

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



FINDELL





SIX Sunday bills for the District of Columbia are now before Congress.

A WOMAN in Granby, Massachusetts, is making a small fortune, it is said, from running a mouse farm. Miss Lothrop sells the little rodents to the medical colleges for scientific experiments.

A TURNIP weighing twenty-five pounds was recently dug up in South Dawson, Alaska, by Mrs. Henderson, the wife of the discoverer of the Klondike. It promises to be of good flavor, and will generously supply the family with twenty or thirty fair meals.

MR. LESLIE M. SHAW has smoked only once, and then not willingly. While Secretary of the Treasury, he received one day a call from the wife of one of the most distinguished members of a South American diplomatic corps. Before stating the purpose of her call, and in accordance with good form in her country, she drew forth a jeweled gold case, and opening it, offered Mr. Shaw a cigar, and took one herself. While the two smoked, the gentle lady made known her mission.

"THERE are no hod-carriers in Japan," said William E. Morse, of San Francisco, at the Utopia. "The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds each, which he tosses to the man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. The man catches the ball and tosses it up to the man who stands on the roof."

#### Her Pet Canary

WHITTIER, the beloved New England poet, the centenary of whose birth has called forth many reminiscences from those who knew him, was, as is well known, fond of young girls; moreover, old bachelor as he was, he was singularly wise, kind, and comprehending in his dealings with them. So he was also in his dealings with young writers.

One woman who in her girlhood was known to him, though slightly, still cherishes a note which he wrote to her the day after her graduation. She had the class prophecy, in verse, as such things often are, and composed, as is usual, of gay nonsense, little personal hits, and fanciful imaginings. That the honored poet should, in simple-hearted mirth, enjoy her crude and faulty verses for the mere girlish fun in them, laughing and applauding, as he said, as hard as anybody, and should then write to tell her so, was a gracious marvel beyond the compass of fairy god-mothers. It shed a little gleam of glory on the day, not to be forgotten in a lifetime.

Another young girl, also a rimer, and on the verge of being spoiled by foolishly admiring friends, was spared the delusion of fancying herself a poet in earnest by a word in time from Mr. Whittier, to whom a shrewd old aunt carried her manuscripts for judgment.

The girl really had an unusual instinct for rhythm,

swing, and the melody of words; but she did not display in observation, imagination, or feeling, any promise of the more fundamental requisites of poetry.

"She can make words sing, but not like nightingales—like tame canaries," declared the poet, keenly. Then laying a finger on the simplest and least pretentious specimens of her work, nonsense verses, and little merry poems for home occasions, he added, wisely and warningly: "But a bird in the window is pleasant, thee knows, for the folks in the house; only nobody must be disappointed if people outside in the street don't stop to listen. Because thee must be honest with the child, thee needn't teach her to despise her pet canary. Let it sing! Let it sing!"—*Youth's Companion*.

#### The Choice

[The following lines were written by a young woman who has just made her choice for the truth at Arcadia, where a series of meetings has recently been held.]

I DREAMED I had come to a climax, for I stood at the crossroads of life,  
And I halted betwixt two opinions—should I turn to the left or the right?  
There stood in the road on my right hand, a being, ethereally bright,  
Whose garments were white as the snowdrift, whose countenance shone as the light;  
I said to the angel, with trembling, "Which road shall I tread, holy guide?  
Shall I walk where 'tis narrow and rugged, or walk where 'tis even and wide?  
The road to my left looks inviting; in the distance a traveler I see,  
Great mansions and pleasures unbounded; dost think that contented I'd be?"  
"And what canst thou see on thy right hand?" the angel inquiringly said;  
I turned, and I said, without thinking, "The right road is easily read;  
I see that it's long and it's narrow, with hills and great valleys between,  
And a pilgrim who stumbleth, yet riseth, on yon distant hill can be seen."  
Without any warning, the angel to a mountain high bore me away,  
And we gazed at the two earthly travelers; their progress we watched day by day.  
At length their long journey was ended, the end of the broad road was this:  
Not a haven of rest and contentment, but a dark and most awful abyss;  
This valley of death one must enter, well knowing he nothing has gained  
By treading the broad road of folly, when to heaven he might have attained.  
But the valley of death held no terrors for the one who the narrow path trod,  
For he knew that the saints were all sleeping, awaiting the trump of their God.

Once more I stood facing the crossroads. "Which path wilt thou tread?" said my guide.  
"I will walk where 'tis narrow and rugged, and not where 'tis even and wide."  
—Queenie Hill, in *Australasian Union Conference Record*.

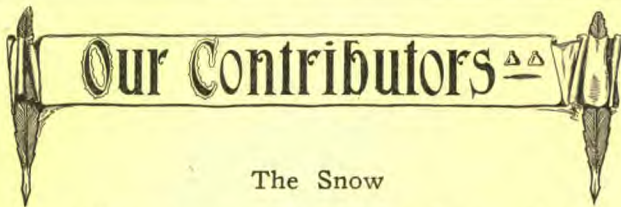


# The Youth's Instructor

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## The Snow

Few things are more beautiful and suggestive than snow,—

"Filling the sky and earth below,  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet;  
Dancing, flirting, skimming so fleet."

What pictures! These falling blossoms of the sky, these poems of the storm, these Iliads and Odysseys of the tempest, kiss the

"fair lady's cheek,  
And cling to her lips in frolicsome freak;"

or, like coronets,  
crown the hilltops,  
covering barren  
vales and fields  
with a mantle of  
purity—

"From heaven  
above,  
Pure as an angel,  
gentle as love!"

Possibly no season of the year gives more pleasure than the time of snow. Children, peeping through the windows, clap their hands with glee as the flakes whirl and dance in the air; or, wrapped in warm hood or cap, with heavy clothing and over-shoes, play snowball, or glide along on their little sleds, while men and women hail one another with humor and song, as they, in the gay—

"sleighs, like meteors flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye:  
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go  
Over the crest of the beautiful snow."

### Snow Crystals

Snow is as interesting to study as to play with. God asked Job if he had "entered into the treasures of the snow." Job 38:22. Snow is simply the vapor of water in a crystallized form. It is twenty-four times lighter than water, but when flake adheres to flake, what a mighty force these little things make! Telegraph-poles bend and break beneath their weight, ponderous trains are stalled, and Alpine avalanches sweep down the mountainsides, carrying death and destruction to the valleys below.

One of the most touching incidents in history is

### UNDER THE SNOW QUILT

Silently, silently falls the snow;  
Merrily, merrily to and fro  
Dance the flakes as they hurry along,  
Keeping time to the wind harp's song.  
Over the fields that are brown and bare,  
Over the tree tops, high in air,  
Over the hillsides, the brooks, the streams,  
Even the hole where the woodchuck  
dreams,—  
Decking with beauty as on they go,—  
Drift the flakes of the pure, white snow.



Peacefully, peacefully, snug and warm,  
Safe from the blast and the drifting storm,  
Shy little flower heads sleep and dream  
O skies of blue and the rippling stream,  
Whose tinkling music, now hushed and  
still,  
No longer calls them to field and hill.  
The blanket warm which the snowflakes  
made  
Is over the spot where each head is laid,  
Till smile of sunshine and kiss of rain  
Shall waken the sleepers to life again.  
—Helen M. Richardson.

that of Napoleon's army destroyed by the snow. He had gone up before Moscow with five hundred thousand men with fixed bayonets. When he retreated, he lost nearly one half. The morning of Oct. 19, 1812, was bright and beautiful. But after a time the snow began to fall, and soon a regular blizzard set in. Men fell from fatigue, cavalry horses succumbed, until one hundred thirty-two thousand soldiers perished, and the victor of Jena and Austerlitz surrendered to the snowflakes.

The term "crystal" is derived from a Greek word, *krustallos*, which means ice or frozen water. There is a large amount of watery vapor in the atmosphere, and when the temperature is sufficiently low to freeze, snow is formed. When the air is calm and the cold severe, these crystals are observed in the most extensive variety, and in the most regular and beautiful forms. Captain Scoresby says he found ninety-six varieties

in the arctic regions. By the aid of the microscope Professor Tyndal found shafts, domes, curves, and stars, the beauty and variety of which equal anything in the vegetable kingdom.

