

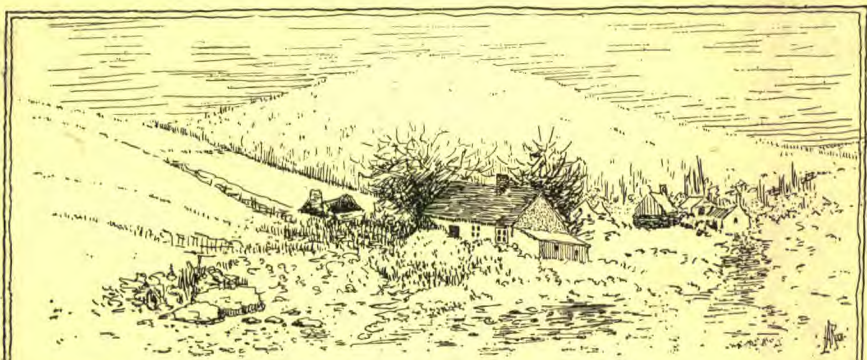
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI.

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## The Power of Song

### A True Story

NEAR the summit of a mountain in Pennsylvania is a small hamlet called Honeyville, consisting of two log houses, two shanties, a rickety old barn, and a small shed, surrounded by a few acres of cleared land. In one of these houses lived a family of seven,—father, mother, three boys, and two girls. They had recently moved from Michigan. The mother's health was poor, and she longed to be out on the beautiful old mountain where she had spent most of her childhood. Their household goods had arrived in Pennsylvania just in time to be swept away by the great Johnstown flood of 1889.

The mother and her two little girls, Nina and Dot, were Christians, and their voices were often lifted in praise to God as they sang from an old hymn-book, one of their most cherished possessions.

One morning the mother sent Nina and Dot on an errand to their sister's home three and one-half miles distant. The first two miles took them through dense woods, while the rest of the way led past houses and through small clearings. She charged them to start on their return home in time to arrive before dark, as many wild beasts—bears, catamounts, and occasionally a panther—were prowling around. These animals were hungry at this time of the year; for they were getting ready to "hole up," or lie down in some cozy cave or hole for their long winter's nap.

The girls started off, merrily chasing each other along the way, arriving at their sister's in good time, and having a jolly romp with the baby. After dinner the sister was so busy, and the children were so absorbed in their play, that the time passed unheeded until the clock struck four; then the girls were hurriedly started for home, in the hope that they might arrive there before it became very dark. The older sister watched until they disappeared up the road, anxiously wishing some one was there to go with them. The girls made good time until they entered the long stretch of woods, when Nina said, "O, I know where there is such a large patch of wintergreen berries, right by the road! Let's pick some for mama." So they climbed over a few stones and logs, and sure enough the berries were plentiful. They picked and talked, sometimes playing hide-and-seek among the bushes. When they started on again, the sun was sinking low in the west, and the trees were casting heavy shadows over the road, which lengthened rapidly. When about half of the distance was covered, Dot began to feel tired and afraid. Nina tried to cheer her, saying, "Over one more long hill, and we shall be home." But now they could only see the sun shining on the top of the trees on the hill, and it was already twilight in the woods.

They had often played "trying to scare each other" by one saying, "O, I see a bear or a wolf up the road," and pretending to be afraid. So Dot said, "Let's scare each other. You try to scare me." Nina said, "All right," then pointing up the road, she said, "O, look up the road by that black stump; I see a ——" She did not finish; for suddenly, from almost the very spot where she had pointed, a large panther stepped out of the bushes, turning his head first one way and then another; then, as if seeing the girls

for the first time, he crouched down, and, crawling, sneaking along, like a cat after a mouse, he moved toward them. The girls stopped and looked at each other, then Dot began to cry, and said, in a half-smothered whisper, "O Nina! let's run!" but Nina thought of the long, dark, lonely road behind, and knew that running was useless. Then thinking of what she had heard her father say about showing fear, she seized her little sister's hand, and said, "No, let's pass it. God will help us;" and she started up the road toward the animal.

When the children moved, the panther stopped, straightened himself up, then crouching again, moved slowly, uneasily, toward them. When they had nearly reached him, and Nina, who was nearest, saw his body almost rising for the spring, there flashed through her mind the memory of hearing it said that a wild beast would not attack any one who was singing. What should she sing? In vain she tried to recall some song, but her mind seemed a blank. In despair she looked up, and breathed a little prayer for help; then catching a glimpse of the last rays of the setting sun touching the tops of the trees on the hill, she began the beautiful hymn,—

"There is sunlight on the hilltop,  
There is sunlight on the sea."

Her sister joined in, and although their voices were faint and trembling at first, by the time the children were opposite the panther, the words of the song rang out sweet and clear on the evening air.



'THE GIRLS PASSED ON, HAND IN HAND'



The panther stopped, and straightened himself to his full height. His tail, which had been lashing and switching, became quiet as he seemed to listen.

The girls passed on, hand in hand, never looking behind them. How sweet the words —

"O, the sunlight, beautiful sunlight!  
O, the sunlight in the heart!"

sounded as they echoed and re-echoed through the woods. As the children neared the top of the hill, the rumbling of a wagon fell upon their ears, so they knew that help was near, but still they sang. When they gained the top, at the same time the wagon rattled up, for the first time they turned and looked back, just in season to catch a last glimpse of the panther as he disappeared into the woods.

The mother had looked often and anxiously down the road, and each time was disappointed in not seeing the children coming. Finally she could wait no longer, and started to meet them. When about half-way there, she heard the words —

"O, the sunlight, beautiful sunlight!  
O, the sunlight in the heart!  
Jesus' smile can banish sadness;  
It is sunlight in the heart."

At first a happy smile of relief passed over her face; but it faded as she listened. There was such an unearthly sweetness in the song, so strong and clear, that it seemed like angels' music instead of her own little girls'. The song ceased, and the children appeared over the hill. She saw their white faces, and hurried toward them. When they saw her, how their little feet flew! but it was some time before they could tell her what had happened.

What a joyful season of worship they had that night, and what a meaning that dear old hymn has had to them ever since!

A few days later, a party of organized hunters killed the panther that had given the children such a fright. But the memory of that thrilling experience will never fade from the mind of the writer, who was one of the actors in it.

NINA CASE.

### The Albatross

THE albatross has been a favorite theme with poets and naturalists for ages. Scientists have offered many theories for the bird's long-sustained power of flight, but it remains as much a mystery as ever. An albatross will follow in a ship's wake for days, sailing steadily along with no other motion of the wings than an occasional veer when the bird desires to turn an angle, silent and inscrutable as fate. Despite the bird's marvelous power for sailing, it is very hard for it to rise from the water.

The home of the albatross is in the Antipodes and the Auckland Islands. No lighthouse rears its head there, and heavy fogs and treacherous currents swirl about the place. The land is rough, but covered with mountainous flowers, — wonderful asters, marguerites, lilies, and gentians; and here millions upon millions of birds make their homes.

Among the coarse herbage the pure-white head of the albatross meets the eye. The body is larger than that of the swan, and its expanded wings measure seventeen feet from tip to tip. But at home its glory is departed; for while nothing can be grander than its flight over the ocean, nothing is more ludicrous than its waddle on the land. Its only sign of defense is to clap its beak in a helpless manner.

