

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Library of Congress

ONE familiar with the best of Washington always gives to another anticipating a first visit to the capital city, the following advice: "Don't fail to go to the Congressional Library." The wise heed the instruction, and are well repaid. Lowell said, "There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind." So the Library, which is a gigantic triumph of genius, is of special delight. Its corridors constantly echo and re-echo the footfalls of visitors from all parts of this country, and across the waters.

The Library was founded in 1800; but the present building was not begun until 1888. It was finished in 1897, having cost \$6,617,124, only about one half, however, of the cost of the Capitol.

The plan of the building for its service as a library is unique and admirable; but the general interest is concerned chiefly in the magnificent series of mural and sculptural decorations that greet the eye of the observer everywhere,—above, below, and all around. We who are artists in appreciation, if at all, rather than in touch, can be entranced by a few strokes of the brush in the hand of a genius; so it is not strange that the combined harmonious grouping together about the walls and ceiling of one building, the results of the best work that threescore celebrated men in their profession could accomplish in a year and a half, should prove highly interesting and instructive to you and me. Both inside and out, the predominating style of architecture of the building is the Italian Renaissance—that used in Italy at the time of the Revival of Learning, or about the fifteenth century—a style constructed chiefly from the long-neglected models of Greece and Rome.

The walls of the Library are made of New Hampshire granite; "the stone is a close-grained variety, so even and light in tone that when the sun is shining upon it, the effect is almost as brilliant as if white marble had been used." The building is four hundred seventy feet long and three hundred forty feet deep, and faces the east front of the Capitol. Though it is nearly

a quarter of a mile away, its grounds seem to form a part of those of the Capitol, and the two buildings are connected by a tunnel. Through this an endless cable carries two trays back and forth at a speed between the terminals of six hundred feet a minute. Thus a book may be ordered by telephone, and received by an enthusiastic debating Senator within three minutes after it has left the Library—less time, it is said, than was required to receive one when the library occupied the Capitol itself.

Its floor space, exclusive of the cellar, equals an area of eight acres. The exterior walls form a great rectangle, which encloses a cross dividing the open space into four courts, each one hundred fifty feet by seventy-five or one hundred feet. At

possible to shelve about 4,500,000 books, reckoning nine to the foot. For the securing of sufficient daytime light 2,164 windows are pressed into service. Each window lighting the book-stacks consists of a single piece of polished plate glass three feet wide, and permanently sealed so that no dust or moisture can penetrate it.

Approaches and Main Pavilion

Even a detailed description of the large, costly, and unique fountain at the base of the broad entrance flight of steps, of the entrance porch itself, of the arches, carvings, and statuary, would only serve to show that the approaches to the building are extensive and imposing; therefore, with the bare statement that such is the case, I pass on to the doors that admit one to this hall of learning.



The true university these days is a collection of books. — Carlyle

the intersection of the cross is an octagon, serving as the main reading-room. This octagonal Rotunda is conspicuous because of its gilded dome and lantern, which is surmounted by a great blazing torch with a golden flame—the Torch of Learning.

It is claimed that the Library is the most perfectly adapted for convenient use and storage of books of any large library in the world, and that it is the largest, costliest, and safest. Since it is the Nation's Library, loyal Boston can take no offense at the claim, though her library as a marvel of art is an honor to the country. The shelving space in the Congressional Library amounts to nearly one hundred miles, making it

The three deep arches of the entrance porch, which can be observed in the main illustration, mark the site of the bronze doors which are "covered with a design of rich sculptural ornament in relief." The subject of the decoration of the middle door is "The Art of Printing," that of the one to the left is "Tradition," to the right "Writing." The three in their proper relation indicate the successive and gradually perfect ways in which the nations have preserved the history of their religion, literature, science, and history, namely,—tradition, writing, and printing. The happy, artistic combination of symbols chosen by the artist to express his thought, reveals the secret of the charm of the entrance doors. Entering by

any one of these, the visitor passes immediately through a deep arch into the main entrance hall. The snowy whiteness of the glistening Italian marble columns, the gold and white of the paneled ceilings, the harmonious blending of colors in the mosaic floors, the commingled glory of color from the artists' brushes concentrating upon one in the well or center of the Main Pavilion, produce an effect hardly to be equaled elsewhere in the world—"a vision in polished stone" and exquisite color! One must study the meaning of each stroke of the artist, if he would fully appreciate what he sees; for almost every kind of ornamentation used is symbolic, and a volume is expressed in a single production. It is not color effect alone that was desired, but the expression by it of many principles and events relating to

every stone performs an equal service. On the right a youth casting his ballot into the voting-urn carries a book under his arm, suggesting that education should be the basis of suffrage. To the left is another urn into which a girl is winnowing wheat, symbolizing the care with which a people should choose its public servants.

The field of wheat and the fruitful tree in the background are symbolic of the prosperous and careful labor fostered by a good government. A striking contrast to this is the panel entitled "Corrupt Legislation," which is "represented by a woman with a beautiful but depraved face sitting in an abandoned attitude on a throne, the arms of which are cornucopias overflowing with the coin which is the revenue of the state. But this revenue is represented not as flowing outward, for

On the other side the factories are smokeless and idle, showing a strike or shut-down; and the earthen jar in which the savings of Labor have been hoarded lies broken at his feet."

Reading Rooms

This lobby leads the reader directly into the Rotunda, the Main Reading-room; but the visitor must pass to the gallery above before he is allowed a view of the room where art and wealth together have conspired to make a scene that defies the pen's description. At the landing of the stairway leading to the elegant marble gallery, is an arched panel, fifteen and one-half feet high, and nine feet wide, containing a marble mosaic of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. How such beautiful, graceful figures, with such exquisite blending of delicate colors, can be made by building them out of tiny stones is a problem that only the skilled Italian of Venice, with his enamels of twenty-five thousand different tints, can satisfactorily solve.

The Representatives' Reading-room is ornamented with two beautiful mosaic panels, "History" and "Law," each more than seven feet long, and made in Venice. Law is typified by a beautiful young woman seated on a massive throne, holding in one hand a sword to be used against skulking Fraud, Discord with her malign serpents, and Violence with torch and sword. The palm in the other hand suggests the reward she offers to Truth, Peace, and Industry. She wears the aegis on her breast to signify righteousness and wisdom. On the steps of her throne are the scales of justice and the book of the law, and a pair of white doves emblematic of mercy.

Just opposite the Senators' Reading-room is the general news reading-room, where the most omnivorous reader surely may satiate his appetite, for here between seven and eight thousand papers and magazines are at his service.

