missionary shall be properly looked after. Half of them at least are dressed in frock coats and shiny black hats; and we feel almost ashamed of our travel-stained condition, but there is something so cordial about an Englishman's hand-shake and greeting that all are soon at ease.

A large bus has already been engaged. The passengers are hustled inside, trunks and boxes are stacked on the top, and off we roll for 451 Holloway Road, London N., the headquarters of our work in England. We are soon comfortably settled in lodgings, and are endeavoring to adjust ourselves to our new surroundings.

Now we are actually in London. I will not attempt to tell you about the little experiences through which one passes in learning how to do shopping, and how to get on pleasantly with the people. The man who keeps his eyes wide open, and who has thoroughly made up his mind to be pleased with everything, will soon find himself at home, and anxious to look about the grand old city, and see the interesting places about which he has heard from his childhood.

E. R. PALMER.

"WHEN God made love a motive strong enough to conquer sin, he embodied it in the life of a man. Love for the living Christ is the condition of our overcoming."



What the Heart Says

If the heart says No, obey it,
Though a sacrifice it seems,
Till the earnest soul shall weigh it
In the scale with idle dreams.
All the good and noble say it:
If the heart says No, obey it.

If the heart says Yes, then follow,
Not to stop till something's won,
And the false and mean and hollow
In the race are all outrun.
Swift and certain as the swallow,
If the heart says Yes, then follow.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Lessons from the Life of Daniel—II

Causes of the Babylonish Captivity

"IN the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim king of Judah came Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon unto Jerusalem, and besieged it. And the Lord gave Jehoiakim king of Judah into his hand, with part of the vessels of the house of God: which he carried into the land of Shinar to the house of his god; and he brought the vessels into the treasure-house of his god."

We also read of other invasions by the Babylonians a few years afterward, the first of which was in the reign of Jehoiachin the son of Jehoiakim:—

"Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon came up against Jerusalem, and the city was besieged. And Nebuchadnezzar . . . carried away all Jerusalem, and all the princes, and all the mighty men of valor, even ten thousand captives, and all the craftsmen and smiths: none remained, save the poorest sort of the people of the land. And he carried away Jehoiachin . . . into captivity from Jerusalem to Babylon.

"The king of Babylon made Mattaniah his father's brother king in his stead, and changed his name to Zedekiah. Zedekiah was twenty and one years old when he began to reign, and he reigned eleven years in Jerusalem. . . . And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, according to all that Jehoiakim had done. For through the anger of the Lord it came to pass in Jerusalem and Judah, until he had cast them out from his presence, that Zedekiah rebelled against the king of Babylon.

"And it came to pass in the ninth year of his reign, . . . that Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon came, he, and all his host, against Jerusalem, and pitched against it; and they built forts against it round about. And the city was besieged unto the eleventh year of king Zedekiah. . . . And the city was broken up, and all the men of war fled by night: . . . and the king went the way toward the plain. And the army of the Chaldees pursued after the king, and overtook him in the plains of Jericho: and all his army were scattered from him. So they took the king, and . . . carried him to Babylon."

"In . . . the nineteenth year of king Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, came Nebuzar-adan, captain of the guard, a servant of the king of Babylon, unto Jerusalem: and he burnt the house of the Lord, and the king's house, and all the houses of Jerusalem, and every great man's house burnt he with fire. And all the army of the Chaldees, that were with the captain of the guard, brake down the walls of Jerusalem round about. Now the rest of the people that were left in the city, and the fugitives that fell away to the king of Babylon, with the remnant of the multitude, did Nebuzar-adan the captain of the guard carry away. But the captain of the guard left of the poor of the land to be vine-dressers and husbandmen. . . . So Judah was carried away out of their land."

The prophet Nehemiah presents the evil-doings of the Jewish nation as the cause of their calamities. After recounting the Lord's dealings with them, and their oft-repeated rebellion, he declares: "They were disobedient, and rebelled against thee, and cast thy law behind their backs, and slew thy prophets which testified against them to turn them to thee, and they wrought great provocations. Therefore thou deliveredst them into the hand of their enemies."

God made Zion his holy habitation, the joy of the whole earth. But notwithstanding his goodness to his chosen people, they forgot him, and wandered into idolatry. Before their dispersion, repeated warnings came to them; but "they refused to harken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his Spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts."

If men refuse to receive the admonitions of the Lord, if they persist in walking contrary to his instruction, he can not deliver them from the sure consequences of their own course. If they place themselves in opposition to his purposes, and forsake the principles of heaven, he permits their enemies to humble them.

Through Huldah the prophetess, God declared concerning the unrepentant nation: "Because they have forsaken me, and have burned incense unto other gods, that they might provoke me to anger with all the works of their hands; therefore my wrath shall be kindled against" Jerusalem.

And what was the result?—"Therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts. Therefore it is come to pass, that as he cried, and they would not hear; so they cried, and I would not hear, saith the Lord of hosts: but I scattered them with a whirlwind among all the nations whom they knew not. Thus the land was desolate after them, that no man passed through nor returned: for they laid the pleasant land desolate."

The children of Israel were taken captive to Babylon because they separated from God; they did not maintain his principles unadulterated with the sentiments of the nations around them. The people who should have been a light amid the surrounding darkness, disregarded the word of the Lord. They lived for themselves, and neglected to do the special work God had appointed them. And because of their failure to fulfil his purpose, he permitted them to be humbled by an idolatrous nation.

The Lord could not work for the prosperity of his people, he could not fulfil his covenant with them, while they were untrue to the principles he had given them to maintain, that they might be kept from the methods and practises of the nations that dishonored him. By their spirit and works the children of Israel misrepresented the righteousness of God's character, and the Lord allowed the Babylonians to take them captive. He left his people to their ways; and in the calamities that befell them the innocent suffered with the guilty.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A Day of Rest

"HUSH!" With a tender frown, over her cradle-nest
Bendeth a mother down. "Hush! let my child have rest!"
And the wheels of the home are stopped and still
For the mother must have her own sweet will.

"Hush!" With a tender word, out of his heaven so blest
Leaneth the pitying Lord. "Hush! let my children rest!"
And the wheels of the world are stopped and still
For a Sabbath-rest: 'tis the Lord's sweet will.
—Anna Burnham Bryant.



A Visit to an Old English City

AMONG the historical and interesting places near Liverpool, is the ancient city of Chester, situated on the banks of the River Dee, and about fifteen or sixteen miles from Birkenhead, England. It may be easily reached by the trains which run every hour or so during the day, on their way to and from the great city of London. Not long ago a company, of which the writer was one, visited Chester for a few hours to view the scenes and ruins of that city.