The nest is a pile of earth like a child's sand castle, and in the cup-shaped top the albatross lays one egg. During the sixty days the egg is hatched, the mother does not stir from the nest; for if she did, the sea-hawk would swoop down on the egg and destroy it. The young bird is covered with fluffy down, pure-white in color and silky as floss. The nestling is fed so assiduously that it becomes immensely fat, and rivals the old

birds in weight. It is then deserted by the parents, who wander over the ocean, sometimes encircling the globe before returning home.

The most remarkable thing in the history of the albatross is that during the absence of the parents the young nestling does not receive a mouthful of food. During the whole time, sometimes four months, it lives on the fat it has accumulated. In the open nest on a bleak hillside the young albatross is exposed all winter to sharp winds and the fiercest gales that rush across the ocean; yet at the end of its fast the young bird is lively and in good condition.

The reason the parent birds go away is not known. Their desire for flight is a mystery, for it is not the same as the migration of our Northern birds to the South. When the parents return, they unceremoniously bundle out the nestling, which has become a slate-gray in color, and set about repairing the nest. The young bird still stays around, evincing in many pretty ways its fondness for its parents, and not till next year does it take its first flight to sea in company with its hard-hearted father and mother. — *Chicago Daily News.*

### Holy Scripture

X I HAVE a garden fair,  
With heavenly breezes fanned,  
And every morning finds me there —  
It is the Lord's command —  
To gather fruits and blossoms sweet  
Before the dusty world I meet.

I have a faithful Friend,  
Accustomed to advise,  
With whom each morn some time I spend,  
That I may be made wise  
To find and keep the only way  
Which issues in eternal day.

I have an armory bright,  
With shield and helm hung round,  
Where, duly as the morning light,  
The Spirit's sword is found,  
With which to overcome the foe  
Who harasses the way I go.

I have a mirror keen  
Which shows me all I am;  
But, lo! behind me there is seen  
One like a dying Lamb;  
And, as I view his imaged face,  
My sins are lost in shining grace.

O, send thy Spirit, Lord,  
To make me wholly thine,  
That I may love thy blessed word  
And feel its power divine,  
And walk on calmly in its light  
Till faith is turned to glorious sight!

— Richard Wilton.



### Is a Horse a Horse?

If I were to point out a horse, and tell you confidently it is a cheval, you, as bright boys and girls, would tell me I was mistaken, and should I further insist that I was right in calling this commonplace quadruped by that queer name, and challenge you to prove the horse to be a horse indeed, the only reason you could possibly give would be that your father, and grandfather, and all your relations, as well as their relations, and in fact, all the people in the world who call themselves English, have called that particular animal a horse all their lives; and so you naturally conclude that the only one truly appropriate word by which to point out that animal, as you have before insisted, is "horse."

But if, on the other hand, I should insist that my father, and grandfather, together with all my relations, and their relations, and, in fact, all the French nation have from remote times called that four-footed beast *cheval*, there is a possibility that your faith would be shaken in the idea that

"horse" was the original name given that animal by Adam at the creation of the world, and that no other name than "horse" could with truth apply to that animal. And further, you might be led to wonder whether any one of the several hundred names by which the various peoples of the earth speak of a horse, was the one our first parent gave to that noble animal.

And what is true concerning this word is true also with reference to any other word, or letter used to spell that word. If I were asked to prove that *a* is *a*, the only proof that I or anybody else could give would be that the English-speaking people had agreed to adopt that character, and give it the name of *a*, and allow it to represent half a dozen elementary sounds of the language. They might just as appropriately have called it *ah*, or *awe*, or anything else. Or they might have made a vertical line to be *a*. For years I, together with a great army of stenographic writers, have been using a heavy dot for *a* instead of the ordinary character; and it can be demonstrated that the dot is as truly *a* as the more complicated figure.

Now by all this extended illustration, I wish to make emphatic this fact: that the truth of a thing is in the thing itself, and not in the name. Names of things come into being as fashions do, and differ in different localities as fashions differ. A word is but an arbitrary representation of an idea, and its only excuse for existing is that it may suggest an idea. The idea is the truth; and if the word is a strange one to me, it is, so far as I am concerned, but an empty sound, — a lifeless, useless, truthless thing.

The word of God is not a thing of life to me unless I can see God in it. And unless I get what is behind the words, I might as well be reading a fairy tale. Some of the commonest words of religious discourse — words which we all use, and think we know — prove, upon careful examination, to carry with them much that is deep and hard to understand. "Faith," for example, we are apt to regard as a capacity to receive as truth anything hard to believe, — anything beyond the range of ordinary happenings. Yet many fail to get the deeper meaning of the word, — that of the reaching out of an empty hand after God, an inexpressible longing after him in whom we are complete.

Even God himself is to many a Christian but a miracle-working magician, a skilled architect, a great leader of armies, and an awful, uncompassionate judge. But when we come to study Christ's interpretation of God; when we come to study the universe, in which space is as boundless as eternity; when we come to comprehend that the mightiest sun and the smallest atom obey with mathematical precision the laws that God has set and keeps in operation, he becomes a being altogether too awe-inspiring and sublime to liken to anything human, and yet a being so filled with the most heavenly attribute of humanity that we can joyfully say, with the apostle, "God is love!"

L. T. CURTIS.

### Little Guides on the Footpath of Peace

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself till you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world but falseness and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admiration rather than your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors, — these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace. — *Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*





### Names by Which China Is Called

THE name "China," by which the great Chinese Empire is known to us all, is of uncertain origin. Some authorities affirm that it was in use in the twelfth century before Christ, while others fix its origin as much later.

Cathay, which is derived from *Ki-tah*, or *Khitai* (hence, *Khitai*, *Khata*, or *Cathay*), is a name of much later date, being derived from a people, the *Ki-tah*, who ruled the north of China in the tenth century. For nearly a thousand years this designation was employed by the inhabitants of Central Asia, from whom it spread to other nations. Among the Russians, China is still *Khitai*.

None of these names are used by the Chinese themselves. The name *Tin-Chow*, translated "Heavenly Dynasty," is used by the upper classes of China, and it is the best Chinese excuse for the high-sounding name, "Celestial Kingdom," current among Western peoples. The common people employ a variety of names to designate their country. *Chung Kwok*, "The Middle Kingdom," is a popular designation; and Chinese maps often represent China to be not only in the middle, but as actually monopolizing almost the whole earth, while other countries are represented as small islands, or single cities lying on the border. This fact accounts for the distorted notions among the Chinese of the relative size and importance of their native land and other countries. Another name is *Tong Shan*, or the "Hills of Tong," so named from a celebrated ancient dynasty. From this same source we have the term *Tong Yan*, the usual name in South China for "Chinese people."

Again: the Chinese are called *Lai Man*, or "the black-haired race," and *Chung Wa Kwok*, "the Middle Flowery Kingdom," in contradistinction to *Ngoi Lei*, which means, "the Outlying Lands."

