

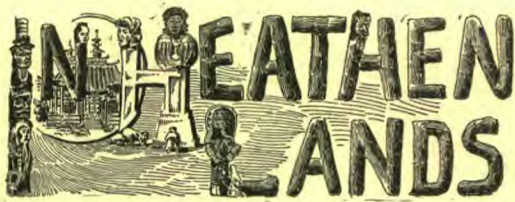
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 3



Some Missionary Experiences

Extracts from a Letter by Mrs. J. N. Anderson

I wish we might do a little more by way of getting the real condition of affairs here before our people in America, but it really seems quite impossible, just at present, so many things clamor for attention. I have laid off everything I can think of to save time and strength for the work, and yet neither seem a tithe of what I ought to expend on it.

Labor is very cheap, compared with prices paid in America, and it is one of the best means of influencing the natives, to keep them in our employ, so we have turned over most of the domestic work to the Chinese, and have cut off everything possible to be dispensed with, to save time and labor. One must wear light clothes in these hot climates; and while Chinese methods are severe on the fabrics, and their results often trying to our patience, still we may just as well resign the laundry to the Chinaman first as last, for it is quite impossible for a European to do this kind of work in this enervating climate. Then, besides, the poor people need the opportunity to earn an honest living in perhaps the only way in which they are qualified to earn it.

At first the idea of being drawn in a jinrikisha or carried in a chair by human beings, my brothers by creation, seemed a shocking one. I never stepped into a gig or chair without feeling that somehow I was trespassing against a brother and offending his Maker. Usually I overpaid them. And when they, suspecting from this that I was new to these parts, followed me with overwhelming arguments for a "come-shaw," as they call a present, I was tormented with all sorts of scruples. Can you imagine how it would seem to step out into the street, knowing that you could not possibly make the contemplated distance on foot, and find no other means of conveyance



A CHINESE STUDENT

except those propelled by human brawn and muscle? You can have your choice — to be borne on the back of an amah (a female servant), or a coolie, as the small-footed Chinese women are often carried; to be trundled along on a clumsy wheelbarrow, as is the case in the north, at Shanghai, and in the interior; to be drawn in the small carriage-like jinrikisha by a muscular coolie, in the hills; or to ride in a more elegant manner in a sedan-chair borne by as many coolies as you care to hire, in as beautiful liveries as you may provide. The usual thing for the level districts is to proceed till you can catch the eye of a waiting "riksha" man, and then signal him, much as you might the street-car conductor of a motor line. Often these men wait in groups at favorable corners, and four or five of them may have observed the signal. Then comes a scramble for your patronage.

The man you choose will draw up in front of you, and drop down the shafts to allow you to take your seat; then he makes sure of the greasy, slimy excuse for a towel with which he expects to dry away the perspiration precipitated by your ride; gives a few twitches to the leather belt that confines the wide top of his loose trousers, to insure its doing proper service for the trip; and, finally, at your signal, starts off with a few easy strokes that soon break into a brisk trot. If it is a rainy day, he will wear a broad-brimmed hat made of bamboo splints and a kind of oiled, or otherwise prepared paper, with the curious little peaked crown you see in pictures, and a rain-coat made of palm leaves stitched together at the rib-line to give a sort of cape and skirt effect. The trousers are then rolled to the knees, or more likely, thighs, when, except for the broad hat, you might mistake him for some long-legged water-bird, the tattered edges of the palm-leaves resembling bedraggled feathers. On a very warm day he may offer his services dressed simply in a pair of loose trousers, with the indispensable leather belt. The big hat will be shoved under the strap on the bottom of the conveyance.

The American consul at this place goes about in a fine chair borne by six coolies, with the stars and stripes of Old Glory on the back and shoulders of their uniform. The chair is by far the pleasantest means of conveyance, although slower, as the coolies do not trot, and is necessarily the sole conveyance in the hill district. The outfit of the well-to-do is often quite elaborate, and on meeting several fine ladies in their turnouts, you begin to dream over again the tales of knight and lady told of the days of chivalry.

As I said before, my democratic spirit suffered all kinds of torment at the first. But now I have come to feel quite differently about it; for the

facts are that the jinrikisha men are better paid than the men who sweater in sultry engine-rooms and in mechanical work-rooms, and they do not work harder nor longer, while they enjoy much more liberty. To be sure, they must go when called, or lose their licenses; but, if they are too tired to run, they can hide away where they can not be called. There is no enterprise in China. Rich mines are uncultivated, broad fields away from the villages are uncultivated, and everything is in



A CHINESE HUCKSTER

a very backward state, so men are only too glad for any employment by which they may be able to earn their rice and fish. They are as glad of the help the coin will be to them as I am of the help the muscle of their strong calves and thighs will be to me.

It is quite surprising how very muscular the people are, when we consider that they are fed principally on rice, with coarse vegetables half cooked with peanut or bean oil, and a bit of fish or pork. Two coolies carry quite comfortably a load of six piculs, or about eight hundred pounds, simply by means of a bamboo pole strung on the shoulders. The other day a coolie — not a large one — picked up a barrel of oatmeal, and carried it on his shoulder up a long, steep, narrow flight of stairs, to Brother La Rue's rooms. It is quite common to see one trotting from the boat docks to the "go-down," as the warehouses are called here, with five sacks of flour stacked upon his shoulder.

The women, too, are very strong, and carry brick, stone, and mortar up the mountain for building purposes, quite as easily as do the men. Sometimes one sees a woman "packing" an enormous load, with a baby on her back. The women work at all kinds of common labor together with the men.

On the other hand, it is impossible to conceive of a more enervated, flabby piece of human mechanism, than a well-bred, well-to-do Chinaman, unless, indeed, it be his small-footed wife. He shrinks from the slightest exertion in behalf of his own physical existence, even so much as to shut or open a door.

But the people in general are so simple and so eager to be taught that I find them very charming. Our little house-boy, Akow, for example, is so sunny and affectionate, so considerate of any indisposition, so watchful lest I shall overtax myself, and so jealous of our interest lest his fellow countrymen should take advantage of us in trade, etc., that we can not but love him. This is a very rare combination in a Chinese servant. He is growing into an active, enthusiastic little Christian, too. He is sixteen years old, but not large, weighing less than one hundred pounds. He is getting on with English very much faster than we with the Chinese, but some of his combinations are amusing. For instance, he always inquires if he shall "hurt" the potatoes, meaning, shall he mash them,—I suppose from the fact that a blow on the body is spoken of as "hurting."

(Concluded next week)



Look Thou Within

Take thou no heed to all words that are spoken
Beside thee or within thine ears' quick reach;
Refuse to listen to the voice of anger,
The evil curse, or bitter, taunting speech:
The curse may be upon thyself directed,
The galling gibe be turned to harass thee;
But if thine ears are closed, the shaft falls harmless,
And thou hast meekly learned humility;

For oftentimes, when tempted much to listen
To words far better one should never know,
Thine own heart knowest that such turbid trickles
From its own fountains often spring and flow;
While others' railings, cherished, bring to vision
The railings thine own lips have flung around,
And others' curses, pondered, shame the curses
That, voiceless, yet within thy soul abound.

Ears were not made for angry, cruel speaking,
But the soft voice of God on sea, and land,
And in the air, whence varied tones are stealing,
In wondrous unison on every hand;
And only pure, sweet words of peace and beauty,
Can, without discord, join the harmony
Of souls infused with kindly love, vibrating
Like that sweet song of nature in the sea.

Minnie Rosilla Stevens.