The main part of Chester is surrounded by a high stone wall, having five gates. This wall was first built by the Romans, who at one time invaded England, and had their headquarters at this place. This was during the early part of the Christian era, some say before that time. Who the founder of Chester was is not known; there is no history in existence which gives his name. Nearly all the wall has been rebuilt in later years; but a part of it, on the heights overlooking the River Dee, remains as originally built. The old castle at this point was probably erected at the same time as the wall on which it stands, but very little of the original structure has been able to withstand the storms which for centuries have beaten upon it. A little farther up the river is a dilapidated old mill, made famous by the song, "The Miller of the Dee." Three times parts of this old mill have been destroyed by fire, the last one burning out the center, leaving both ends standing. What is left of the building shows that it was a large mill, but it is now fast crumbling to ruins. The window lights are all gone, and the older portions give evidence that it will soon be a thing of the past.

Just below this mill and the old castle, is a beautiful stone bridge, which was opened to traffic by the late Queen Victoria, in the year 1832. It has an arch two hundred feet in width, and when built, was the widest-spaced stone arch in the world.

The River Dee is very pretty at this point, with its clear waters and green banks. It is the dividing-point between England and North Wales. Up this river in an early day, vessels from the ocean came as far as Chester, so history affirms, though it requires some stretch of the imagination to understand how they managed to do so, except on the ground that the vessels then were tiny things compared with those of the present time.

History tells of the visits of kings to this famous place. William the Conqueror came to vanquish this, the last English city to hold out against his dominion. Charles the First honored it with his presence, and Cromwell the usurper appeared, to terrorize its inhabitants. A section of the old cathedral walls still bears the marks of his inroads. A portion of this cathedral, erected in A. D. 1090, still stands as a monument to the faithful work done by its builders. New parts have, however, been added to keep it abreast of the demands of modern worshippers.

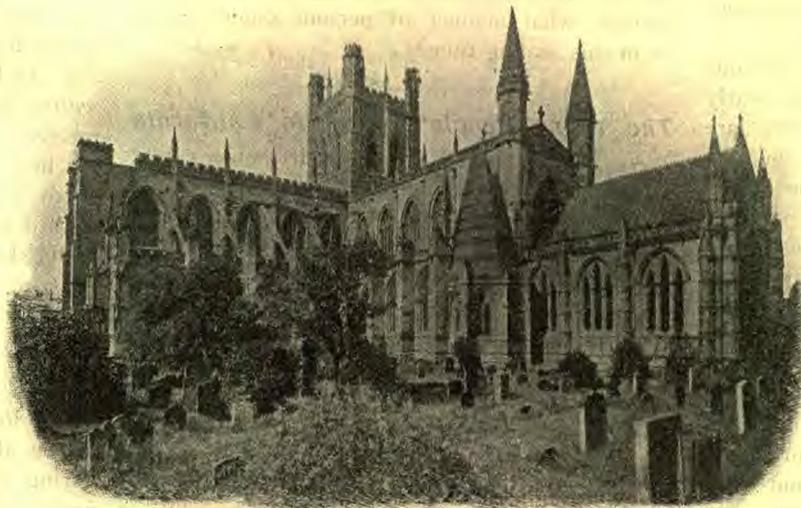
We chanced to be present in this mammoth structure during the time of service. The echoing and re-echoing of the grand organ tones through the various parts of the great edifice seemed quite strange, yet its effect was magical. At one time its resonant strain would repeat itself among the pendants of the high ceiling, seeming almost to make them tremble in their

places; then a low, sweet note would start on its way, to die in the distance. This was in keeping with the part acted by the black-robed priest, who read his service in a tone of cadence which followed the round of the organ peals.

The ancient refectory, or refreshment room, of the cathedral is now used by the choir in their practise; but there yet remains the old stone pulpit in the wall, from which one priest used to read to the others while they partook of their repast. In this same cathedral we saw two faded and tattered flags which were in the siege of Quebec, at the time when General Wolfe was killed. Not far from the flags was the tomb of a soldier killed at the battle of Waterloo in 1815. People lie buried also in the massive stone walls, so that the church itself, as well as the yard which partly surrounds it, is a place of burial.

Many old dwelling-houses are still standing in this city. The oldest was built in 1003, nearly nine centuries ago. Over the door of one of the houses is written, in plain letters, "God's Providence Is Mine Inheritance." It is said that the family who lived in this house during the time of a terrible plague in this part of England, were the only persons who escaped the pestilence. Within the walls of this old city is a small green field, where it is said all the plague-stricken people were buried, though now not a vestige of their graves remains. The place, however, is kept free from buildings.

We visited another old house, in which an ancient Earl of Derby was imprisoned. Here for six weeks he was secretly fed by a servant, who afterward betrayed him. He was then taken to Bolton, where he was beheaded by order of Cromwell. There is still to be seen the room where he was imprisoned,—a little, dark closet, about four by six feet, with a massive door. To look at it, causes one almost to shudder at



CHESTER CATHEDRAL

the thought of a human creature being imprisoned there for six weeks, and then escaping only to meet death. Through the lower floor of this house is a trap-door, the opening to a dark passage which led to the castle where the unfortunate earl was placed on trial.

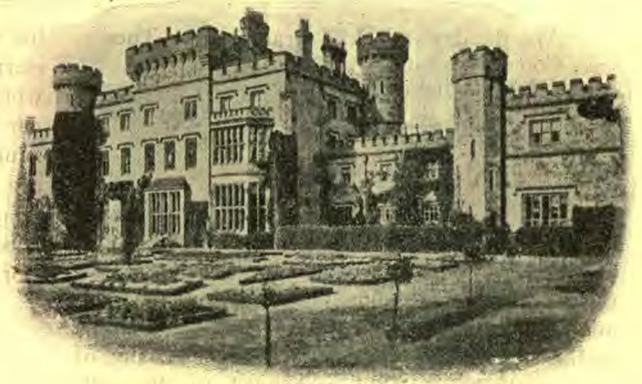
There are other interesting places in and near Chester, which there is not space in this article to describe, such as Eaton Hall, Hawarden Castle (the famous Gladstone home), and Grosvenor Park. We saw enough, however, to make us thankful that our lot had been cast in brighter days than those in which these ruins had their origin. FLORA SMITH CORLISS.

Birkenhead, England.

WHEREVER you are, in whatever condition, the Master calls for your service.

A Curious Bird's Nest

THOSE who are familiar with our common house-wren know how often it happens that very strange nesting-sites are at times decided upon by this bird. It is not so long ago that a small watering-pot, hanging within easy reach of a pump constantly used, was taken possession of, and the wrens, all unmindful of people constantly coming and going very near them, raised their broods, and returned the following summer. A



HAWARDEN CASTLE, NEAR CHESTER

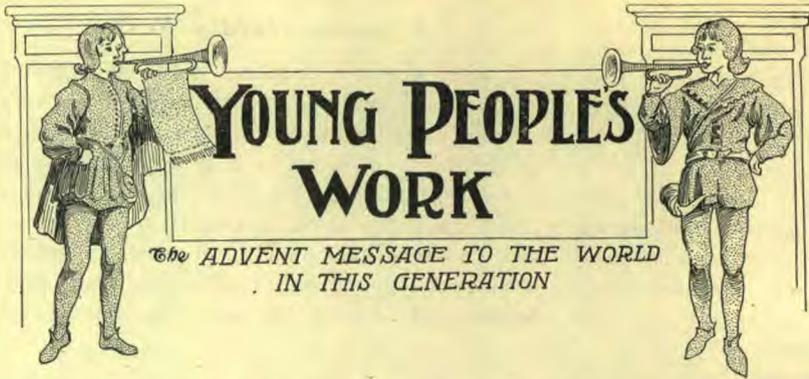
permanent box was placed in the spot after the second season, and this has since been used.