Another old name for China is *Wa Ha*, "the Glorious Ha" (*ha*, "dynasty"). The most modern name for China is *Tai Tsing Kwok*, "The Great Pure Kingdom," so named after the present ruling (*Tsing*) dynasty. To those acquainted with the characteristics of the present representative of this so-called "pure dynasty," the term may seem somewhat misapplied.

The Buddhists have called China by the Hindu name *Chin Tan*, or "Dawn;" the Mohammedans call it *Tung To*, or "Land of the East;" while



CHINESE OUT FOR A STROLL

among the Jews, China was known as the "Land of Sinim" (Isa. 49:12), from which is derived the word "Sinologue," a term applied to scholars of the Chinese language.

This last name is full of meaning and promise, not alone because it is found in the Bible, but because it is connected with God's promise of salvation. Isaiah speaks of the gathering of the redeemed from the whole earth, and China

is mentioned as one of the four divisions of the earth whence the Lord's saints will come to people his new kingdom. As we pray, "Thy kingdom come," shall we not also labor together with him for the fulfillment of this promise of an ingathering of souls from China?

J. N. ANDERSON.

*Hong Kong, China.*

### A Bible in a Barn

ST. Paul reminded Timothy that "the word of God is not bound." More than once it has been known to reach and bless a pagan without missionary help.

Some years ago an ignorant but docile Japanese served as cook in an American family in San Francisco. His favorite resort, when at leisure from his duties, was a nook in the barn where a number of old books, discarded from crowded alcoves in the house, had been piled. He was trying to learn English, and the books stimulated his curiosity, and busied him for hours with the study of words.

A fellow countryman visited him in his barn library, and soon became as inquisitive as himself. One book with gilt-edged leaves attracted this friend. He opened it, and with the little knowledge they had between them, the two spelled out "Holy Bible," and wondered what it meant. They agreed to investigate, and procuring an Anglo-Japanese lexicon, the cook and his companion met as often as they could, and pored over the pages of the Bible together, often by dim lamp-light far into the night.

One evening another fellow countryman, who was a student in a mission school in the city, and a Christian, made them a call. Surprised to find them reading the Scriptures, he gladly translated for them several specimen chapters, and texts, promised them in the future he would help them to understand the book, and then and there told them the story of Christ's life.

After such a beginning it is easy to guess what followed; but a commonplace sequel, as men see it, may be the first chapter of an eternal history.

The cook and the young student interested others of their nation in Bible study, hired an upper room, and organized a gospel society. This resulted, in May, 1885, in the formation of the Japanese Presbyterian Church.

In San Francisco the Christian Japanese now own a large building for Young Men's Christian Association work, and support an outlying mission. Of the three hundred and eighteen who have from time to time joined themselves to this church, several have returned to their native land, bearing with them their Christian character and testimony. One of them is the cook's friend, the man who found the Bible in the barn.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Interesting Contrasts between American and Chinese Customs

We bake bread; they steam it.  
In rowing a boat we pull; they push.  
We keep to the right; they keep to the left.  
We use a soft pillow; they use a hard one.  
Our sign of mourning is black; theirs is white.

Our windows are made of glass; theirs of paper.

We shake a friend's hand; they shake their own.

Our language is alphabetic; theirs is ideographic.

We eat with knives and forks; they with chopsticks.

We blacken our shoes; they whiten their shoe-soles.

We write with a pen or pencil; they write with a brush.

We locate intellect in the brain; they locate it in the stomach.

We divide the day into twenty-four hours; they into twelve.

Our given name precedes the surname; theirs follows the surname.

We think milk and butter almost indispensable; they use neither.

In sewing we draw the needle toward us; they push it from them.

We take off our hats as a mark of respect; they keep theirs on.

Our calendar is based on solar time; theirs is based on lunar time.



A CHINESE SHOEMAKER

We are taught to study in silence; they are taught to shout aloud.

With us the seat of honor is on the right; with them it is on the left.

Here, desserts are served at the close of a meal; there, at the beginning.

The needle of our compass points to the north; theirs points to the south.

We read from left to right, horizontally; they read perpendicularly from right to left.

Our children stand facing the teacher to recite their lessons; theirs turn their backs to the teacher.

We have standard weights and measures; their weights and measures differ in each district.

Americans win their own brides; the Chinese have theirs chosen by the parents through go-betweens.

We should consider the gift of a coffin too suggestive; they consider it most acceptable, years before it is needed.

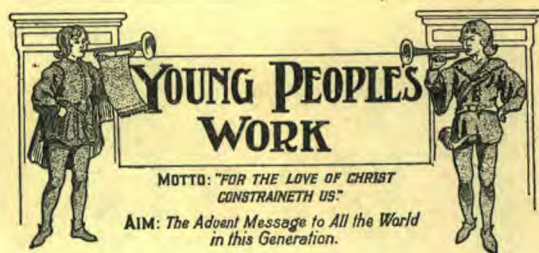
Our watchmen quietly go their rounds with a view to catching thieves; theirs beat gongs and yell to frighten them away.

We bury our dead a few days after their decease; they often keep theirs in the house in heavy, sealed coffins for years.

When our sons marry, they set up a home of their own; when their sons marry, they bring their brides to the parents' home.

We cut our finger nails; they think it aristocratic to have the nails from one to five inches long, often protecting them with a silver or other metal sheath.—*Selected*.





### In the Master's Service

THERE is a battle for all to fight, for the young as well as the old. In the warfare against evil, every one has a part. Dear young friends, when you accepted Christ as your Saviour, you enlisted in his army. You left the black banner of the prince of darkness to stand under the blood-stained banner of Prince Immanuel. Your highest aim now should be to show yourselves faithful soldiers.

The powers of darkness are arrayed against you. Satan desires to see you deserting your Leader. He would be greatly pleased to see you disappointing the One who has done so much for you. Do not yield to his temptations. Fight bravely against his suggestions. Remember that God and Christ and the heavenly angels are fighting with you. John says, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, . . . and ye have overcome the wicked one." Had not God given his children power to overcome, these words would not have been written. In the strength of the Redeemer, you can be more than conquerors.

The history of Daniel and his companions is an illustration of what all youth may become in the service of God. The king determined to have them trained as statesmen, and with other youth they were given food and wine from his table. But they knew that if they ate of the king's food, and drank his wine, their power to distinguish between right and wrong would be dulled. They would be unable to obtain the education necessary to make them successful Christian statesmen. They would not appreciate the knowledge God had to give. They determined to be true to principle, to eat and drink to God's glory.

God honored their loyalty. He gave them wisdom and understanding; and when at the end of the term of years allotted to study, the king examined them, he found them "ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm."

It is your privilege—a privilege which many do not enjoy—to know what is meant by wholesome food,—food that will bring health to body and mind. Make right eating and right drinking a part of your religion. Thus you place yourselves where God can enable you to distinguish between right and wrong.

God has given every youth the talent of speech to be improved for him. This is a most important trust; for God declares, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Let your words be life-giving, pointing those around you to the Saviour. Let them bring sunshine instead of gloom, harmony instead of animosity. Say nothing that you would not be willing to say in the presence of Jesus and the angels. Utter no word that will stir up strife in another heart. However provoked you may feel, restrain the hasty word. If you are Christ-like in speech and action, those who associate with you will be blessed by the association. Righteous words and deeds have a more powerful influence for good than all the sermons that can be preached.