Strength in Humility

Moses was chosen for a special work. Having been adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, he was greatly honored in the king's court. Every one was intensely desirous of exalting him. Pharaoh determined to make him his successor on the throne.

Moses was a man of intelligence. In the providence of God he was given opportunity to gain a fitness for a great work. He was thoroughly educated as a general. When he went out to meet the enemy, he was successful; and on his return from battle, his praises were sung by the whole army. Notwithstanding this, he constantly remembered that through him God purposed to deliver the children of Israel.

But although he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," while in the service of Pharaoh the character of Moses received a mold that disqualified him for the wonderful work he was to do, making him weak where he should have been strong. This weakness was manifested when he visited his brethren, and "spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew." Taking the case in his own hands, he privately "slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." He would not have done this had he not, during his training in the Egyptian army, received the impression that the Israelites were to be delivered by the sword.

In order to prepare Moses for his work as the general of Israel, God removed him from Pharaoh's court, and placed him in another school,—

the school of self-denial and hardship. The leader of the Egyptian armies went into the mountains, to become a keeper of sheep. What a change in his life and employment! Looking at the experience from a human point of view, men would pronounce it a failure.

Forty years Moses spent in the solitude of the wilderness. Here he had opportunity for study, meditation, and prayer. From the book of nature open before him, he drew many useful lessons. Surrounded by the evidences of God's power, he was led to humble himself, and to exercise living faith in God, thus obtaining a preparation for the work before him. God designed that Moses should stand alone, leaning only upon the arm of divine power.

Several years ago I saw the results of a tempest that had just passed through a forest, sweeping down everything before it. The trees standing close together had been uprooted and leveled like grass before a scythe. But a few trees standing out alone had not been overturned. I inquired the reason of this, and was told that the tap-roots of the trees unmoved by the hurricane were firmly fastened deep in the earth. These trees had gained strength to withstand the storm, while those that had stood close together were swept down.

The lesson is for us. We should know for ourselves what it means to stand firmly for God, ever learning that which Providence designs to teach us. But too often we think as others think, and do as they do. We are influenced by the habits of our associates. When we depend on finite help to support us, we do not really know our weakness, and when the storm comes, we are overthrown. But when thrust out where we must stand alone, our faith fastens upon the only sure support—the infinite God.

When at last Moses was called to bear God's message to Pharaoh, Moses had reached the place in his experience where he had a humble estimate of himself. He felt incapable of doing the work, and he pleaded earnestly that he might not be required to bear this responsibility. Not until the Lord had convinced him that he was his chosen instrument to deliver Israel, did he consent to go. He cherished no self-exaltation. While tending his flock among the lonely mountains, he had learned humility—that precious lesson so important for us all.

The more diligently we learn meekness and lowliness in the school of Christ, the greater advancement we shall make in a preparation for God's service. We should never feel that we have learned everything worth knowing. Let none think they are ready for graduation. As long as we remain on this earth, there will be new lessons for us to learn. And throughout the ages of eternity we shall have something to learn in regard to the wonderful plan of redemption.

Lack of humility is one great cause of our weakness. Too often we attempt in our own strength to do something great. Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." By wearing his yoke, we can be co-workers with him. Every morning we should inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Thus we shall learn of Christ.

Not he who is pompous, boastful, and unbelieving, but the humble, faithful soul, is in God's sight accounted a man of power. In order that he may answer the prayers of his people, the Lord desires them to obtain a personal knowledge of Christ. The clearer their view of the Saviour's loveliness, the more humble will be their opinion of themselves. And the lower their estimate of self, the more distinct will be their view of the glory and majesty of God. When we begin to have a high opinion of ourselves, let us remember that for whatever we are or have in advance of our fellow men we are indebted wholly to the gift of God.

"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt," Moses kept his eye fixed on "the recompense of the reward." Let us likewise keep our eyes fixed on the reward that God has promised, and walk in humility before him; for He who says, "Them that honor me I will honor," will crown his faithful children with eternal honor.

Mrs. E. G. White.

The Head Nurse's Story

When little Jem was first brought to the hospital, it was in a carriage with liveried servants. His father was a mill-owner in Pennsylvania, and Jem was an only child. He had the largest room in the private ward.

His parents brought the boy fruit, flowers, and books.

"Please take them to that cripple in the next room, and to children in the free wards, with my love—little Jem Bruce's love," he would say, raising himself in bed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

In two months he recovered, and went away. But two years afterward Mrs. Bruce brought him back. She was dressed in black, and asked for a cheap room. Mr. Bruce, I heard, was dead, and had left his widow little money.

Jem's knee was worse than ever. But what a cheery, happy fellow he was! He soon learned the story of all the patients in the neighboring rooms, as he had done before. And when his mother brought him a bunch of pinks or a basket of apples, he would eagerly divide them.

"Maybe they will make some one feel happier just for a minute," he would say, with his rare smile.

His right leg was taken off at the knee. Then I lost sight of Jem for three or four years. Last winter he applied for admission to the free ward. His mother was dead. The disease had appeared in the other leg some months before. Jem had been supporting himself by typewriting, but was now no longer able to work.

He met me as if I had been his old, dear friend,—as, indeed, I was,—and then hobbled round the wards to see if he knew any of the patients, stopping to laugh and joke and say some kind word at each bed.

The doctors amputated the other leg that day. It was the only chance for his life. But in a week they knew that it had failed.

"Make that boy comfortable," the surgeon said to me; "it is all that can be done for him now."

Jem knew the truth from the first. But he never lost courage. This was his bed (pointing to the middle one of a long row of white cots in the great ward). He learned to know all the men, and took keen interest in each case.

When Johnny Royle died, Jem took out the few dollars remaining in his pocket, and gave them to me. "They're for his little children," he whispered. "They have nothing." And when old Peter was discharged, cured, he came to Jem's bed to say good-by as if he had been his brother. Jem wrung his hand, and said: "Take my overcoat, Peter; yours is gone, and—I'll never need mine again." He waved his hand, and cheered feebly as Peter went away.

He had nothing left to give now—I think that cut him sharply. But one day he began to sing. He had a remarkable voice, clear and tender; it would force the tears to your eyes. Every head in the ward was turned to listen. That delighted Jem. "I can sing for them occasionally," he said, "if the doctors will allow it."

So, whenever it was possible, Jem's sweet voice was heard, sometimes in humorous song, sometimes in a hymn. I used to think he was standing at heaven's gate when he sang those hymns. But one morning his voice was gone, and before night every one in the ward knew that he was dying. The patients were silent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died at sundown, sitting up in bed, leaning against my shoulder. He glanced around the ward, and they nodded, and smiled.

"Give them," he whispered, then stopped, remembering, poor child, that he had nothing to give. Then he said, suddenly, aloud, his eyes brightening, "Give them my love—Jem Bruce's love."—Household.

"There is hardly anything that we selfishly destroy after we have done with it, that would not be a boon to somebody. We destroy it because that is the easiest way to get rid of it. We do not like to take the trouble to find out where it would still be a blessing to some one."



How the Weather Is Foretold

"Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head."

Such was the way in which our grandparents foretold the weather. They did not have any printed predictions as we have to-day, except those in the almanac; and as those were only guesses, and very poor guesses at that, they did not amount to much in a practical way, except to put money into the pocket of the almanac-maker; for in those days no household was complete without an almanac, and a great many people believed everything it said, no matter how often they were deceived. But, in spite of their faith in the almanac-maker, the old-time folks always kept their eyes and ears open for the signs that nature gave them.