There are corridors and pavilions filled with works of art of various nations, and a room in which books printed when the art was in its infancy are displayed. Here one can see original copies of Poor Richard's Almanac, bearing the date of 1741. A unique contrast do the newspapers of 1609 make when placed beside the voluminous Sunday editions of many of the leading newspapers of to-day; so do the volumes of poetry and prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when associated with the beautifully illustrated, clearly printed, and velvet or morocco covered books of the twentieth.

One pavilion and a large share of another room are filled with the etchings and hand engravings of one man, Albrecht Durer, a Dutch engraver, who lived from 1471-1528. That one man could accomplish so much in a short lifetime is a marvel to all who observe case after case filled with the fruits of his patient toil and skill.



A MOSAIC IN THE REPRESENTATIVES' READING ROOM

the world's history. At the ends of the corridors in panels on a deep-red background are white, floating figures of women, symbolizing justice, fortitude, courage, patriotism, temperance, prudence, industry, and patience. The style of the paintings is Pompeian. The inscriptions in gold occurring frequently on the walls are of interest, President Eliot, of Harvard, having been given the honor of selecting a large number of them. A few of these are given on the last page of this number.

Facing the entrance to the Staircase Hall is the arch, commemorating the erection of the Library. In the spandrels of the arch are two life-size marble figures entitled "The Students," one a boy, the other an old man, indicating that books are alike for the instruction and pleasure of youth and age.

Frescoes

Passing under the arch, one comes into the east corridor. Here the six paintings illustrating the evolution of the book are found.

The soft colors and clearness of outline make these among the most attractive frescoes in the Library. Beyond this corridor is the small lobby leading to the central reading-room. Its walls are ornamented by a series of decorations, illustrating government. The painting in the central tympanum, representing the abstract conception of a republic as the ideal state, is entitled simply "Government." The other paintings suggest the nature of good and bad administrations, and the results to which each leads, good government resulting in peace and prosperity, and corrupt legislation in anarchy. In the painting Good Administration (see illustration), the central figure is that of a grave and mature woman sitting on a marble throne, and holding in her right hand a pair of scales evenly poised, and with her left laid upon a shield quartered to represent the even balance of parties and classes. The frame of her chair is an arch, a form of construction in which

the use and good of the people, but all directed toward the woman herself. The path in front of the throne is disused and overgrown with weeds, showing that under such a corrupt government the people have abandoned a direct approach to Justice. With her right hand, the woman waves away, with a contemptuous gesture, a poorly clad girl—representing Labor—who comes, showing her empty distaff and spindle, in search of the work which should be hers by right, but which she can not obtain under a government inattentive to the wrongs of the people. In her left hand the woman holds a sliding scale—used as being more easily susceptible of fraud than a pair of balances, and the proper emblem therefore of the sort of justice in which she deals. A rich man is placing in it a bag of gold; he sits confidently beside her, secure of her favors in return for his bribe. At his feet are other bags of gold and a strong box, together with an overturned voting-urn filled with ballots, signifying his corrupt control of the very sources of power. In his lap he holds the book of Law, which he is skilled to pervert to his own ends, purchasing desired legislation. In the background are his factories, the smoke of their chimneys testifying to his prosperity.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

Congress has made the Copyright Department a division of the Library of Congress; two copies therefore of all copyrighted productions, are required to be deposited in the Library. There were in the year 1900, nearly one hundred thousand entries of titles made in the Copyright Office.

It is to be regretted that the public are excluded from some of the most handsomely ornamented rooms, it having become necessary on account of lack of room to use them for offices.

Over one of the entrance arches is a fresco consisting of two floating figures bearing a scroll which contains the inscription, "Give instruction unto those who can not procure it for themselves." The Library of Congress is a magnificent monument of learning, reared in accordance with this advice of Comenius, and that fact expressed by Bacon, "The inquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature."



Spring

WINTER is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;

On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,

Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden,—drift, or sky, or sun,—

The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
ter's crest;

The frozen trophy torn from Win-
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue

Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;

The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.

Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high

Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crustled walls,
In languid curves, the glittering serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Was God's Throne Moved?

IN order that man might comprehend the work of our High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary, the earthly sanctuary was built; and priests divinely appointed by God served in the earthly sanctuary, of whom it was said, "Who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things." Heb. 8:5. In the earthly temple the work of the priest was confined to the first apartment until the day of atonement, when the service was carried into the most holy place. If this was a shadow of heavenly things, then in the heavenly sanctuary the work was confined to the first apartment until the antitypical day of atonement.

For over eighteen centuries Christ plead his blood before the Father in the first apartment of the heavenly sanctuary. In October, 1844, he passed into the most holy place.

In the type the glory, or visible presence, of the

Lord was sometimes manifested in the first apartment, even at the door of the holy place he sometimes met with them. Ex. 29:42-44. When Isaiah saw the throne of God, "his train filled the temple." Isa. 6:1. The throne of God is a living throne composed of angels. It is movable. Eze. 1:1-28. When the scene of the opening of the judgment in 1844 was shown to Daniel, he saw the throne placed in the most holy place. Dan. 7:9, R. V. His attention was especially attracted by the "wheels of burning fire," as he beheld the wondrous sight, the moving of the throne of the infinite God within the holy of holies and the opening of the judgment.

In the article entitled "End of the 2300 Days," in "Early Writings," the prophet was first shown the Father seated on his throne in the holy place. Then we read, "I saw the Father rise from the throne, and in a flaming chariot go into the holy of holies within the veil, and sit down. Then Jesus rose up from the throne. . . . Then a cloudy chariot with wheels like flaming fire, surrounded by holy angels, came where Jesus was. He stepped into the chariot, and was borne to the holiest, where the Father sat."

Read chapters 23, 24, and 28 in "Great Controversy."
MRS. S. N. HASKELL.

A Message to Our Girls

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of a schoolroom one afternoon, engaged in close



GOOD ADMINISTRATION

conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it; for *what I can't tell my mother, is not fit for me to know.*" After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.—*Selected.*

The Girl in the Car

ONE hot day in July I was traveling through a mountainous district of Pennsylvania. The car was crowded, and the passengers were beginning to feel tired and cross, and were looking forward impatiently to their journey's end.

Two stout, red-faced gentlemen gave uneasy and irritated glances over their magazine leaves toward a poor little woman who held a restless, fretful baby in her arms, vainly trying to keep it quiet. Some young women in the rear said something about the folly of bringing crying babies on trains to annoy others. The rest were stolidly indifferent or contemptuously silent.