Christ desires to use the youth in his service. He needs missionaries. The barren fields all over the world call to heaven for laborers. If the youth will give themselves to God, he will give them wisdom and knowledge, preparing them for service. If they will consecrate themselves to him, he will make them vessels unto honor, into which he can pour the precious oil of the Spirit, to be

imparted to others. God's helping hand—this is what you may be if you will yield yourselves to his keeping. He will help you to make straight paths for your feet.

Dear young friends, God loves you. He wants you to be saved. He wants you to make a success of the life that he has given you. If you let your life slip from you in idle dreaming, if you bring to the foundation wood, hay, and stubble, you may through repentance be saved; but where is your treasure? All eternity will testify to your loss.

You are not alone in the warfare against wrong. Could the curtain be rolled back, you would see heavenly angels fighting with you. This they must do; it is their work to guard the youth. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of angels minister to the youth.

As you move forward step by step, adding to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, God will be with you, and you will never fall. As you work on the plan of addition, Christ works for you on the plan of multiplication. He aids you as you strive for the crown of life. Strive lawfully, serving God with heart and mind and soul and strength. Then when Christ comes to gather his jewels to himself, he will welcome you with the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." MRS. E. G. WHITE.

### January Study of the Field

(January 4-10)

#### "The Field Is the World"

#### Suggestive Outline

1. OPENING EXERCISES:—  
Song Service.  
Scripture Reading—Isa. 40: 1-11.  
Prayer.
2. A Brief Review of the Field:—  
(a) Mexico and the West Indies.  
(b) South America.—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Unentered Portions.  
(c) Africa.—Egypt, Nyassaland, Matabeleland, West Coast, Unentered Portions.  
(d) Asia.—India, China, Japan, Unentered Portions.  
(e) Europe.  
(f) Island Fields.
3. Our Attitude toward Missions during 1903.
4. Closing Exercises.

#### Suggestions

In the study to-day let some one take the entire subject, or several take different divisions of the subject, and give the population, the number of workers we have sent, and some statement concerning the condition of the work, needs, etc., gleaned from the reports published during last year.

Do not fail to use a map in your field study. If you do not have a good missionary or other map of the world, let some one draw such a map in outline. Even this will give some conception of the great world still to be warned, and the fields we have entered.

Being the first missionary service of the new year, a short time may very profitably be spent in a consecration service. This third angel's message is the greatest thing in the world. It is the one thing to which we want to give our lives. Soon, very soon, the work will be closed, and the Saviour will come. We can not afford longer to spend our time on trifles. Let this day be a day of consecration to service,—consecration to a service that will not cease until Jesus comes.

It is sometimes worth the while to stop and review our position, take our bearings, and lay our plans intelligently for aggressive work. At no better time can we do this in connection with our

foreign mission work than at this, our first missionary study in the new year.

This gospel of the kingdom is to be "preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." The year 1902 has been in many ways a remarkable one in connection with aggressive work in the regions beyond; but it has only been a mere beginning of what we must, and, praise the Lord, will do during the months to come. We have seen encouraging evidences that the advances taken during 1902 will lead speedily to the final triumph of this message.

If there are little companies who do not feel that they can follow this outline, such can find an abundance of material in the *Review* of the past month, from which they can draw for their meeting.

E. H.

### Extracts from Quarterly Reports

NORTH WARREN, PA.—This little Society of eleven members meets each Sabbath afternoon. The members have been especially interested in the work in mission fields, and mission-field subjects have been the prominent features of the meetings. This interest in the work abroad has had the effect of stimulating home missionary work. The members have sold several copies of "Christ's Object Lessons," and have circulated papers and tracts. The secretary closes her report by saying: "The interest in the Society is good. Several come that do not belong, but they take lots of interest. It is helping the young people to do things without waiting for the older ones."

ALTOONA, PA.—The twelve members of this Society pay ten cents each month, and the money is expended for papers and tracts for missionary purposes. They have been distributing literature to the jails, holding Bible readings, and singing at the hospital. Some of the most active members have recently gone away, but it is hoped that the work may be carried on successfully by those who remain. Weekly meetings are held, and the INSTRUCTOR lessons studied.

ONTARIO.—Two Societies have recently reported from this field. The members at Bellevue number but seven, but they have collected \$2.48, and have purchased tracts, and copies of the INSTRUCTOR and the *Life Boat*, which they have distributed in visiting the sick and poor. The Society at London has eleven members. They have been using the Bible reading outlines in the *Bible Training School* in their meetings. The members are visiting the jails and distributing tracts.

WELSH, LOUISIANA.—This Society has a membership of twenty-five, and holds its meetings on Sabbath afternoon. A Self-Denial Fund of \$8.26 has been contributed, and expended for papers for missionary use. The secretary says: "We have a good interest, and are encouraged by the attendance of the older people at our meetings, and the amount of the Self-denial Fund."

HOPE VILLA, LOUISIANA.—The only other Society in this State is at Hope Villa. They have eleven members. The distribution of literature is the principal missionary work undertaken. The leader of the Society writes: "Interest is good. Meetings are well attended. All of the members take some active part in each meeting. Individual growth is very noticeable."

"THE man who most represents the will of God for his age is the strongest man of that age, though the fact may not be realized until centuries after. The secret of power is to be in line with God's will, which is the supreme power that works in history and in individual destiny."





### Two Boys

I KNOW a manly little man,  
His father's trusty boy,  
Who works upon the honest plan,  
The golden rule his joy.

Another boy I know, who might  
Be grand and noble too;  
But oh the difference between  
The selfish and the true!

Build characters, my boys, to stand  
When earthly scenes are past;  
Be faithful in the little things:  
They're mighty at the last.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

### He Didn't See How

STEPHEN POTTER sat on the side of his bed, one shoe in his hand, the other on the floor, waiting. Stephen was thinking, going over the whole story for the twentieth time, and not understanding it a bit better than he had at first. Being twelve years old, he thought himself too big to cry; yet for all that he had shed some bitter tears in his trouble.

This is what had happened. His Uncle David's handsome nickel-plated acetylene lamp, that was new, and had cost four dollars, was found in the bottom of a basket that stood behind the door in the carriage-house, with its glass broken in many pieces.

This was hard for Uncle David, but much harder for Stephen. On the evening in which it must have been broken Stephen had had to ride to town with a telegram. He had borrowed the lamp without leave, and had gone off in triumph with it on his wheel. He was known to have been the last one in the carriage-house that night; for his Uncle David was in town, staying with a friend, and Sam, the hired man, was taking his three-days' vacation, and was twenty miles away.

Stephen had reached home by eight o'clock, and had reported that everything was all right in the carriage-house. Yet the next morning, when his grandfather went for the basket behind the door, behold, under a wad or two of paper, that looked as if they might have been thrown in to help hide the mischief, was David's lantern, that was known to have been all right the day before!

What could be plainer than that Stephen had had an accident and broken the lamp, especially when he promptly owned to having used it? But Stephen, in spite of earnest words from them all, and a few stern ones from his grandfather, and a few coaxing ones from his grandmother, had persisted in denying it.

