

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



RECOMMENDED BOOKS

For Young People's Libraries



THE Sabbath-school and Young People's Convention at Mount Vernon, Ohio, last summer, recommended that the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference give special attention to the selection, preparation, and circulation of suitable literature for our young people. This is a work that must be done carefully. At a recent meeting of the department a Literature Committee was appointed to give special attention to this work. The committee is as follows: M. E. Kern, Chairman; Matilda Erickson, Secretary; Mrs. Fannie D. Chase, Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, Frederick Griggs, W. A. Spicer, all of Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., and C. L. Benson, of 2718 Third South Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Let any one who has in mind books which he thinks should be recommended to our young people, or any one who has in mind the preparation of literature, correspond with the secretary, or with any member of the committee, concerning the matter.

From time to time the committee will present under the above heading notices of books which they recommend to our young people. Let our Missionary Volunteer Societies set about to establish church or young people's libraries, being very careful to get the best; for bad books are a leaven of evil. We have not time, nor is it right, to read anything but the best.

Our first list of recommended books is presented below:—

Books on Christian Service

"INDIVIDUAL WORK FOR INDIVIDUALS,"

by H. Clay Trumbull, who is acknowledged to have been "one of the most remarkable personal workers of this generation," is a little volume that has been an inspiration to many Christian believers. Some one has said that "the work of individual soul-winning is the greatest work that God permits men to do," and it is the hardest work to do, and is therefore the most neglected. A reading of Mr. Trumbull's thrilling experiences deepens one's sense of personal responsibility as a professed believer in a soon-coming Saviour. The book can be obtained in heavy paper covers for 35 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"THE PASSION FOR SOULS" is another excellent book. It is also a plea for Christian endeavor in soul-winning. "Scarcely had the glory-light touched Andrew's heart when he thought of Peter, and went out to bring him to Jesus. Philip had barely tasted the joy of Christ when he began to plan for the salvation of Nathanael." The author by many such illustrations brings home to the heart of the reader the supreme importance of personal evangelism. The book is attractively bound, and sells for 50 cents.

"THOUGHTS FROM THE MOUNT OF BLESSING." This is a book for the quiet hour. It is intensely spiritual, revealing treasures above price to the seeker of divine riches. The opening chapter presents a realistic picture of that mountainside scene when the Saviour of men spoke words that thrilled alike the hearts of disciples, scribes, Pharisees, peasants, and fishermen. The beatitudes seem wonderfully new and precious as they are unfolded in this little volume. Those verses which are best known, take on new life, beauty, and power, in the new setting given them. Twenty-four pages are devoted to a verse-by-verse comment upon the Lord's prayer. As a magnifying-glass, the comment of the author reveals a beauty, completeness, and perfection hitherto unperceived

in these words, which are perhaps familiar to more persons than any other portion of Scripture. The following is the table of contents: On the Mountainside, The Beatitudes, The Spirituality of the Law, The True Motive in Service, The Lord's Prayer, Not Judging, but Doing. The author is Mrs. E. G. White. Price, 60 cents.

Books on India

"THE HIGH CASTE HINDU WOMAN." This is a vivid presentation of the terrible condition of child marriages and enforced widowhood in India. It will be a pathetic revelation to many. It is written by Pandita Ramabai, an educated high caste Hindu woman, who is perhaps doing more to help those women who are bound by the iron chains of a false religion than any other person in India. The book is written in an interesting style, and is well worth reading. Bound in cloth, 142 pages; price, 75 cents.

"INDIA AND CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY."

This book is one of a series prepared primarily for the use of Volunteer Mission Study classes in the institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada. It is filled with interesting facts concerning the various races, religious life, ways of working, problems, etc., in India. The work is prepared by the Student Volunteer Movement. It is a good book for study by those interested in missionary work in India. It contains 308 pages. Price, 35 cents, paper; 50 cents, cloth.

"INDIA'S PROBLEMS; KRISHNA, OR CHRIST,"

by Rev. John P. Jones. This work is written by a minister who has spent many years in mission work in southern India. Such topics as the Country and the People, the Various Religions of India, the Contrast between Hinduism and Christianity, the Women of India, History of Missionary Work in India, Missionary Problems, etc., are considered. The book is well written, and gives an excellent view of what the needs are of this "Gibraltar of heathenism," and the problems to be met in working in this field. It contains 381 pages. Cloth binding, \$1.50.

All books mentioned on this page may be obtained from the
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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 1

Our Contributors

A Wreck and Wreckers

Their Lesson

ONE calm morning in June I was seated in my study, preparing my work for the day, when suddenly our eldest, a blue-eyed boy of five tropical summers, in his eagerness to impart what, to him, seemed like an important piece of news, burst into the room, exclaiming, "Papa, papa, a ship is going out." Nothing would do but that I must step out on the balcony a few minutes, and see for myself, and at the same time submit to a series of questions as to the name of the ship, her destination, her cargo, her utility, etc.

The vessel in question this morning was the Italian bark "Lenora," bound for Marseilles, with a cargo of campêche, or logwood.

As there are no tugboats in any of the Haytien ports, the old-time sailing vessels have to enter and leave the harbors in the old-fashioned way; namely, by means of wind and tide. The wind this morning being very light, it was evident that the "Lenora" was having some difficulty in reaching the open sea; indeed, half an hour later, because of the northeast trade wind which began to blow directly into the harbor, she was compelled to come to anchor in the channel at a point just out of sight of our mission.

In the course of the day the wind from the Atlantic became very high, as is its wont at certain seasons of the year; but still, although the channel is narrow and formed by rocks on one side, and a treacherous reef on the other, there should have been no special danger to the bark if her anchor cable had only been all right. But here was the trouble. There was just one weak link in the "Lenora's" cable, a flaw, or defect, of some kind, so small that it had not been observed; and at this point the cable parted at the very moment when its service was the most needed, and in but a few moments of time the good ship was grinding hard and fast on the rocks, a helpless, hopeless wreck.

The next day, at the earnest solicitation of the same eager little boy who had first called my attention to the vessel, we visited the scene of disaster. At first sight it did not appear that the ship was yet greatly damaged. This was, however, because the injury was all to the part of the hull beneath the water-line. But when we drew nearer, we saw that the work of tearing

the ship to pieces was going on as industriously above the water-line as below it, for the deck and rigging were swarming with that species of human beings called "wreckers."

A "wrecker," in the sense that the word is generally used in the West Indies and Bahama Islands, is applied to those persons who make it at least a part of their business to watch for wrecks, and then secure as much of the cargo as possible, as well as those parts of the unfortunate ship that are easily taken away, and sold for a fair price.

Two weeks later I again visited the wreck, and was somewhat surprised to see how rapidly the joint work of destruction had been carried by the breakers and the wreckers. Already masts, spars, and decks were gone, and the portions that remained were only visible as the billows receded, as if to renew their force for a new attack, after having thrown themselves over and about the trembling wreck in what appeared to be a gigantic effort to tear it from its rock moorings, and bury it beneath the surface of the ocean, far out of the sight and memory of man.

Naturally the circumstances afforded food for reflection. First, there came the thought of the loss. Some one in far-away Italy had invested thousands of dollars in the "Lenora," and had hoped for her service to bring in a good interest on the investment for years to come. But now these plans have failed, and a part of the money invested is lost, because somebody failed to

detect or to renew a weak link in the anchor chain.

But do not some, yes, many young people make shipwreck of their Christian faith at the beginning of their voyage to the city of God, thus bringing loss to the cause they represent, and disappointment to him who bought them with his precious blood? And are not the reasons for these soul wrecks similar to the reasons for the wreck of the "Lenora"? We are told (Heb. 6: 18, 19) that "the hope set before us" is "as an anchor to the soul." The cable by which we hold on to this anchor is our affection for heavenly things. If the affections are firmly fixed on that which entereth within the veil, and if this line of communication with heaven is kept in a state of constant repair, there is nothing to prevent the soul from outriding the fiercest storms on the sea of life, and at last safely mooring in the haven of rest. But too often the attractions of the world lead the young Christian to neglect to securely fasten the cable of affection for heavenly things to the firm, sure anchor within the veil, with



the result that the hold on God is lost, and the soul drifts helplessly upon the rocks of discouragement and despair.