Just then our train swept into the station at E., and as it pulled up, out of the midst of

a merry group of friends who had evidently come to wish her a prosperous journey, a bright-faced girl got on the train. There were two seats vacant, but without a moment's hesitation the young girl came and sat by the poor woman with the troublesome baby.

It was wonderful how the advent of this girl changed in a moment the whole atmosphere of the car. Her happy face was like a ray of sunshine, as she gave a bright glance around, and then turned and held out her hands to the baby. For a moment its round, wondering eyes looked questioningly into the new face, then, with a radiant smile, it reached out its little arms to her in perfect confidence. She took it from its bewildered mother, and gathered it with a happy little laugh into her arms.

All through the next two hours' ride, while the dust flew and the heat was stifling, Little Miss Cheerful, as I mentally named her, and the baby had a good time. It was astonishing how interesting that "cross" baby had become, and what attractions it developed under its nurse's skilful handling. Even the grim conductor, who had eyed the forlorn mother and restless child sourly, now looked benevolently on the merry group.

The poor wearied little mother laid her worn face back on the cushion and was soon asleep, confident that her little one was in good hands. When at her journey's end she woke with a rested, happy look, she said to her kind young friend, "You don't know how much good your kindness has done me. I have been traveling three days, and have had no sleep for two nights. God bless you, dear!"

And she passed out into the crowd with a smiling face, while her baby waved its tiny hand to the dear young girl.

We all felt ashamed of ourselves, and had a lesson in unselfishness which will not soon be forgotten by at least one of those who were traveling that sultry day.

I learned afterward that our bright fellow traveler was the daughter of one of Pennsylvania's richest coal kings, whose home of wealth had not made her selfish, nor made her look down upon those whose lot was hard and uninteresting. Besides, I learned, too, that she is a follower of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*The Classmate.*

Cooler Than Cool

SYDNEY SMITH's name for Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) was "Cool of the Evening," and the reason for this choice is partly revealed in the anecdote below.

At a London dinner given by a distinguished man, Sydney Smith had the place of honor, and Milnes was among the other guests.

Milnes' manner to the great wit and divine was lacking in the respect due to age and position. He calmly addressed him as "Smith," which every time made those who felt what was proper wince as at a personal affront.

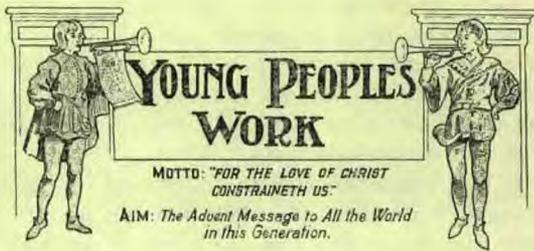
Finally Milnes said, with something of an air: "I'm going on to the archbishop's reception at Lambeth Palace."

"Oh, are you? So am I," said Sydney Smith. "May I ask if you have a carriage here?"

"No," said the "Cool of the Evening."

"Well, I have, and I shall be happy to give you a seat in it, but you must do me one favor. Don't call the archbishop *Howley!*"

The voice and manner of piteous entreaty convulsed the company and crushed Milnes, who retired as soon as possible from the table.—*Youth's Companion.*



How satisfying is a perfect word!
How great to know the truth, and utter it
So that it shall eternally be heard,
And worlds together in its chords be knit!
— Lucy Larcom.

A LEAFLET, or manual, is being prepared by the Sabbath-school Department Committee of the General Conference, in charge of the Young People's Work. This leaflet sets forth the reasons for the organization of Young People's Societies, and gives helpful suggestions relative to the organization and carrying forward of the work. It also calls attention to various lines of missionary work, tells how and where to report, and gives much more of value to those in charge of such Societies. The manuals are for all, and can be had for the asking. As soon as they are ready, the General Sabbath-school Secretary will supply those in charge of the Young People's Work in each conference with the manual.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh

SCRIPTURE STUDIES:—

Heb. 2: 1-4; Eze. 12: 21-25, 27, 28; Matt. 25: 1-14; Heb. 10: 35-39.

CHAPTER STUDY:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Twenty-Two.

LESSON TOPICS:—

Prophecies for the believer following the first disappointment.

Parable of the ten virgins shown to be applicable at this time.

Explain the parable referred to.

Describe Satan's activity at this time.

The position of William Miller after the second disappointment, as characteristic of all the truly consecrated believers.

Why a definite time was preached.

PERSONAL LESSONS.

Note that at the "midnight" of the dark night of disappointment, extending from the spring to the autumn of 1844, the message was proclaimed in the very words of Scripture, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

Without the preaching of definite time for the coming of Christ, the work designed of God would not have been accomplished. Satan was leading very many to look far in the future for the great events connected with the judgment and the end of probation. It was necessary that the people be brought to seek earnestly for a present preparation.—"Early Writings," page 109.

Are the leaders doing all they can to secure a careful home study of these lessons by all the members? If only Sabbath-school teachers studied the lessons, the Sabbath-school would be not nearly so potent a factor in character-building.

It would be well to choose two persons to present the lesson, each one taking about half of the chapter. The Scripture Studies at this time should be used in connection with the Lesson Topics.

Let whoever has any part to act in the teaching of this lesson, read very carefully two or three times the entire chapter. One can't afford to miss having the blessing gained from the reading to give to others.

F. M. D.

Union College Young People's Society

OUR Young People's Society did not get a very early start this year. However, we are now quite well organized, and have the duties distributed as much as possible so as not to overburden any one.

Two meetings are held each week, one on Sabbath afternoon consisting of a program of historical, field, and biographical studies; and a missionary meeting on Wednesday forenoon. A consecration service is held every few Sabbaths. At the opening of each Sabbath meeting a scripture drill is conducted on texts assigned the previous Sabbath. All appreciate the value of these drills. We believe that the man of God should be thoroughly furnished unto all good works, and able always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason for the hope that is within him.

At our Wednesday meetings, missionary projects are discussed, work assigned, and reports given. Good music has an important place in all of our meetings. This adds much to the interest of our programs, as well as being a means of praising our Creator.

Since we are located in an educational center with several large institutions of learning at our doors, besides a number of church societies, we are endeavoring to reach some of these young people with the saving truth for our time. For this purpose a committee has been appointed to visit these institutions, attend their Young People's meetings, and help them in a kindly, Christian way. We have been gratified with the reports from this committee thus far. Our members have been invited to take part in their meetings, and in some instances have led their meetings. Those who compose this committee have testified to the good done their own souls by coming in contact with these young people, many of whom are longing for more light.