Snowflakes are usually stelliform, or star-shaped; and hexagonal, or having six sides and angles. The flakes vary according to the temperature, from seven-hundredths of an inch in diameter, the

smallest occurring with low temperatures, and the largest when the temperature approaches 32° F. If the temperature is a little higher, the flakes are partially thawed in passing through, and become sleet. Should one catch the falling flakes upon a cold hand-mirror, then use a magnifying lens, one would observe the beautiful forms which have been frequently used for decorative purposes, being wrought into the figures on wall-paper, prints, laces, and other objects of domestic use.

### The Language of the Snow

Twenty-five times the word "snow" is used in the Scriptures. It is a little creation which teaches some big lessons. First, the snow says, BE PURE. Jeremiah, in Lam. 4:7, speaks of the Nazarites who were in the city of Jerusalem at the time of her overthrow, as "purer than snow." Snow is the chosen emblem in the Scriptures for a stainless moral purity. Purity internal, means loveliness external.

The snow says, PRAISE. David, in Ps. 148:7, 8, says: "Praise the Lord from the earth, . . . fire, and





Snow delights children

whiter than snow." Sin is dirty and contaminating. We all need cleansing. "If I wash thee not," said Jesus to Peter, "thou hast no part with me." John 13:8.

"O God, in the stream that for sinners did flow.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

It also says, BELIEVE. "Though your sins be as scarlet," said Isaiah, "they shall be as white as snow." Dr. Elmer Gates, of the Smithsonian Institution, has discovered that the effects of different emotions are found in the secretions and excretions of the body. "If when a person is conscious of guilt," he said, "a small quantity of perspiration be placed in a glass tube and treated with selenic acid, it will turn pink." Sin has color, and sin is poisonous. But no matter if one's sins be as scarlet, by the crimson blood of Christ they shall be as white as snow. What a transformation! God said so, and thus it must be. To doubt would be sin. We must rise, and be "believing." John 20:27.

The snow says, OBEY. According to Job the descent of the snow is of the Lord's command, for he says to it, "Be thou on the earth." Job 37:6. And David declares that it fulfills his word. Ps. 148:8. Only man seems to raise an objection by asking, like Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?"

The snow says, SERVE. Isaiah informs us, in chapter 55:10, that "the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater."

What an important mission! These snowflakes of December and January help the coming flowers of May and the harvests of July, by carefully covering up and keeping warm the seed sown in the fall. Under the snow the warmth is many degrees greater than above it. It is said that plants taken from the Alps will perish during a mild winter in England for lack of snow to keep them warm. Besides this, the snow is said to contain a larger percentage of ammonia than the rain, so that when it melts, it imparts a greater power of enrichment.

What important lessons the snow teaches one! It says first, *Be pure*, which is to be like Jesus. The promise to such is that "they shall see God." Matt. 5:8. Then next it says, *Praise*. This is becoming. God says, "This people have I formed for myself;

hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word." It certainly does it in its formation and usefulness. The microscopist hears it say, "My beauty is of my Creator," and the agriculturist, "I came to do God's will in nourishing the soil and protecting the seeds of the autumn from the biting frosts."

The snow says, PRAY. "Wash me," petitioned David, "and I shall be

they shall show forth my praise." Isa. 43:21. Then it says, *Pray*. Prayer brings one in touch with God. Nothing is sweeter than communion with him. Then, *Believe*. What Jesus says, he will do. Then, *Obey*. Obedience is the criterion of discipleship.

"Trust and obey, for there's no other way

To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey."

Then, *Serve*. God wants our time, talent, service. The conclusion of the whole matter, according to Solomon, is, "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

### A True Woman

Is it not queer how very easy it is to say what some one else should be, and how difficult to lay down a rule for one's self? This is my feeling as I try to answer the question, "What constitutes a true woman?" I have been led to believe from my observation of men, women, and events, that true womanliness is true manliness softened and refined.

Of all qualities one of the most undesirable in a woman's character is that of masculinity. That a woman be strong we plead; that that strength degenerate not into roughness, we insist. That a woman be frank, we ask; that she be not coarse, we demand.

She who desires to be like men in any way has perverted standards of the fitness of things. I have noticed that she who demands that women be treated as men is unwilling to part with the deference given her as a

woman. A story is told of a "woman's rights lecturer," who, coming into a car, found all the seats occupied. Strangely, not a man arose to offer his place. Just then a well-dressed merchant looked up from his newspaper and asked, casually, "Are you not the lady who advocates woman's rights?" "Yes, sir; I am," she answered, decidedly. The merchant resumed his paper. "Stand up and take them," he advised. Instead, the woman's rights lecturer got off at the next crossing.

Opposite to this fault is the sin of frivolity. Many women who are not frivolous affect this characteristic to cover up their real natures. Giddiness is especially noticeable among girls. We admire the ready wit and spontaneous burst of laughter of a real, live girl who can see a joke and knows how to enjoy it; but the constant simpering giggle with which some girls greet every remark, grates on the nerves. We do not care for the flippant woman; she is shallow; she is the type of which Kipling speaks when he says:—

"And now we know that she never did know; And never could understand."

Another thing which is



A few of the thousand snow crystal forms



Napoleon vanquished by snow



not found in the true woman's character is carelessness about little things. Have you not known a woman who seemed to let her work "fray out at the end"? She was forgetful of many little business matters and appointments. She was not so careful about keeping her word as you wished her to be. You were not quite sure you could always depend on her. Such women lack a certain squareness desirable in our friends.

We all ask that a woman be sympathetic; that she understand; that she enter into the needs of her friends; that she be able to laugh, scold, or weep in response to another's mood. I know a little woman who is not *always* sought when there is a plan for an evening's amusement; once or twice she has been "left out" by her friends. But somehow, whenever any one of these very friends meets a great sorrow, or a very tender joy, or a perplexity, she comes straight to her. Why?—Because this little woman has learned how to heal the wound left by the death of a dear one, how to help plan for graduation festivities, or how to straighten out the tangled threads that worried so. Hers is the "good part, which shall not be taken away."

One of the most beautiful qualities in a woman is confidence. I do not mean the foolish faith in every one that leads a woman to tell her secrets to any chance acquaintance; but the close, loyal trust that makes her put her hand in her friend's, and say, "I do not know what to do. Help me!" This is the confidence that stays in spite of misunderstanding, distance, and time. There is another trait that properly comes in at this point. It is womanly reserve—not reserve in the sense of haughtiness or false pride, but that dignity which makes a man know he "may come so far, but no farther"—which makes a good woman's presence a check to all loose conversation or conduct.

Unselfishness is an element without which any life is a failure. Few of us possess it. I do not mean that few of us go through the common forms of civility. No; we do this, that we may appear well, because it is the custom. Unselfishness is not to think of one's self last; but it is to think of one's self not at all. Put this spirit into the true woman; without it she is incomplete. "What constitutes a true woman?" God knows; may he make us to know—and to do.

AGNES LEWIS.

### Helped the Blind to See

A BLIND girl was attempting to cross a street alone; but she soon discovered that something unusual was going on. An expression of helplessness and alarm shadowed her face. A bright young girl standing near the blind girl soon perceived her trouble, and said, "You can't cross the street now. The parade is coming." So the two girls stood there, waiting for the procession to pass. Amy, the blind girl's informant, endeavored to make her companion *see* the parade by describing its interesting features. Both girls thoroughly enjoyed the time spent together, and Amy wondered, as they parted, why she had lived so many years before she found a chance to lend her eyes.

We do not necessarily need to be blind before we can lend one the use of our eyes. We may perhaps have had greater advantages educationally, socially, and spiritually than our neighbor or friend. If so, we owe him the use of our keener vision. It may be our eyes have beheld wondrous truths out of the Word of God. Should we not reveal these to those who have not seen the glories of the third angel's message?



AND Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

—Longfellow.