Then there comes the thought of the wreckers. How quickly they seem to accomplish their work! That which intelligence and skill were weeks and months in building up, they will tear down in as many days, not because they are more intelligent or industrious than the builders,—far from it,—but because it is a principle of nature that *the undoing* is easier and requires less intelligence than *the doing*.

Another noticeable thing about the ordinary wrecker is that he cares nothing about getting the ship off the rocks or out of danger. Indeed, he has been accused of not only wishing for disaster, but of doing something, by way of giving false signals, toward actually causing wrecks in many instances. The gain that he realizes from the wreckage is more to him than the safety of life or property, and so he feeds and fattens on the disappointments, misery, and losses of others. Such individuals manifest how extremely hard and selfish the human heart may become. They are wreckers of life and property because they themselves are moral wrecks.

But within the past few years another class of wreckers have made their appearance in the West Indies. In truth, however, these should not be called "wreckers," for their work is not to tear to pieces and destroy, but to save. One crew of these men with their powerful little steamer, the "Premier," make their headquarters at Kingston, Jamaica. These men thoroughly understand their business, and the "Premier" is fitted out with everything necessary to aid them in an emergency, and always lies at her wharf with steam up, ready for a call at a moment's notice. Whenever she receives notice of a wreck, she immediately steams off to the aid of the unfortunate vessel. Sometimes her offers of assistance may be refused, and she then usually "lies off," to wait for the moment to arrive when the captain of the wrecked vessel, finding it impossible to help himself, will better appreciate her aid, and then goes courageously to work, and very often in a few days or weeks succeeds in saving a vessel two or three times her size.

God wants our young people to do a similar work in this generation. There are wrecks all around us, and it is the duty of the Christian to seek these out, not for the purpose of pulling them to pieces with criticism, or to blast their hopes with the sight of our own selfishness, but for the purpose of delivering them from their perilous position. God wants young people who will gracefully lighten the burdens of others by sharing their sorrows and cares with them, youth who will be eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and power to those who have no strength. The young people of no other age have been called to do a greater, a nobler, or a more heroic and unselfish work than that which those of this generation are called to do, and that this high purpose may be attained, our Creator first asks for the full surrender of the heart, and then for the consecration of our energies and service.

W. JAY TANNER.

At New Year

WITH joy we hail the glad New Year;
Adieu, the Year that's done!
Yet, e'en for "auld lang syne," a tear
Will mingle with our festal cheer;
For while we greet the Year begun,
We mourn the yester one.

O glad New Year, our ships bring home,
Which long have been a-sail!
And may they all rich-laden come
From far-off climes where now they roam;
And though should darkest storms enveil,
O may they brave the gale!

O bygone Year, thy days are sped,
Forever thou art gone!
And many hopes with thee are fled,
And many flow'rs lie withered, dead;
But still their mem'ry lingers on
Till God's eternal dawn.

Then hail with joy the glad New Year,
And speed the Year that's done!
But grief with joy commingles here,
And sadness falls amid our cheer:
The while we greet the Year begun,
We mourn the yester one.

J. FRED SANTEE.

Old Mexico — No. I

Mexico before the Conquest

FOUR hundred years ago there landed on the eastern shores of what is now the State of Vera Cruz, a band of men who came from the other side of the Atlantic in search of wealth and power. Some were adventurers, no doubt, but the greater number had a distinct object in view. Their hearts cherished an ideal, and in nearly every case that ideal was gold.

They were led aright, for although they expected to arrive on the eastern shores of Cathay, now China, they reached a place whose riches fully verified the fabulous reports which had been brought overland since the time of Marco Polo. Moreover they encountered a civilization, rude in some respects, nevertheless quite equal in others to the boasted European culture.

If we stop to inquire into the beginnings of Mexico as a nation, we shall find ourselves involved in several difficulties with respect to its origin. Authorities give credence to two or three out of sixteen theories. These are to be divided into three divisions; namely, Asiatic, European, and African. The probability is that the early inhabitants came from Asia, either by the Pacific Ocean or by the Behring Strait, from Russian Asia and Alaska, then gradually through the centuries worked their way to the south.

Long before the twelfth century, different tribes had settled in and around the Mexican valley. Little can be said about their true origin. Near the close of the twelfth century, we find a tribe which, during previous centuries, had worked down from the north. Many evidences are still found of its journeys through the southwestern portion of the United States. This tribe was known as the Nahuatl, whose wanderings finally ended in the valley of Mexico.



Huitzilopochtli, God of War

Having found other hostile tribes in the immediate vicinity, the Nahuatl made use of the numerous lakes which occupy the central portion of the valley, by building a crude Venice, which was a means of isolation, and probably of protection.

Earth was brought from the mainland and dredged from the lake to build up long strips of garden land. These strips were cut by transverse canals, making garden plots which measured from one hundred to two hundred feet in length, and from fifteen to fifty feet in breadth. Trees were planted, and other means were used to give solidity to their island homes. Thus they were able to raise all the necessities of life. Through the warmth of a tropical sun, and by continuous moistening of the soil from the surrounding waters, bountiful crops were their reward.

This tribe, being of a fighting disposition, was not content to hover about the edges of its lakes, but feeling the greatness of its strength, and largely influenced by its superstitious beliefs, it became aggressive and looked about for greater conquests. The omen responsible for the settlement of this tribe in the valley was of itself sufficient to give them a feeling of importance. In seeking for a location, their leaders saw, perched on a nopal cactus, an eagle destroying a serpent. This became the national emblem.

A temple was raised to their tutelary deity, the god of war. Thus under patriotic and religious influences the Nahuatl began their national growth. On this foundation, Tenoch, a Nahua leader, began the building of Mexico City in the year 1325 A. D. It was then called Tenochtitlan. The aristocracy ruled for several decades, but did not meet the requirements of the times. A leader was necessary. A popular election took place, in 1376, and elected for life a Tlacatecutli ("chief men").

A noble youth of valor, Acamapichtli, accepted this position. He succeeded in subduing many of the Indian villages near by. After his death in 1396, the nobility elected his son Huitzilihuitl to the throne. Although a bachelor at the time of his election, he soon followed in his father's footsteps by taking many wives. The succeeding rulers, Chimalpopoca and Itzcoatl, did nothing of especial notice, but the election of the next king marked a change in the policy of the nation. The valiant general Motecuzoma Ilhincamina, a man of royal descent, was chosen. His first act was to inaugurate a campaign against the neighboring tribes. Five hundred captives of this expedition were sacrificed to the god of war at his coronation.

After a series of national disasters, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes, the Mexicans were reduced to desperate straits. They attributed these evils to their neglect of the sacrificial rites. They then renewed with vigor their warlike expeditions, returning with many captives. The year following, the calamities ceased. This helped to confirm the terrible practise which grew more and more until the time of the Spanish invasion.



A Bit of Old Mexico — The Ruins of Mithra

Axayacatl the Terrible and Tizoc were successors to the throne, but it was left to Ahuizotl to inaugurate the great temple to Huitzilopochtli, the war god, sacrificing seventy-two thousand captives in his honor.

Motecuzoma Xocoyotzin, or as modern writers call him, Montezuma II, a man of deep religious nature and a fearless warrior, ascended the throne at the death of Ahuizotl. The condition of Mexico was, on the whole, prosperous. The laws of the land were quite adequate, and penalties were quickly executed. The commerce of the nation reached from ocean to ocean, and as far south as Guatemala.

In spite of the general prosperity, the natives were beginning to suffer from the evil influences of their religious superstitions. The abominable human sacrifices depressed the moral tone of the people, causing a very light regard for human life.

Many longed for the good Quetzalcoatl, the god of the air and of bounties. This was the fair god of light complexion who had taught them many useful things in the ages past. His return had been predicted, and now in the time of national depression, they hoped for his coming. We shall see that their hopes were fulfilled in a measure, but not as they had expected.

WALTON C. JOHN.

Liberties with Friends

HE is a very good friend, my companion in labor, and there is a real affection between us. But sometimes I have reason to complain of his actions. For example, he passes by my desk and quietly lays a newspaper on my paper — all in play of course; but at the same time it interrupts my train of thought, or possibly causes me to make an error in my work. Just a little error of course, but all the same an error. He walks on, sometimes chuckling; I put the paper aside, and go on with my work; rather, I go back and gather up the thread of thought — if I can, for sometimes even so small a thing will utterly drive away the thoughts. That may be because I have just enough of the human left to make me resent the action, however well meant it was, and so I am the loser in time and thought and — temper, just a little.