If it was noticed that the old tabby washed herself by rubbing her paw over her ear, or that the little tree-toads trilled their mournful little songs, or the fireflies flitted low among the flowers and the vines, the old folks shook their heads and spoke of rain; or if grandmother's feet ached, the little folks grew very sorry—because it meant bad weather on the morrow.

But sometimes, in spite of ducks and pigs and creaking chairs, it did not rain at all, and many times feet were very painful in the driest kind of weather, and soot and even chimneys fell down without bringing so much as a cloud; so that, notwithstanding all these signs, nobody could tell for certain what the weather was going to be from day to day.

But now, instead of watching insects and learning rhymes, to find out what the weather is to be, and not being very sure of it even then, Uncle Sam has built a Weather Bureau, and employs a large number of men to manage it for him. He does not ask them to do anything more than to keep a record of the weather, and to predict as well as they can what the weather will be the following day; and if they sometimes make a wrong prediction, Uncle Sam only smiles, and tells them to try again.

This Weather Bureau is in Washington, the capital of the United States. It is situated on a large square in the northwestern part of the city, where there is plenty of room, and not much noise or confusion of any kind. It is a large brick building, standing far back from the street, and having pretty flower-beds and terraces in front of it. At first sight the building looks something like a big toy house, with its roof bordered with turrets and filled with chimneys, and all sorts of contrivances that are spinning and turning around.

In the box perched upon the middle of the roof are the thermometers that tell how hot or how cold it is. Two of these are for telling the temperature at any time during the day, another marks the highest point reached, and the fourth shows what has been the lowest temperature; so that by opening the little door in front of the box the observer, or the man who looks after the weather, is able to see just what the temperature is at that time, and how high it has been, or how far down it has gone, since he last peeped into the box. To one side is a very large weather-vane, to show in what direction the wind is blowing. Then there is the anemometer, four little metal sticks with a cup at the end of each, perched up on a high pole. The least breath of air turns this around, and it is so arranged that when it turns around five hundred times, it shows that the wind has traveled a mile, and in this way the observer can tell just how fast the wind is going. Then there are the rain gauges,—long, narrow tanks with a little hole at the top, looking like small stove-pipes standing on end, which catch the rain and measure how

much has fallen. On one edge of the roof is the sunshine-recorder, a little instrument that keeps an account of every minute the sun shines, and of every minute it does not shine.

But the most important instrument used in predicting the weather is not on the roof, but is in the building, away from the sun and the wind and the rain. This is the barometer, which measures the pressure, or weight, of the atmosphere. When the air is settled, it presses more heavily on the mercury that is in the barometer, and sends the little stream farther up into the long glass tube, and this we call a sign of good weather. But when the air is unsettled and light, the mercury falls, and so does the weather.

All of the instruments in the main part of the building are used in the observations that are made every day, and are looked at directly by the observer; but in the other part of the building there is another set of these instruments connected by electricity with machines that run by clockwork in a large room called the instrument-room. These are for the purpose of keeping a constant record of the weather, and all day long, and all night long, month after month and year after year, these ingenious machines are ticking away and keeping a complete account of what the weather is doing outside. It is all done in writing on paper—not the kind of writing you do in your copy-books, but a kind which the Weather Bureau people can read as easily as they can read the finest copper-plate. Now, all this writing done by the machines is filed away from day to day or week to week, just as any other official records are preserved.

So perfectly do these little machines do their work, that if a person wanted to know what the weather had been on the Fourth of July in the year 1890, the people at the Weather Bureau, by looking at the written record for that day, could tell him exactly what the temperature was at any time during the day, how fast the wind was blowing and in what direction it was going; when the sun shone, and when it did not shine; whether it rained, and if so, how long it lasted, and how much fell; whether there was any thunder or lightning, and what the barometer marked; and if there had been an earthquake that day, they would tell him just when it happened, how long it continued, and what particular kind it was.

Strictly speaking, the Weather Bureau is made up of a great many buildings scattered all over the United States, and this one at Washington is the central station that governs and directs the smaller ones, and to which they send in their daily reports; for it is by getting reports from all the different sections of the country that Uncle Sam's weather-makers are able to make their predictions. There are one hundred and eighty towns and cities in the United States where there are observation stations, having the same instruments and apparatus as the Washington bureau. Now, the observers at these one hundred and eighty stations do not spend their time waiting for spiders to crawl out of their holes, or looking at the sky to see whether it is red or gray in the evening. They look at their thermometers, barometers, anemometers, and so on, which are far better guides than all the other signs put together.

At eight o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock in the evening of every day, the observer at each of these weather-stations from Maine to California looks at his different instruments, and carefully notes what each of them marks. Then he takes a look at the sky, to see whether it is fair or raining or snowing, and to see what sort of clouds may be sailing about. According to the Weather Bureau, there are seven different kinds of clouds, and it is important that the observer should see what particular kind is hovering around, for each kind means some special sort of weather or some particular state of the atmosphere. When he has finished his observation and noted all the indications, he telegraphs his report to Washington.

In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy receiving the messages that come pour-

ing in soon after eight o'clock. As each message is received in the telegraph-room, it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast-room, or room where predictions are made, and taken to the translator.

Perhaps you will think it strange that these dispatches have to be translated, but nevertheless it is true. It is not because they are written in a foreign language, but because they are sent in cipher, or in words that do not mean anything in themselves. This is not done to keep the reports secret, but to save expense; for, as you know, every word in a telegram has to be paid for, and as there are a great many messages, and as some come from a great distance, it would cost Uncle Sam a considerable sum of money if each weather report was written out in full.

As the translator reads aloud the reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated, the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the one hundred and eighty stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same, and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines, and the other with black lines; and if you will look at a weather map, you will see these red and black lines wriggling and twisting all over the country.

The Weather Bureau publishes instructions as to how to predict the weather by looking at one of these weather maps, but while people may be able to tell in a general way what the weather is likely to be, it takes a man with much experience and knowledge in weather matters to make a really good and reliable prediction; for while there are some things which are known for certain, there are a great many things about the weather which are still very mysterious. When the forecast official sees a particular kind of weather away out in Oregon, he knows that it is going to move eastward, because it is a regular habit of the weather-waves to move from west to east, no matter in what direction the wind is moving. But just how far east one of these warm or cold waves will come, or just how fast or what path it will follow, are very difficult problems to solve, and this is where the knowledge and the skill of Uncle Sam's weather-maker show themselves.

When, for instance, the reports from the Northwest show a great fall in temperature, he knows that a cold wave has started on a journey through the United States, and he keeps a lookout to see how fast it reaches the different stations in the West. Then he calculates how rapidly it is moving, and what kinds of weather it has to encounter, and perhaps when he has worked out the problem he will telegraph the following bulletin: "Hoist cold-wave flag; thermometer will fall thirty degrees in next twenty-four hours," and, sure enough, by next day Jack Frost has got hold of our noses and toes, and the cold-wave flag is almost tearing itself to pieces with delight. But sometimes the cold wave does not come as was expected,—it is switched off on a side-track or it melts on the way,—and then the cold-wave flag droops in shame.