### A Wonderful Moving Vine

NEAR the bank of the Guadalupe River, I saw something green upon the ground, and, hurrying forward, found a beautiful vine with leaves smaller than those of the smilax, of a pale, tender green. The vine had its root about five feet from the trunk of a towering cottonwood tree, and spread out on the ground four or five inches wide, becoming a little narrower as it approached the tree. I could see no stems nor tendrils, so thick was the growth; and as I drew close to the tree, I saw that the vine branched just above the ground and went climbing up the great trunk and the branches. It grew more and more slender, until, far up, I could distinguish only a threadlike line of green.

As I stood intently watching the delicate, graceful vine, I became aware that it was pervaded by a curious, tremulous motion. Then I saw that the individual leaves were not stationary. Picking up a twig from the ground, I touched one of the leaves, and found to my amazement that there was a brown ant under it about as long as my little finger-nail. Each leaf was held in the mandibles of an ant in such a way as to conceal the body of the insect, and the ants were coming down the tree. The discovery came upon me with a shock. I had stumbled on a nest of umbrella-ants. Books had told me that such ants were found in the tropics, where they carried bits of leaves over their heads as if to protect themselves from the sun; but here, on the banks of a Texas river, I had found a colony of them, shading themselves where there was no sun, and completely hidden by their covering of green.

Charmed at the sight, I turned back to call my companions, who were fishing in the river. Within a few yards, I met my husband coming to look for me. He was even more excited over the phenomenon than I was, and shouted for the others to come quickly. On investigation we found that the spot where the vine seemed to have its root was really the opening of the ant-nest. The tiny creatures had by some instinct learned that the topmost branches of the cottonwood had put out their first small leaves. They had climbed the immense distance and had cut off and brought down their leaves—to feed their young ones, we supposed. The ants which issued empty-jawed from the nest made a long circuit to the farther side of the tree, and climbed up where they would not interfere with the leaf-bearing thousands coming down.—*Mrs. Susan P. Lee, in St. Nicholas.*



### Odd Use for Bread

PERHAPS the most novel use to which bread is put may be seen in the great factories of the Elgin National Watch Company, at Elgin, Ill., where more than forty loaves of fresh bread are required each day. Superintendent George E. Hunter, of the watch factory, is quoted as saying:—

"There is no secret regarding the use of bread in this factory, and I am willing to tell all I can concerning it. From the earliest times in the history of watchmaking it has been the custom of watchmakers to reduce fresh bread to the form of dough. This is done by steaming and kneading. They then use this dough for removing oil and chips that naturally adhere, in course of manufacture, to pieces as small as a part of a watch. There are many parts of a watch, by the way, that are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The oil is absorbed by this dough, and the chips stick to it, and there is no other known substance which can be used as a wiper without leaving some of its particles attached to the thing wiped. This accounts for the continued use of bread dough in the watch-making industry. The Elgin National Watch Case Company uses over forty two-pound loaves a day, or about twenty-four thousand pounds a year."—*American Food Journal*.

### Epsom Salts Cure Lockjaw

MARVELOUS proof of the power of Dr. Samuel J. Metzler's new anesthetic to cure tetanus, or lockjaw, was obtained from prominent New York surgeons yesterday by the *American*, following its exclusive announcement of this scientific discovery.

Not only is the drug said to be invaluable in preparing patients for the operating table, because it can be used without harm in cases where ether or chloroform may cause death by retarding heart action; but it also has been found to open the mouth of lockjaw victims and abate the rigor of this formidable disease.

Dr. Joseph A. Blake, professor of surgery at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, told yesterday how he had cured a most stubborn case of tetanus with sulphate of magnesia.

"A boy of fifteen was brought to Roosevelt Hospital," he said, "suffering from lockjaw. He could open his mouth only three quarters of an inch. Antitoxin failing, sulphate of magnesium was used. Three hours afterward the spasms of the neck lessened. The jaws opened, the temperature fell to one hundred two, and the pulse to one hundred four. The patient swallowed without difficulty. After five injections the convulsions disappeared. Five weeks after the patient was stricken, he was practically well."

Dr. Blake emphasized the fact that sulphate of magnesia did not supplant the use of antitoxin in the

treatment of tetanus, but that both should be used together.

"A remarkable discovery," was the comment of Dr. Charles L. Dana, who made a special study of sulphate of magnesia as an anesthetic recently at the Montefiore Home. "The world may now accept this anesthetic as no longer an experiment."

Dr. Metzler, though attending to a private practise as a physician, has found time for prodigious feats as an investigator in the laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute. There oftentimes he has toiled whole days and nights at a stretch, intent on some new scientific problem.

The patience of the man is shown by his experiments in the anesthetic use of magnesium sulphate before he believed it ready for use on the human body. One by one he is said to have inoculated fifty rabbits, simply to test one phase of the effect of the drug.—*The New York American*.



THE MOVING VINE OF UMBRELLA ANTS

### The Next World's Fair

Now that the James Ter-Centennial Exposition has closed, many eyes are turned toward the next great world's fair, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle, Washington, opening June 1, and closing Oct. 15, 1909.

This exposition will be held in a section of the country where world's fairs are new, and for that and many other reasons it is expected to be a success, beneficially, educationally, artistically, and financially.

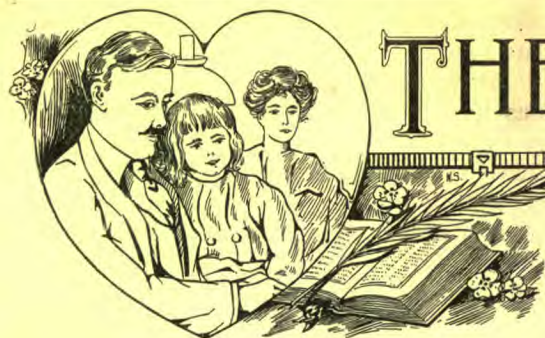
Work on the grounds and buildings of the exposition is well under way, and the management is determined to have everything in readiness by the opening day. This has been written about all expositions in late years, but the promise has never been completely fulfilled. The officials of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, how-

ever, have started out with a completed-on-opening-day idea above everything else, and if they do not carry out their plan, it will not be because Western energy has not been expended in the task.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition promises to be different from former world's fairs in many ways, but one policy stands out so far above any of the rest that the entire press of the country is commenting favorably about it. No money will be asked from Uncle Sam to carry on the work. That policy must be conceded as original. All the management desires is for the United States government to participate in the same manner as foreign countries and the different States, by erecting buildings and installing exhibits therein. Former expositions have been aided by the government in many different ways. Outright gifts of large sums of money have been made by Congress to some world's fairs, while others have nego-

(Concluded on page eight)





# THE HOME CIRCLE

"Through wisdom is an house builded;  
and by understanding it is established."



## A "Slave"

"WHAT a shame for a big, strong man to be such a slave to an invalid wife!"

The words were spoken in a disgusted tone by a girl in the saloon of an ocean steamer. The persons to whom she made her caustic criticism were slowly descending the stairs. The woman was pale and haggard. Her hands were twisted by pain, and her voice had the pathos of suffering. She was helped from state-room to steamer chair and back every day, and all day long her handsome husband attended upon her. He adjusted her wraps, saw that her food was prepared for her helpless hands, read to her hour after hour, or sat quietly with his hand resting near hers, and his eyes watching her, even when they seemed fixed on the horizon.

Sympathetic spectators had pitied the man even while they admired his devotion, and the girl had but put into words the popular irritation when she called him "a slave to an invalid wife."

She spoke in a louder tone than she meant, and the two persons interested in her speech heard her clearly. An hour later the man slipped into a deck chair beside his critic, and said:—

"I think your remark, which I accidentally overheard, justifies me in telling you a little about my 'slavery,' as you call it. It began thirty years ago, when my young bride nursed me through yellow fever—*alone*—because every one else had fled in panic.

"She did not have a sound hour's sleep for three weeks. Most of the time I was violently delirious, and how she managed to control me was a wonder. We were quarantined three miles from a town, and she cooked for me, and tended me, and brought me safely out of the loathsome disease before she fell ill with it herself.