Now this has led me to think that it is wrong to impose on the time and good nature of a friend, even in a playful mood, and even in so small a matter. Besides, some people resent a caress which another would not notice, or would appreciate. Closely related to these little unnecessary attentions is the, to me, positive evil of appropriating little things of our friends for ourselves. When I bring a flower for my desk, I am just selfish enough to want to keep it. It may be the token of another friend, and I really want to keep it. Then surely no other friend should take it. Respect for the rights and property of another is one of the highest forms of friendship.

A. BUSYMAN.

The Abiding Companionship

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Ex. 33: 14.

THE evangel of these words has haunted my mind of late like the clinging bars of some catchy strain of song. I have known for weeks that they would form the motto I should offer you at the dawning of the year, and ever since I chose them, they have breathed about my life like soft, sweet, balmy air on sunny heights. "My presence shall go with thee," in the serious af-

(Concluded on page 12)

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



Superfluous Labor

THE men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life.

— *Cushman K. Davis.*

Filling the Measure

"SHE makes me think of the old story of the pints and quarts," laughed one young girl, speaking of another from whom she and her friend had just a few minutes before parted.

"Expound the riddle," demanded her friend, with a puzzled smile.

"You haven't heard the story? It tells about a prosy speaker and how his hearers, tiring of his seemingly endless discourse, stole out one by one. After a while he noticed the thinning ranks, and said: 'My friends, there are pint measures and quart measures, and you can not put a quart into one of the pint measures. I suppose those who have departed before the end of my discourse are pint measures and are filled. I will now proceed to give you the rest of the quart.' And it is said that the rest stayed to the prosy end, sure that they were quart measures."

"And May reminds you —" began the other.

"May never attempts to get the full measure of things. She misses the best of a great many good things because she tires of them before she has dipped deep enough to appreciate them. There are a half-dozen or more fads of study that she has abandoned before she sounded anywhere near the depths. There are many subjects into which she has dipped just below the surface and then quit. It seems to me that it is not a good way of forming a habit for life. I like to get the most — of good, or pleasure, or instruction, or whatever it may be — out of a thing before I let it go, if I let it go at all. Don't you?" And the other agreed with the earnest little speech. — *Selected.*

Sixty-Six Books for the Student

FROM early childhood I was an omnivorous reader. Too sickly to go regularly to school, I devoured a large family library. I was such a bookworm that they made me librarian at college. Thirty years in a newspaper office kept me abreast of the new literature of the day. But though I have gone through thousands of volumes, reading sometimes with my eyes and sometimes with my fingers, I have found very few that really helped me. And now I have come to the conclusion, at the end of sixty-six years, that there are just sixty-six books in the world that are really worth reading. Some of the sixty-six are so short that they are rather leaflets than books, and the whole of them I have bound in a single volume that I can put in my pocket. Yet these books form a perfect library. They are a cyclopedia. They compass and comprehend the whole circuit of that knowledge which

we all need. I have read these sixty-six books over and over a great many times, and yet they charm me with their novelty. They are like my beautiful spring on the hillside yonder. I have gone to it every day for years. The water is never frozen in winter, and never warm in summer. It bubbles up this morning as fresh and as refreshing as when I first visited it. But no, this figure does not tell the whole story. My sixty-six books are like a mine. When I first began prospecting, with a cold and carnal heart, they were to me only a barren hill-slope. I saw no beauty that I should desire them. But when the Holy Spirit opened the eyes of my understanding, I began to find particles of fine gold scattered all over the surface. Gathering these and looking farther, I found pockets of gold that I could work easily. Before exhausting the pockets, I discovered great veins, or lodes, of gold-bearing quartz, hard to mine, but repaying the toil a hundredfold. And the deeper I have dug, the richer the mine has proved to be. I believe that if I could live as long as Methuselah, and work it every day, I should not be able to exhaust it.

The Bible is the world's one perfect library. It ought to be studied an hundredfold more than it is.

— *Obadiah Oldschool, in Interior.*

Spare Time Possibilities

THE moment a young man ceases to think of his lack of opportunities, resolutely looks his conditions in the face, and resolves to change them, he lays the corner-stone of a solid career. Even if he must go slow, he will go far. Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that by using in study, in an orderly way, the quarter and half hours he spent on railroad trains and ferry-boats, these odds and ends of time might be made of untold value. By putting them together he managed to pick out of them a fine education. To utilize these precious hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, he made a plan for the work of each day, and had such material on hand that he could turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought a German grammar, a phrase book, and a few simple German stories. He would keep a book in his pocket, and glance at it at every opportunity. In a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading easy German, and in less than a year he had the language so well in hand that he took up Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure. He found it extremely enjoyable and profitable. Every language learned was an open door to advanced studies. In a few years he was reading German, French, Spanish, and Italian fluently, and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid. His studies had not only given him an education, but had also helped him to advance in practical affairs by clearing, sharpening, and training his mind.

A clear understanding of the possibilities which live in spare time is a prominent quality of the man who does things. He wastes no time in dreaming of what he would do if he could go to college or travel or have command of long periods of uninterrupted time. He is not guilty of evading the possibilities of his career by shielding himself behind adverse conditions.

Thousands in our country have become highly cultured men and women by utilizing odds and ends of

time. They have opened wider the door of opportunity, broadened their outlook in life, and entered new worlds of science, literature, and art — worlds which are barred to the ignorant.

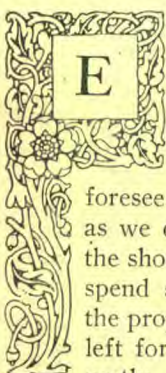
Wisdom will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price of admission. She will not sell her jewels for money, but will give them to every poor boy or girl who yearns and works for her. — *Success Magazine*.

Self-hindered

"My face gets in my way all the time," complained a small girl who was bobbing her head from one side to the other, trying to get an inside view of her hand mirror without seeing herself. Whichever way she turned, of course, her face confronted her. The child's irritation rather amused the mother, but her complaint had a rather serious suggestiveness.

Most of us get in our own way more than we suspect. The best of men are hindered by self-consciousness, and many a man of large talent has lost the success that he ought to have realized because his own face was before him whichever way he looked. And a great many of us, so far from being annoyed by the fact, are quite too well content to think about ourselves, and talk about ourselves, when we ought to have a vision of things beyond. We are playing with the self-reflecting mirror instead of going about our day's work. — *Selected*.

Attacking the Disagreeable Duty



VERY one shrinks from doing a disagreeable duty. Flesh and spirit recoil at the very thought of contact with the rasp of a file or the bite of an acid. Hence it is that the duty we do not like, the duty in the doing of which we foresee unpleasant sensation, we defer as long as we dare in order to brace ourselves to meet the shock. And it is quite probable that we shall spend so much thought and energy in getting the props well set that we shall have no strength left for the real encounter. The last, the most costly, the most exhausting way to deal with a disagreeable duty is to put it off until we have strength to meet it.

A boy of considerable promise in a business office was expected to file in its proper order, every day, the large incoming mail of the concern. It was a tedious task, but easily done in a few hours of close application. But it was a disagreeable duty. The boy conceived a dislike for it. He evaded it, postponed it, complained over it, and finally so deeply had the poison entered into his habits that he became almost helpless in the doing of anything promptly, and lost his position. It was a blow to him and a disappointment to his friends. Yet his determination to confine himself as much as possible to the agreeable duties of his place was bound to cost him heavily in the end.

A schoolboy, on the other hand, to whom algebra was actual distress, made up his mind that he would no longer claim the exclusive right to the foot of the class, a position where he had made a deep rut for himself, but would stand first, or know the reason why. Then the struggle began. It was never easy, but he never was at the foot again. Gradually the principles were mastered, the examples worked out by dint of

disagreeable digging and in spite of frequent inward revolt, until the boy was the acknowledged rival of an exceptionally able mathematician in the struggle for first place. He never won first place permanently, and he never learned to like algebra; but he did learn the gain of doing a disagreeable duty, which is a lesson not second to algebra.