Periodical Work

A large number of the special *Signs* was taken by our Society, and either sold or mailed. Each week we mail a club of the regular *Signs* to persons with whom different members of the Society will correspond and furnish other reading-matter if a sufficient interest is shown. In our periodical work we have found it a good plan to secure from the conference presidents the names of individuals in some locality where the conference intends to send laborers, thus we may prepare the minds of the people to receive them. A young man of our number is now using a club of fifty *Life Boats*, ten *Signs*, and other of our periodicals, furnished him by the College View Church Society, in the penitentiary and the jails of Lincoln. Our foreign departments are also doing a good work. A club of fifty *Sendebuds* is mailed regularly by our Scandinavian young people, and a club of seventy-five *Hausfreunds* by the German young people.

Our Foreign Mission Bands

Thirty of our young people who are interested in foreign fields with a view to becoming foreign missionaries, have been organized into two bands, which meet each week to study the fields in which they are interested. They will also take up correspondence with foreign missionaries who are already in the field. A movement is now on foot to improve the condition of a former fellow student who is a missionary in an unfavorable and uncongenial locality.

Our week-of-prayer offerings amounted to \$140. A weekly free-will offering is taken to defray the expenses of our Society, and the surplus is donated to some needy enterprise. Twenty-five dollars of this surplus has been donated toward the purchase of a printing-press for our mission in Porto Rico. Our Foreign Mission Bands have raised \$30 for the school in South America. We have also sent a collection

of reference books to Colegis de Cameras, Argentina.

As young people we are thankful for the opportunity of preparing ourselves for a place in the Master's vineyard, and at the same time doing some work for him. Practise is and should be a part of the thorough workman's course, and it is only thus that we become efficient laborers.

J. I. BEARDSLEY,
President.

Report from Hillsdale, Michigan

THERE being no Young People's Society in the Hillsdale church, the regular Sabbath service, January 23, was devoted to that work. Testimonies and other matter was read relative to the subject. The brethren and sisters expressed themselves as being heartily in favor of the movement, and willing to lend their influence to make the work a success. Accordingly an organization of about eighteen members was effected, with Brother John O. Stow as leader.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the fact that many of the young people live at a distance, the meetings have continued with unabated interest. The Society is studying "The Great Controversy," believing the lessons to be of sufficient importance to necessitate their beginning at the first of the book, although the INSTRUCTOR lessons are much in advance of them.

The Young People's Convention held at Hillsdale, March 10-13, has just closed, and was a decided success. The neighboring churches were well represented. The meeting was held especially for the churches in the southern part of the East Michigan Conference, the convention at Owosso being for the northern part. By these it was possible to reach a large number of our young people. Very efficient help was rendered by Elders C. N. Sanders and E. K. Slade, Sister Tillie E. Barr, also by Brother A. J. Harris of the Jackson Sanitarium.

The principal feature of the convention was the consideration of educational work, and the one theme running through all the meetings seemed to be "A Training for Service." Under this heading we note the following topics upon the program, "Need of Training," "Educational Advantages," "Call to the Youth," "Training for Eternity," "Threefold Education," "Home Influence," "Poverty not a Hindrance," "The True Basis." Time was also devoted to the medical missionary work, the canvassing work, and our relations to the church and to the message. The devotional meetings were intensely interesting, and nearly every one testified to the blessing received.

We could but note the warm hospitality accorded the visitors, especially as the majority of the brethren and sisters live from one to eight miles in the country, and drove the distance daily, bringing their families and those they were entertaining. The meeting seemed very much like the accounts we have read of those meetings held years ago when the brethren remained together all day, studying the Word and seeking God.

A State organization is contemplated in order more closely to come in touch with isolated persons. The Young People's Work is onward in this conference. We believe there are here many noble young men and women and youth who will yet become efficient workers for God.

CAROLYN A. HATHAWAY.

April

APRIL laughed, and threw a kiss;
Then afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before—
A tear for every kiss she threw;
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

— Anna J. Granniss.

• CHILDREN'S PAGE •

Benedictions

God is speaking in the rain-drops,
As they patter, one by one,
Likewise, with a benediction,
Warm and tender, from the sun;
O'er the breeze-swept hills there wander
Blessings faintly whispering,
And "God bless you, dear, God bless you!"
Is the song the wild birds sing.

There's a voice amid the waters,
Gurgling blessings, soft and low,
Where the rushes, acquiescent,
Nod the same sweet measure, slow;
While the blue sky, bending over,
Flings an echo down to meet
That same chant, "God bless you!" fitting
With the shadows, o'er the wheat.

Everything in heaven proclaimeth
Blessings from the heavens above;
Everything on earth is bearing
Blessings from the Source of love:
Listening not, one still must hear them
Till such voices cease to be,
Air and ocean, hill and valley,
Praising God and blessing thee.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

The Threatened Downfall of a Suit of Clothes

"I WONDER if it's really so?" said Roy Whitson, looking around at the different members of the family who had gathered in the sitting-room.

"Wonder if what is so?" his sister Nan inquired, with a smile. "Does anybody know what Roy is talking about? I really believe he has been dreaming."

"Roy has been in deep thought ever since he came in from the boys' club," remarked his brother Robert.

"That's so, I have," the lad in question laughingly admitted. "I have been thinking, and somehow it seemed to me that you all knew my thoughts. I have been wondering if it were true that our influence for good or evil amounted to very much. Mr. Reynolds was talking to us boys about it this evening, and it didn't seem to me that I had the slightest influence over anybody."

"Don't be too sure of that, my son," said Mr. Whitson, gravely; "I believe that the minister was right if he told you that you did influence others, and I think that we ought to be very careful of our words and actions, for we never know whom we are helping to lower or uplift."

"I think it's a pity that some kind of influence for good isn't exerted on our washerwoman's son," came from Robert. "Young as he is, he seems to be going down-hill pretty fast. I don't believe he's wicked at heart, either. He seems to have fallen in with evil companions."

"That reminds me," put in Roy, "I saw Jack yesterday on Broad Street. He hurried around the corner when he noticed me. He was evidently ashamed of his appearance. He had on such an old suit of clothes that I remembered the one that I have just outgrown. It would just about fit him. If you still have it, mother, couldn't you give it to Mrs. Riley for him?"

"Yes, I shall be glad to do so, and she will be here to-morrow."