"After she recovered, she pulled me through a worse trial. I was in business with a man who proved a scoundrel, and for three years everybody except my wife believed that his villainy was mine. When I lost money and position, she did herself the work of three women. When children came, she contrived that they should be noticeable for their gentle manners and thoughtfulness, although they wore poor clothes.

"When sickness and death visited our home, it was her courage and wisdom which kept the sordid details of the trouble away from the rest of us, and left us only the ideal sorrow which lifts life toward heaven.

"For twenty-five years all this was her task. I tried to save her from strain when I could, but so great a spirit could not spare herself. Five years ago her health gave way. She will never be well again. She has given her life for mine.

"My 'slavery,' thank God, is the slavery of wholehearted devotion to one of the noblest women ever given to earth. I love her and delight in her more

than the day I married her. Her courage and humor and charm are unconquerable by pain.

"My dear young woman, you may well pray every night that you may some day be so lovely a tyrant, and that you may command so happy a 'slave'!"

So the gay young girl learned with some wholesome humiliation the frequent human lesson of the folly of passing hasty judgments.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Put Down Those Sleeves!

WE refer to those young ladies who persist in showing their contempt for old Winter by baring their arms to the elbow or beyond, in spite of zero weather.

Why do they do it? It is worth while to examine the motives a little, to face the question honestly. Why do they wear short-sleeved waists in midwinter? We can conceive of only four possible reasons—comfort, convenience, economy, and pride. If any girl or woman can think of any other reason, let her mention it, and we will consider it later. Just now we are going to analyze the four reasons mentioned.

Do our lady friends bare their arms for comfort? It would be difficult to believe that they do. If it were July or August, the case would be different. Sometimes it gets so hot that we all want to roll up our sleeves to cool off. But it is now February—midwinter; and we men have three and four thicknesses of clothing over our arms, and yet are only comfortably warm. Perhaps that is because we are the weaker sex, and can not endure the cold as our sturdy sisters can. We would die off in a hurry if we dressed like that.

Is it for convenience? The good housewife tucks up her sleeves while about her work because they are in the way, and thus she gains greater freedom for her duties. She presents a wholesome sight. It is good to look at her, because she is the picture of helpful womanhood. We instinctively perceive the reason for her action, and chide her not with boldness, for she puts her sleeves down when she is through with her work. But is this the reason for the numerous bare arms this winter?—Hardly. The sleeves are not up that their owners may work the better. The arms are not overly accustomed to labor—they'd be handsomer if they were.

Is it a matter of economy? Can the fair ones not afford to purchase the material for longer sleeves? They would scorn the suggestion. If this reason were true, we could better endure the custom, for economy is commendable. But doubtless the short-sleeved waists and dresses are as expensive as the long; and often the material is all there, but is purposely pushed above the elbow.

Sorry are we to conclude that the true reason is pride; for we have a profound respect for our fair sisters, and would not needlessly wound their tender hearts. But stern duty nerves us to press home the



surgeon's knife to the root of the disease. Our friends want us to become enamored with their charms. But they are missing the mark. We are not so easily duped, and we resent such an appeal to our implied weakness. We are made of sterner stuff than to be caught with such bait. If their arms were round and plump and shapely, we might be in greater danger; but most of them are lean and scrawny for the lack of work and proper nourishment, and they would look better covered up.

And so we appeal to the fair sex to put down their sleeves. Put them down for health's sake. The fashion of baring the arms is a dangerous one. Just now an epidemic of la grippe is sweeping through Chicago, and the schoolma'ams are suffering the most. Hundreds of calls come to the superintendent's office for supply teachers, and the doctors say this unusual prevalence of the disease is due to the custom of wearing short sleeves this wintry weather. Put down your sleeves for modesty's sake. Needless exposure of any part of the person is unbecoming a pure and noble woman. Believe the statement or not, as you please, the great majority of the best men and women think that modesty would be better served by wearing the sleeves down.—*Educational Messenger*.

### The Next World's Fair

(Concluded from page six)

tiated loans from Uncle Sam, some of which were paid back, and some of which were not. Some expositions have received both donations and loans. As stated before, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will ask for neither. A clause pledging this policy has been inserted in the congressional bill, making provision for participation only, by Uncle Sam.

Since the United States government began to patronize expositions down to the Jamestown fair, Congress has appropriated a total of \$28,752,251 for world's fairs. Only \$485,000 of this money has been spent west of the Rocky Mountains, the Lewis and Clarke Exposition, one of the most successful ever held, receiving the benefit of that amount.

The bill that has been introduced at the present session of Congress provides an appropriation of \$1,175,000 to enable Uncle Sam to take advantage of the opportunity for effective advertising. The money will be apportioned as follows:—

	BUILDING	EXHIBIT
Government .....	\$200,000	\$350,000
Alaska .....	100,000	200,000
Philippines .....	75,000	75,000
Hawaii .....	50,000	75,000
Fisheries .....	50,000	

On June 1, last, before a crowd of fifteen thousand persons, ground-breaking ceremonies were held, with many prominent men making addresses, among whom was Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, representing President Roosevelt. From that date to the present time work has been going on rapidly upon the exposition grounds. Most of the grading and clearing has been finished. All the principal roadways, avenues, circles, and plazas have been completed. The Administration Building has been erected, and occupied by the executive force for several months. Contracts have been let for the construction of five large buildings and several small ones. Among these are the Manufacturers' Building, Agriculture Building, Audi-

torium, Palace of Fine Arts, and Machinery Hall. The three latter buildings will be permanent structures, built of buff brick with terra cotta trimmings. The "A-Y-P," as it is sometimes called in Seattle, will differ again from some former fairs in that some of its exhibit palaces will be permanent structures. The grounds are located on the property of the Washington University, a state institution, and after the exposition is over, the permanent buildings and those substantially built will be taken over by the college to be used for educational purposes.

The purpose of the exposition, which is to exploit Alaska and Yukon and the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, is receiving much favorable comment throughout the country.

FRANK L. MERRICK.

### Little Things and Their Influences

THAT great affairs often develop out of small beginnings, we all admit; yet admitting this fact will never help us to improve our little opportunities, unless we see in every small duty that God sets before us the one great task for that particular time.

About ten or twelve years ago a man in one of our Middle West towns started in business with fifteen dollars capital. His factory and offices were located on a rear lot in an old barn, his outfit consisting of an old coffee pot, a stove, and a few other necessary articles. In less than ten years from the date of first entrance into the humble factory, a little town had built up around the great factory known as the Postum Company, whose advertising alone now reaches nearly a million dollars a year. It is said that "opportunity has a forelock, but is bald behind." This man grasped opportunity as it was coming, knowing that when it had passed, it could not be taken hold of.

Confucius has said that great affairs have been ruined by a single sentence. Old friendships have been broken by a careless word. As we are to be called to account for every idle word, and our future weal or woe will be determined by our words, how careful we should be how and what we speak. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines. A little leak will sink a great ship. Chicago was laid in ruins by the overturning of a lamp.

A few years ago a preacher stood on the stage of a large theater, where he was advertised to deliver a series of lectures. On this particular night, it being very stormy, he had but one soul before him, and that a lad of about fourteen. He looked at the boy, and had about decided to dismiss the meeting, when he was strongly impressed to deliver his lecture. So, inviting the boy down from the gallery, he delivered his sermon, which was very carefully noted by the youth, who proved to be none other than Spurgeon, one of the world's greatest preachers and most successful soul-winners. Eternity alone will reveal the result of the preaching of that one sermon to that single boy. This man had respect to the one-soul audience. He was faithful in that which was least, and did not despise the day of small things. Might we not often accomplish more if we likewise were more faithful in little things? Every one can win one soul for Christ, and, possibly, that soul may be a Spurgeon.

S. A. OBERG.

DAILY matters are the very highest.—*Auerbach*.