When a thing ought to be done, the question of whether we enjoy doing it or not has no rightful place in our thought. And the thing we dislike is not liked more at the end of a long and apprehensive examination of it than at the first. The longer we think about the painful, uncomfortable side of any duty, the more that side of it comes into prominence, and the harder it becomes to attend to that duty.

Surrendering to Fear

If a man fears the painful and disagreeable effects of breaking a habit, which he knows it is his duty to break, he will often cling to that wrong habit because he prefers wrong-doing to inconvenience and discomfort. He will not always put it so harshly to himself, but he knows that his choice of the habit, as over against his choice of duty, means only one thing — moral cowardice. The expectation of personal discomfort, the fear of pain, lead him to make daily choices in favor of wrong-doing, with the fitful purpose of some day breaking that habit, but meanwhile locking its chains about him with increasing, binding pressure on character, until that unmanly shrinking from the disagreeable may work his ruin. And what course, in the long run, could possibly bring more of the unpleasant, more of the harrowing and distressing, into his life than the surrender of his manhood to his fears?

Relentless Resistance

Everywhere, in every walk of life, the shrinking from doing what one ought to do, the distaste for duty when duty brings pain, calls for relentless resistance. The power of resistance just here is a mark of character. The weakling dodges the disagreeable because he dislikes it, and becomes more a weakling in so doing. The strong soul tackles the disagreeable, even though disliking it, and becomes stronger in so doing. He will not risk the breaking down of character by measuring life according to ease or hardness, or duty by the pleasant or unpleasant. "Ought" is a mighty word with him, and it drives him through to his haven as the vast engines of the ocean liner drive her straight through the smoking seas of the winter North Atlantic. But the weakling steers timidly, is taken aback, falls into the trough of the sea, is dismasted, and becomes a derelict, drifting with sodden floundering, awash at the will of the wind and sea.

Who of us would willingly choose the fate of the derelict? And to choose is ours. If love of ease and pleasantness sways us, we are at the mercy of the evil within and around us. If love of duty-doing, duty pleasant or disagreeable, possesses us, drives us under so high a pressure of Godward obligation that we get at the thing to be done without stopping to wonder whether it will hurt or not, evil will meet with a resistance not found in the man whose shrinking from pain makes him a laggard and faithless.

"What shall I ask for the voyage I must sail to the end alone?

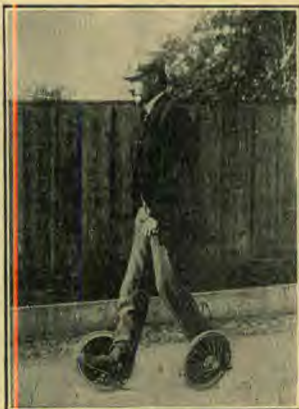
Summer, and calms, and rest from never a labor done? Nay; blow, ye life-winds all; curb not for me your blast." — *Editor of Sunday School Times*.



"A SCOTCHMAN once said, 'Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world.' No wonder that he was a tender, reverent, large-souled man, though but a humble farmer. Lifting the eyes and looking reverently up to the beauty and glory God has put into the world, is one way of keeping the life sweet, inspired, exalted, of making one's walk through life a way of victory and joy and peace."

A New Mode of Travel

WALKING wheels are now a reality. They were invented by a Swiss engineer, and he is often seen walking on the wheels in his hilly country. The wheels are thirteen inches in diameter, and are provided with solid rubber tires. They are fastened to the foot much the same as the ordinary skate, the sole and heel being clamped by screws and levers. The weight of each wheel is three and one-half pounds. They are fitted with brakes, so that one may travel down hill with safety.



Engraving by Telegraph

MONSIEUR CARBONELLE, a Belgian, has invented apparatus by means of which a picture can be reproduced by telegraph in the form of an engraved plate, from which printed copies may be immediately taken. The picture to be sent is printed with thick, non-conducting ink, and wound round a revolving cylinder, over which passes a stylus electrically connected with the telegraph-line. At the receiving end a similar cylinder is encased with lead, or other soft metal, on which presses the point of a graver. The variations of intensity in the current produced by the stylus passing over the picture at the transmitting station cause the graver to cut more or less deeply, and thus to produce a typographic copy of the original, which may be placed without change on the printing-press.—*Youth's Companion*.

A New Invention

MR. K. M. TWINER, of New York, is the inventor of a wonderful little instrument. It has the singular property of catching and transmitting every whisper within a radius of fifteen feet, and at the same time can make its own voice heard over a considerably greater distance. To illustrate the uses of the instrument, which he calls a "dictograph," Mr. Twiner connected it with a telephone wire communicating with an operator in another room. Having moved one of ten switches to call the attention of the operator, he stood as far from the instrument as the size of the room would allow, and began to talk in ordinary tones.

To every question he asked, the small box, about eleven inches long and five inches deep, replied loudly and distinctly. He dictated a business letter, and then asked for it to be repeated. The letter came back word for word, with most startling rapidity. By means of the dictograph a busy man sitting in his office, can talk to any number of managers or clerks in turn, or by depressing all the switches, to the whole of them together. He has no need to hold a receiver in his hand. He can whisper at a distance of fifteen feet, with his back turned to the instrument, and his words will be heard quite plainly at the other end of the wire, even if that end is a hundred miles away.—*The Statesman*.

Falling Leaves

MOST persons think that the falling of leaves in autumn is due to the action of frost. But science says this is not the cause. Frost may, and no doubt does, hasten their fall, but it is not the primary cause. In autumn the sources from which the trees obtain their water dry up, and transpiration—the breathing out of moisture by the surface of the leaf—is restricted. When this happens, thin-walled cells are formed between the base of the leaf and the part of the branch to which it is attached. These cells are so constructed that they are easily separated by either mechanical or chemical agents. When the layer of cells has attained its proper thickness, they separate from each other, the cell-wall is dissolved, and the continuity being thus destroyed, the most trifling cause will break the leaf away from its hold.

Neither are the rich crimson and gold colors of the leaves in autumn due to frost, but to the natural ripening of the leaf, like an apple.—*Selected*.

An Automatic Milk Seller for Schools

IN educational and sanitary matters German authorities lead all others. This month a very commendable feature has been introduced in several schools in Berlin, Germany. Automats were placed in the courtyards, which, for a small coin, deliver hot or cold milk. First, one procures a cup which falls out of an opening, and which is made of waterproof strong paper; then a pedal is pressed down and the cup is filled with pure milk at any desired temperature. Heating is done inside entirely automatically by liquid fuel. The cleaning and rinsing of the tubes and tanks through which the milk runs is also done automatically. The amount asked is so small, two cents, that scarcely any profit is made, as it is intended to give the pupils the milk at actual cost. It should be pointed out that the whole process is unexcelled from the hygienic standpoint, as only the best inspected milk is used, and every person receives a separate cup, features which we do not find in the many restaurants and milk shops. The success with these patented automats has been very great, and they will be installed in many more schools of the German empire.—*Max A. R. Brunner, in The Independent*.





The Little Child

Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all his works were good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children, in a later day,
That none could enter heaven, save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child! when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;
And heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child! its reflex there!

—Selected.

The Candle of the Lord



FRED was taking off his shoe and stocking, getting ready to go to bed. His shoe was wet, and five little water-soaked toes, with seams and wrinkles all over their pink faces, looked at him accusingly. If they could have spoken, they would have said: "You got us wet, you did. You told a lie; you said you did not step into the brook."

O, that beautiful brook, so near the schoolhouse, with such lovely stepping-stones, such pretty little lucky-bugs skipping about over the water, such charming mud in which to paddle! Why could it not run in some other part of the town, so little schoolboys would not be tempted? Fred threw his shoes and stockings under the bed, said his prayers, without mentioning the lie, and went to bed.

"I know I told a lie about the brook, but I don't believe I will think of it," he said to himself, and while he was trying to give his whole mind to some other subject, he fell asleep. He dreamed that a beautiful angel stood by his bed, with a bright candle. The angel said:—

"This is the candle of the Lord. I have come to search out all the sins that little boys keep hid away in their hearts, and do not confess. This candle shines right upon them."

Then Fred's heart was all lighted up, and there was found the lie, unforgiven, unconfessed.