Wrens have been known to enter houses through open windows and attempt nest-building indoors, and in places, too, very inconvenient to the family, as in a card-basket on the piano, and on the pole supporting portières. But more curious than all other instances, it seems to me, is the following. In the spring of 1901 a hornets' nest that had long hung in my hall was temporarily placed in a covered porch. Some weeks later, a pair of wrens were noticed examining it very critically, and they finally decided that as a nesting-site it was in every way admirable. The fact that I was frequently sitting on that porch, often with two or three others, in no wise troubled them. The birds were absolutely fearless.

Having chosen the hornets' nest as a summer residence, the wrens first cleared out sufficient space for their use, and chipped a new circular entrance to it. This they made the more secure by placing in front a platform of twigs, many of which were thrust through the paper walls. This was not always easily done, and gave rise to some cross words, or so it seemed. Except a few feathers, there was nothing carried into the hole made by the wrens in the body of the hornets' nest. As soon as all was to their liking, eggs were laid, and the brood sufficiently reared.

While the parent birds were noticeably tame during the days of nest-making, they were even more so when there were young birds to look after. Without really troubling them, I tried in many ways to test their confidence in my good will toward them. Several times I leaned against the pillar supporting the roof of the porch, so as to bring my face within eighteen inches of the opening to the nest. Twice, under such circumstances, one of the old birds darted by me and entered, but at other times waited most impatiently until I again sat down in the chair near by.

One fact that interested me greatly was that when interrupted by my coming, the wren, firmly holding a wriggling worm in its beak, would scold crossly, making a loud whirring and shrill sound. How the bird could make the sound and yet retain the worm in its beak, I leave to others to explain.—Selected.



"ALL the day's work—straight from Thee
Comes the task love sets for me.
I will attempt it;
For be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong!"

Our Young People

THE call which has come to our young people to enter the Lord's vineyard is indeed encouraging. The time has come in the work of the third angel's message when the energies and fresh enthusiasm of the youth are needed. Many of our youth have nobly responded to the call; they have dedicated their lives to the Master's service, and have entered various lines of work. Others have entered our schools, that they may fit themselves by training for future usefulness. The time has come when the prophecy made in Mal. 4:6 is being fulfilled: "And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers."

Parents are beginning to work for their children; they are sacrificing that the children may be sent to schools where they will receive a Christian education, and be trained for service in the message. In other words, they are beginning to do missionary work in their homes, and to feel that it is as important to save their own children as those of foreign lands. The result of this work is beginning to appear, the leaven is working, and a large army of young people are entering the work. This should make our hearts rejoice, and encourage us to work more earnestly to bring others into the fold.

There are many of the young people in our churches who need encouragement. In nearly every company of Sabbath-keepers there are youth from twelve to seventeen years of age who are left to drift. They do not have the opportunity of attending the church school, so they do not have that counteracting influence. They believe the truth and attend the Sabbath-school and church services, but further than that little is done for them. Still they are the lambs of the flock, which we are especially commanded to care for. On account of there being so few young people in some of our churches, it is not thought best to start a young people's organization, and so they are allowed to drift about without the aid that they are entitled to expect. But is this as it should be?—No; they should be encouraged to do something. If a regular young people's society can not be formed, an hour should be appointed for Bible study sometime during the week, when all the young people can come together, and engage in studying the truths of the message. A leader should be chosen from the older people, "one who will talk little and encourage much," and upon whose heart the burden of this work rests. The youth should be encouraged to take the lead occasionally, or in turn, that they may learn how to overcome their diffidence in working for the Master. Let the leader go with them among the people of the community, teaching them how to do practical missionary work. Visit the sick and the sorrowing, and minister to their wants, distribute our literature, etc. Get the youth to do something useful. When they have learned to perform well these simple duties, they will be prepared for larger responsibilities. Give them then some

place in the Sabbath-school work, and encourage them, under wise direction, to start branch Sabbath-schools.

his efforts has been going on ever since, and eternity alone will reveal the result. So in this work; it will require some of our time and of our best energies, but the harvest will be bountiful if the seed-sowing is faithfully done; for we are told that "no one can labor in the Sabbath-school or in the temperance work without reaping a bountiful harvest, not only in the end of the world, but in the present life."

MRS. S. M. BUTLER.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Onward Amid Difficulties

(May 17-23)

TRACE the development of the work under the early pioneers, as given in chapters XIII and XIV of "Rise and Progress."

If possible have a map of the United States before you, and note the points where the truth had gained a foothold.

Contrast the literature of the message then with what the Lord has given us now.

In those days the messengers spared not themselves, going to and fro, searching out the Lord's sheep among the advent believers. Now a great people are to be stirred to the same activity to search out lost sheep in all the earth. See Eze. 34: 11-16.

Read "The Sealing," page 29, "Early Writings," as a selection for this meeting. With all heaven interested and active and desperately in earnest, what manner of persons ought we to be in this sealing time? W. A. S.

The Young People's Work in California

AT Sanitarium, California, thirty-nine young people are working jointly with the church missionary society. They meet every Sabbath afternoon for the consideration of foreign missions and missionaries, different organizations and their work, and to hold social services. Collections are taken to assist in the distribution of the *Signs*, *Sentinel*, and *Health Journal*. The members are also selling "Christ's Object Lessons," and holding band meetings. A good interest is manifested, as attested by the encouraging testimonies in the social meetings.

The Young People's Society at Stockton reports twenty-two members, with an addition of ten during the last quarter. The funds collected, \$4.33, have been expended largely for tracts, which have been used in practical work by the members. Other branches of practical Christian work have also been carried on, such as visiting those in need, holding cottage prayer-meetings, and giving regular Bible readings. *The Life Boat* has been introduced into the State hospital, and two subscriptions obtained from the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The subjects of home and foreign missions have been considered in the weekly meetings of the Society.

Every Sabbath at twelve o'clock, or immediately following the morning service, forty earnest-hearted young people meet at the San Francisco church in prayer and counsel, Bible studies and social service. The subjects discussed in the

meetings have been, "How to Help Others," "Using Our Talents," "Young People as Real Workers." The members are especially interesting themselves in missionary correspondence, visiting, *Life Boat* work, holding meetings at the jail and at the Sailors' Home, etc. The secretary writes: "A good interest is shown in the work with *The Life Boat*, and this is giving the young people a good Christian experience." Twenty dollars was raised to purchase copies of this paper. Ten members were added during the last quarter of 1902.