## The Huckleberry Party — Two Children Lost

### An Actual Experience

**N**AN and her little brother, Robbie Bhaer, went huckleberry picking with a party in one of the Eastern States. It was a beautiful day. In the course of adventures, Tommy tumbled over a hornets' nest and got stung. Daisy saw a snake, and in running from it lost half her berries. Ned fell out of a tree, and split his jacket down the back, but he was not hurt. But of all the adventures that happened that afternoon, that which befell Nan and Rob was the most exciting.

After Nan had torn three rents in her frock and scratched her face with a barberry bush, she began in earnest to pick berries. Rob followed her, in search of the largest and best they could find.

"Let's go and fill our things quick, and then hide," said Nan. They found a place where the berries were thick, and soon had their pails full. "Now we will go and rest in the cave," said Nan. "Do you know the way?" inquired little Rob. "Course I do." At this answer Rob was convinced, and blindly followed Nan to the cave. After they had been there for some time, Rob said, "Do you think they will find us very soon?" "Don't care," said Nan; "I can get home myself."

Waiting a little longer, Rob suggested that they would "better go now;" but Nan was not ready. A little later they started to find their way back to the party, but missed the way, and went off in strange paths. "I don't remember seeing that pile of stones, do you?" asked Nan. "I don't remember anything, but I want to go home," replied Rob, with a trembling voice. "Are we lost?" he continued. Yes, they were lost, and after tramping around for some time, they stopped to rest, for Rob's boots were so heavy. While sitting there, Rob's face began to pucker for a cry, when suddenly a thought occurred to him, which cheered him: "Marmar will come and find me — she always does; I ain't afraid now."

"But," said Nan, "she won't know where we are." "Ah," said Rob, "she didn't know when I was shut up in the ice-house, but she found me. I know she'll come." In a mournful tone Nan said, "I don't believe mother will ever find us." But Rob was not to be turned away from his confiding trust in his mother. He said, "It was all dark in the ice-house, and I was so scared I didn't call her, but she saw me; and she will see me now, no matter how dark it is."

They left that place and wandered around a little longer, and finally Rob said, "If the skeeters didn't bite me so, I could go to sleep, and sleep till Marmar comes. When she comes, wake me up." At that

Nan covered the little head in her lap with her apron.

The party returned home, and the anxious mother inquired for the missing children, Nan and Rob. They were not there. Lost? — Yes, they were lost. A thorough search was immediately begun, the mother taking the lead. The first trace of them was the cover of the new tin pail which Rob had lost. A little farther on Nan's hat was found, and finally they came upon the children in the woods fast asleep.

The fond mother softly lifted away the apron, and saw her Robbie's ruddy face with berry-stained lips. She gathered her boy in her arms and wept so tenderly, yet so heartily, that he was awakened. As he looked into his mother's face, he said, "I knew you'd come! O Marmar! I did want you so!"

O, what a lesson of trust! Do you trust in God in the dark as well as in the light? "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 18: 1-4.

W. M. ADAMS.

## A True Story about James

**J**AMES was nine years old, and had been enjoying a birthday party. After the boys and girls had gone, James' father said to him, "Well, my lad, you do pretty well at games and nonsense; tell me what you are doing at school these days."

"We are learning to write letters now," answered James.

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Rapp. "That is one of the best things you can learn. I'd like to make a little bargain with you. If you will write me a letter without a mistake in it, I'll pay you a dollar."

"All right!" James exclaimed, happy at the thought of so much money.

"But, listen," continued his father. "You are likely to make mistakes, so let me arrange the bargain a little. The dollar is to be yours in case there is no mistake. It would seem hard to lose it wholly, in case you made, say, one error. So I will arrange it that for each error I shall take off one cent. I warn you that I shall watch sharply your capitals and periods and spelling."

"O," James said, "I know all those old things; we've had them over and over. But father, can't you give me more than one trial?"

Mr. Rapp laughed, and thought James was not so very sure that he knew "all those old things."

"Well, of course I want to be fair, so I'll do this. You send me the letter. I'll read it carefully, and at the end I'll write a statement like this:—

What James expected..... \$1.00



What the letter is worth..... .75

"O father, you don't think there would be twenty-five mistakes, do you?" James asked, rather anxiously.

"I can't say till I've seen the letter," replied Mr. Rapp. "But you try it. I will give you three trials, and I shall charge you five cents each after the first. Isn't that fair?"

"I suppose so," said James.

The next day James worked very hard at that letter. He took his best paper, put a new pen point in his red holder, got a new thick blotter, and then began. Even he knew that the last part looked uneven and bad; and there were two ugly blots on it. This is the letter as it came back to him:—

Bath, Main Nov. 23rd, 1901.

Dear Farther it is with grate pleasur that I right you a letter you can sea by it how mutch i am learning & besides if their are no mistakes it is to bring me a \$ at my party yesterdey to of the boys ate so much candy thay got sick the teacher ask why they wasent at school & I told her i gess they wont like it either very much a girl in front of me chews gum when the teacher isn't looking. i cant think of enything els to rite becaus I keep thinking of the \$ all the time so i will close Please right verry son to

Your loving son

JAMES.

What James expected..... \$1.00

What the letter is worth..... .55  
Correct and return.

"Whew!" exclaimed James. "I didn't half try on that. I'll make it all right the next time."

This is letter number two:—

Bath Maine Nov. 24th 1901.

Dear Farther it is with great pleasure I write you a letter. You can sea by it how much I am learning & besides if they are no mistakes it is to bring me a doller at my party yesterday too of the boys ate so much candy they got sick. The teacher asked why they weren't at school and i told her. I guess they won't like it either very much. A girl sitting in front of me chews gum when the teacher isn't looking. I can't think of anything elce to write because I keep thinking of the doller all the time so I will close. Please write very soon to

Your loving sun

JAMES.

What James expected..... \$ .95

What the letter is worth..... .83  
Correct and return.

"Hurrah!" shouted James. "That's better! One more trial will bring me ninety cents anyway," and he dashed number three off with great ease.

Bath, Maine, Nov. 25th, 1901.

Dear Father

I no now where my mistakes was, so hear goes my last chance to earn the ninety cents. At my partie last Saturday 2 of the boys ate so much candy they got sick the Teacher asked why they weren't at school and I told her I no now they didnt like it becoz they tried to fite me that girl stuck her gum on her desk and I putt ink on it and she dont chew any more I am still thinking of the ninety cents cents. Please write very soon

Your most affectionit son

JAMES J. RAPP.

What James expected..... \$ .90

What the letter is worth..... .65

(Concluded on next page)



#### Work for Missionary Volunteers — No. 4

"FOLLOW me, and I will make you fishers of men." These are the words of God; let us consider them carefully. The first words we may take as an invitation or command. They express our privilege and duty. Eternal life depends upon obedience. The remainder of the verse is his promise. Did any promise of God ever fail? Then if you follow him, will he make you a fisher of men? If you are not a fisher of men, are you a true follower of Christ? If it is God's purpose that you should be a fisher of men, is it his will that you should be successful in actually leading individuals to Christ? It is true, my dear young friend, that God has chosen you as one of his fishermen. He has placed the hook and line and bait at your disposal. All the necessary means are yours — God's Word, his Holy Spirit, his power. He is even anxious to point to the very individuals he desires to save through your efforts. Naturally your first questions are, "What shall I do? Where shall I begin?"

If you have actually come into that experience of absolute surrender to God which says, "Speak, Lord: for thy servant heareth," and that perfect consecration which says, "Here am I; send me," then a few suggestions gleaned from the experience of those who have been successful in winning souls to Jesus will be sufficient to start you in the good work.

"When the youth give their hearts to God, your care for them should not cease. Lay some special responsibility upon them. Make them feel that they are expected to do something. The Lord chooses them because they are strong. Teach them to labor in a quiet, unpretending way for their young companions. Let different branches of the missionary work be laid out systematically, and let instruction and help be given, so that the young may learn to act a part. Thus they will grow up to be workers for God."

#### Personal Work

"The work of Christ was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience. From that one soul the intelligence received was carried to thousands."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, page 115.