Thus it happened that on the evening of the next day Jack Riley was looking with admiration at Roy's discarded suit of clothes.

"I am delighted to get it, mother," he said to the little woman who stood beside him. "I've been ashamed to go out in these old things."

"Thry it on, dear," said Mrs. Riley; and he went and put on the suit, and it fitted him so well, and he looked so neat and respectable in it, that the mother's face lit up with pride. She laughed, too, as he strutted about the room. "And it's yer-silf that looks the gintlemin now." But the next moment the happy expression had gone, and she trembled with feeling as she added, impressively, "I want yer to remember wan thing about that suit of clothes, Jack. It's niver been disgraced. It's niver played truant, nor told lies, nor wint in bad company, nor shpake wrong wurruds. Kape it from going ashtray, now, me son, and may the Lord hilp ye."

A few days afterward Roy Whitson turned the corner of his own street, and saw Jack walking along toward him. Remembering his minister's words at the club meeting, he said to himself, "I wonder if I could influence Jack in any way." Then he called out pleasantly, "Hello, Jack! Where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular."

"Come, take a walk with me."

Jack looked surprised. Roy Whitson was not apt to give him any attention, and he wondered why it was done now. As very small children they had often played together, but of late years they had had little to do with each other.

"Say," Jack began, as the two boys went on side by side, "I'm much obliged to you for this suit."

"Oh! that's all right. It fits well, doesn't it?"

"Yes," and then Jack added what he hardly meant to say, but it somehow slipped out, "Better than what came with it."

Roy was puzzled. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why—the responsibility. You see it never played truant, nor went with bad company, nor said wrong words."

Jack spoke in a light, jesting way, and Roy scarcely knew whether to laugh or treat the matter seriously. "And does it want to now?" he questioned after a moment's silence.

"It wants to—yes, I should think it did! It won't behave."

This time Roy did laugh; he couldn't help it; but it was a pleasant, sympathetic little laugh that went well with the words which followed. "I'll tell you what we'll do about it," he said; "I'll help with the responsibility. Having had a long

and intimate acquaintance with the suit, I think maybe I can influence it more easily than you can. Let's teach it not to do any of those wrong things."

"With all my heart I wish we could!" murmured Jack, who somehow at that moment felt a sudden and real longing for a better life. All his jesting was gone, and he turned with a beseeching look to his companion.

"How shall I begin it?" Roy answered, and the answer came to him. "Walk down home with me," he said, "and —"

"Home with you?" Jack interrupted, aghast at the idea.

"Yes, you've been to our house many a time."

"When I was quite little, of course. I was fit

to go, then. But now I fear you will —"

"You're welcome now just the same, and I want to show you some books. We'll go right into our den—Rob's and mine—where we keep the books and papers and other stuff that belong especially to us."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to go, if you really want me," Jack said, gratefully; "and say, Roy,



A SCOTCH LASSIE

you meant what you said about helping with the responsibility, didn't you?"

"Meant it?—Of course I did," came quickly and emphatically from Roy.—S. Jennie Smith, in *Y. P. Weekly*.

The Brush Brigade

Not long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes goes a great way toward making a gentleman.

The remark struck me, and I asked how many brushes one needs to be familiar with.

"Tell her, boys," said their mother, and the merry fellows shouted:—

"One to brush our hair we need,
And one to polish our boots,
One to clean our nails, indeed,
And one to dust our suits,
And one to give our hats a switching,
To make us all look very bewitching."

And that's the song of the Brush Brigade. "Willie always twists everything they have to remember into a jingle, and then they don't forget it," said the mother, smiling, as the brigade went off in a vivacious procession to practise on their brushes.

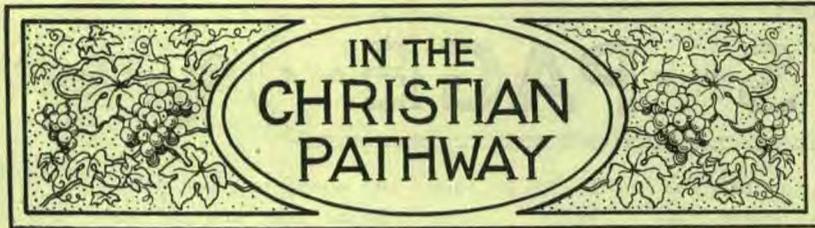
"Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back," said the clever little mother when they came in again, presenting each of the brush-improved four with an apple turnover for his lunch box.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, and dirt is an abomination," said grandmother, from her corner.—*The Myrtle*.

THERE will soon be added to the natural curiosities at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington an albino deer, which was shot recently in the Canyon mountains in Oregon. The coat of the animal is snow-white and very soft, and its eyes were pink. It was in company with ordinary deer when killed. Hunters have occasionally told stories of seeing and chasing albino deer, but they very rarely get within gunshot, and are usually seen alone, the herds of their relatives apparently avoiding their company.—*Youth's Companion*.



A BOLIVIAN BABY



The Wonderful Pearly Gate

I HAVE heard a wonderful story told
Of a city prepared of God,
Of its jasper walls, and its streets of gold,
To be by the ransomed trod.
Crowning with glory the evergreen hills,
Where the angels watch and wait,
Free from all sorrow, or shade of ill,
Where the heart of the ransomed with joy shall
thrill,
Is the wonderful pearly gate.

Beyond is the blessed "home of the soul,"
Where tear-drops never fall,
Where songs of joy, in their gladness roll,
And a welcome is for all,
The gloom of the grave has passed away,
And the homes where mourners sate;
There the harps of the blessed softly play,
And there gleams the light of an endless day,
Through the wonderful pearly gate.

The dazzling streets of shining gold
Shall the feet of the ransomed press,
And glory and love, and joy untold,
Shall the heart of the weary bless.
And many a soul with trusting faith,
Through the long years watch and wait,
Watch for the coming of his Lord,
Wait, to receive his blest reward,
At the wonderful pearly gate.

O wonderful gate that shall open wide
For the ransomed to enter in,
Washed, in the blood of the Crucified,
From the stains of earth and sin,
Robes that are white as the driven snow,
Brows that their crowns await,
With life eternal, and rapturous glow,
They'll leave the darkness of earth below,
And enter the pearly gate.