A Young People's Society of twenty members meets every Sabbath at 3:15 P. M., at San Jose, California. Bible studies upon different subjects, and missionary work at home and abroad, form a basis of the meetings. The Society is raising a fund to assist in the education of a native of Fiji. Besides this the members are selling "Christ's Object Lessons" and papers, and filling reading-racks.

At Fresno sixty-four persons are banded together for the purpose of carrying out the aims of the Young People's work. Their meetings are held each Sabbath, when Bible studies are taken up, and home and foreign missions are considered. The members have been mailing *The Signs of the Times*, and distributing copies in the city. A good interest is manifested. A course of Bible studies was recently started, which all take part in heartily.

The Young People's Society at Monterey has only ten members; but notwithstanding this, the secretary reports that the members "are all willing to do what we are able." At their weekly meetings the lessons in the *Instructor* and Bible studies have been considered principally. The Society has sold copies of *The Life Boat* and *The Pacific Health Journal*, visited the sick, and done "whatsoever" they find to do.

Surely our Heavenly Father is pleased with such efforts and with such willingness. If we all do "what we are able," by and by we shall find that we have more ability. Soon, we hope, God will pour upon his people a pentecostal blessing. In his word we read, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power,"—willing to receive his blessing when we are willing to work for him. What matter if we are "so inexperienced"? "God is able to make all grace abound toward you," so that "your labor is not in vain in the Lord." C. A. H.

Reno, Nevada

"THE attendance is usually good, and the interest is also encouraging," writes the secretary of the Reno Society. With a membership of but fifteen, this Society has raised a fund of \$15.25 during the past three months, which has been used in helping the poor and paying for a club of the *Signs*. Jail work, selling and mailing the *Signs* and *Life Boat*, and distributing our literature in the station and paper-racks, constitute the principal work of this Society.

Question Hints

(To be given to different members, and answered in the meeting)

To whom is the gospel now to go? Notice in Rev. 10:7 that the gospel, or the mystery of God, is to close in the days of the voice of the seventh angel "when he shall begin to sound." We have now reached the fifty-eight year since he began to sound. Can you prove this? A study of the seven trumpets of Revelation 8 and 9; 10:7; 11:15 is involved.

The Lord has promised to cut short his work in righteousness. Find the text; also show from the article entitled, "How Shall We Meet the Demand," in the *Review* of February 24, how this will be done.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Clock Talk**

I DREAMED I heard the little clock
Say, in measured speech, "Tick, tock;
I keep the time by day and night,
And always try to keep it right.
By watching me you'll always see
The time when you in bed should be.
When morning light shall greet your eyes,
Then you may see the time to rise,
And when your breakfast you should eat,
And when your teacher you should meet;
So on and on through all the day,
The time to work and time to play.
Then always be on time—tick, tock."
'Twas thus I heard the little clock.

—Selected.

A Great Building

WHEN the land was just recovering from a very great calamity, it was decided to build me. I was intended to be the central point of a great city, the capital of a vast monarchy, that should include the whole earth. Immense bricks were made, some of them twenty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and seven feet thick. These were laid one upon another with a bituminous mortar, capable of resisting moisture.

Year by year the whole nation worked on me, and I was carried to a great height, story above story, and finished with much magnificence, many of my rooms being used for the worship of idols. The ascent wound up on the outside, being wide enough for carriages to pass.

The work was fast nearing completion, and the builders were exultant, praising their gods of gold and silver, and defying the God who had brought destruction on the earth a number of years before; for they thought by means of me to escape a like disaster in the future.

But even as they were rejoicing, a new calamity came upon them. Suddenly, all was confusion. Orders given were not obeyed. Services rendered were not acceptable. No master seemed able to command his men. No servant could do anything to please his master. The wildest excitement prevailed. Some shook their fists savagely toward heaven; some beat their fellow workers; and some in despair cast themselves face downward on the ground.

Still matters grew no better; the work could not go forward; and finding it impossible to live peaceably together, in a few days all the great nation was scattered to the four winds, a family here, and a family there, for in each separate family there was no confusion.

Now, if you were a traveler, where would you go to look for my ruins?

What ruins would you say you had found?

Why was I not completed?

What great destruction had preceded my building?

Was it wrong to build me? Why?

Who was the founder of the empire of which I was the center?

AUNT BETTY.

Janet's Midnight Ride

LITTLE Janet sat by the fireplace, listening to the moans that came from the next room, where her father lay very sick. It was only that morning that he had gone to his work in the forest; it was only that noon that she had found him, when she carried his dinner, lying unconscious under the bough of a pine-tree which had fallen across his head. How she had pulled the branch away, and then had dragged him up on to the wood-sled, and so finally reached home, she could not have told. At all events, this is what she did; for Janet had much strength in her small Scotch body.

Outside, the January storm howled bitterly. It had been raging for two days; and, though the snow had ceased, the wind still whistled about the house. As Janet sat over the fire, her mind was working fast. Presently she spoke aloud.

"I must go. Father may die if I don't. I can ride Hector. He knows the road to Quebec even better than father. Mother," she whispered, "mother," and she tiptoed to the bedroom door.

In reply Mrs. Davidson raised herself from the bedside, and limped toward her. She had sent Janet away, hoping that perfect quiet would make the invalid sleep. But as yet no rest had come, and the father lay tossing in fever and pain, quite unmindful of those about him.

"Mother, I must go for the doctor. If—if father grew worse, and never got well, we would blame ourselves. I'll carry the big lantern. Hector knows the way, and what could harm me? Oughtn't we to trust the good God?"

Her mother drew one long breath, almost a sob. "Yes, dear; I do trust him, but I dread the long night ride for you. I had hoped some of the farmers from Beaupré would be passing, and we could send a message by them, but it is too late

now to expect that. Yes, you must go. Put on your warmest furs. Go straight to Dr. Banquette, and send him back, but do not come yourself. Stay at his home until morning. I shall not expect you before noon."