"I took the lantern," he said, his face very red and shamefaced as he confessed it; "but I brought it back again all safe, and set it on the shelf where it belongs, and shut the door; and that is the last I know about it."

"You borrowed the lantern *without leave*?" said his grandfather. And Stephen, his face growing redder, dropped his eyes, and owned that he had.

"I've always wanted to try it," he added. "And Uncle David was away; I knew he wouldn't want to use it, and so I thought—well, I thought I would just borrow it."

"Just so," said his grandfather. "And you thought no harm would come to it, and nobody would be the wiser. But you had an accident, and broke it, and then were scared into saying that you didn't, and think you must stick to it. Isn't that about it?"

"No," said Stephen, and this time he looked his grandfather full in the face, "that isn't it at all. I didn't have any accident, and I didn't break the lamp."

"And you don't know who did break it, or how it got broken?"

"No; I don't know anything about it."

His grandfather had shaken his head and turned away, and Stephen knew that his story was not believed.

Then Uncle David had tried, his voice quite kind:—

"Look here, little chap; you are not the first boy who has had an accident, and a four-dollar lamp isn't the most precious thing in the world, even though I did think a good deal of mine. It isn't worth a lie, let me tell you; and there is nothing in the world that is. Why don't you own up that you were scared, or startled, or something, into saying, before you thought, that you didn't break it? You don't think we will send you to prison, I suppose, or eat you up! I'm the one that's the hardest hit, and I stand ready to forgive you if you'll do the honest thing. If you won't, I'll vote to have you sent to the house of correction or some other house! I hate lies."

"So do I!" Stephen had said, and had marched away, leaving his uncle to consider him a very hard boy indeed.

But his grandmother had hurt him the most, though she talked to him with one arm around him, and with the free hand smoothing down the masses of his reddish-brown hair; and she called him "Stevie."

"Listen to grandma, Stevie, dear. Your grandfather isn't a harsh man, and your Uncle David has one of the kindest hearts in the world. If you had spoken right up like a man, there wouldn't have been any trouble. Even now, they stand ready to forgive you and help you. A lie is about the hardest thing for your grandfather to forgive, but he'll do it if you will give him a chance. I can promise you that your punishment won't be half so hard as it will if you keep on denying it. There is no safe way out of the trouble but by the road named Truth. Stevie, dear, for your mother's sake, who, you know, was my own little girl, and who scorned a lie, tell grandma the whole story. I'll help you, and I'll explain it all to the others. Put your head down here on my shoulder and begin. You went to hang up the lantern, and it slipped and dropped, and hit the grindstone, and the glass broke; and you were scared, and picked up the pieces, and hid everything away in the basket, and were tempted to say that you didn't know anything about it. Wasn't it something like that?"

Stephen slipped away from the arm that was around his waist, and stood up, and began:—

"Grandmother, I set that lantern on its shelf, just where it is always put, and came out and shut the door, and that is everything I know about it. If grandfather were to kill me unless I told a different story from that, I shouldn't tell it; for that's the truth."

After that he had marched out of the room, holding his head high; and had gone straight to his own room, and locked his door, and flung himself on the bed, and buried his head in the pillow, and cried out, "O mother, mother, MOTHER!" and it seemed to him that his heart would break.

Such was the state of things when he sat on the side of the bed, shoe in hand, and thought. Several days had passed since the accident, and

nobody was any wiser than before. Stephen knew that he, Stephen Grand, who, ever since he was a little fellow in kilts, had prided himself on speaking the exact truth, was not believed.

More than that, being a just as well as an honest boy, he could hardly blame them for disbelieving him; everything was against him. He had spent but three months at his grandfather's, not long enough for them to know much about what kind of boy he was, and there was really nobody else who could be suspected. What had brought the tears again that morning was the fact that he had overheard some of the talk. His room was over the dining-room; and, when the register was open, as he had been directed to leave it, he could not help hearing what was said.

"I don't believe the child knows anything about the lamp."

That was his grandmother's voice, and it had brought a rush of grateful tears to Stephen's eyes. Then his Uncle David had spoken, his voice sounding troubled:—

"If one could think that a gust of wind blew the wretched thing off the shelf, it would be a comfort; but there wasn't any wind that night, you say."

Then his grandfather:—

"No, and if there had been, and it could have got at the lamp, wind doesn't pick up broken pieces, and hide them in a basket."

Then Stephen had dried away the tears; he could not blame his grandfather for saying that, but it did not make him feel like crying.

His grandmother spoke once more:—

"But look here, father; why doesn't he deny touching the lantern? He owns that he took it, without leave, that very night. He hasn't thought of such a thing as hiding that."

Here Stephen made a little moan that meant, "If I *only* hadn't!" That was the weak part in his story, the part which made him drop his eyes and feel ashamed when he tried to talk about it.

"That's easy to understand," said the grandfather. "He doesn't dare deny it; he knows there are witnesses. Half a dozen of the village boys saw him flourishing around with his new light."

"Well," said his grandmother, after a minute's silence, "I can't help how it looks; I don't believe that Stephen had anything to do with breaking that lamp; he's got his mother's eyes, and I know he is telling the truth."

Then Stephen, who had resolved not to shed another tear, come what would, cried as if he would never stop.

But he heard his grandfather say, "Who *did* break it?" and that question remained unanswered.

Both shoes went on after a while, and the heavy-hearted boy finished his dressing, and got himself ready for dinner. He wished that he could be allowed to stay away, for Uncle David had company, a college friend who had come out to spend a day at the farm. Stephen shrank from seeing him or anybody else. It seemed to him that everybody who looked at him was thinking, "There is the boy who told a lie!" He thought it more than likely that Uncle David had told his friend the whole story of the broken lamp.

As he brushed his hair, the boy's heavy eyes fell on the wall-roll that ever since he could remember had hung at the foot of his bed. His mother had always kept it hanging there. A leaf



had been turned since the morning before. A new verse met his gaze:—

"They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses." Here was somebody else who had been in trouble. A dull wish that he had been the one who had been "saved" floated through his mind, followed instantly by a flash of thought. It was the Lord who had delivered them, and the Lord still lived, and he was trying to be his servant, not trying as hard as he could, by any means, else he would never have touched Uncle David's lamp, for one thing; but still he was honestly trying.

Then there hurried forward another thought: he had been over his trouble a hundred times, and tried all sorts of ways of getting out of it, except one way. Not once had he "cried unto the Lord."

"Still, I don't see how even God could do anything to help me;" this he said aloud.

"You don't have to 'see' how; that is his part." The words were as plain to his ears as if somebody he could see had spoken them. They brought a sense of solid comfort to the troubled boy. They made him realize that God had a part in his life so big that with his little mind he could not understand it, and did not need to. Before he went down-stairs, he got on his knees, and, if ever a boy "cried to the Lord," Stephen Grand did that morning.

There was pumpkin-pie for dessert, and the guest was saying how good it was, and that he had been trying for several weeks to get out to the farm for some, when he said, suddenly: "By the way, Dave, I don't know as you would let me finish this if you knew how little I deserve it. Have you discovered the mischief I did the last time I was here? You didn't know I spent the night here, a piece of it, a day or two ago, did you?"