"This is very sad," said the angel. "The good Lord loves him, and is ready to forgive that sin if he will confess it. It grieves him so much to have little Fred cover it up"—and the candle shone very bright, and the sin looked very black.

"I hope," continued the angel, "that now this little boy knows that he can not hide the lie any longer, he will ask the Lord to forgive him."

Fred woke with a start, and knelt down and confessed his sin. He went in his night-gown to his mother's room, and, as he clasped his arms around her neck and told her all about it, he promised, with God's help, never to tell another falsehood.—*Christie Pearl, in the Pansy.*

Ole Bull's Present

ONE day as a tall, dignified-looking gentleman was walking leisurely along one of the bystreets of London, his attention was attracted to a little boy who was looking in at a shop window in which were displayed for sale various articles (some of them apparently second-hand). As the gentleman, whose long, thick hair fell far below his fur cap, approached the lad, he saw that his gaze was fixed upon a beautiful-looking violin that hung in the center of the window. Upon coming nearer he heard him singing a familiar melody in a pure, sweet voice, which he accompanied with rhythmical movements of his slender arms and fingers as if he were playing the violin. He stopped to listen, quite charmed by the innocent childish spectacle. Just then the little fellow looked up, and, abashed at being observed, ceased his performance.

"Do you think you could play as well upon that violin, if you had it, as you can sing, my little fellow?"

"I don't know, sir, but I would like to try," the boy replied.

"Come with me," said the gentleman, and together they went into the shop. "How much for the violin in the window?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"Five pounds."

"Too much by half," said the gentleman. "Show me something cheaper."

After being shown five or six other violins, which he rejected after merely glancing at them (the little boy's big blue eyes looking more and more wistful all the time), the shopkeeper handed out a dingy, antiquated-looking violin, with the remark, "Here's an old fiddle that I got of a sailor. It needs fixing up a bit, but you can have just as it is for £1 10s." The gentleman scrutinized it closely, inside and out, remarked that it was very much out of repair, but said that he would give just £1 for it, which the shopkeeper, after some hesitation, accepted, and the money was paid him.

"Put on a string in place of this broken one," said the gentleman; "and furnish me a good bow—I will pay extra for it."

While this was being done, the gentleman looked

down at the little, pale, wondering face upturned to his, and said, "What is your name?"

The boy quickly responded, "Leo, and my father rings the chimes; if you hark, you can hear them now." The gentleman listened for a moment or two, and as the sound of the grand old bells died away, the shopman handed him the violin and bow ready for use. After tuning the instrument carefully, he unbuttoned his fur-trimmed traveling coat, and placing the violin under his chin, began softly and sweetly to play the tune which the bells had just rung out. For some minutes he continued to play, weaving the air into every conceivable kind of variation, and ended by playing the melody once more, accompanied with harmonics and brilliant arpeggios. After the violin and bow had been placed in the box, he handed it to the bewildered boy, and patting him on his curly head, remarked, as he buttoned up his great overcoat: "Carry the violin home with you, and take good care of it; it is worth one hundred pounds at least. Learn to play the tune I heard you singing outside the window, and as many more as you can. Tell your father to get you a good teacher; you may keep the violin; it is a present from Ole Bull." He opened the door for his little protégé, and passed out into the crowd just as the bells rang out again their merry chime. — *Geo. T. Angell.*

Jackdaw's Dual Life

[A jackdaw is a kind of parrot, much larger than the ordinary parrot.—ED.]

WITH the death of Tad, a jackdaw which for many years belonged to the family of Walter Edwards, a farmer of Jaysville, at the foot of the Waukaw Mountain, came the disclosure that he led a dual life. Tad was a great pet, not only in the Edwards home, but with all the neighbors, and his visits to the houses of the neighborhood were frequent, especially where there were children, as he was fond of candy.

It now turns out that he was a thief. Yet in all the years that he lived in Jaysville, although many articles were missed from the homes of his friends, he never was suspected. Tad made his usual rounds on Thanksgiving eve, being feasted with nuts and candy by the young folks.

The next day he did not appear, and the little Edwardses thought he had eaten too much the night before, and that he would be around the next day as usual. Friday and Saturday passed, but Tad did not appear, and it was determined to visit the cupola this morning and see if he was there. Tommy Edwards climbed up to Tad's home. There lay the bird stretched out dead, and on a ledge which went around the inside of the cupola was a collection of small pasteboard boxes filled with all kinds of jewelry and bric-à-brac. On one corner of the ledge lay many love missives that had passed between the boys and girls of the neighborhood. The boy handed down the boxes and missives to his father, and, last, the body of Tad.

An examination showed the following articles taken from the cupola: Sixteen pairs of spectacles, seventy-two rings of different kinds, thirteen strings of beads, eleven pairs of earrings, one hundred ten brass nails, five jackknives, three gold bracelets, seven napkin rings, a small butter knife, thirteen teaspoons, one hundred thirty-seven love letters, five marriage certificates, a deed for a farm, and several small articles of bric-à-brac.

(Concluded on page 13).



My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure.—*Sir Galahad.*

The Danger of Turning Aside

TWO persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other who knew the road well, "I shall follow you so as to be right." He soon fell into a ditch, and accused the other of his fall. The other replied, "Then you did not follow me exactly, for I have kept free." A step aside had caused the fall. There is like danger in not following Christ fully.—*Mrs. B. G. Downen.*

What Saved His Hand

SCIENCE has demonstrated that in total abstinence lies the pathway to highest health. An exchange records the following illustration of the fact:—

A young laboring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton-hood, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely and be readily cleansed. As time passed on, the hand became very swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood-poisoning, fearing the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand and a nod of his head the surgeon murmured: "That is what saved your hand."

Total Abstinence

TOTAL abstinence is sometimes derided by moderate drinkers on the ground that it is a surrender of freedom, and a confession of a want of self-control, and that the manly attitude is that of the man who drinks when he desires to, and who can control his desire. But no man has a right to lay down the law to us in such terms. If I do not want to smoke opium at all, no man has a right to tell me that I surrender my freedom unless I occasionally indulge in it. Freedom is the right and power of free choice, and I no more surrender my freedom in choosing to be a total abstainer from liquor than in choosing to refrain from profanity or hashish.

Being free to take a drink when we want to is not so great a freedom as the freedom of being too free to want to. Keeping ourselves in the habit of un-

habitual indulgence is nearer slavery than living on the plane of habitual unindulgence. The number of needless and possibly dangerous problems which we eliminate from our lives should be as large as possible. There is no manliness in the superfluous danger of possible intemperance. It shows no bravery to hang over a precipice to convince people that it is possible to hang over without falling down. Such acrobatics are silly. If a man wants to drink occasionally, let him put it on that ground, and confess that he did it because he wanted to, and wanted to so much that he preferred to indulge rather than not indulge. If he does not want to drink at all, he is entirely free to refrain, and no power in heaven or on earth will press him to do it to show men that he is a free man.

How many men are injured by the slavery of total abstinence? It wrecks no home. It imposes no bondage. It devours no fortunes. It tempts no little children. How many men are benefited by the freedom of moderate indulgence? Does it make them more sympathetic toward the poor, more helpful toward the drunkard? Does it protect them against the slavery of drink, so that it can be said that no man who enjoyed the freedom of the moderate or occasional drinker ever became a drunkard? No total abstainer will ever become a drunkard, except by being first an occasional drinker, but no occasional drinker will ever find his way to drunkenness through total abstinence.—*Robert E. Speer.*

Emphatic Testimony

WE are constantly reminded by accounts of the physical wreck of boys through the cigarette curse, that a word of warning on this subject is ever in place. And what is the cigarette curse?—Simply the *tobacco curse*, only the cigarette furnishes in more convenient and seductive form for the use of foolish boys, the same deadly narcotic which has been used for generations by still more foolish men. Dr. N. Roe Bradner, M. D., in the *Herald of Health*, says:—

"No, gentleman, it is not the cigarette, but tobacco, that is poisoning our youth; the danger of the cigarette is that it presents tobacco in an attractive and tolerable form for persons of immature years. We deplore the existence of cigarettes containing tobacco; of soothing sirups and other concoctions containing opium; and of vegetable tonics containing alcohol; but words fail us in attempting to foretell the result of this awful traffic. Insanity, palsy, idiocy, all forms of physical, moral, and mental ruin, have followed the sale of these nostrums throughout our broad land."