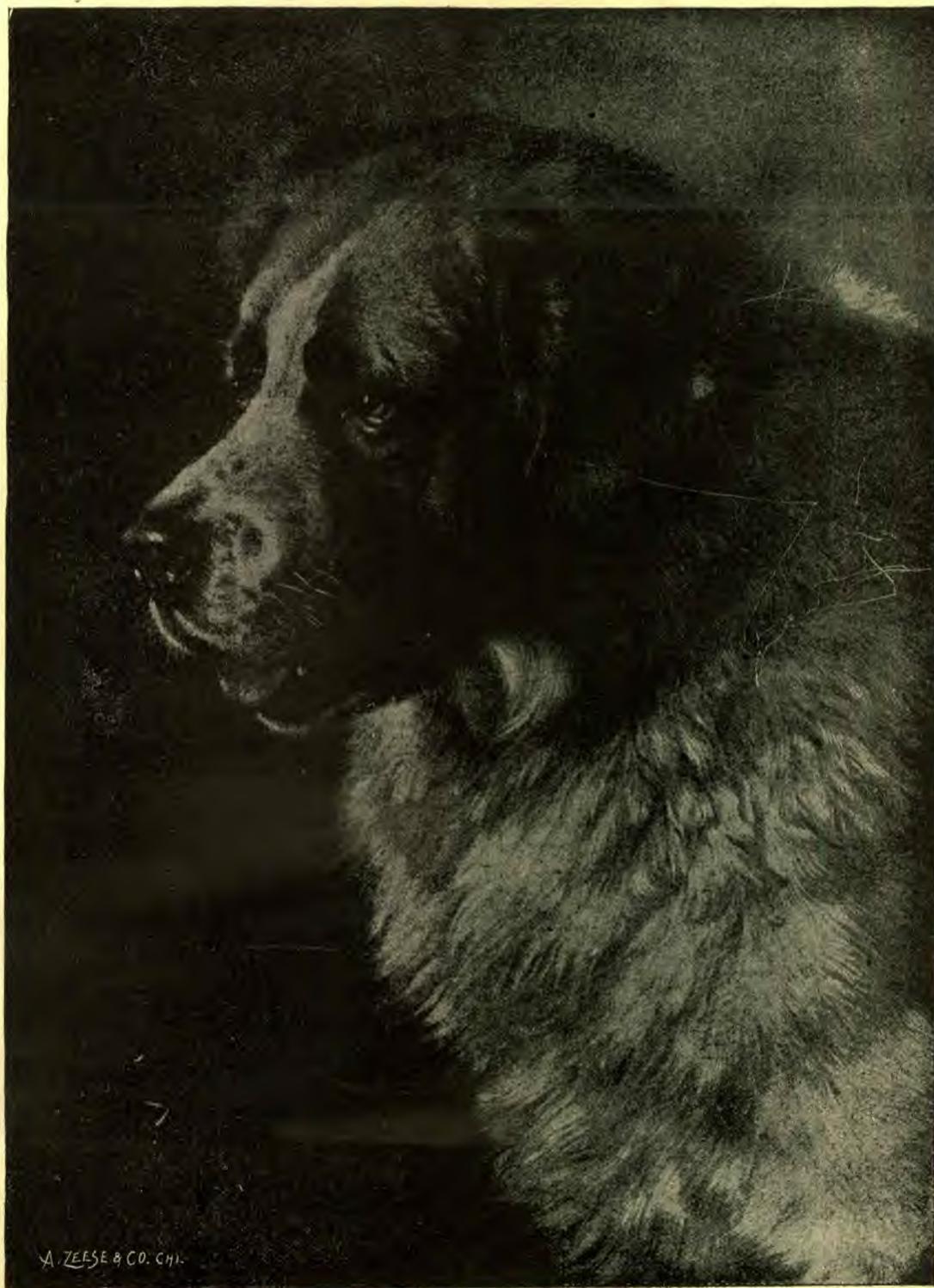
But Janet was already pulling on her heavy furs, and lighting the lantern. Then, hastening to the barn, she saddled Hector; and, slipping the bridle over her arm, she led him back to the house before her mother realized she was ready.

"We're off," she called, "and you're not to worry. Don't you be anxious, and I'll surely be back by noon to-morrow."

The night was black, for the heavens were still overcast; but the lantern burned cheerfully, and to keep her courage firm Janet talked to Hector.

"When we reach the old bridge, two miles ahead," she said, "you'll have to be especially careful; for you remember, Hector, that there are some pretty big holes in it. If the new bridge wasn't five miles out of our way, we would go by that road."

Thus they journeyed over those two miles, and were just nearing the great Montmorency River when the cord that held the lantern broke, and the lantern crashed heavily against one of the



A FAITHFUL FRIEND

bowlders by the roadside, and the light went out.

For a moment Janet's courage failed. "Oh, how can we go on with no light? It can't be done, can it, Hector?" But even as she spoke, she realized that if she did return home, there was no second lantern, and the doctor must be summoned; and who but she could carry the message?

"We must push on," she whispered; "but this is serious, and now when we enter the bridge, I shall just pray all the time. The lesson this morning was about walking by faith, and that's what we've got to do to-night."

Hector seemed to comprehend her orders, for he gave a gentle whinny, as if he were trying to say, "All right, little mistress; I'll obey you just as well as ever I can."

Below them they could hear the terrible roar of the falls. The wind was dying down, and there was a faint light in the clouds above, which showed that the moon was trying to peep through; but the path before them was still invisible, for even the beautiful northern stars had been driven away by the storm. Janet, however, knew exactly where she was, because there was a clump of fir-trees on her right close to the bridge, and here they were now; she could touch them as they passed by.

"Just two minutes, and we'll be over, Hector; now forward, my beauty;" and Janet, bending her head, buried her face in the horse's mane. She was praying, and she really did have faith, but O, how long—how very long—each second did seem! Would they never reach the other side?

She raised herself at last. It was a covered bridge, and of course she would not be able to see a thing—but—but—O, where was she? That one upward glance had revealed the sickening danger, for the moon suddenly breaking through the clouds had showed her that the entire roof and sides and part of the flooring had been completely swept away. She seemed to be walking on air, high above Montmorency Falls!

In her fear she sat like a statue, her head raised, her eyes fixed on the opposite shore, every muscle tense and strained. Only in her heart she was crying, "O God, help us; O God, save us."

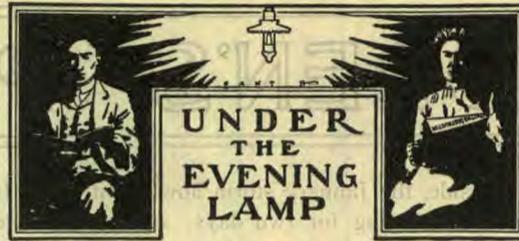
Couldn't Hector move more quickly?—No, that was impossible. But nearer—nearer—step by step—very slowly—very carefully, the dear old beast advanced. He never faltered; he never slipped; he never swerved; now *three* steps more, now *two* steps more, now *one* step more, and the Montmorency River had been crossed,—crossed by one trusting young girl and one brave old horse, on a structure which in places was only *three feet wide!*

What happened afterward Janet could never clearly recall. Somehow they managed to reach the nearest cottage, where one of the French *habitants* lived; and to them she told her tale.

"It was wonderful, incredible, a miracle," the farmer declared, muttering fast in his odd *patois*, and bringing warm milk to revive the fainting girl, while his wife rubbed her numb body, and the children gathered near, gazing with awe, as if she had dropped from the clouds.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Janet had been carried to a warm bed, Hector had been comfortably sheltered, and then the farmer, having harnessed his horses to his quaint Canadian sleigh, started for Quebec. Quickly he carried Janet's message, and quickly the doctor obeyed the summons. Fortunately the new bridge had stood firm through the storm, and in a short time physician and medicines reached the sick man, and with their help he soon was on the road to recovery.