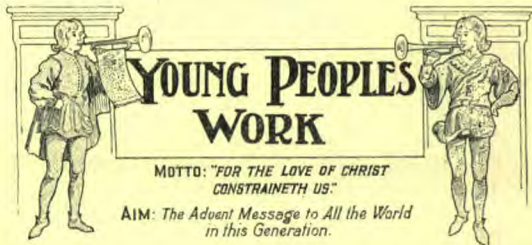
Well, after the forecast official has made his predictions for the next thirty-six hours, a drawing is made of the map, and it is then reproduced and printed, and copies of it are sent to the newspaper offices, and to various offices and buildings where they can be seen by the public. Each one of the little circles on the map stands for a weather station, and the little arrow in each one points in the direction the wind is blowing. If the weather is fair, the circle is left clear; if it is partly cloudy, you will see that half of it is black; and if it is very cloudy, it is all black. Thunder-storms are shown by little zigzag marks, and whenever it is raining or snowing, you will see the letter R or S. If there is rain over any extent of country, it is shown by dark-gray spaces that look like blots on the map.

By taking careful note of all these weather conditions, and knowing that the weather moves from west to east, and that the wind generally blows

from the direction of a high barometer to that of a low barometer, you will be prepared to predict, with a little experience, what the weather is likely to be, in general, for the coming day.

The whole work of making observations, of telegraphing the reports, of translating them, of marking them on the map, of predicting the weather, of drawing and printing the maps, is finished before eleven o'clock. In order to save time, this same work is done at nearly a hundred of the smaller weather stations, and they supply the country round about them with predictions and weather maps.

In this way, then, twice a day, the weather in the United States is predicted.—Clifford Howard, in St. Nicholas.



We were sorry that in the confusion and hurry incident to the fire, it was impossible to provide the lessons for the meetings of the Young People's Societies during the two weeks when no paper was printed. Two lessons in the series prepared on the work of Paul had been handed in to the printers, and were lost in the fire. Brother Spicer, who had written these lessons, was on his way to the West Indies, so they could not be replaced at once. However, we are sure that our young people would not allow the loss of the lessons to hinder their meetings; perhaps some of them worked out suitable lessons themselves, and thereby gained an experience that will be of value.

We hope that the series of lessons lately begun may be continued without further interruption.

The New Tracts

All the children and young people who have read the Review and Herald have surely learned concerning the Tract Campaign. We wonder if you have thought this work to be wholly for the old people. If you have thought so, please listen while we give you a good, earnest invitation to join the workers, and help scatter the precious seed far and wide. Paul says, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." The work is great, and the laborers are few; and the Lord's work is in great need of the splendid service which you can render with your strong young hands and active, willing feet. Do not put off your days of active service for the Lord until you are older. Samuel began his life work for God when only a little child. Joseph in his youth, was sent to a foreign, heathen land, alone, as a missionary; and Daniel and Isaiah were young men when God placed upon them the gift of prophecy. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

When you gave your heart to the Lord, your first desire as a Christian was to go to your brother, your sister, or to some intimate friend, and tell the story of Jesus' love. Have you found that "first love" passing away? and have you wondered why? Perhaps it is because you have not continued your work of love for others. Our first experiences can only be kept by using. We must gain a fresh experience every day, and these experiences come through serving others. Give to your associates the good things God has given to you, and he will renew his blessings to you day by day. If you shut up the blessings within your own heart, and do not pass them on to others, they will wither away, and become your condemnation. We must gather the manna of the Christian life every day. That which we gathered yesterday is spoiled, and will not feed us now. Try it, dear young friends, and learn from personal experience what the blessings of earnest service are. Join

with your parents and with the members of your church in circulating the new tracts this winter.

The first one of the series, "We Would See Jesus," is good to begin with. Read it, and then carry it to others. Pass on the good things of the message which God is providing for the world.

"Have you seen the heavenly light?
Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone:
Hold your lighted lamp on high;
Be a star in some one's sky;
He may live, who else would die,
Pass it on."

E. R. Palmer.

The Weekly Study

Lessons from the Life of Paul
(February 1-7)

There are many experiences in the life of Paul from which we may draw lessons for our life-work in the closing scenes of earth's history. His work, that of the first great missionary enterprise, presented to the world the very same gospel that must now be presented as the closing message. He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come; and so must we. That which made him a power in the hands of God will do the same for us.

Preliminary Training.—Learned a trade in his youth. Acts 18: 3. Educated at the feet of Gamaliel. Acts 22: 3. Intensely in earnest. Acts 22: 4, 5; 7: 58; 8: 1-3; 9: 1, 2; Gal. 1: 13; Phil. 3: 6. Training in Arabia. Gal. 1: 17. See "Life of Paul," pages 33, 34.

His Purpose.—I Cor. 2: 2; Phil. 3: 7-9; Gal. 6: 14.

His Methods.—Acts 13: 5-12, 16, 43, 44; 14: 1, 7, 8-10; 16: 12, 13, 32; 17: 17, 19-23, etc. All through the book of Acts, Paul's zeal for souls, laboring publicly and from house to house, among Jews or Gentiles, is manifested. As before his conversion, so now, he labored for men one at a time. Personal service was the secret of his success.

His Motives.—II Cor. 5: 14. He was proud of his work, not ashamed of it. Rom. 1: 15, 16.

The Secret of His Success.—Acts 22: 15; 26: 16. Paul knew Jesus.

The first glimpse we have of Paul is a young man intensely in earnest, but in the wrong. We see him consenting to the death of Stephen, the first martyr to the Christian faith, even caring for the garments of the murderers. Then we find his zeal rising even to the point that he persecuted the saints beyond measure, thinking thus to do God's pleasure. But when he recognized the call of God to a higher service, immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" marked his course. To preach the gospel of Christ was the absorbing passion of his life. All things else were counted but loss.

In the case of Paul, God used a man who had not been trained in a Christian home from early childhood. He picked out a man who had had all the strong powers of his manhood turned in the wrong channel, and turned those forces into a better and higher channel. All through the Scriptures we see that God uses men and women like Paul,—men and women with indomitable energy and enthusiasm of purpose. He does not destroy these characteristics. Consecrated energy and enthusiasm of purpose are needed to-day.

A precious lesson may be drawn from Paul's stay in Arabia. There, alone with God, he gained the heart preparation that fitted him to be used to the glory of his Master. Even the trade taught him in his youth, as it was the custom among the Jews to teach their boys a trade, was brought into service in his great missionary career. No task or training, however humble, should be looked upon as commonplace; for all these things may be a preparation for greater service.

Paul had had a vision of the Son of God, and the one ambition of his life was to lead other men to see him. Have you seen Jesus? This is the secret of success in laboring for souls. We may become acquainted with him by prayer, and by the study of his word. As he reveals himself to us in the little details of life, giving precious experiences of trust and restfulness, about our commonplace duties, we should give him glory by telling of these to those who do not thus know him. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." No greater work can be undertaken than to deepen the spiritual life of those with whom you are associated. Those who carry this message to its close will be Spirit-filled men,—men with one absorbing passion,—a passion for souls.

Souls must be saved singly. If we expect God to use us sometime in saving souls, let him use us now. We can not work for men en masse, but the needy soul right at our hand is the one to whom God has called us to minister. The greatest service we can render our Saviour consists not in accomplishing some vast work, in some large field, at some future time, but in doing to-day, with our might, what our hands find to do. He who would labor for souls after he receives a preparation, must work for souls while he is being prepared. As young people, we are apt to put off this service until we are prepared for it. Begin at once to work for those around you who need help, whom you know do not enjoy that sweetness of communion with the Master that comes from a life wholly consecrated to him. This service will bring sweetness into your own life; and the work thus begun will widen until you see it triumph, when, the last message having reached earth's remotest bounds, the joyous throng of the redeemed are gathered around the throne of God.

This hour could very profitably be closed with an earnest prayer and social service. E. H.

Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Mrs. W. M. Lee, writing of the Young People's work at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, says:—

"There are about twenty members; about half of the number are between the ages of fourteen and twenty, two or three are a few years older, and several are under twelve years of age. The younger ones could not be excluded, and some of them have proved to be among our best workers.

"Two of the young women have sold every week from thirty to sixty copies of the Signs, and the children have sold some. In the past six months there must have been eight hundred copies of the Life Boat sold, and two or three hundred given away. One member took our papers each week to the depots, and some to the jail. Two of our members have been going for several years to the jail on Sunday mornings to play and sing for Y. M. C. A. services. Two young women have visited the hospital, taking flowers, papers, and tracts. Another has visited as often as possible the home for aged colored women, reading and praying with them. All this has been done willingly, and has brought blessings to the doers, as well as to the receivers.

"A series of Bible readings was held by a young man at the home of a stranger, and we have reason to expect fruit from it. There have been little things done in various ways that the Lord recognizes as loving missionary work. Some of the younger ones have been very persistent in the effort to sell the Signs and the Life Boat, meeting with the best success with the latter. I have recommended that all engage in the package distribution of tracts.

"For six weeks they have held their meetings on Sunday evenings in place of other services. Thus they are acquiring ability to lead or give a lesson, not just before their own class, but before all the church."

"When you lose a minute, you lose all that that minute could have accomplished by its prolongation forever."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Little Missionary

A little girl of eight or ten
Knocked lightly at my door,
And came inside with smiling face,
And with a quiet, gentle grace,
Showed me her simple store.

"The money that I get for these
Is for the mission, ma'am;
The pincushions are just a dime;
Three balls of popcorn at a time
I just sold to a man.

"There's now a dollar in my purse,—
I'm sure I've counted true,—
I mean to get all that I can,
You see, this is our mission plan:
How does it seem to you?"

I kissed the little face aglow
With missionary zeal,
And said, "It's fine, for children too
Can find some work to bravely do,
And for the heathen feel.

How dark their lot, with none to tell
About the home above,—
How Jesus came to bless them here,
And now a home he will prepare,
Where they may share his love.

Mrs. P. Alderman.

What the Southwind Did for Fuzzy Fluff

Poor Fuzzy Fluff was a prisoner, and that was not the worst of it; she had been a prisoner ever since she was a "teenty weenty" baby. She had not minded it then, being quite content with Mother Milkweed and her cozy home, but now, when she was nearly grown, she began to long for fresh air, sunshine, and a chance to try her wings on the passing breezes.

Mother Milkweed had always been kind to Fuzzy Fluff, rocking and tossing, sheltering and feeding her, quite after the usual mother fashion. Fresh, rich milk was never lacking, and so much did she drink of it, and so well did she thrive upon it, that Fuzzy Fluff's little, brown body grew round and plump, while her silvery wings increased in size, until now they were ready to sail off into the summer air at the very first opportunity.

Such wonderful wings they were—too lovely to describe. They were fragile, yet bright, reminding one of a bit of morning mist, or a gleam from minnow scales, or a scrap of thin, light cloud, high in the zenith at sunset. They were pure-white, and so transparent that the smiles on the faces of the field flowers could be seen through them as they fluttered past. They were delicate and flimsy, yet strong enough to bear Fuzzy Fluff safely wherever the wind might carry her.

But of what use were her beautiful wings to Fuzzy Fluff, as long as she remained a prisoner in that little, narrow room? True, its walls were smooth as satin, and were warm when winds blew cold, and cool when winds blew hot. But Fuzzy Fluff cared not a spider-web for her snug home; she wanted to be free, and would be satisfied with nothing else, however pleasant.

At last there came a time when the cool showers, which had fallen so frequently those summer days, ceased, and day after day there was no rain. Each morning the air seemed hotter, and each evening the ground dryer, than the day before. The sun shone down on Fuzzy Fluff's prison, till it seemed too close to endure, and the wind, blowing hot from the highway, brought no relief.

Still Mother Milkweed kept the door fast locked upon poor Fuzzy Fluff, who became more and more restless as the heat and drought increased.

One day, which seemed the warmest of all, the Southwind was idly wandering over the fields and meadows. He chanced to pass the little, narrow room where Fuzzy Fluff was a prisoner, and turning that way, he sauntered by to pay Mother Milkweed a visit. Gently he swayed her green garments to and fro; then, rocking the walls of the little, narrow room, he blew his warm breath against its sides, and pried at the door with his delicate fingers until the day was nearly over. But at sunset his breath failed, and he disappeared down the highway.

But the Southwind's visit had been a happy one for Fuzzy Fluff. His gentle efforts had broken the lock of the prison. That night, as she slept, there was a sudden snapping, cracking sound at the door of her house, and a quick spring to its walls. Fuzzy Fluff gave a startled leap, and then, O joy! there was a breath of cool night air, and stars were shining overhead. But the door had opened only a little way, not far enough to let Fuzzy Fluff through, so in spite of her impatience at the delay, she was obliged to await a time when the door should open wider.

The next morning, almost before the red and gold had faded out of the sky, the Southwind once more passed Mother Milkweed's. There was the door of the narrow room slightly ajar, and beautiful Fuzzy Fluff pressed closely to the opening, waiting anxiously to be set free.

"Ah, Fuzzy Fluff!" said the Southwind, "I will open the door for you, and we will fly away together where the air is sweet."

"O, yes," answered Fuzzy Fluff; "let me out, O, let me out!" and she danced up and down with delight at the Southwind's voice.

So the Southwind set to work at once, prying at the door as he had done before. Presently some sunbeams came to help him, and together they opened the crack wider and wider, while Fuzzy Fluff leaned farther and farther toward the sunshine she so longed to enjoy.

A yellow butterfly alighted on a leaf near by, and moved its wings; then the Southwind touched Fuzzy Fluff's wings, and they, too, moved to and fro, as daintily as those of any butterfly. A grass hopper stopped close at hand, and sang "We-e-e!"



"A TREMBLE TO BE GONE"

we-e-e! we-e-e!" but Fuzzy Fluff did not listen; what were grasshopper songs to her, when she wanted nothing but to float away into the sweet, warm air above her?

At last the door of the narrow room was open

wide. Fuzzy Fluff was on the threshold, all of a tremble to be gone. The Southwind blew out her beautiful, flimsy wings, whispering, "Come, come, come!" and soon Fuzzy Fluff passed through the little door, and waving a farewell to Mother Milkweed, floated away with the Southwind, up, up, up, almost out of sight. But her silvery wings were safe, and bore her safely as the Southwind led her over pastures and fields and green meadows, a long, long way.

But toward evening Fuzzy Fluff grew weary of traveling so high, and sank a little. Then she



"THE LITTLE EMPTY HOUSE"

began to feel like resting, so the Southwind let her softly down upon a cushion of green moss, near an old stump in the edge of the forest; it was a pleasant spot, and Fuzzy lay quite contentedly while the red sunlight faded in the west. Then the Southwind brought a yellow leaf to cover her, and soon Fuzzy Fluff fell asleep.

When she awoke, she no longer cared for flying about the fields. She dropped her white wings, and put on a green dress, in which she soon grew tall and graceful, by the old mossy stumps. By and by she went to work, and built a little, narrow room, in which she shut up some fuzzy babies, tossing and feeding them just as she had been tossed and fed. In fact, she was Fuzzy Fluff no longer, but a new Mother Milkweed, who, in late summer, waved a farewell to other Fuzzy Fluffs, floating away on silvery wings through the pleasant summer air. Minnie Rosilla Stevens.