L. D. SANTEE.

The Most Beloved

THIS earth, darkened by the footprints of sin, is the theater of the greatest drama ever enacted. The controversy waged is the lesson-book of the entire universe. Here the Son of God entered the arena like a mighty gladiator to cope single-handed with Lucifer and his rebel host, and demonstrate that a life of purity is possible in sinful flesh. With none to help, he trod his Father's wine-press, and to conquer yielded up his life. A funeral cortege moved out from the God-head! The only Son was dead. The experiences of this world, divorced from the continent of heaven by sin, are different from all the unfallen worlds, and on this battle-field where the Redeemer died, and where for a time the throne of Beelzebub has been reared, God purposes to establish the throne of universal sovereignty forevermore. Rev. 21:3; 22:3. This planet was lost, and the scenes connected with its redemption are sacred in the mind of God, and although enshrouded for six thousand years in the gloom of sin, the Creator purposes to make it the central part of his domain, circled by suns and systems as they move in stately procession around his throne.

And the people, tossed and torn on the shoreless tide of sin's wild ocean, tempted by the legions of darkness, betrayed into sin, and beguiled by the seductive arts of the destroyer, are the objects of his supreme regard. The Lord is not an indifferent spectator of mortal woe. Human misery, wretchedness, sorrow, distress, and agony move the calloused hearts of fallen men, and excite their sympathy. It moves the compassionate God infinitely more. When his people by the intrigue of the enemy are seduced into sin, and surrounded with adverse circumstances, his anger is kindled. When Balak sought to have the covetous Balaam curse Israel, rebellious though they were, the Lord said that he hath not beheld

perverseness in Israel. Num. 23:21. How the Lord could say this of this murmuring host from Egypt can be explained only in the light of his love for sinners, and his pity for the oppressed.

So with the weary, worn, tried, buffeted souls in the earth, earnestly battling for the victory. They are more precious in the eyes of God than the unnumbered millions of loyal inhabitants of other worlds, who have never fallen and drunk the dregs of the cup of sorrow. They are his not only by creation, but by redemption as well. At a tremendous risk and cost he bought them back; he emptied heaven to secure them as his peculiar treasure. "Hearts that have been the battle-ground of the conflict with Satan, and that have been rescued by the power of love, are more precious to the Redeemer than are those who have never fallen."—"Christ's Object Lessons."

This is a grand truth, though in stating the sublime and infinite truths connected with the scheme of human redemption and involving the attributes of Jehovah, in a language necessarily accommodated to the limitations of finite comprehension, it is difficult to express their wondrous depth, and not leave room for the cavil of criticism. There is a sense in which the above is true. But let none conclude from this that in order to be the most beloved of the Lord, we must sow "wild oats," or that God will love us more *because* we have reveled amid the gilded halls of vice, and dug deep into the most foul bogs of sin. It would be a wrong construction of a truth to conclude that his love for man was deepened because the noxious plants of sin had borne an abundant and baneful harvest in his life. God is no respecter of persons. He loves purity and hates sin, and that life which by steadfast faith in Jesus has been victorious over evil habits pleases him most. The pebble in the clay may mar the vessel in the hand of the potter, and render it useless.

Take the child which from infancy has been a cripple, or weak, perchance, through some hereditary transmission, and demands the constant care of the loving mother. Through its years of suffering she has watched over it, sympathized and suffered with it. Does she love it more than its robust brother who can run everywhere and needs no care?—Possibly; yet if called to decide which she would prefer to see close its eyes in death, she could not tell. She does not desire them all to be cripples that she may love them more, for she can see every tendril of a mother's love entwine about her darling child without this affliction.

Take that family where all the children are obedient and kind, and from childhood give their hearts to God, save one. When evening comes, all are home beneath the parental roof but this one, a wandering prodigal Tommy. He rebels against parental restraint, and is out in the street away from home, sowing his wild oats with evil companions. Of whom is the fond mother thinking most? Does she love him more?—Well, hardly this; but her loving heart of sympathy is moved for her boy. She retires to bed, not to sleep, but to pray for her wayward son. She listens, perchance far into the night, for his returning footfalls, and when at last they are heard, she closes her vigils with a prayer for him, and sinks into needed repose. Does she desire them all to be prodigals that she may love them more?—Far from it. She loves him with all his faults; and his wayward career but opens an avenue by which her great love can manifest itself for her boy. A life of constant devotion would please her more.

A mother stands by a swollen river with her children, watching the turbid water rush by. One child suddenly loses its footing, and with a cry sinks into the angry stream. The mother leaves the others on the shore, and plunges in to save her lost child. In like manner Jesus left the ninety

and nine and went to seek and to save the lost.

This but feebly illustrates the love of God for fallen man. Man's sinning did not cause God to love him more. Had he maintained an unflinching allegiance to his Creator, the Lord would have loved him the same. But his fall opened the way for a greater manifestation of that love than would otherwise have been; and his lost, ruined, and pitiable condition has led him to show for fallen man greater love and sympathy than for those who have never fallen; having cost more, they are more precious. But of all his creatures he is no respecter of persons, and loves righteous character wherever found. Those who are forgiven most love most; so throughout the endless vistas of eternity, nearest the throne will be those who once were zealous in the cause of Satan, but have been plucked like brands from the burning. They are there, not because the Redeemer loves them more, but because they love their Redeemer more.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Read and Heed

THE world is flooded with books that might better be consumed than circulated. Books upon Indian warfare and similar topics, published and circulated as a money-making scheme, might better never be read. The heart-sickening relation of crimes and atrocities has a bewitching power over many youth, exciting in them the desire to bring themselves into notice by the most wicked deeds. There are many works more strictly historical whose influence is little better. The enormities, the cruelties, the licentious practises, portrayed in these writings, have acted as leaven in many minds, leading to the commission of similar acts. Books that delineate the satanic practises of human beings are giving publicity to evil works. The horrible details of crime and misery need not to be lived over again, and none who believe the truth for this time should act a part in perpetuating their memory.

Love stories and frivolous, exciting tales constitute another class of books that is a curse to every reader. The author may attach a good moral, and all through his work may weave religious sentiments; yet in most cases Satan is but clothed in angel robes, the more effectually to deceive and allure. The mind is affected in a great degree by that upon which it feeds. The readers of frivolous, exciting tales become unfitted for the duties lying before them. They live an unreal life, and have no desire to search the Scriptures, to feed upon the heavenly manna. The mind is enfeebled, and loses its power to contemplate the great problems of duty and destiny.