Believing that Jesus is speaking to us as individuals in the verse quoted (Matt. 4:19), let us read it as if addressed to each person separately: "Follow me, and I will make you a fisher of men."

Now you would not consider yourself a fisherman if you always remained at home and sent your father or brother away with hook and line, or net, to do the actual work of catching fish. So another command comes to us from the Master:—

"Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

If you are to be a fisher of men, you are to go where active service is to be done in winning them from sin to the love of Christ.

The genuine fisherman enjoys selecting the best fishing-rod and the finest reel; he looks with pride upon



his collection of tempting bait. But the keenest pleasure comes when he wades into the swift-flowing stream, casts the hook into the foaming water, and feels the tug of resistance as the bait is taken. There is a thrill of satisfaction as, with the skill of experience and careful study, he finally lands the finny captive upon the bank.

Jesus made no mistake in choosing the illustration. If we would be soul-winners, we must come in close personal touch with the unsaved. We must weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice.

Christ was our example in this work, and it is written of him: "Christ sought for men wherever he could find them,—in the public streets, in private houses, in the synagogues, by the seaside."—*"Gospel Workers,"* page 204.

In this work we do not need to go far away. "Take up the work anywhere. Do that which is the nearest you, right at your own doors, however humble and unrecommended it may seem. Work only for the glory of God and the good of men. Let self sink out of sight, while with earnest purpose and solemn prayers of faith you work for him who has died that you might live. Go to your neighbors one by one, and come close to them till their hearts are warmed by your unselfish interest and love. Sympathize with them, pray for them, watch for opportunities to do them good, and as you can, gather a few together and open the Word of God to their darkened minds. . . .

"Do not neglect speaking to your neighbors, and doing them all the kindness in your power, that you may by all means save some. We need to seek for the spirit that constrained the apostle Paul to go from house to house, pleading with tears, and teaching repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Id.*, pages 336, 337.

Next to the love of Christ in the heart, we must cherish the tenderest sympathy for all if we would be successful soul-winners.

"There is altogether too little sympathy brought into our labor for souls. There is not that beseeching, wooing, drawing power that God requires us to exert that souls may be reconciled to him."—*"Testimonies on Sabbath-school Work,"* page 100.

Sympathy will break down the barriers of reserve and open the door of the heart, and as we enter, we may take the Saviour with us.

Early one morning a little girl called at the home of her Sabbath-school teacher. When the young lady came to the door, the child said, "My little brother died this morning, and I came to tell you first because I knew you'd be sorry and cry with me." So they wept together,—teacher and pupil,—and the sorrowing heart was comforted. MEADE MAC GUIRE.

### A True Story about James

(Concluded from page ten)

Deducted for two trials. . . . . 10

This letter was sent back to James with a little note which read thus:—

Enclosed find fifty-five cents.

Your affectionate father,

G. E. Rapp.

A few days afterward Mr. Rapp met James' teacher, and she said, "I am much pleased with your boy lately. He studies hard, and all his written work especially is much better than it used to be."—*E. K. Carman, in "Little Folks."*

## Helped by Personal Effort or by Reading

### What a Kind Word Did

A FEW years ago a young minister asked if I would be interested in hearing the story of his conversion. Having known him when but a lad as being rather wild, inclined to seek his pleasure at the expense of others, with but very little, if any, interest in religious things, I assured him of my special interest in his case.

He told me of having attended one of our colleges through the year, and at the close of the term, without money, he made his way to a large camp-meeting where he hoped to get some work in the preparation of the grounds, which would enable him to attend the meeting. The one in charge of the encampment thought it would be better to employ those who were in the truth; hence he was informed that there was no work for him. Being in straitened circumstances, with nothing but dry bread to eat, and a very limited supply of that, he was about to leave the grounds discouraged, feeling that no one cared for him, and that there was nothing in Christianity. In this condition he came to me, but did not reveal his circumstances or the condition of his mind. With a few kind words and the assurance that I would see if I could get him employment, we parted.

He was set to work, and during the meeting he gave his heart to God. Years passed by. He became a worker, was ordained to the ministry, and in a foreign field related to me his experience. The kind word spoken, the interest manifested in him when he felt that no one cared for him, led him out of infidelity and into the fold of Christ. Till then I had not been conscious of having done anything to contribute to this blessed result.

Many times individuals have told me, long after the instance has passed out of my mind, of some word spoken, either in private or in public discourse, that had been the means of causing them to choose the service of God, or had brought them out of discouragement, despondency, and, in some instances, almost hopeless despair, into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

We may not know of the internal struggle into which a soul is plunged, or of the crisis through which it may be passing; but let us, in season and out of season, pass on to others the kindness we have been shown by our dear Saviour. The judgment will reveal glorious victories won by the timely aid of a kindly act, a tender, sympathetic word, the prayer of faith offered in behalf of struggling, tempted souls.

E. E. ANDROSS.

London, N., England.

### Won Through Sheltering a Canvasser from the Storm

SEVERAL years ago I was holding meetings in a little town in Michigan. I there became acquainted with a young man whose mother was a Seventh-day Adventist. I visited their home many times, but did not seem able to interest the young man in our meetings, so he attended but few of them.

Six months after, I met him in the Tabernacle at Battle Creek. I was impressed to speak to him of the welfare of his soul, and discovered after a few moments' conversation that he was under deep conviction. He told me he had been hungering for some one to speak to him about these things. He invited me to

(Concluded on page fourteen)





M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

### Lesson for Missionary Volunteer Society

#### Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song Service.

Scripture Reading: John 17:3; Psalm 19.

#### BIBLE STUDY.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 409-426.

RECITATION: "Immortal Love," next page.

#### Bible Study

There are about seventy references in this lesson. Perhaps some of these could be assigned to different members to be read, or a Bible reading could be prepared from them.

#### Book Study

#### THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD:—

Show that true living depends upon a right knowledge of God. Page 409.

What do the Scriptures quoted on page 410 admonish man to do? What results are assured?

#### GOD REVEALED THROUGH NATURE:—

What attributes of God are revealed in nature? How? Pages 410, 412.

What has been the influence of sin?

#### A PERSONAL GOD—NATURE IS NOT GOD:—

What does false science teach of God? Page 413.

Illustrate the difference between God and nature. Page 413.

#### THE CREATION OF THE EARTH; OF MAN:—

How only can creation be understood? Page 414.

What power created the earth? How?

Discuss the creation of man? How does it testify to the personality of God? Page 415; read Gen. 1:26, 27.

#### LAWS OF NATURE—GOD'S SERVANTS:—

Illustrate nature's absolute obedience to God's will and ever-present character. Pages 416, 417.

Through what agencies does God control the universe? Page 417.

#### PERSONALITY OF GOD REVEALED THROUGH CHRIST:—

Why did Christ come to reveal God's personality? Page 418.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 18

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 65-77; Test Questions 1-15, pages 205, 206 (omitting last part of number 9).

CONFUCIANISM: The ideal of Confucianism was a condition of happy tranquillity. He considered that this could be accomplished by maintaining the sacredness of the obligations of human society. He edited five classics on this subject.

MARCO POLO, an Italian traveler born in Venice about 1250, went on a trading expedition to China, and remained there in the service of the great khan. Upon his return to Venice in 1295, he published a book of his travels, which for years was Europe's sole authority on the far East.

THE OPIUM WAR: In 1833 England put an end

to the East India Company's monopoly of trade with China. China resented the intrusion, and refused to recognize the British government. In 1839 Commissioner Lin destroyed ten million dollars' worth of opium. Hostilities commenced, and about the close of that year the Opium War began. The Chinese were defeated, and compelled not only to pay indemnity for the opium, but to permit the opium traffic. Hong-kong was ceded to England, and the cities of Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Foochow, and Ning-po were opened to British commerce.

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER is noted for her shrewdness and diplomatic ability. She had left the throne to the heir, Kiang Hsu, but in 1898, becoming frightened at his new and revolutionary ideas, she resumed authority. Since the Boxer uprising she has become more friendly toward the missionaries, and it is hoped that the New Testament presented to her on her sixtieth birthday is having a good influence.