Marjory Confesses

I suspected my brother Bobbie of a perfectly dreadful thing the other day, and I've been sorry ever since. It wasn't true at all, and I'm not going to suspect people any more until I'm sure it's true. This is the way it happened.

Mama gave Bobbie and me a panful of hickory nuts. She never divides them up for us, for Bobbie is just as generous as he can be, and I hope I'm not a greedy girl myself. So we sat down, and were picking them out and eating them. I like hickory-nuts a great deal, and so does Bobbie; in fact, we just love them.

When we had just begun, mama called, "Marjory, come here, and let me comb your hair."

Of course, I had to go right away. It takes a long time to brush and curl my hair, and I thought Bobbie would set the hickory-nuts aside, and wait till I came back; but he didn't. I was just in the next room, and I could see through the door. There he sat, picking them out as fast as he could, and he seemed to be looking through the pan for the best ones. I couldn't hardly believe

it, even if I did see it myself. I felt bad because I wasn't going to have any nuts, but I felt ten times worse to think that my brother Bobbie would be so mean.

When mother had my hair all curled, I walked in very slow. I wasn't going to say a word to him about it; I was going to leave it to his own conscience. Mother does that way, sometimes.

Then Bobbie said: "Look here, Marjie. I picked these all out for you." And there he had them laid on a paper,—a whole lot of nice meats!

I felt so glad and so ashamed that I pretty nearly cried; but I didn't. I said, "Let's have a little tea-party with them."

Bobbie said, "All right." So I got out my tea set, and arranged the table. I managed to give Bobbie more than half, and he's so young he never noticed. I didn't feel as if I deserved any at all. We had a nice time.

Of course I told mother all about it that night before I went to bed. She said it must be a warning to me not to think evil. Then she read me that chapter in the Bible about "love thinketh no evil." She said I needn't tell Bobbie about it as long as I hadn't said anything rude to him, for the naughty feeling was in my own heart, where no one knew about it but God and me. So when I said my prayers, I said I was sorry, and I don't believe I'll do it again.—S. S. Times.

Mother's Apron Strings

When I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay;
But I have sighed, and I have cried,
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron strings.

O happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best;
She leads you 'mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
O keep your hearts forever tied
To mother's apron strings.

—Nixon Waterman.

A Great Engineering Feat

With the recent laying of the last coping stone of the great dam across the River Nile at Assuan, the ancient land of the Pharaohs sees the completion of a national work which is not only the greatest of its kind in existence, but in its beneficent results will probably outrank any scheme carried out in Egypt, either in ancient or in modern times. The completion of this dam and a similar structure at Assiut will provide in the Nile Valley a vast reservoir capable of supplying over a billion cubic yards of water every year. The surplus waters of the river will be stored during the flood season, and then drawn upon for the irrigation of wide tracts of land which for many centuries have lain waste for lack of water. As a large result of the new system of irrigation, there are extensive tracts of land which henceforth will bear two crops a year where formerly they bore but one; while the area devoted to sugar cultivation will be greatly increased.

The Assuan dam itself is one of the greatest engineering works in existence. It is no less than one and one-fourth miles in length, and is pierced by one hundred and eighty sluice-gates twenty-five feet in height and seven feet in width, by means of which the regulation of the waters will be secured. The total cost of the two dams will be about \$25,000,000.—The Scientific American.



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XXIV—Questions on the Map of Europe

1. In what hemisphere is Europe? What country east of Europe? What country south of Europe? What mountains between Europe and Asia?
2. What water between Europe and Africa? What ocean west of Europe? What ocean north of Europe? What sea east of Europe?
3. What mountains are in southern Europe? What other mountains in Europe?
4. What peninsula is situated in southern Europe? What important city in Italy? Why is Rome important?—It was once the capital of a great nation, which ruled the world, and is spoken of often in the Bible. Rome is now the capital of what church?—The Roman Catholic Church.
5. What peninsula is in the northern part of Europe? What peninsula in the southeastern part of Europe?
6. Why is Greece important?—Because it was once one of the nations that ruled the whole world, and is mentioned in the book of Daniel.
7. What other cities are there in Europe? What islands are northwest of Europe? What large city is on these islands? Why is it an important city?—Because it is the largest in the world. What rivers in Europe flow north?
8. What sea is northwest of Europe? What sea is east of Italy?

Lesson XXV—Questions on the Map of Asia

1. In what direction is Asia from Europe? What three great rivers are in the northern part of Asia? In what direction do they flow? Into what water?
2. What circle crosses northern Asia? What three rivers in the eastern part of Asia? In what direction do they flow? Into what waters?
3. What mountain range in northeastern Asia? What three rivers in the southern part of Asia? In what direction do they flow? Into what water?
4. What mountains north of Hindustan? These mountains are the highest in the world. The whole of Central Asia is a high desert plateau, known as the plateau of Gobi.
5. What sea between Arabia and Africa? What great event happened at this sea? Where does the Bible tell us about it?
6. What mountains in Arabia? For what is Mount Sinai noted? Arabia is largely a desert wilderness. It was in this wilderness that the children of Israel wandered for forty years. How did they get water while in this desert?
7. What sea northwest of Arabia? What two seas between Europe and Asia? What mountain about half-way between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea? Why is this mountain noted?
8. Where is the Persian Gulf? What large river flows into the Persian Gulf? This river is mentioned in the prophecies of the last days. Ask your teacher where. Abraham used to live near this river when he was a boy. It was from near Mt. Ararat that the people were scattered abroad over the whole earth.
9. What city in Asia on the Mediterranean Sea? For what is Jerusalem noted?
10. What three peninsulas on the southern coast of Asia? Name two peninsulas on the eastern coast of Asia.
11. Where is China? Name three seas that border on China. What islands east of China? Where is Hongkong? Peking? Shanghai? Canton?
12. Name two cities in India.
13. What large islands are southeast of Asia? What zone comprises most of Asia? What circle crosses southern Asia? What great circle crosses the Indian Ocean?

Lesson XXVI—Questions on the Map of Africa

1. What isthmus connects Africa and Asia? What sea between Africa and Europe? What large river of Africa flows north? Into what water? This is the river that was once turned into blood. Tell how it all came about. Through what country does this river flow?
2. Why is Egypt important? Why did the Lord take the children of Israel out of Egypt?
3. What ocean east of Africa? What large island east of Africa? This island is the largest in the world. It is inhabited by the Malay race.
4. What large river in Africa flows east? Into what water?
5. What cape on the east point of Africa? What circle crosses northern Africa? What great circle crosses central Africa? What circle crosses southern Africa? In what zone is the most of Africa?
6. What cape on the south point of Africa? What large river in Africa flows southwest? Into what water?
7. What gulf west of Africa? What cape at the west point of Africa? What cape at the north point of Africa? What mountains in Africa? What great lakes in central Africa?
8. What race of people inhabit Africa?—The negro race. There are millions of them who can neither read nor write, and who have never seen a white man or heard of the Saviour.
9. What great desert in the northern part of Africa? This is the largest desert in the world.

Lesson XXVII—Questions on the Map of Australia

1. Australia is the smallest continent. It belongs to Great Britain. What large island north of Australia? What islands northwest of Australia?
2. What ocean northeast of Australia? What ocean southwest? What islands southeast of Australia? What island just south of Australia?
3. What gulf on the north coast of Australia? What sea on the northeast coast of Australia? What river in Australia? What mountains?
4. Where is Melbourne? Sydney? Brisbane?
5. Are there any large lakes in Australia? In what part of Australia are the mountains? (Australia consists of a high plateau, with a rim of low mountains around the coast. There is only one large river in the continent. There is but very little rainfall in the interior, and it is so dry that parts of it have never been explored. Along the coast, and where there is enough rain, the country is very fertile.)
6. What circle crosses about the middle of Australia? In what two zones does the continent lie? (Nearly all the people of Australia speak the English language, and profess Christianity.)