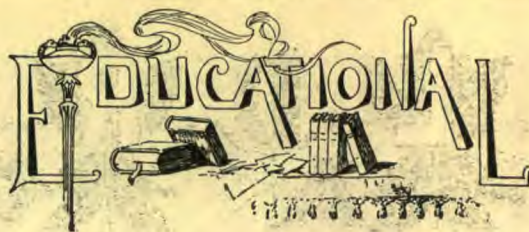
"Riddles!" said his friend David. "I never guess them; rise and explain."

"Well, your smashed lamp must have been a riddle! I ought to have apologized about that the first thing!—but I've got a new one for you. Why, you see, I came out Monday evening to the debate, and was going to spend the night with you. But you weren't at the debate, and I heard that you were in town somewhere for the night. So then I decided to spin back home, late as it was. I came by this road, because it's the best wheeling after dark, you know; and just as I got near your carriage-house it began to rain. I saw there was going to be quite a shower, and I found the carriage-house unlocked; so I just slipped in and waited. Your house was all dark, and I didn't like to wake people up at that hour of the night, and was going to skip off as soon as the shower was over, and nobody be the wiser.

"But ill luck came to me. As I fumbled around for the door, I knocked into your lamp-shelf and knocked it down,—the lamp, not the shelf,—and the thing smashed against something, and went to pieces! Then I fumbled for matches, and lighted up, and picked up the pieces as well as I could for fear you would wheel in there in the dark and come to grief. I cut my finger with some of the glass, and had to mop up with an old newspaper that I stuffed in with the wreck; and I thought when you found them, you would be thankful that the tramp left a roof over your heads. But I've brought you a brand new lamp, a beauty, and came out to-day on purpose to ask to be forgiven. Hello! what does that mean?"

For David had risen and walked around the table to where his nephew, Stephen, was sitting, with eyes that shone like stars, and was holding out his hand and saying, "Stephen, little man, will you forgive your uncle?"

And then the head of the house, a curious tremble in his voice, spoke out boldly: "And your grandfather, too, my boy. I'm sorry I didn't trust you; but your grandmother did."—Pansy.



### First Lessons in Geography

#### Lesson XX

As the water soaks into the rocks, and freezes in the winter, the strongest rocks are cracked and broken, and finally crumble to pieces. You can scarcely find a large stone that does not have some cracks in it, and there is no stone so hard but some water soaks into it. You know how water freezing in a tub or a barrel expands, and bursts it. It is just this way that the rocks are broken to pieces. In the spring the frost goes out of them, and these pieces fall to the ground. Year after year they break up finer and finer until they are so small that the water can wash them away. This very fine rock is called Soil. If you will look at the water in any creek, you will see that it is carrying soil, and you will remember how muddy the water is just after a rain. In speaking of this, God says, "Surely the mountain-falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones: thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth."

The high land between two valleys is called a Divide, or a Watershed, because it divides the water that falls upon it, part of it running down one side, and part down the other. As the waters flow down into the valleys, they carry with them some of the soil from the higher land.

In each continent there are large watersheds that consist of mountain ranges. Of course there are more stones in the mountains, and the water runs more swiftly there, so this work of the wearing away of the stone is best seen in such a place, though it may be seen anywhere. This new soil that is taken from the rocks is very fertile. The earth was much more fertile before the flood than it is now, but as wicked men used its products for sinful purposes, much of the most fertile part of the earth was stored up in the rocks, and is now given back slowly, as they wear away.

In the mountains so much soil is often washed away that great gorges are formed by the rivers. Such a gorge is called a Cañon if it is wide. We find many rocks near the mountains, but the best land is in the valleys, where it has been washed in. Of course most of the soil was formed at the time of the flood, but every time a river overflows its banks, it leaves a rich deposit of mud that is very productive.

See if you can find any soil near your schoolhouse that has been formed by the action of water.

REVIEW.—What causes the rock to crack and break in pieces? What is soil? Tell how the water carries the soil from the watersheds, and drops it in the valleys. What is a watershed? Why is the new soil formed from the rocks very fertile? What is a cañon, or gorge? Why is the earth not so fertile now as before the flood? Why is the soil fertile that is left by a river when it overflows?

#### Lesson XXI

As water always runs down-hill, the source, or beginning place, of most rivers is in the high hills or mountains. We call this beginning place the Head of a river. There is some salt mixed with almost all soil, and in certain parts of the world, the salt is in great beds of rock. The water washing through the salt, or over these salt beds, gradually washes the salt away. There is not enough of it to make the water taste salty, but if it flows into a lake that has no outlet, except as the sun draws the water up to the clouds, the lake becomes salty. In some parts of the world there are many salt lakes. The Great Salt Lake in Utah is a good example of salt lakes. This large lake is drying away, and a great deal of salt is left along its shores. It is said that be-

fore many years, there will be only a salty desert where this lake now is.

During the flood the surface of the earth was all broken up, and if the water had not been salty before that time, it would have dissolved enough salt to make it so; at any rate, all the water in the ocean is very salty. The mouth, or outlet, of most rivers is in the ocean, and they constantly carry their little particles of salt in it. When the sun draws the water back up into the clouds, the salt is left behind. You can see how this is done by putting some salt in a cup of water, and allowing the water to evaporate. The ocean is not so salty in some places as in others, but it is always too salty for men to drink. For this reason every ship that crosses the sea has to carry enough water in it for all the passengers to drink until they reach land again. Sometimes they carry an arrangement for boiling the water and cooling the steam. In this way they can get fresh water from the ocean. The fish and plants that live in our fresh-water lakes and rivers can not live in the ocean, neither can those that live there live in fresh water.

Ice is lighter than water, and therefore it floats on the water. The ice on the top of the water keeps the cold out, and so the ocean is not frozen to the bottom. Were this not true, the Arctic and Antarctic oceans would soon be frozen solid, and the whole world would be much colder. As it is, the snow and ice that have come as the result of sin, cover the earth as a warm blanket, and keep the cold from freezing everything, to death. Thus we see how God has overruled all the results of sin, so that, after all, they benefit man.

Yet in the cold oceans the ice freezes hundreds of feet deep. Often the action of the waves causes large pieces to break off, and float in the water. These are called Icebergs. They some-



times float far south into our warm oceans before they are melted.

REVIEW.—Where is the head, or source, of most rivers? What causes salt lakes? Why is the ocean salty? How do men get water to drink while they are crossing the ocean? Can fish from fresh water lakes and rivers live in the ocean? Why? How do ice and snow protect the earth? What is an iceberg?

#### QUESTIONS ON MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA

What country is south of North America? What three large rivers in South America? In what direction does each flow? Why is there no large river in South America flowing west? What ocean is east of South America? What ocean is west of South America? What sea is north of South America? What mountains are in the eastern part of South America? What mountains are in the western part of South America? What isthmus connects South America with North America? What three large cities in South America?

FLOYD BRALLIAR.





## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### II—Plagues of Frogs, Lice, and Flies

(January 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91:10.