### The Morning Watch Calendar

ALTHOUGH nearly two months of 1908 have passed, it is not too late to purchase the Calendar and begin to observe the "morning watch," or devotional period, before beginning the work of the day. One writer has said of the blessings of the early devotional period: "The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life, we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not properly clothed himself, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armor. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us."

### Another Ingathering Service

ON the evening of November 30 the Stroud, Oklahoma, Sabbath-school held its ingathering service.

The program consisted of Scripture readings, recitations, solos, and choruses, and a gentleman visiting in the vicinity favored us with several of the grand old hymns on a phonograph.

Last spring eleven pennies were distributed among the children, and a special feature of the evening was the relating, by the children, of how the pennies grew into dollars. One boy bought an egg with his penny, and when it had been transformed into a marketable chicken, he sold it, and bought a hen and a sitting of eggs. This fall he sold the hen and chickens for \$1.70. Two other children did likewise, and earned respectively \$1.25 and \$1. Another bought tomato plants, and sold the tomatoes. Others did various things, and the combined earnings of the eleven pennies amounted to \$5.85.

It was pleasing to note the interest manifested by the outsiders with whom the house was crowded, and it was plain that a gratifying impression was made, as the little people handed in their contributions.

Neither was its effect lost on our own people, and I am sure the older ones will be stimulated to make a greater effort to swell the offering another year.

MRS. CORA M. CLARK.



### Report from Joplin, Missouri

MISS BIRDIE CRUZAN, in writing to *The Record* of the work of the Young People's Society at Joplin, Missouri, says:—

"Three of our members are spending some time each week canvassing here in the city for our small books, and, in connection with their work, are distributing tracts, mostly the Signs Leaflets. Three more of our young people are spending some time selling papers on the streets, and the Lord is blessing their efforts. We are trying this year to raise a penny a day from each member for the mission work.

"In this mining district the battle goes hard, as the people in general care very little about religion one way or the other; but we are not discouraged, as the Lord has told us to give the warning, and he would give the increase. Four of my Bible readers have taken their stand for the Sabbath, among the number two promising young women, who attend our young people's meetings, and take an interest in our Bible studies."

### Suggestions for Programs for Missionary Volunteer Day, March 7, 1908

NOTE.—Let the elder of the church, leader of the Young People's Society (where there is one), and the superintendent of the Sabbath-school act as a committee to make all arrangements in regard to the observance of Missionary Volunteer day. Where there is no Young People's Society, some young person of the church can be chosen to act on the committee. Be thorough.

#### Forenoon Session

1. Suitable music to be arranged by the committee.
2. History of our young people's work.—*Mrs. L. Flora Plummer.*
3. Reading from *Mrs. E. G. White.*
4. What our Missionary Volunteer work stands for.—*M. E. Kern.*
5. Offering.

NOTE.—The readings which will appear in the INSTRUCTOR should be assigned to persons who read well and are deeply interested in the work.

#### Afternoon Session

1. Music.
2. Reading of letter from Conference Missionary Volunteer Secretary.
3. Discussion of recommendations in the secretary's letter.
4. Bible and Testimony study on good reading.
5. What good books have accomplished.
6. Plans for our library.
7. Question Box, conducted by the leader, with opportunity for discussion. (Questions should be handed in not later than the close of the forenoon session.)

NOTE.—All topics (except letter) should be assigned to members several weeks before to give ample time for preparation. Two persons may be appointed to lead out in discussion of letter. Let topic six be a brief report of a committee on library.

### Sand

I SAW something the other day that set me to thinking. I'd been having down at the store, all day, a hard time. There had been two mistakes made in ordering goods; for one I was partially to blame, for the other I wasn't, but both were laid to my charge. This was disagreeable enough, but to make it worse,

my accounts wouldn't balance; it was only a matter of seven cents, but it was as hard to find as seven thousand would have been, and you know in keeping books it doesn't do to make mistakes, no matter how trifling they are. Well, I went over and over the account, and stayed till the janitor wanted to close up for the night, trying to find it out. But it wasn't any use; go over the rows of figures as often as I would, it couldn't be found. So I stuck the old book under my arm, and started off for home, feeling, as the girls would say, "as blue as indigo."

On my way home, with my troublesome old ledger under my arm, I had a sermon preached to me by some sand. It was one of those damp, frosty nights when the car tracks get so slippery, and the cars slide along at every steep grade, and I noticed, as I waited for my car, how all up and down the track was covered with sand. I looked at it some minutes before I decided just what it was for. It was not only to help the car stop, though it did do that, but it was to help it be master of those slippery tracks, and give the wheels a chance to take hold of the tracks and turn around instead of slipping along. That's all the sermon, but I did what some folks don't do, even for church sermons,—took what the preachers call the "application" to myself. I made up my mind that was just the way with boys. They needed sand on their track to help them take hold of life in earnest, help the wheels go round instead of slipping easily along. It seemed to me there had been a great deal of sand on my track that day, hard, gritty sand that didn't make the day a bit smooth or pleasant, but I began to think maybe it was good for me—helped me to rouse up in earnest, helped me to let the wheels of determination and effort take hold of the tracks so that I should be the master instead of the mastered one.—*From a story in Happy Hours.*

### Immortal Love

IMMORTAL love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps,  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

—Whittier.

### The Magic Triangle

A VERY interesting experiment is described in *St. Nicholas*. It may be performed by following the directions given below:—

With a wet lead-pencil point draw on thick paper a triangle—whether the sides are equal or not makes no difference. Lay it on the surface of a basin of water with the drawing up, and very carefully fill



the space inside the dampened lines with water, so that there will be a triangular basin of water on the swimming sheet of paper. (The water will not extend beyond the wet lines of the drawing.)

Now take a pin or needle, or any thin, smooth, sharp-pointed instrument, dip its point into this triangular basin anywhere but at its center of area — say, very nearly at one of the angles. Be careful not to touch the paper, and so prevent its free motion in any direction, and you will find that, no matter where the point is placed, the paper will move on the water until the center of the area comes under the point. The center of area may be indicated before placing the paper on the water or drawing the lines from any two angles to the centers of the opposite sides; where the two lines cross will be the desired place.

If a square be drawn instead of a triangle, and similarly treated, it will move until the intersection of its diagonals comes under the pin-point, and no matter what figure be drawn, it will move along the water so as to bring its center of area directly under the point.

### Won Through Sheltering a Canvasser from the Storm

*(Concluded from page eleven)*

his room, and we were soon on our knees in earnest prayer. He was thoroughly converted, and there consecrated his life to the service of God. He at once entered upon a course of preparation, and has been for years actively and prominently engaged in the Lord's work.

In the summer of 1887 I was canvassing in a rural district in Michigan. One day at about two o'clock a drizzling rain set in, and not desiring to be out in the storm, I sought for a place where I might spend the night. I called at several places, and at each was refused, until it began to grow dark.

Finally I stopped at a house, and when a lady came to the door, I told her I was doing an honorable business, and was willing to pay for my lodging and meals, but that I had been trying without success for four hours to find a place where I might get in out of the rain and remain for the night, and I had about decided that if I should be refused again, I had fallen into a modern Sodom.

With a smile she invited me into a warm kitchen, where a bright fire was burning, and supper was being prepared. I soon discovered that they were Christian people, and before long we were conversing on Bible truths. Before retiring, we had an earnest season of prayer. In the morning, after breakfast and family prayers, I told them my business, showed them my book, and received their order.

About four years afterward on the camp-ground at Lansing, a lady stepped up to me and said, "Is this Brother Basney?" I told her it was, but that I did not remember having met her before. Then she told me of the experience I had that rainy night, and that as the result of reading the book I sold them next morning, four of their family had learned and accepted the truth of the third angel's message.

While I thought I was having a hard experience in not finding any person who would receive me into his home out of the storm, God was directing me to the place where he wished me to stay that I might bring a blessing to that home. H. C. BASNEY.

"DON'T get blue because your task is hard."



### X — The Golden Calf

*(March 7)*

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 32.