Note to Teachers.—See that the children have maps for these lessons, and teach them how to use such maps in study. Floyd Bralliar.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON VI—The Pillar of Cloud and Fire (February 7)

Lesson Scripture: Ex. 12: 40-51 and 13: 17-22.
Memory Verse: "Who maketh the clouds his chariot." Ps. 104: 3.

God had told Abraham just how long his seed should be afflicted in Egypt; and although, as the time drew near, there seemed less and less hope that Pharaoh would let them go, yet on the very day that the time was fulfilled, God brought them out with great riches.

God himself led them forth, and guided them in the way that they should go. At this time the Israelites did not know much about the Lord. They had begun to worship the false gods of

Egypt, and we can see by what they said to Aaron a little while after, "Make us gods, which shall go before us," that they expected to be led by something that they could see.

The word of God tells us that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." "His eternal power and Godhead" are the "invisible things" that can be clearly seen in his works. Rom. 1: 19-21.

God wanted first of all to teach his people to know him, so that they might trust him fully, and follow wherever he led them. So he gave them object-lessons to teach them. He did special works among them, to teach them to see him doing the same works everywhere, and all the time. Thus they would know that he was always present, to do for them whatever they needed.

The pillar of cloud and fire was not only to lead them and show them the right way. It was to open their eyes to see that "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork," to teach them to lift up their eyes on high, "and behold who hath created these."

He who "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," now "spread a cloud for a covering" over his people. In the hot, dry, sandy desert, the cool shade and moisture of the overshadowing cloud, must have been very refreshing to the weary travelers. And at night, when the sun had set, and the air grew chilly, "the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud," and lightened their darkness, warmed, cheered, and protected them from the dangers that were around them on every hand.

We are told that the pillar of cloud to the Egyptians "was a cloud and darkness," but "it gave light by night to the children of Israel." He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness made the dark cloud a light to his people. Do you not see that he was teaching them just the lessons that we learned in the beginning from the first chapter of Genesis?

God was in the cloud that led the Israelites, and so his glory shone forth from it. But he "maketh the clouds his chariot," and his glory appears in every one of them. Would you not like to see "the glory of the Lord" appearing in the cloud? Then lift up your eyes on high when the setting sun paints the clouds with rose and amber, and gilds them with glory. Or again when the drops of water that form the mist break up the sun's rays into the seven-hued rainbow. There you may see the same glory that the Israelites saw; for remember that "the heavens declare the glory of God," because he has put his glory upon them, that, in reflecting it, they may give light and warmth and beauty and fruitfulness to this world.

When God is speaking of some who say, "My way is hid from the Lord," as though they thought he had forgotten and was not leading them, he says, "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things." So long as we can look up and see the firmament over our heads, and the glory of the Lord that it shows forth, we may be quite sure that God has not forgotten us, and that he will be our Guide and Saviour.

Questions

1. How long were the Israelites in Egypt? Ex. 12: 40. What had God told Abraham about this?
2. What did they take with them when they left? Tell why Joseph's bones had been preserved, and why they took them out of Egypt.
3. Which way did God lead the people? Why did he not take them the shortest way?
4. How did they know the way they were to go? Verse 21. Was the pillar of cloud and fire only to show them the way? Tell what else it did for them. Ps. 105: 39, first part.
5. What sort of country were they traveling through? What, then, would be the effect of their cloudy covering?
6. What did the pillar of fire do for them? Ps. 105: 39, last part. What was it in the cloud that gave light?
7. What does God make of the clouds? Ps. 104: 3. What may be seen in every one of them?
8. What has God told us to do so that we may know he is leading us? Isa. 40: 26, 27.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—God's Power Manifested in Deliverance

(February 7)

Lesson Scripture: Ps. 105: 26-38.

Memory Verse: Ps. 91: 2, 3.

He sent Moses his servant,
And Aaron whom he had chosen.
They set among them his signs,
And wonders in the land of Ham.
He sent darkness, and made it dark;
And they rebelled not against his words.
He turned their waters into blood,
And slew their fish.
Their land swarmed with frogs
In the chambers of their kings.
He spake, and there came swarms of flies,
And lice in all their borders.
He gave them hail for rain,
And flaming fire in their land.
He smote their vines also and their fig trees,
And brake the trees of their borders.
He spake, and the locust came,
And the grasshopper, and that without number,
And did eat up every herb in their land,
And did eat up the fruit of their ground.
He smote also all the first-born in their land,
The chief of all their strength.
And he brought them forth with silver and gold;
And there was not one feeble person among his tribes.
Egypt was glad when they departed;
For the fear of them had fallen upon them.

Questions

1. What event is described in the scripture of our lesson to-day?
2. Where is this experience recorded? What led to it?
3. Against what people was it directed?
4. Who was sent to deliver Israel? Why did Aaron accompany him?
5. To whom did they first show signs and wonders? How were they received?
6. How did the king receive their message?
7. What was the first sign wrought by the Lord?
8. What effect did this have?
9. What did he then send? What was the significance of this plague?
10. What two plagues now came upon the land? How generally were these effective?
11. By what power were they sent?
12. Describe the storm which followed. Ex. 9: 18-25.
13. Was any part of Egypt exempt from the storm? Ex. 9: 26.

14. How was every green thing that the storm had left destroyed?
15. What was the last plague? What was thus cut off?
16. How were the children of Israel now brought forth?
17. What was their physical condition?
18. How did Egypt feel when they departed?
19. What had wrought this change?

Notes

Read also Ps. 78: 43-52.

Moses' preparation for service deserves more than casual study. That decree which brought sadness and gloom into the homes of the Hebrews was used by the Lord to fit the man whom he had chosen to lead his people out of Egypt when the fulness of the time should come.

The circumstances which would not permit Moses' parents to rear him in their own home led to his being placed where he could receive the training and education that would fit him to be Israel's future leader.

Note Moses' fidelity to God when the crisis came in his life (Heb. 11: 23-26); read also Ps. 84: 11; and the hope which buoyed him up in these trying hours. Heb. 11: 26, 39, 40.

But Moses' preparation was not complete when he had served in the Egyptian court. Forty years were spent in the solitude of the mountains, where he could become acquainted with God. Read "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 251.

Do not fail to observe the practical lessons in the life of Moses.

A study of the plagues reveals the fact that they seemed to be designed to destroy the confidence of the Egyptians in the power and protection of their idols. Note 5 in the Appendix to "Patriarchs and Prophets" will throw some light on this subject. By reference to the history itself (Exodus 7 to 13), we find that some of the Egyptians did have their faith shaken in their idols, and saw in these things the finger of God. See also "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 270.

"The plagues upon Egypt were similar in character to those more terrible and extensive judgments which are to fall upon the world just before the final deliverance of God's people." Ps. 91: 1, 10. Now, while Jesus still intercedes for us, the preparation must be made that will enable us to stand in the trying times before us.—Lesson Pamphlet.

A Christian heard a heathen woman praying passionately in a heathen temple. She had in her arms a pitifully misshapen baby, and she was praying that it might grow beautiful like other babies. As she turned to go away, the Christian asked her, "Friend, to whom have you prayed?" "I do not know," she answered, "but surely there must be some one somewhere to keep a mother's heart from breaking!" The message of missions is that there is this Some One.—Selected.