Although the plague of blood continued seven days, Pharaoh did not heed the message from the Lord. Again Moses and Aaron were directed to go into his presence, and make the same request. Each time Pharaoh was made to know that the people of God desired to go to worship him. If the king refused, the land was to be filled with frogs. As in the first plague, the Egyptians were shown how helpless their gods were. The Nile, their sacred river, was caused to send forth legions of frogs, which infested the whole land, and became a nuisance and a torment to the people. They were found in the houses, in the kneading-troughs, in the ovens, and even in the king's bedchamber and upon the bed. Thus, by the power of the true God, their god was not only polluted, but turned into a source of pollution to its worshipers. The frog was regarded as sacred by the Egyptians, and they would not destroy it; but now it became intolerable.

The magicians appeared to bring frogs in the land, but they could not remove them. Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and begged them to entreat the Lord that he would take away the frogs, promising to let Israel go.

This time Pharaoh had manifested some signs of harkening unto the Lord; but as soon as the plague was removed, he hardened his heart, just as the Lord had said he would.

At the command of God, Aaron stretched out his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice upon man and upon beast throughout all the land of Egypt. This impure insect was specially hateful to the Egyptians, and no priest was allowed to approach the altars with any such thing upon his body. To make sure that they were perfectly free from everything of the kind, they shaved their heads and bodies every few days. But now upon priests and people came the horrible plague of lice, which must have put a stop to all their acts of worship, because they could not go near the altars till they were free from it. Then even the magicians said, "This is the finger of God." But "Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he harkened not unto them; as the Lord had said."

Another of the gods of Egypt was Beelzebub, the fly-god, who was supposed to protect the people from the swarms of flies that sometimes visited the land in very hot weather. The Lord now told his servants to go out to meet the king early in the morning, as he went to the river to worship, and tell him that if he still persisted in refusing to let the people go to serve him, he would send swarms of flies into the land.

This time the Lord said he would make a difference between his people and the Egyptians. While there were swarms of flies, darkening the air, filling the houses, and even covering the ground, in the land of the Egyptians, there were none in the land of Goshen. These flies were large, and their bite was extremely painful.

Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and told them to sacrifice to their God in the land of Egypt. He was not ready to obey the command of the Lord, but hoped thus to appease the wrath of the God of the Hebrews and prevent any further calamities. Moses refused to accept his offer. The animals that the Hebrews must offer as sacrifices were considered sacred by the Egyptians, and such was the reverence with which they were held, that to slay one accidentally was a crime punishable by death. So they could not worship in Egypt without giving offense to their masters.

Moses again proposed that they go three days' journey into the wilderness. Pharaoh consented, on condition that the plague of flies should be stayed. But Pharaoh's heart had become hardened by repeatedly resisting the pleadings of the Spirit of God, and he again refused to let the people go as soon as the plague was removed.

#### Questions

1. What was the second plague?
2. How did the Egyptians regard frogs? Then what was the significance of this plague?

3. How thoroughly was the land filled with frogs? What effect did this have upon Pharaoh?

4. When did he tell Moses to entreat the Lord to have the plague removed? Why do you think he postponed it until the morrow?

5. What did the king do when the plague was stayed?

6. What was the next plague? Why was this so obnoxious to the Egyptians?

7. How was the power of the magicians shown in this plague? What startling truth did they now admit? What effect did this have upon Pharaoh?

8. What was the next plague? What proof did the Lord now give that he had a people in the land of Egypt?

9. What request did Pharaoh make of Moses? Give several reasons why the Hebrews could not sacrifice in Goshen?

10. What promise did Pharaoh then make? With what result?

11. What practical lessons do you see in this experience?



### II—The Great Provider

(January 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 104:13-24.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 104:24.

He watereth the mountains from his chambers:  
The earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.  
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,  
And herb for the service of man;  
That he may bring forth food out of the earth,  
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,  
And oil to make his face to shine,  
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.  
The trees of Jehovah are filled with moisture;  
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;  
Where the birds make their nests:  
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.  
The high mountains are for the wild goats;  
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.  
He appointed the moon for seasons;  
The sun knoweth his going down.  
Thou makest darkness, and it is night,  
Wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.  
The young lions roar after their prey,  
And seek their food from God.  
The sun ariseth, they get them away,  
And lay them down in their dens.  
Man goeth forth unto his work  
And to his labor until the evening.  
O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works!  
In wisdom hast thou made them all;  
The earth is full of thy riches.

#### Questions

1. Commit the lesson scripture.
2. From what source do the mountains receive their supply of water? Read also Ps. 65:9, 10.
3. How is the earth filled with the fruits of God's works?
4. How has he supplied the need of every creature?
5. What spiritual lesson may we draw from this truth?
6. By what power does he cause the earth to bring forth food?

7. Where do we find the first record of this?

8. What evidence is given of God's care for the trees of the forest?

9. What tree is particularly mentioned?

10. Find texts comparing the growth of righteous people to the growth of the cedars of Lebanon.

11. How has the Lord provided homes for the birds and animals?

12. To what use has the sun and moon been appointed?

13. What marks the close of the day? When was this appointment made?

14. What animals go forth to find their food at night?

15. From what source do these animals seek their food?

16. What beautiful lesson did Jesus draw from the fact that God supplies all the needs of the animal creation? Matt. 6:25-34; Luke 12:24.

17. From what source does man receive his food?

18. For whom has the day been appointed for labor?

19. Why is man required to work? Is this the result of sin? What in connection with work is the result of sin?

20. What is said of the work of Jehovah? John 5:17. How have the works of the Lord been wrought?

21. With what is the earth filled? How may we share in these riches?

#### Notes

1. Although the ground was cursed on account of the sin of man (Gen. 3:17), yet the power of God is working through it to supply his creatures with food. This is a revelation of the power of the cross of Christ in overcoming the curse.

2. From verses 14, 15, we may learn that food, both for man and beast, is the gift of God. Read John 6:5-12, 27, 32-35, and note the explanation thus given of the annual miracle of multiplying the loaves to feed the world. When the young lions roar after their prey, God regards it as a call upon him for food.

3. Work was not imposed upon man as a punishment for sin. The Father and the Son are both workers. John 5:17. The experience of weariness and of wearing out while working is, however, one of the results of sin.—Senior Lesson Pamphlet.

## SOLID THROUGH TRAINS OF



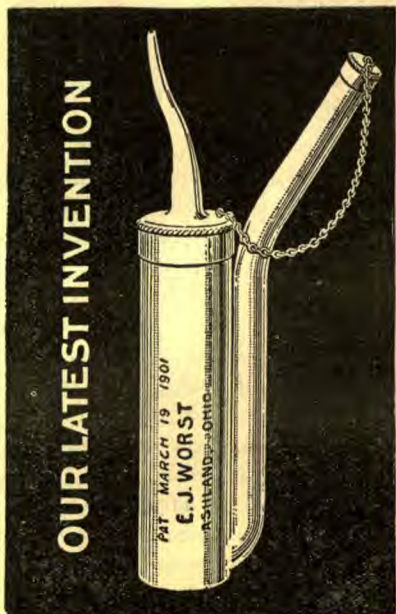
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### Give Christ the Best

GIVE Christ the best, O young man, strong and eager,

And conscious of your own abounding life,  
Ready to throw your soul's fresh, growing powers

Into some noble cause or lower strife!  
Christ Jesus was a young man, strong and brave;  
Give him your heart's allegiance, give to him  
The best you have.