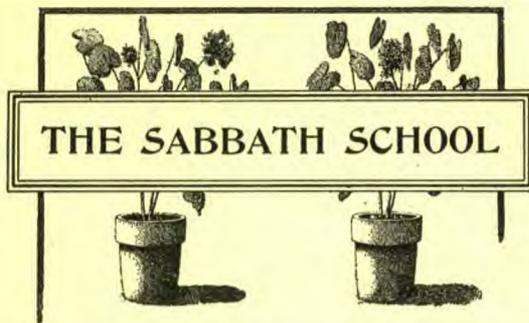
I have been instructed that the youth are exposed to the greatest peril from improper reading. Satan is constantly leading both the young and those of mature age to be charmed with worthless stories. Could a large share of the books published be consumed, a plague would be stayed that is doing a fearful work in weakening the mind and corrupting the heart. None are so confirmed in right principles as to be secure from temptation. All this trashy reading should be resolutely discarded.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Where?

"WHERE does the snow go,
So white on the ground?
Under May's azure
No flake can be found.
Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour;
There blooms the snow
In the heart of the flower.

"Where does the love go,
Frozen to grief?
Along the heart's fibers
Its cold thrill is brief.
The snow-fall of sorrow
Turns not to dry dust;
It lives in white blossoms
Of patience and trust."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—Elijah the Prophet

(April 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37:3.

"And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according unto my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.

"So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: . . . and the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

"And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, . . . and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

"So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.

"And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.

"And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.

"And it came to pass after these things, that the son of the woman, the mistress of the house, fell sick; and his sickness was so sore, that there was no breath left in him. And she said unto Elijah, What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? art thou come unto me to . . . slay my son?

"And he said unto her, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. . . . And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again.

"And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and

delivered him unto his mother: and Elijah said, See, thy son liveth.

"And the woman said to Elijah, Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

Questions

1. What message did the Lord send to King Ahab by Elijah? Where did he tell Elijah to go then? Why? How was the prophet to be fed in this place?

2. What happened to the brook after a while? To what place did the Lord then tell Elijah to go? Whom did the Lord say he had commanded to feed him there?

3. As Elijah came near the city, whom did he see? What did he ask her to bring to him? When she started to get it, what else did he ask her to bring?

4. What did the woman say when Elijah asked her to bring him a little bread? What did she expect to do when the little meal and oil that she had were used?

5. What did Elijah still tell her to do? What promise did he say the Lord had made? How did she show that she trusted this promise? What was the result?

6. When the son of the widow died, what did she say to Elijah? How did the prophet answer her? Where did he take the child?

7. When he had laid the boy on his own bed, what did the prophet do? What prayer did he offer? How many times was this done?

8. Tell how this prayer was answered. What did Elijah say when he took the child to his mother? What did the woman say she now knew?

9. Repeat the Memory Verse. What does it tell us to do? What promise is made to those who trust and do good? How did Elijah show his trust in the Lord? How was the promise in this verse fulfilled in his case? Who else in this lesson showed a trust in the Lord's commands?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—The Seven Churches—Sardis and Philadelphia

(April 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 3:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." Verse 5.

Questions

1. What special period was covered by the church of Thyatira?—The days of papal supremacy.

2. What great event prepared the way for a new era in the church?—The Reformation.

3. By what name was the fifth period of the church represented? Rev. 3:1. What is the significance of this term? Note 1.

4. From whom is the message sent to this church? What is their condition? Verse 1.

5. What are they urged to do? How does the Lord regard their condition? Verse 2.

6. When sin has been revealed, what should follow? What were they to expect if they neglected this? Verse 3.

7. What had brought the church of this period into the condition described? What promise is held out to those who have been true? Verse 4; note 2.

8. What promise made to this church belongs to every one who overcomes? Verse 5.

9. When is this blotting out of sin to take place? Acts 3:19, 20; note 3.

10. To how many is this message also addressed? Verse 6.

11. What term expresses the special character of the next church? About what time did it exist? Verse 7; note 4.

12. How is the speaker described? Verse 7.

13. What is said of the condition of the church at this time? What had been set before it? Verse 8; note 5.

14. What special promise is given? Why? What experience of the church is described? Verse 10.

15. What hope is held out to the believers? Verses 11, 12.

16. To how many is the message to the church at Philadelphia addressed? Verse 13.

17. What is the influence of the advent hope upon the life? 1 John 3:3.

Notes

1. The term "Sardis" means "song of joy," or "that which remains." Both terms fitly represent the church at the close of the long period of persecution ending about 1798. The Reformation had partly broken the power of the papacy. The church which existed at this time was truly represented by the few that remained faithful, and the fact that the church was never again to pass through such a dark hour was truly a cause for rejoicing.

2. The exhortation to the church at Sardis is timely instruction to every one who feels that he has not walked as closely with the Lord as he should. The one step back to God is by repentance. His promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," awaits our demand.

3. We are now in our study approaching the time of the cleansing of the sanctuary—the final blotting out of sins, beginning in 1844. Hence the promise to the overcomer directs attention to the final work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary, the opening of the judgment hour. The proclamation of this grand event, in the years just preceding 1844, constituted the world-wide Advent movement which was to mark the next stage in the development of the church.

4. "Philadelphia" means "brotherly love." All the story of the early Advent movement leading up to the autumn of 1844, at which time the Advent people expected to meet their Lord, shows that believers were bound together in ties of fellowship and love like to that which reigns in heaven, where they expected soon to be. Coming out from various churches and the world, they were made one by the "blessed hope."

5. The specific Philadelphia period of the church brings us to the autumn of 1844, when the long period of the 2300 days ended, and the work of judgment was opened in the most holy of the heavenly sanctuary. "I was shown that . . . the time for the commandments of God to shine out with all their importance, and for God's people to be tried on the Sabbath truth, was when the door was opened in the most holy place in the heavenly sanctuary, where the ark is, in which is contained the ten commandments. This door was not opened until the mediation of Jesus was finished in the holy place of the sanctuary in 1844. Then Jesus rose up and shut the door of the holy place, and opened the door into the most holy, and passed within the second veil, where he now stands by the ark, and where the faith of Israel now reaches. I saw that Jesus had shut the door of the holy place, and no man can open it; and that he had opened the door into the most holy, and no man can shut it (Rev. 3:7, 8); and that since Jesus has opened the door into the most holy place, which contains the ark, the commandments have been shining out to God's people, and they are being tested on the Sabbath question."—*"Early Writings."*

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."



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"God has not yet finished his work with the Christian who is not a perfect gentleman."

Don't wait for great things; for while you wait, the door to the little ones may close.—*Galax Leaf*

"THE treaty with Panama, providing for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, was ratified by the United States Senate, without amendment, February 23, by a vote of sixty-six to fourteen."