As for Janet, she is an aged woman now; but her fame still remains, and all through the Provinces the story will long be remembered of Janet's midnight ride.—Margaret Holbrook Smith.



If We Only Understood

As we toil among our neighbors
In our duties day by day,
Oft we're blamed for our best labors,
Oft we're hindered in the way.
Then let's joy as we remember,
When we're scoffed for doing good,
That we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Oft our hearts are wrung with sorrow
When we've done our very best,
And we fear and dread the morrow
That may crown our work success.
But the morrow, smiling brightly,
Brings the unexpected good,
All our fear we'd saved, and worry,
Had we only understood.

All earth's plants bear not a poppy,
God's own love's oft misconstrued;
Then let's make another happy
Though he seem to us a fraud.
We may own him as a brother
On that glad, eternal strand;
Eye to eye, then, each the other
That glad day shall understand.

Let thy heart be brave and cheery,
Every motive true and pure;
Then whate'er the day may bring thee,
God's approving smile is sure;
Though our thoughts and words and actions
Be construed for ill or good,
We're content, at day's departing,
That there's One who understood.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

The Birds of May

MAY is the most interesting month in the year to the bird student, but there are so many newcomers to study that it is wise for the beginner to devote his attention, for the most part, to those that will not stay with us after the end of the month, and leave the study of the resident birds until a little later.

May is pre-eminently the month of warblers, but usually, before the first great "wave" of warblers appears, the Baltimore oriole has taken possession of the orchard and garden, and the vireos are not far behind. How glad and gay the oriole calls! how his orange and black flashes in the sun! with what evident delight he sips the honey from the pink and white cups of the apple-buds!

The vireos, or greenlets, are not so easily studied. Their general color of brownish-green is inconspicuous, and they keep pretty well out of sight among the leaves of the trees on the lawn or bordering the quiet streets. Their songs are notable, however. The red-eyed, the yellow-throated, and the warbling vireos are the ones most frequently heard. The red-eye is an almost incessant singer, uttering the different strains of his song with an impressive emphasis, making deliberate pauses, as if to be sure he is holding the attention of his hearers. The "preacher-bird" is the title which he has earned. The red-eyed vireo has no conspicuous markings, but is recognized most easily by the blackish line bordering his olive crown, and the white line directly under it. The yellow-throated vireo, as the name implies, has a throat of clear, bright yellow. His general coloring is more decidedly olive-green than that of the red-eye, the under parts are white, and there are two white wing bars. He, too, is a persistent singer. "If the red-eyed vireo is a soprano, the yellow-throat is a contralto," says Mr. Chapman. "He sings much the same tune, but his notes are deeper and richer. . . . 'See me; I'm here; where are you?' he calls."

The warbling vireo is the most inconspicuous of all in appearance,—a little, slender, sober, olive-colored bird, but what a song! Instead of the broken songs of the red-eye and the yellow-throat, he fills the air with a wonderfully sweet and continuous warble. He is particularly fond of the rows of elm-trees by the side of the street, under which you may have the whole benefit of his song, but it is not so easy to catch a glimpse of him.

It is to the warblers, however, in May, that we want to give our closest attention.

"The warblers," to quote Mr. Chapman again, "are at once the delight and despair of field students. To the uninitiated their existence is unknown, and when search reveals the before unsuspected fact that our woods are thronged with birds as exquisitely colored as the daintiest tropical forms, we feel as if a new world were opened to us."

The warblers are all small, all very quick in their movements,—little flitting, dancing sprites,—and few of them have noticeable songs. We can best study them, during migration, in more or less open woodlands, but if we have not that opportunity, we can see a good many of them about the trees and shrubs of our gardens.

Here they come, as if blown by a breeze. Yesterday there wasn't one to be seen, and to-day there are wonderful fairy forms darting here and there all about the shrubs and trees in bewildering confusion. Notice the parula, or blue yellow-backed warbler,—the names of many of our warblers describe them well,—with a glint of yellow across the grayish-blue of his back, and the tinge of rufous in the soft yellow of his throat; the magnolia, an elegant creature, with a breast of the clearest yellow, heavily streaked with black; the Maryland yellow-throat, with an olive back, a yellow breast, and the quaint little mask of black across his face; the Canadian warbler, an exquisite little fellow, with a bluish-gray back, a pale-yellow breast, across which there lies a striking necklace of jet; the chestnut-sided, with a golden crown, the back streaked with black, and edged with bright olive-green, with a breast—oh, so white!—bordered with a stripe of rich chestnut.

Perhaps you may see, too, the somewhat rarer bay-breasted warbler, with the white patches on the sides of his neck, and the reddish throat, breast, and sides. The black-throated blue is not at all uncommon. The blue of the back is a dark steel-blue, the black of the throat distinctly drawn against the white of the under parts, and there is a striking patch of white on the dark wings.

Then there is the bewitching little redstart, in black and white and orange, that spreads his tail like a fan, that coquets and flitters and dashes about in a most fascinating fashion. The "candelita," our Cuban neighbors call him,—little candle that flashes in the forest darkness.

The most splendid of all the warblers, however, is the Blackburnian. Such brilliance of flaming orange and jet black and gleaming white it is hard to get an adequate impression of through words. One has to see to believe. The orange is about the crown, the sides of the head, the throat and breast; the back is black, streaked with white; there are white patches on the wings and tail. He seems like some tropical bird that has drifted by accident into our colder colored world.

You will doubtless see the yellow warbler,—the "garden canary," as he is often called,—and the black-poll warbler, one of the latest to come, is by no means rare. It is easy to mistake him for the black and white creeper which we studied in April, for the coloring is similar; but the black poll wears a cap all of black, as his name indicates, instead of the more fanciful striped head-dress of the creeper, and his movements are much more deliberate. You won't find him examining the under side of branches; the easy path on the upper side is good enough for him.

He stays with us until early June, as does the Canadian warbler, but most of the others leave for the north at least a week earlier, except the resident warblers,—the redstart, the Maryland yellow-throat, and a few others.

These that have been mentioned are by no means all the warblers to be seen,—we have about seventy species in North America,—but they are some of the most strikingly marked and easily identified.

All of our summer birds are with us by the end of the month, but the bobolink, the grosbeak, the scarlet tanager, the indigo bird, and other familiar and lovely songsters, we will wait until June to study.—*Estelle M. Hart, in S. S. Times.*

"Resisting Power"

DOCTORS tell us, in these days of germs and toxins, that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men and women can pass through an epidemic, or even be inoculated with its peculiar poison germs, and yet shake off infection, unharmed. Others, apparently just as healthy, succumb to the first contact with disease, and sink under it, in spite of the best nursing.