And you in whom the same young life is throbbing,

But with a steadier pulse and gentle flow,  
Whose hearts were made for sacrifice and loving,  
Whose soul's ideals grow with you as you grow,

O, give to Christ your first, most sacred love,  
And of your heart's devotion give to him  
The best you have.

And is our best too much? O friends! let us remember

How once our Lord poured out his soul for us,  
And in the prime of his mysterious manhood

Gave up his precious life upon the cross;  
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,

Through bitter grief and tears gave unto us  
The best he had.

— Anon.

### Questions Often Asked

#### A College Course at Home

"CAN a systematic course of reading be made to take the place of a college course for one who is unable to pay his way through college?"

"STUDENT."

Yes; but much depends on the reader. If you are determined, with all your heart and strength, to get an education, you will get it wherever on this green earth your lot may be cast. If you are not of that determined sort, you will not get a good education from books,—nor from a college course, either.

The fact remains, however, that an excellent general education may be had right at home; and I have seen men and women better educated through home study than would be expected as a result of a long college training. They were practical about it. They realized that certain things, such as history, the sciences, languages, etc., are desirable to know. They found that there are certain books presenting these things in a simple, interesting way. These they purchased, spent an hour or more each day in studying them, and in a short time found that they had a practical knowledge of the fundamentals of culture.

There is scarcely a line of study that can not be profitably carried on by the home student. He may take up drawing; there are books prepared especially for home study on drawing. He may take chemistry; the right text-book will tell him just how to make the small amount of simple apparatus he will need, and will guide him in making all the more important chemical experiments at very slight cost. History, the languages, shorthand,—in fact, almost everything to be had from a college course,—may be had at your own study table.

By all means take up a line of systematic reading. The splendid results of studying for so short a time as an hour each evening for two or three months, with a subject that interests you, will be a source of inspiration and encouragement to continue with other lines, till you have a good, all-round education.

#### A Commonplace Book

"Is a notebook a good thing? and how should one be kept?"

To my personal knowledge, many successful readers keep what they call a "commonplace book." Of course every one has his own fancy about such things. Some get the ordinary notebooks, such as are sold to students; others use the small bookkeeper's "record" books; and still others get neatly bound volumes of ruled paper. You may have a book for poetry, one for history, another for science, and so on, just as suits yourself.

In such a book *write neatly!* I have seen so many notebooks kept shabbily that I do not wonder their owners soon get tired of them.

Get something out of every book or paper you read. Tax it for a contribution to the commonplace book. Write down first, if you like, the title of the book, the author, and the date. After that do just as you think best. Some write a complete synopsis of every book they read. Others preserve only choice quotations. Some write a very bare outline, but fill in the most interesting parts with extracts from the book. Some seize upon all the interesting anecdotes and stories. And so it goes—quite according to liking.

Is such a book a good thing?—Of course it is. Many of the greatest writers and speakers find it not only good but invaluable. They keep their notes indexed, and on no matter what subject they may be speaking or writing, they can turn to the quotation, the poem, the information, that they have secured in books that are not at hand, and which could not be hunted through if they were. Besides, the ordinary person can quickly review in this way the best of all that he has ever read. One woman I know spends her evenings a few weeks in the year going over her commonplace books. But the time is not lost, I assure you. She has an amount of interesting, satisfying information, ready at hand to use, which often surprises her friends. She talks intelligently on almost any subject. They ask, "Why, how can you remember things so well?" But it is very easy to her. The neatly kept commonplace book (or books, for she now has about twenty of them) is the secret of it all.

If you keep such a book, make it really interesting, keep it neatly and intelligently, or you will soon become disgusted and give it up. Review everything you have written once in a while, and take plenty of time to let your memory "read between the lines." By and by, if you are anything like the woman of whom I have been telling you, you would not part with your "notes" for a fortune.

EDISON DRIVER.

#### A Day at a Great Military Fort

THE military activities of the last few years have served to direct our attention to the military side of our national life. The government absorbs into its service the very flower of the nation's youth, and we should all be interested to do what we can to persuade some of these men to enlist under the banner of Christ. It is with this in view that we are now endeavoring to introduce *The Life Boat* into the army and navy on somewhat the same scale as we have been sending it out to the prisons all over the country.

A great military fort has many features connected with it that are both interesting and unique. It was my privilege recently to visit Fort Riley, the largest and best equipped military fort in the United States, at the time when a great encampment was also being held, nearly twenty thousand soldiers being present.

Fort Riley was established fifty years ago. It has twenty thousand acres of land, and its splendid buildings were erected at a cost of more than a million dollars. The soldiers who are regularly stationed there cost the government thirty thousand dollars each month for salaries. All the buildings are heated from one mammoth steam plant. It has a water-supply of its own, which has a capacity of a million gallons daily. Although several miles away from any city, Fort Riley has

an almost perfect sewerage system, thus making it one of the most healthful forts in the world.

Its dining hall, or mess hall, seats two thousand men at one time. It is also equipped with all the latest steam-cooking appliances. Beautiful streets and drives have been laid out. Magnificent residences have been erected for the officers, and enormous barracks for the soldiers. All these buildings are constructed of fine white magnesium limestone, which abounds in the vicinity.

Fort Riley, which is about one hundred and thirty-five miles west of Kansas City, enjoys the proud distinction of being the geographical center of the United States.

It is passing strange that while military life has such an attraction for young people, there are so few of our youth who are really enthusiastic to join God's great soul-saving army, and to improve some of the countless opportunities to do valiant work for the Master.

DAVID PAULSON.

#### A Question of Center

A CIRCLE can not have two centers. It may be inclosed by a larger circle having the same center, or may thus inclose a smaller concentric one. But the center remains central. A different center would mean, and must mean, a different circle.

This fact is as plain as that two and two make four. Nobody dreams of disputing it in the physical world. But in the moral and spiritual world, people sometimes take strange liberties with facts, and ignore them when their own interest and convenience come in. And one of the points where many young disciples make a willful mistake is this question of centers.

Christ must be the center of a Christian life. Every radius of the whole circle must start from him. Every point in the circumference must bear a fixed relation to him. Large or small, the circle must still center in him. This is a self-evident axiom in spiritual geometry. There may be concentric circles—the little circle of self, the wider circle of one's home, the larger circle of outside activity—but they all must center, finally, in Christ. No other center can be introduced anywhere without producing confusion instead of symmetry. Yet how many are trying to have more centers in life than one, and wondering why the attempt fails, and why disorder and restlessness follow!

When Christ said, "Ye can not serve God and mammon," he was expressing an absolute truth. He did not say, "It is not good for you to do it," or, "You must try not to do it;" he said, "You *can not* do it." It was, in his eyes, a tragic waste of time and opportunity. It remains just that to-day. The youth who resolves to serve Christ, with money as a subordinate center of effort, might as well make no resolves at all. The girl who decides to lead the Christian life, with worldly amusement as a secondary center, might as well not decide at all. A circle can have only one center. Any attempt to make it have two is a failure beforehand.—M. C. Hazard.

THE way to get out of self-love is to love God.  
—Phillips Brooks.

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