When we see famous men occupying the highest and most exalted positions, dragged down to death by this tobacco curse at a time when they should be in their prime and strength, it is time to warn men to leave alone this deadly poison. No matter how many doctors prescribe it, no matter how many ministers use it, it is evil, and only evil; it is deadly and destructive; and Christian men whose bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost, should not be defiled with this vile and deadly abomination.—*H. L. Hastings.*

MR. ROOSEVELT believes in simple living. It is said that he breakfasts on boiled eggs, rolls, and coffee; that his noonday lunch consists of bread and milk, and that while his dinner at night is more elaborate, it usually consists of but two or three courses.



NECKTIES woven of silver threads can now be obtained by those willing to pay the price—\$350.

ABOUT three million cattle and sheep die on the Western ranges in winter from exposure to the elements.

ATTAR of roses sells at \$112 a pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds, or nearly five tons, of roses to obtain one pound of the oil.

GERMANY, France, and Italy have trackless trolley-cars. These cars have combined features of the ordinary trolley and automobile. They require no tracks, but have the overhead trolley.

DR. THORNER, of Berlin, has succeeded in devising apparatus by which he can successfully photograph the back of the eye. This invention will be of great service to physicians in treating diseased eyes.

ONE hundred one American colleges, it is said, have a holiday on Monday instead of Saturday. The desirable feature in this transfer is that it obviates much of the Sunday preparation of lessons by students.

THE unique custom exists among the Arabs of North Africa of depending upon hawks or falcons for family support. These birds are caught by the Arabs, and trained to catch game birds. The hawk is placed on the rider's head, and at a shrill cry from the horseman as he gallops along, the bird shoots into the air and secures the game for its master.

ONE of the newest labor-saving devices is a machine for cutting and cleaning fish, recently invented by Mr. E. G. Deloe, of Roaring Springs, Virginia. From 40,000 to 50,000 fish can be cut and cleaned in an hour by this machine; and since this was one of the most expensive and tedious parts of the fish industry, Mr. Deloe's invention must be received favorably by all extensively engaged in supplying the fish market.

THE pumping dry of a sea—the great Zuyder Zee—is the problem now before the Dutch people. Already engineers have begun the work of adding 1,400 square miles of dry land to the little country of Holland, which, it is estimated, will give new farms and homes to 50,000 persons. The task is not a small one, the government estimating that thirty-three years will be required in building, and \$76,000,000 will be needed to finance the project.

NEW YORK has recently had installed automatic electrical shoe-cleaning machines. The shelf at the bottom of each machine contains a hole just the size of the average foot. After the customer places his foot in this depression, he drops a nickel in the slot, and presses a button, whereupon "out of the depths come four rotary brushes which run up over the instep in front, neatly brush the heels, and play hide and seek with the sides of the foot-gear under treatment. After all the dust is brushed away, the machine softly purrs and sings, and the blacking is distributed in a fine spray by an atomizer. Then another set of front and back brushes whirl over the surface of the shoe, and after that a soft green felt muff appears and gives the finishing touches to the shine."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Scripture Reading: 1 Corinthians 13.

Sentence Prayers.

BIBLE STUDY: Essentials of Home Happiness.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 356-370.

Bible Study

NOTE.—From the following or other texts a Bible reading may be prepared on "Essentials of Home Happiness," or minute talks might be given on these texts: Col. 3:13; Prov. 15:1; 17:11; 1 Peter 5:8; Heb. 13:17; James 1:3; Rom. 5:3; Matt. 26:41; 1 Thess. 5:17.

Book Study

NOTE.—The chapter on "Builders of the Home" is especially adapted for personal study. Each young man and woman should read it prayerfully. It is a light which, if heeded, will guide one safely past some of the dangerous shoals in the widening stream of life. The best, perverted, is the worst. The Christian's business in this world is to save souls, and all else in life should be subordinated to this purpose.

THE BUILDERS OF THE HOME: What is the source of unselfish affection in the home? Page 358. How is happiness in the home perpetuated? Pages 360, 361. See also stanza from "Life's Scars."

CHOICE AND PREPARATION OF THE HOME: Of what is the home a symbol? What is its purpose? Page 363. Mention and discuss four conditions which make the city unfit for ideal homes. Pages 364, 365. Describe carefully the Saviour's early surroundings on earth. Page 365. Show that humble homes have produced some of earth's noblest men. (What reasons would you give for this?) Pages 365, 366.

SIMPLICITY IN FURNISHING: How do popular habits of living affect home comforts and enjoyments? Pages 367-369. What are some essentials of home happiness?

Stanza from "Life's Scars"

"THE choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless mien, the frowning face,
Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those we love the best."

Does Canvassing Pay?

YES, in three ways. It gets present truth before the people; it gives the canvasser a character and experiences that gold can not buy from him; and it pays from a financial standpoint.

Here Is the Proof

From June 7 to Nov. 1, 1907, our fifty-seven canvassers in this conference actually sold and delivered to their customers, books to the value of \$18,922.36,

and received that in cash. Thus the agents' average profit an hour, for the entire season's work, was seventy-five cents. This means that each one sold one dollar and fifty cents' worth of books an hour. Now, let us suppose that the agent spends one half of his actual profit of seventy-five cents an hour for traveling and other expenses, there would still be a net profit of thirty-seven and one-half cents for every hour's work. These are straight facts.

Another Fact Worthy of Note

is that those agents who made the salvation of souls their chief motive, actually made the best records financially. "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life." Prov. 22:4.—California Seed Sower.

The Abiding Companionship

(Concluded from page five)

fairs of the home, in the pregnant place of education, in the relaxations of amusement and sport, in the broad, quiet spaces of nature's strength and beauty, in the stress and speed of business, and along the narrow road that leads to the open grave. The changing road: the unchanging Presence! The shifting environment: the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother!" "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Well, here we are, facing the unknown road of the New Year. Where is the road going to lead? What sudden and unexpected turnings shall we experience? Shall we find the road firm and smooth and easy, or shall we find it rough and "rutty," straining and tiring to the limbs? Will it provide a pleasant saunter, or will it necessitate bleeding feet? Will it be a green lane, or a stony steep? Will the way be clear and legible as a turnpike, or will it sometimes be faint and doubtful, like an uncertain track across the moor? We do not know; we are alike in a common ignorance; culture and wealth convey no favor; all distinctions are here wiped out; we are all upon an unknown road, and for everybody the next step is in the mist. "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." If it were good for us to know it, we should be taken into the counsels of the Almighty. The knowledge of the future path matters nothing: the perception of the present Companionship matters everything! What of the road? "Thou knowest not now." What then? "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." And so our motto entwines the gracious offer of a Companion for the unknown and changing road. My text promises the destruction of loneliness, but not the dispersal of the mist. Let me remind you of some of life's loneliness which this wonderful Companionship will destroy.

The Loneliness of Death

It is pathetic, deeply pathetic, how we have to stand idly by at the last moment—doctor, nurse, husband, wife, child—all to stand idly by, I say, when the lonely voyager launches forth into the unknown sea. "It is the loneliness of death that is so terrible. If we and those whom we love passed over simultaneously, we should think no more of it than changing our houses from one place into another. But every voyager goes alone." Alone—nay, there is a Fellow-voyager! "My presence shall go with thee." The last, chill loneliness is warmed by the Resurrection Life. There is a winsome light in the valleys, as of the dawning of grander days. "Though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." "My presence shall go with thee!" "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Now if only we firmly believed, and clearly realized this gracious Presence, what would be the ministry? Well, we should work without worry. We should step out without dread. We should waste no energy in fruitless fear and sapping care. We should face the new year *not daunted by our ignorance*. The great Companion may still think it good to deny us the light of comprehension: but then, though we may not comprehend the nature of the entire way, he will see to it that we have light at the next turning of the road. Don't let us be afraid of our ignorance. Our Companion is a great husbander of light, and at the appointed moment, when "his hour is come," he shall "bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