"Resisting power" is an individual affair, and many surprises come to doctor and nurse as the frail-looking patient pulls through, and the robust-seeming one dies. Medicines can only aid the "resisting power;" they can never take its place. It determines, in the end, life or death in every case. Is there not a moral parable here? Is not the important thing in every soul its "resisting power"?

Every soul must fight out its battle alone. Advice, help, sympathy, are all outside things. Our struggle with moral sin is our own struggle, and the wisest teacher, the tenderest mother or friend, is powerless to fight it for us. In the last analysis our "resisting power" is the thing that settles moral life or death for us. How much of it have we? Are we strengthening our souls daily to resist evil? Are we determined to resist it, always, to the uttermost? If not, when the temptation comes, with its subtle infection, it will find in us its easiest victim, and destroy us at its will.—*Canadian Epworth Era.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—The Sin of Moses and Aaron

(May 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: NUM. 20:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Ps. 141:3.

We have already learned about the way that God gave water to the children of Israel from the smitten rock, to teach them of Jesus, the Rock of Ages, who was smitten to give life to all.

A long time after this the people were left for a time without water. The supply from the rock was stopped because God wanted to teach his people another beautiful lesson. But after all these years that he had cared for them and fed them, they still "believed not in God, and trusted not in his salvation." They still grieved him by their murmuring and worrying, instead of waiting patiently, knowing that he would be sure to provide for them.

God told Moses to speak to the rock, and water would flow from it. Before, you will remember, he was told to smite the rock. God then wanted to show the people that Jesus was smitten and wounded and bruised that he might be forever able to give the water of life to those athirst.

This time Moses was told only to *speak* to the rock. God wanted to show by this that to all who come and *ask* of him, Jesus, the Rock once smitten, gives freely the living water.

Moses was the meekest man on the face of the earth, and he had borne patiently all the murmurings of the children of Israel against him, and many times had saved their lives by pleading with God for them. But this time even he was so angry with the people that instead of speaking to the rock, as God had told him, he struck it twice with his rod. The water came from the rock in great abundance, but the people lost the lesson that God wanted to teach them, and he was dishonored before them by Moses's anger and impatience.

Because of this Moses and Aaron did not go with the people into the promised land. God told them that they must die. Moses was very sorry, and asked to be allowed to go into Canaan, but God told him it could not be. He was obliged to punish them, for the sake of all the people before whom they had sinned.

Questions

1. What happened in the desert of Zin that would help the children of Israel to remember that place? Verse 1.
2. How had they been supplied with water all along their journey?
3. How did they act when they found that there was no water?
4. Whom did they blame for this trouble?
5. To whom did Moses and Aaron go in their trouble?
6. What did the Lord tell them to do?
7. What had the Lord told Moses to do before?
8. What were they to receive by simply speaking to the rock?
9. Why were they not to smite it this time?
10. What lesson did the Lord want to teach by telling them to speak to the rock instead of smiting it?
11. How did Moses and Aaron spoil this beautiful lesson?
12. For whose sake did God punish them?
13. What lesson do you see in this experience?

"A Little More"

A LITTLE more of sunshine
Makes a brighter, fairer day;
A breeze, a little stronger,
Drives the fitful mist away!
A little more of giving—
How unselfish one would grow!

A little more of service—
The good you ne'er can know.
A little more of praying
Draws the soul to Him above;
A little more of Jesus—
And our hearts o'erflow with love!
—Selected.



VIII—The Children of Light

(May 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I THESS. 5:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." Verse 6.

But concerning the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that aught be written unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. When they are saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall in no wise escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief: for ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day: we are not of the night, nor of dark-

ness; so then let us not sleep, as do the rest, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that are drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. For God appointed us not unto wrath, but unto the obtaining of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore exhort one another, and build each other up, even as also ye do.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. Of what especially was there no need that Paul write to the church?
2. Why did he not need to write of these things?
3. What did they know perfectly?
4. How does the thief come? Who only is safe from his attacks? Then what must be the attitude of those who expect their Lord, if he does not come upon them as a thief?
5. What will the unbelieving say at the time when we are expecting the Lord? 2 Peter 3:3, 4.
6. What will follow this cry of peace and safety? 1 Thess. 5:3.
7. What will be the experience of these unbelieving ones at this time?
8. Why will this not be true of all?
9. What is the other class called?
10. From what source do they derive light? Eph. 5:8; John 8:12.
11. What are the children of light admonished to do?
12. What class will greet the Lord when he comes? Isa. 25:9; Matt. 25:13.
13. In what will the unbelieving be engaged? 1 Thess. 5:7; Luke 21:34.
14. What will be the armor of the faithful ones? Read the description of this whole armor in Eph. 6:13-17.
15. What is God's plan for us? 1 Thess. 5:9.
16. What did he do for us that we might obtain this salvation and live with him?
17. What is to be the attitude of God's believing people toward one another in these last days?

Notes

1. The day of the Lord does not open with Christ's coming. It begins with the pouring out of the plagues, and the fearfully solemn declaration of God that mankind, by the acceptance or rejection of the gospel of God's grace, have passed that line of fixed character beyond which there is no change. Zeph. 1:14, 15; Rev. 14:9, 10; 15:1; 22:11, 12. That day will not be ushered in by heavenly trumpet or heavenly glory; the careless sin-lover will not know when it comes, even as the careless householder knows not the approach of the thief. 2 Peter 3:10. But the waiting, watching, faithful child of God will know. See Rev. 3:5.—*Sabbath-School Pamphlet.*

2. The breastplate of faith and love is the same as the shield of faith and the breastplate of righteousness. Eph. 6:14, 16. The hope of salvation is placed in the helmet, over the brain, the seat of the mind, not over the heart, the organ of feeling or emotion. God would have his children possess an intelligent hope.—*Id.*

3. Most precious assurance does God give his children. He has not appointed us to wrath. If we reap wrath, it will be because *we* have chosen it. He has appointed us to salvation. Nothing in all the universe will prevent its consummation but our own choice. Living, we may be his. Dying, we may be. Sleeping or waking, dying or living, if we are his, we are safe. The love of Christ covers all else but the sin that we love. Rom. 8:38, 39. The child of God who would be discouraged because of death has here a message of hope and cheer. Jesus Christ lives; in him is all our hope.—*Id.*



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To-day is our opportunity. To-day we are forming the character that may endure through the eternal ages, or that will perish as stubble in the fires of the last day. To-day, and to-day only, is ours. Therefore the call is to us, now, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, . . . harden not your hearts." Shall we not listen to that voice of love, and give him our hearts to-day?

A FEW months ago there fell asleep in this city an aged colored sister, who had been born a slave, and had grown to womanhood in bondage. Freedom, when it came, meant a struggle with new and strange conditions,—a long procession of busy, weary years. But Aunt Phillis knew Jesus,—knew, too, the comfort and rest and peace that this Friend alone can give. And when, after a long illness, her last hour was near, her faith found triumphant expression in these beautiful words: "When I came into the world, I came a slave baby; but when I come again, I shall come as the daughter of a King, with the bloom of immortality upon me."