MEMORY VERSE: "They forgat God their Saviour."  
Ps. 106: 21.

#### Review

When Moses told the people all the words of the Lord, what did they say? How did Moses preserve the words of the Lord? Describe what the elders of Israel saw when they went up into the mount with Moses.

#### Lesson Story

1. Moses was gone a long time. The Lord had told him many things that he wanted the children of Israel to do. Then "he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

2. "And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me. And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

3. "And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow is a feast to the Lord. And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

4. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: . . . now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation.

5. "And Moses besought the Lord God, and said, Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand? . . . Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever. And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people.

6. "And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand: the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. . . .

7. "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh



unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it. . . .

8. "Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. . . .

9. "And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin.

10. "And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, O, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet, now, if thou wilt forgive their sin —; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

11. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them. And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made."

#### Questions

1. How long was Moses in the mount? What was he doing there? What did the Lord give Moses? What was written upon these two tables of stone? Who had written the ten commandments there? When the people saw that Moses was delayed in the mount, what did they ask Aaron to do? What did they say about Moses?

2. What did Aaron tell them to bring to him? Did all the people respond? What did he do with this gold? What did the people say when he made the golden calf? How did Aaron help them to worship the calf? What did he proclaim? Tell how the people spent their time.

3. Who saw all this? What did he say to Moses? What did he want Moses to let him do? Why? What did he promise to make of Moses?

4. Tell how Moses pleaded for his people. Whom did he ask him to remember? What promise had the Lord made to these men? How did the Lord grant the request of Moses?

5. What did Moses carry with him down from the mount? How were they written? Whose work were the tables? Whose writing was graven upon the tables?

6. What did Moses see as he came near the camp? How did the sight affect Moses? What did he do? What was the result? What did he do with the golden calf? What did he make the people do?

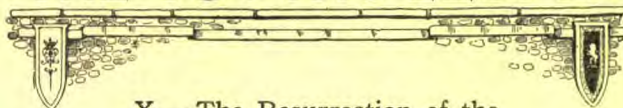
7. Then where did Moses go? What call did he make? Who responded? What did he tell the sons of Levi to do? How many were slain that day?

8. The next day what did Moses say to the people?

9. What did he tell the Lord? What did he beg the Lord to do? If he could not forgive them, what did Moses want the Lord to do with him?

10. Who did the Lord say should be blotted out of his book? What did he say Moses should do? Who was to go before them? Nevertheless, what did the Lord say he would do?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### X — The Resurrection of the Righteous

(March 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." 1 Cor. 15: 16, 17.

#### Questions

1. What question was asked long ago concerning the dead? Job 14: 14.

2. What answer does the Life-giver make to this question? John 11: 25.

3. How had this same question been answered centuries before the first advent of our Lord? Isa. 26: 19.

4. What is death called? John 11: 11-13; Job 14: 12.

5. When will the dead be waked out of sleep? Job 14: 12-15.

6. What promise of a resurrection did the Lord make to his people through Ezekiel? Eze. 37: 12.

7. Whose voice raises the dead? John 5: 25.

8. When are the righteous to receive their recompense? Luke 14: 14.

9. How many resurrections are there to be? Acts 24: 14, 15; Rev. 20: 5.

10. Give the apostle Paul's description of the first resurrection. 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52.

11. How will the resurrected ones express their joy? Verses 54, 55.

12. When will the righteous be raised? 1 Thess. 4: 15-17. What will become at this time of the righteous on the earth who have never died?

13. What are we bidden to do with these words? Verse 18.

14. Who will gather the saints? Matt. 24: 30, 31.

15. What power is the believer to know now? Phil. 3: 10, 11.

#### Hard Luck

HARD luck! you say, because you failed to win.  
No luck about it — failure lies within.  
The luck that made you lose the race you ran  
Was that you didn't know the words "I can."

Hard luck! you say when, after you have fought,  
Another carries off the prize you sought.  
No luck about it — you will lose until  
You learn the meaning of the words "I will."

Hard luck! you say. What kind do you deserve?  
When every obstacle has power to make you  
swerve?

Stick to your course — forget to heave that sigh;  
He conquers who says earnestly, "I'll try."

— Emil Carl Aurin, in the Scrap Book.



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## Not too Old, nor too Busy

ONE of our foreign missionaries is now in this country taking the medical course, preparatory to returning to the foreign field better equipped for effective service. He says that he is in this country through the influence of the INSTRUCTOR, which has frequently contained articles encouraging one to get an education along whatever line one felt called to choose, *despite age or difficulties.*

One is never too old nor too busy to learn, if the *spirit* is right. The *Modern Educator* cites the following examples of those who achieved success late in life:—

"Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy.

"Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age.

"Sir Walter Scott was unknown as an author until he was in his fortieth year.

"Affiere was forty-six when he began the study of Greek.

"Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age.

"Watt did not start to learn French, German, and Italian until his forty-second year.

"Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his famous works.

"Goldsmith spoke of himself as 'a plant that flowered late.'

"Gladstone was only at his best after his fiftieth year.

"Grant, a tanner, at the age of forty-three, said life was a failure—then the war broke out—so did Grant.

"Sheridan was called a dunce by his tutor, and was not heard of until his fortieth year.

"Wanamaker was not too old to start a new business in a strange city in his fiftieth year.

"Thousands of others were not too old to teach the lesson that 'to him who is ready, the chance is never gone.'"

After citing the foregoing example, the author makes the following pertinent comment: "Napoleon said, 'There shall be no Alps.' Have you the will? Make a start; you know not what the future may bring forth. What is age? What is youth? Purely relative terms. It is not a question of years, but of grit and grip. The man who says he is *fifty years young*,

is much younger than he who claims he is 'thirty years old.'"

## Busy Men Who Found Time to Grow

Some one has said that there is a "bizziness that is not business." Without doubt many who plead a busy life as an excuse for lack of self-improvement, are devoting much time to *bizziness* instead of *business*.

Greater care to do only the things that count as real business, and greater care to do the business things in a business way, would without doubt give many of us more time to devote to self-improvement. There are many men who really deserve the term "busy men" who have made wonderful achievements during their busy life. A few such examples follow:—

"The great Bunyan was a poor, busy tinker. Cardinal Wolsey and De Foe were butchers' busy sons, and they found time to study. Huntington, the preacher, was originally a coal heaver. From the class of laborers come Burns the poet, Cook the navigator, and Opie the painter—all busy men. Dr. Lord translated 'Lucretius' while going the rounds of his patients. Darwin composed nearly all his works while driving about in his sulky. Kirk White learned Greek while on his errands. Burritt attributed his first success, not to genius, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.' One of the greatest chancellors of France wrote an able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

"The men whose successes have reached gigantic proportions worked day and night—and all night—days of ceaseless efforts—hours of close application. Tireless toil had no terrors for them.

"Jas. E. Hurley found time to advance from track hand at a stipend of \$1.10 a day to the \$50,000-a-year general manager of the Santa Fé System.

"Ex-Governor S. Deneen, a self-made man, found time to grow from hard work on a farm to the governor's chair.

"Theodore P. Shonts found time to grow from expert accountant to \$100,000-a-year man on the Panama Commission.

"A. Montgomery Ward, the world's greatest mail order magnate, found time to fit himself for something better than a thirty-cents-a-day laborer in a brick yard.

"B. L. Winchell found time to work his way up from a \$40-a-month position in the country to the \$40,000-a-year presidency of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R.

"Geo. C. Perkins was once a busy cabin boy. He is now United States Senator from California.

"Willis Moore wasn't 'too busy' as a newsboy to find time to become Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.

"Miss Emma M. Gillett found time to study and prepare herself as a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court.

"Laura B. Masters, of Montreal, was not 'too busy' to take up a correspondence course of book-keeping and get 'her big start on the road to success.'

"Henry Schlake, Jr., of Alexandria, Va., was once county clerk. He found time to graduate from the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, New York, and within one year earn his right to a partnership with his former employer.

"'No time' to make your time more valuable—more profitable? Victory belongs to the industrious and the persevering! Victory belongs to *the man who will*—'the man who can.'"