And do not let us be *afraid of our weakness*. You feel about as little like carrying the possible load of this new year as a grasshopper! Never mind! Perhaps that is how we ought to feel. You must leave something for the great Companion to do. Do not let us try to carry our God and our burden too. You remember that passage in Isaiah where, with pathetic irony, the prophet declares that the people are busy carrying their gods, when all the time the great Jehovah is waiting to carry the people. No, our little strength will soon leak out. The real combatants are not our weakness versus the burdens and difficulties of the year, but all these things versus our Almighty Friend. "My presence shall go with thee," and thou shalt lack neither light nor might; "as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

"*And I will give thee rest.*" Aye, but we must lean upon him and allow him to carry our load. An aged, weary woman, carrying a heavy basket, got into the train with me the other day, and when she was seated, she still kept the heavy burden upon her arm. "Lay your burden down, mum," said the kindly voice of a working man. "Lay your burden down, mum; the train will carry both it and you." Aye, that's it! "Lay your burden down." The Lord will carry both it and you. "I will give thee rest:" not by the absence of warfare, but by the happy assurance of victory; not by the absence of the hill, but by the absence of the spirit of fainting. "I will give thee rest."—*J. H. Jewett, in the British Weekly.*

Jackdaw's Dual Life

(Concluded from page ten)

The death of Tad and the articles found in his nest were the principal topics of conversation at the little Dutch Reformed church to-day. An inventory of the goods was posted on the church door, with an invitation to the owners to call at the Edwards home and each one pick out his own goods. Not one of the articles belonged to any member of the Edwards household. One of the callers in the afternoon nearly went into hysterics when she picked up a diamond ring which she had lost five years ago. She had accused a young farmer with whom she had kept company of the theft of the ring. He denied his guilt and left the village.

When Tad was opened, in preparation for mounting, an engagement ring belonging to a young woman he had visited on Thanksgiving eve was found in his throat, which caused his death.—*Selected.*

Helped by Personal Effort or by Reading

A Significant Answer

"WHY is personal work the hardest work in the world?" Just because it is the most effective work for Christ, the devil opposes it most bitterly, and always will while he is permitted to oppose anything good. Satan strikes hardest and most persistently at the forces which will, if effective, hurt his cause most. He devotes his chief energies to those from whom he has most to fear; their side he never leaves. Therefore the worker who seeks to win individuals to Christ may rest assured that he has, by entering upon that work, served notice upon the devil for a life-and-death conflict; and that notice will be accepted by Satan as an obligation to swerve the worker from his purpose whenever, by any subtle means in the enemy's power, this can be done. Let us write down large in our mental or real note-books Satan's favorite argument:—

His favorite argument with a believer is that just now is not a good time to speak on the subject. The lover of Christ and of souls is told that he will harm the cause he loves by introducing the theme of themes just now.—*Sunday School Times.*

The Saving Word or Act

A YOUNG man sixteen years of age came to me on the camp-ground at Council Grove, Kansas, a few years ago, and with a heavy heart told me that he had decided that, although he knew that we had the truth, he would return home and give it up because he could not live it at home. I talked with him of the love of Jesus as he came to his own, and his own received him not, because he was trying to live a life of obedience to the commandments of his Father, and as we prayed together, he said, "I will go out into the world as he came to ours, a stranger and an outcast, because my father has told me that I can never come home if I keep the Sabbath." Our talk together seemed to mark a change in the young man, and during the remainder of the meeting he was a great aid and blessing to the young people on the camp. When the meeting broke up the last morning, he took his little belongings in a large red handkerchief and started out, not knowing whither he went. When a short distance from the camp, he turned and swung his bundle toward me in an encouraging way, and he was gone. I returned to Iowa, where I was then located, but have never heard of the boy since. God knows where he is; I have prayed for him as I have thought of him, that he might find places where he could see the way clearly and obey to the end.

When a young man, I had an experience that I will relate. One Sabbath a number of young people came home with my sister and myself, after the Sabbath meeting. After dinner they were quite jovial, and as they were all happy in visiting, I took my chair and Bible, and went to the farther corner of the porch and sat down to read quietly. They made several attempts to get me to lay up the Bible and come with them, especially one of the girls. I excused myself, and they left me. About fifteen or twenty years after, I received a letter from that girl, now a woman with a family, saying that my act that day turned the scale of her life. She there decided that afterward she would use the Sabbath differently, and though she was several years in making the final consecration, she said that

Sabbath afternoon was ever in her mind, and she felt that she ought to write me of it so that I might encourage some other young person in the keeping of the Sabbath when tempted to break it with frivolity.

A young lady once came to me and asked what I thought about her marrying a young man to whom she was engaged, who was not religious. I told her the Lord forbade it. The struggle was fierce with her, as the young man was on the same camp-ground. I told her of the Saviour's words concerning the worthiness of the one who loved any other more than him, and that the type of love was unquestioning obedience, even if it took the sacrifice of all. She went away. That night after nearly all had retired, and I was packing my satchel to take the train in the night, her father came to me, and said that his daughter wanted to see me. I went to their tent and found her waiting. She said that she wanted to tell me, before I left the ground, that she had battled the matter alone with God, and that she had had a good talk with the young man, and had firmly told him that they could go no farther together. She said that her heart was lighter than it had been for weeks. She is now a successful Bible worker.

A FRIEND OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Hands He Used

My hands were filled with many things,
Which I did precious hold
As any treasure of a king,
Silver, or gems, or gold.
The Master came, and touched my hands.
The scars were in his own;
And at his feet my treasures sweet
Fell shattered one by one;
"I must have empty hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil,
Defiled with dust of earth,
And I my work did oft times soil,
And render little worth.
The Master came, and touched my hands,
And crimson were his own;
And when, amazed, on mine I gazed,
Lo, every stain was gone!
"I must have cleansed hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish,
And cumbered with much care;
Trembling with haste and eagerness,
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came, and touched my hands,
With healing in his own;
And calm and still to do his will,
They grew, the fever gone.
"I must have quiet hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were strong in fancied strength,
But not in power divine,
And bold to take up tasks at length,
That were not his, but mine.
The Master came, and touched my hands,
And mighty were his own;
But mine, since then, have powerless been,
Save his were laid thereon.
"And it is only thus," said he,
"That I can work my work through thee."

—Edith G. Cherry.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — To the Red Sea

(January 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Ex. 12:37-41; 13:17-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "He brought them forth also with silver and gold: and there was not one feeble person among their tribes." Ps. 105:37.

Lesson Story

1. Four hundred years before the Israelites left Egypt, the Lord said to Abraham, "Thy seed [that is, his children, grandchildren, and his children's grandchildren, and so on] shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years." We now learn that it all took place just as the Lord said it would.

2. Again, when Jacob was on his way to Egypt, the Lord said to him, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation." How perfectly the Lord knows what will come to pass! The house of Jacob, or Israel, numbered seventy when they went to Egypt, and they numbered six hundred thousand, besides women and children, when they went out of Egypt.

3. We think it is wonderful that they could know what would happen to them many years ahead. But the children of Israel were not the only people to whom the Lord has made known future events. God's people now may know, by studying his Word, many things that are to come to pass before the Lord comes.

4. A few hours after the oldest child in every Egyptian home had died, the Israelites stood waiting in companies, five in a row (margin), each company with a leader. They were dressed for marching, in loose, flowing robes fastened at the waist with belts, or girdles. They had sandals on their feet, and staffs in their hands.

5. A number of Egyptians left Egypt with the children of Israel. Some of them believed in the true God; but most of them were anxious to get away from the plagues, or to see if the God of the Israelites would do any more miracles.

6. The flocks and herds which Jacob and his sons had brought to Egypt, had also been growing in numbers, like the people, all these years, and so the Israelites took out of Egypt "flocks, and herds, even very much cattle."

7. The children of Israel did not have time to prepare food to take with them. They had only the dough, without yeast or leaven, which they carried away in their kneading-troughs. This they baked into cakes.

8. Though the Israelites left Egypt in great haste, in the night, Moses did not forget to take with him the bones of Joseph.

9. There were two ways from Egypt into the land of Canaan,—a short way and a long way. The short way led through the land of the Philistines. If the Israelites had gone this way, they would have had much trouble, and would doubtless have become dis-

couraged, because the Philistines, thinking they were runaway slaves, would have made war with them. So the Lord sent them a long and safe way,—by the shores of the Red Sea.

10. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light." What a comfort it was to them to look up to the cloud above them, day or night, and know that God was there, leading the way, giving them light by night, and shading them from the burning sun by day!

Questions

1. What is meant by Abraham's "seed"? What did the Lord once tell Abraham about his seed? When did the Lord say this?

2. What did the Lord say to Jacob when he was on his way to Egypt? Did this come to pass? How large was the family of Jacob when he went into Egypt? How many persons went out of Egypt?

3. What is wonderful about this? How may we know many things yet to come to pass?

4. How were the children of Israel arranged to march out of Egypt? How long did it take them to get ready? How were they dressed? What did they wear on their feet? What did they have in their hands?

5. Who left Egypt besides the children of Israel? Tell the different reasons they had for going with the Israelites.

6. What else did the Israelites take out of Egypt with them, in great numbers?

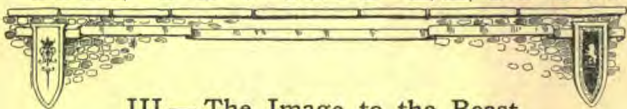
7. What kind of food did the children of Israel take with them?

8. What did Moses remember to take with him?

9. What was the difference between the two ways leading from Egypt into Canaan? Why did the Lord not lead the Israelites by the short way? Which way did they go?

10. What guided the Israelites by day? What gave them light by night? Who was in the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



III—The Image to the Beast

(January 18)

MEMORY VERSE: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." Rev. 12:11.

Questions

1. What did the prophet behold coming up out of the earth? Rev. 13:11.

2. What power does this beast exercise? What does he cause the earth to do? Verse 12.

3. What do the people make? Verse 14.

4. For what purpose is this image made? Verse 15.

5. What is the character of that power toward whom worship is directed? Rev. 13:3-7; 2 Thess. 2:3, 4. From whom did this power obtain its seat, power, and authority? Note 1.

6. What does the Lord say concerning false worship? Ex. 20:4-6.

7. When asked to worship an image, what did the three Hebrew children say? Dan. 3:16-18.

8. Who only should be worshiped? Matt. 4:9, 10.

9. What severe measures are used to enforce the worship of the image of the beast? Rev. 13:15; note 2.

10. What message of warning is given against the worship of the beast and its image? Rev. 14:9-12. What is the penalty for disobedience?

11. Who only will refuse to worship the beast and its image? Rev. 13:8.

12. Where will the victorious ones stand at last? Rev. 7:13-17; note 3.

13. How is their blessed condition described? Rev. 7:13-17; note 3.

14. What is this new song which they will sing? Rev. 15:3, 4.

Notes

1. The beast obtained its power from the dragon, or Satan, through pagan Rome. Upon one occasion Satan offered his possessions and authority to Christ upon condition that he would bow down and worship him. The prophet saw the dragon, or Satan, give his seat, or authority, to the beast. No doubt the beast paid the price placed upon it by Satan. To worship this ecclesiastical image is in reality to turn away from Jehovah by disobeying his precepts, and render obedience to that evil power through whom sin was brought into the world. There could not be a more complete apostacy than is here set forth.

2. "Fearful is the issue to which the world is to be brought. The powers of earth, uniting to war against the commandments of God, will decree that all, 'both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond,' shall conform to the customs of the church by the observance of the false sabbath. All who refuse compliance will be visited with civil penalties, and it will finally be declared that they are deserving of death. On the other hand, the law of God enjoining the Creator's rest-day demands obedience, and threatens wrath against all who transgress its precepts. With the issue thus clearly brought before him, whoever shall trample upon God's law to obey a human enactment, receives the mark of the beast; he accepts the sign of allegiance to the power which he chooses to obey instead of God. The warning from Heaven is, 'If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation.'"—"Great Controversy," page 604.

3. "As we were traveling along, we met a company who were also gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they had a hem of red on their garments also. Mount Zion was just before us, and on the mount was a glorious temple, and about it were seven other mountains, on which grew roses and lilies. And I saw the little ones climb, or, if they chose, use their little wings and fly to the top of the mountains, and pluck the never-fading flowers. There were all kinds of trees around the temple to beautify the place; the box, the pine, the fir, the oil, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the fig-tree bowed down with the weight of its timely figs,—these made the place all over glorious. And as we were about to enter the holy temple, Jesus raised his lovely voice and said, Only the one hundred forty-four thousand enter this place, and we shouted, Alleluia."—"Early Writings," page 14.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Front Page Design

THE new front page cover design was made by Mr. Thomas Sindelar, of New York City.

The scheme of the design is described by Mr. Sindelar himself as consisting "of a landscape background, more or less indistinct and hazy, with the tree of life forming the central panel and extending into all the others, giving a dark background for the lettering. The roots of the tree twine around the Bible and other books. Two shields, one on each side, bear emblems. The one on the left contains a torch and lily of the valley, symbolizing enlightenment and purity. That on the right contains a sickle and a horn of plenty, symbolizing industry and its fruits." And behind the main figure of the design is a suggestion of the city of God, for whose appearance weary pilgrims have waited through the ages.

We hope the new form of the INSTRUCTOR will be favorably received.

The Reading Circle

MR. WILLIE HERRELL writes from Richmond, Virginia, that he has read seven books during the past year, notwithstanding the fact that he had during the summer an attack of the typhoid fever, which prevented his reading for ten or twelve weeks. He has read the following books: "The House We Live In;" "Modern Spiritualism;" "Heralds of the Morning;" "How a Little Girl Went to Africa;" "Story of Pitcairn Island;" "Our Paradise Home;" and "Good Form and Christian Etiquette."

Mr. Herrell says he will join the Circle for 1908. Some young people mean to improve their time. Three names have already been received for the 1908 Circle. Are there not many more who will join these three in reading five good books during the coming year? It costs nothing to join the Reading Circle, except some resolution of character, and an interest to become well-informed young people. Are there not one hundred young persons who possess these two requisites? If so, send in your names as early as possible in the year.

Bearing the Yoke

JESUS says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me that I am gentle and subdued in my heart, and ye will find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is pleasant, and my burden is light." And the prophet Jeremiah says that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

The natives of Africa, when crossing a rapid stream, frequently put heavy rocks on their heads to keep themselves from being carried away by the force of the current. And it proves a wise precaution. Just so the yoke of Christ, his burdens, placed upon the head of a young person, gives a steadying influence to his life that will bear him safely over sin's most dangerous rapids.

Let us not forget, young people, that "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and also that Christ's "yoke is pleasant."

One's Own Business

LORD CROMER, one of the world's foremost statesmen, and one who has done much for modern Egypt, received recently London's highest honor. On the occasion of the awarding of this honor, Lord Cromer, in replying to the Lord Mayor, told his distinguished audience the chief cause of his own success. He said that "one of the surest methods of achieving success in almost every walk of life is to pay attention exclusively to one's own business," and he added: "I have derived the utmost benefit from a strict adherence to this homely maxim throughout my long career; and I even venture to commend it to others, more especially because those who have lived abroad as much as myself are aware that we are rather prone, as a nation, to incur the reputation of being somewhat free in offering advice

to others about matters which either do not concern us or which at all events concern us only remotely."

Not Wasted Time

YOUNG people should not regard the time spent in getting an education as wasted time. If the heart is fixed upon the true goal,—efficient service in the Lord's work,—the time given to preparation is wisely employed. Turner, the great painter, once spent an entire day sitting upon a rock, throwing pebbles into a lake. When evening came, his brother painters showed him their sketches, and railed upon him for having accomplished nothing. The artist's reply was, "I have done this, at least; I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it." The result was that none of his fellow students could ever paint ripples as he painted them. For his work the time spent in throwing pebbles into the water was the wisest way possible of spending the day. So the getting of an education is one of the surest and quickest means of finding a place in the work of God.

UNION COLLEGE has ordered twenty-six hundred copies of the "Truth" number of the INSTRUCTOR. It is hoped that every other school will express its interest in this special number in as practical a way.

New Year Counsel

Make no calculation for months or years; these are not yours.

One brief day is given you. As if it were your last on earth, work during its hours for the Master. Lay all your plans before God, to be carried out or given up, as his providence shall indicate. Accept his plans instead of your own, even though the acceptance requires the abandonment of cherished objects.

—Mrs. E. G. White.