This is the gift that is held out to each one of us—to be sons and daughters of the King of kings, and joint heirs with his Son of the heavenly inheritance. Shall we acknowledge this relationship now?

"I AM likely to speak about Anastasia," says a woman who, in telling a story, has found herself citing some of Anastasia's opinions. She knows that as she goes on, she will do the same thing again and often; it is out of the question to keep Anastasia out of a recital of the pleasant things that have happened to her, since this friend is so much a part of them. One does not need to be very old or very wise or of wide experience to know how easy it is to talk about the people we love—to think whether they would be pleased with what we do, to find any service sweet that shall make them happy, and most of all, to enjoy telling others of their goodness and kindness.

Yes; we are apt to speak about the friends we love. Then why are our lips so often silent when we might speak to the praise and honor of our best Friend? Is he in all our thoughts? Then we shall speak of his goodness. Are our meditations of him sweet? Then we shall tell of his mercy and his loving-kindness. Does he indeed occupy in our hearts that first place that belongs of right to him alone? Then not only our words but our whole lives will proclaim his praises.

The Instructor in India

A LETTER just received from Miss Anstice Abbott, to whom the INSTRUCTOR readers are sending twenty-five copies of the paper each week, says: "I sent you a card acknowledging your good news of the continuance of the paper, but have not had time to write at length. . . . I am very glad indeed that the INSTRUCTOR will be sent for the young men. Since only twenty-

five copies are now coming, I have written to some of those whom I thought least likely to appreciate it, to see if they still wished to have it. The answers I inclose, thinking you may be interested in them as they came to me."

The post-cards from these young men all show an interest in the paper, and a desire that it may still be sent to them. A number are giving the paper to others after reading it themselves. The letters all show that the paper is read and appreciated.

Another matter mentioned by Miss Abbott will also be of interest to our readers. She says: "Bombay is suffering with a scourge of bubonic plague, smallpox, and measles. There were over two thousand deaths from these causes in the city last week. The women in our compound have all been sent to the quarantine camp for fifteen days. All this means much anxiety and expense, but our trust is in God."

Let us not forget the devoted men and women who, in distant parts of the great harvest field, are laboring faithfully to give the gospel to those in darkness. As they carry forward their work amid difficulties of which we know comparatively little, surely we should remember them often before our Heavenly Father, and be willing to do whatever we can to help them in other ways as we have opportunity.

News from Pitcairn

IT has been about two years since we have heard from our brethren and sisters on Pitcairn Island. To our joy, last month a number of letters came, among them one inclosing a list of names of subscribers to the INSTRUCTOR and the *Review*. The means of communication with this island has been very meager, so that often the little company there would not receive a letter or a paper for two or three years after it was mailed. Now, however, they have a small boat of their own, which will make frequent trips to an island where the mails are delivered regularly, and they hope by this means to receive our periodicals twice a month. This will be a great blessing to these isolated people.

The following extract from a letter written by Sister Winnie McCoy, who with one other native sister has had charge of the school work on the island during the last two years, is of special interest, since it tells what the children are doing:—

"The children meet every Sunday and Wednesday evening, to plan what good they can do. They talk of this all through the week, and ask me every day what they will have at the next meeting. We planned last meeting to do ship missionary work, and Louis (a little boy about thirteen) was unanimously voted in as the ship missionary. The first ship since you left [the letter was written to a former worker on the island] called to-day, and so of course this was our first trial, which succeeded very well. Corah, Calvert, and Freeman had the first turn, and sent four *American Sentinels*, eleven tracts, and thirty-eight pages of *Signs of the Times*. The next time three of the others will send the papers, and so on till every one has had a chance."

A call is made for fresh, clean copies of the *Signs, Instructor*, and other papers, to carry on this work. These may be sent to Miss Winnie McCoy, Pitcairn Island, via *Mangareva, Gambier Islands*. Be very particular to wrap all packages neatly and firmly, so that the contents will be fully protected for the long journey; and do not forget to prepay postage, at the rate of *one-half cent an ounce*. This last item should be carefully noted.

We would also suggest that our young fellow-workers on this distant island might be glad to use some of the late tracts in their ship missionary work, and that a few unbroken packages of these might be sent as well as papers.

Loyal and True

IN the Philadelphia *Record* of some months ago, is recorded an incident in the life of Mr. Samuel Humphreys, who lived in that city in 1824, and was well known as a ship-builder. The story is told by one who was present as a law student in the office of Mr. Peters at the interviews described:—

"One morning the Russian minister, Mr. Izakoff, dropped into Mr. Peters's office, and the conversation turned upon the subject of naval architecture. Mr. Izakoff asked how it was that the ships of this country only could rival those of England in speed and durability.

"'Better builders and designers,' replied Mr. Peters. 'Most of the ships which have been built and launched from this port were designed by a client of mine.'

"Mr. Izakoff asked if he could meet the man, and an interview was arranged.

"The next morning Mr. Humphreys entered Mr. Peters's office, and was introduced to the Russian minister. Mr. Izakoff informed Humphreys that he had solicited a meeting with a view to engaging him in the service of the emperor of Russia, to found and organize a navy for Russian defense. He said his instructions were to procure the best talent, regardless of cost. He was prepared to give a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, with such perquisites as the dignity of the station demanded.

"As perquisites he named a city residence, with coach and servants, and a country place with similar appendages, all to be paid for and maintained out of the imperial treasury, and frankly added that if the terms were not satisfactory, he would make them so.

"In reply Mr. Humphreys said the proposition was all new to him; he had received no intimation of the matter, but he would think it over, and give his answer the next morning at the same time and place.

"Mr. Humphreys' reply was given, slowly, and with an emphasis which left nothing for further argument.

"'The salary is more than I earn; more than I need; more than I want; more than I could use. As to the town house, I need but one, and that should be near my place of business. As to coaches and servants, I always walk and wait upon myself, and should find myself unable to govern a multitude of servants. I do not know that I have the talents my friend Mr. Peters ascribes to me, but I do know and feel that whether my merit be great or small, I owe it all to the flag of my country, and that is a debt I must pay.'

This answer shows a fine loyalty to his country, which all must admire. And does it not do more? Does it not stir in our hearts an impulse to more loyal service to *our* King and *our* country? The world has much to offer to those who prove themselves capable in any department of the work it is doing; and as surely as one's efforts bring success in any degree, so surely will the tempter set before him some part of "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," with the alluring promise, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Only those who remember that their success comes from God, and whose hearts are fully surrendered, will be able to stand in the hour of such temptation. To stand true then means to stand true now; to conquer then means that the temptation that draws us to-day shall be overcome now.

Loving, earnest, and loyal to-day—and we shall always be "more than conquerors."

"By far the larger number of people need eight or nine hours of sleep. It is a mistake to shorten those hours either for pleasure or study. While one is awake, he should be wide-awake, not half stupid from loss of sleep."