Don't forget your offering on April 2, for the Haskell Home and the James White Memorial Home. Read Elder Tenney's article in the *Review*, if you want to know the particulars in regard to the present needs of these institutions.

It has been suggested by the writer of the Sabbath-school lessons that it would be helpful to read the book of Revelation through in one or two sittings, as the series of new lessons is begun.

Why not give the suggestion a trial?

"Be careful in your manner. Beware of the most distant approach to disdain, overbearing, or contempt. Above all, let there be no shadow of hate or ill-will, no bitterness or sourness of expression. Nothing but kindness and gentleness can flow from a heart of love."

"SEVENTY thousand arrests were made in Chicago in 1902, the latest year for which complete returns are available. More than twenty-one thousand of those arrested had no occupation. They did not even call themselves laborers. It is usually so; it is the idle hands that make work for the police."

IN David Livingstone's hardest year in Africa, just before Stanley came, when fever and hostile tribes made his work most difficult, he records that he "read the whole Bible through four times." That, and that alone, gave him strength to go on. In hard places the Word of God is the best help one can have.—*Selected.*

A COMPANY has been formed to develop the great Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River in Africa, as a source of electric energy. These falls rank among the greatest cataracts in existence. The total descent of the water is more than four hundred feet. At Niagara the total amount of energy running to waste has been reckoned at 7,000,000-horsepower, but the corresponding energy of the Victoria Falls is said to be no less than 35,000,000-horsepower. When utilized, it is thought that this energy can be employed for working a large part of the South African Railway, and that it can be transmitted by cable to the gold-mines of the Rand, three hundred miles and more away.—*Youth's Companion.*

Holes in the Sky

A KAREN boy, one of a tribe of people living in the mountains of Burma, whose name was Shoo Thah, who had never had the advantages of going to Sunday-school, was taught the curious notion that "the stars are holes in the earth's cover to let the glory of the heavenly country shine through to men." When the heathen lad looked up to the sky on a brilliant Eastern night, he seemed, to his imaginative thought, to be like one gazing out through the narrow windows of a dark, specter-haunted tenement, out upon a sea of glory of which bright glimmers could here and there be discerned. Shoo Thah was not so very far wrong after all. The sky is a sort of covering of the earth. Heaven is over us, and while the stars may not be literally holes in the sky, they symbolize to us the eye of God looking down upon us. And ever and anon God speaks to us, out of the heaven that is not far away, messages of his love and his interest in us.—*L. A. Banks, in S. S. Times.*

The Growth of the Trusts

IN a work entitled "The Truth about Trusts" John Moody points out that there are in the United States 440 which may be so classed, and with a total capital of no less than \$20,379,162,511. The seven great industrial trusts—copper, linseed oil, sugar, steel, tobacco, oil, and smelting—are represented by an aggregate of outstanding stocks and bonds of a par value of \$2,662,752,100. Of this amount over one half, or \$1,370,000,000, is included in the capitalization of the United States Steel Company and its subsidiary companies. All are incorporated under New Jersey laws. They represent an aggregate consolidation of more than 1,500 distinct plants. The market value of the securities of these trusts is about \$400,000,000 below their par value. The lesser industrial trusts number 298, and comprise consolidations of more than 3,400 original plants. They have a total par value capitalization of \$4,055,039,433. Thirteen additional important industrial trusts now undergoing reorganization or readjustment and not included in this list have a total capitalization of \$528,551,000. Of the entire 318 active industrial trusts 170 are organized under New Jersey laws. As a home for the friendless, New Jersey charitably takes them in—as well as their taxes.—*The Week's Progress.*

Library Inscriptions

THE history of the world is the biography of great men.—*Carlyle.*

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch.—*Bacon.*

The foundation of every state is the education of its youth.—*Dionysius.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—*Tennyson.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.—*Proverbs.*

Nature is the art of God.—*Browne.*

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—*Young.*

"Dwells within the soul of every artist More than all his effort can express."

For a web begun God sends thread.—*Old Proverb.*

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.—*Wordsworth.*

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—*Micah.*

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world.—*Hooker.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.—*Psalms.*

Solving the Great Problem

A YOUNG man graduated with the highest honors of his alma mater. He was brilliant. He was the finest mathematician that had ever walked the halls of the great university. Soon after graduation, a minister, who had known him from boyhood, met him and said: "I understand that you are celebrated for your mathematical skill. I have a problem I wish you to solve."

"Tell me what it is," said the young man, "and I will try."

The clergyman answered: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The young man walked away in silence, saying to himself, "It is a great problem." The question rang in his ears, by day and by night. Everywhere he went, it seemed to sound louder and louder. "What if I gain the world and lose my soul?" Finally he said, "I will solve the problem." He weighed the matter carefully. He looked at the problem in a businesslike way, and said to himself, "There is no profit, if I gain all the pleasures, and all the wealth, and all the honors of the world, and lose my soul." He at once surrendered himself to God, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and afterward became an eminent minister of the gospel.—*The Christian Union Herald.*

Nature's Awakening

HARK, hear you not? Look, see you not
What stirreth last year's garden spot?
And had you overlooked till now
The nest in yonder apple bough?
A voice has whispered through the land
A word the glebe-folk understand;
And ever since the latest snow
They have been running to and fro;
And life, resilient and strong,
Is ready now for bud or song.
They're all aware, in dale and dell,
The hour's fulfilled—and all is well;
And who shall keep, as glad as they,
The springtime Resurrection Day?

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.



HUNTSVILLE, ALA., March 6, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read very carefully Elder Thompson's articles, and they have done me a great deal of good. I have made a great many things that were in the pieces, "Around the Work Table." Mrs. Loper's piece about reading was excellent. I never read novels. I think it would be a good plan to have a corner in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for questions and answers.

H. M. WALTON.

The editor appreciated this letter, because it showed that the INSTRUCTOR was affecting the life. I think all who read this letter, however, wish the writer had named some of the things he had made, and had told us of his success. Just as eating a bit of candy will make a sweet orange taste very sour and unpalatable; so the habit of novel-reading makes the Bible, the best of works, seem uninteresting.

A Money Letter

A LETTER that came to the office the other day brought an offering from little Zetta Messer, of Michigan. This little friend for some time had been saving her pennies for some part of the work of Christ. She enjoys the INSTRUCTOR so much that she concluded she wanted her money to help build the new building in which the INSTRUCTOR is to be printed. We thank Zetta for this kind thought, and we wish many others would do as she has done.