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From a meeting held with one of the Iowa companies during the week of prayer comes the word that all but one of those present were converted, and this person, without urging, asked for prayers. This is another evidence that when God's people draw near to him, his converting, renewing power will be manifested among them.

"It has always seemed a deplorable thing to me," said a gentlewoman the other day, "when a person loses control of his temper and of his tongue at the same time." Sometimes it is not easy to keep an unruffled temper; but it is always much easier than if one yields to the desire to justify himself or to retaliate on others. Therefore, if it should chance that you should find your temper getting out from your control, guard well your tongue, that it does not slip its leash also.

When occasion seems to justify a cutting speech, that is the time of times to consider—and keep silence. Words behind your lips are your own—with them you may do what you will; but, once spoken, they have passed forever out of and beyond your power to control. No one ever regretted the sharp word held back in the trying moment, the stinging retort unsaid; but oh how many have had sorrowful cause to mourn a moment's unwise lowering of the gates of the lips, to let through a flood of angry words!

Young People Wanted

Thousands of young men, women, and children are wanted to scatter our new tracts during the winter and spring. Read the article on page 4, entitled "The New Tracts;" and then decide to be one among our army of youthful seed sowers. The Youth's Instructor family should all be workers, busy as bees. There must be no drones in this hive. Work and pray. Learn to be active workers in little things that you can do while young; and the good Lord will make you strong, valiant workers for him when the muscle and sinew of your spiritual life have become strong enough for heavy burdens.

Staying Power

It is said that in a recent international athletic contest held in London, it was noticed that while the young men from this country excelled in trials of strength that called for a spurt, a short, quick test, in nearly every instance the Englishmen bore off the prizes when steady, continued endurance was required. They had staying power.

Staying power! That is what every young Christian needs. It is what every young man and woman, every boy and girl, every child, who has given his heart to the Lord during the last few weeks, must seek for diligently and pray for earnestly. For without it, one can not hope to run the Christian race, nor obtain the reward that is offered to the victors.

Staying power does not mean gathering up in one meeting, or in one day, or even in one week,

enough energy to go on in the Christian life for another year. It does not mean running well as long as our friends run with us, and the way is agreeable and smooth to our feet. It is not putting one's hand to the plow, and turning back because the field is rough and hard. It does not mean depending on some one else for courage and strength. No! It means that when one takes Christ for his Leader, and fixes his eyes on the prize of the high calling, he will not allow them to be drawn away from that prize by anything the world may offer; he will not stop to murmur if the way is difficult; if he stumbles or falls, he will not give up, but get up—and so on again. Staying power means endurance; it means keeping on; it means the "clear grit" that wrests victory from the very circumstances of defeat.

Men are doing these things, and more, every day, for the corruptible prizes that the world offers its victors—working patiently week after week, month after month, and even year after year, through a whole lifetime, to carry to success some cherished purpose. We are told that Edison worked eighteen hours a day, every day for a number of months, to make the reproducer on his phonograph sound the letter "s." And no one supposes for a moment that he would have given up then if he had not succeeded.

In describing the Christian life, Paul often compares it to running a race,—a trial of strength with which the people to whom he wrote were very familiar. "They which run in a race," he says, "run all, but one receiveth the prize," and adds the wise word of advice, "So run that ye may obtain." For it is worse than folly to run in any other way than the way that leads to true victory. In another place the apostle admonishes: "Let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith."

And therein, dear young friends, lies the secret of our staying power in the race we have set out to run. Looking into that face, we shall behold only tenderness and love,—sympathy in our grief, sorrow for our wandering, and, if we will, forgiveness for our sin. It is a drawing face; if we look constantly to Jesus, we shall constantly be drawn toward him. That was Paul's secret: it may be ours also.

May each one, especially of those who have so lately entered the Christian race, press forward faithfully, and at last receive the incorruptible crown of everlasting life, that fadeth not away.

Appreciated in India

The following is from a letter which has just been received from A. C. Mookerjee, of Calcutta, India:—

"I am a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Society since the late Elder D. A. Robinson began work here. Having a family of wife and eleven children, some of whom do not know much of English, I translate week after week the articles in Our Little Friend and the Youth's Instructor. I have read with my family 'Patriarchs and Prophets,' 'Matthew 24,' 'Steps to Christ,' 'Bible Readings,' and now we are going on with 'Desire of Ages.' It will afford you much pleasure to know that Our Little Friend has been a source of much blessing to my little ones especially. I myself have been much benefited by reading it with my children."

I wonder if we as young people in the United States value the instruction which we receive in our many good papers as highly as do this man and his family.

H. H. Hall.

When Bishop Thoburn went to India, thirty-eight years ago, a European gentleman pointed out to him a brick pillar, and said, "You might as well try to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of one of these people." To-day there are in India nearly three million native Christians, and among them are doctors, lawyers, judges, editors, teachers, and business men.—Selected,



The exact population of China, as given by the recent census, is 426,000,000. Of this number, twelve hundred die every hour; in one month enough pass away to populate eight cities the size of Columbus, Ohio.

A remarkable engineering feat is the opening of the Osote Railway in northern Sweden, where are used the first steam-cars ever run within the arctic circle. This line was built expressly to carry ore from the newly discovered mines. The railway is less than thirty miles long, passing through twenty tunnels, and rising to a height of eighteen hundred feet. It extends to sixty-two and one-half degrees north latitude.

Some people were "penny wise and pound foolish" a few years ago in objecting to the United States' paying \$7,200,000 for Alaska. The revenue at the present time, derived from gold, fish, and furs, amounts to a million dollars a month. Already the government has received much more than the purchase price from that frozen corner of its territory, and still it continues producing, not only for the government, but for the individual.

The St. Johns River and its tributaries in Florida are so obstructed with hyacinths as seriously to interfere with navigation. A member of the government engineering corps has been authorized to clear the river, and with a crew of men, and a sixty-foot steamer for towing barges containing tanks and machines for spraying the plants with a destroying chemical, has already begun the work of ridding the river of the pests. Even so pretty and delicate a thing as a hyacinth, it seems, may become a nuisance when in the wrong place.

A new departure in the way of college training consists in the introduction of the Japanese language into the curriculum of one of our leading American universities. Promising business young men are turning their attention to Japan as offering special opportunities in business enterprises. Their efficiency is said to be increased fifty per cent by a knowledge of the language. A native Japanese will be the first elected teacher of the language in America. Thus another opportunity is presented to young people who desire to fit themselves for evangelistic work in Japan.

Of much significance to the political future of Russia is the opening of the transcontinental railway, which completes the line from Paris to Peking. Conditions in Siberia will be materially changed, as the people will be able to produce and distribute, as well as carry on traffic generally. Although the road is still far from satisfactory, in a recent test made by the Russian minister of finance, the distance of fifty-eight hundred miles was covered in sixteen days. Third-class passengers can travel in freight cars—with frozen noses for the sake of the enterprise.

C. A. H.

A Triumph for Vegetarianism

In a recent walking contest between Berlin and Dresden, a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles, in which Americans, Englishmen, Russians, Frenchmen, and Austrians entered, the prize was won by Karl Mann, who covered the distance in twenty-six hours and fifty-three minutes. This young man, as were the five others first to arrive, is a vegetarian—a fact to which vegetarians are pointing with justifiable pride.

Another vegetarian athlete, an Englishman, recently made a slightly better record, walking ninety-seven and one-half miles in twenty hours and twenty-two minutes