

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





How the Menu Card Originated

IT was Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate; and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies, he exclaimed that it was a sort of program of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast, he might carefully reserve his appetite for it.

The simplicity and beauty of the idea, says the Pittsburg *Bulletin*, appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution. In its old-fashioned form the bill was usually written large on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board.—*Woman's Magazine*.

Geography Notes

THE river Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two dialects and languages are spoken.

The soil in Siberia was found to be frozen forty-six inches below the surface at the end of summer. Bodies buried one hundred fifty years ago in that country have been found in a perfect state of preservation.

In twenty-five years the sea has washed away 419 acres from the British Isles, but has also added 30,752 acres. The latter, however, consists of sand which will remain useless for many years, while the land washed away was useful.

At Grossalmerode, Germany, a factory has recently been established for the manufacture of glass telegraph and telephone poles. These, it is said, will withstand climatic conditions in the tropics and the ravages of beasts better than wooden ones.—*Selected*.

The Infidel Editor

WHEN Mr. Moody was preaching in a neighboring town, an infidel editor went to hear him, out of pure curiosity. Although he was touched by the discourse, he was not convinced, and was still an infidel. He approached Mr. Moody and said, "I want to talk with you." Mr. Moody turned to his wife and said, "Here, Emma, sit down and talk to this gentleman, and show him the way of life."

Now, Mrs. Moody was a very quiet woman, who didn't believe in women preaching, and had never spoken in public in her life, but she sat down beside the man, opened her Bible, and step by step, text by text, presented the plan of salvation; and when the noted infidel went out of that church, he was a child of God. He started a Christian newspaper on original lines—the *Ram's Horn*.—*The Expositor*.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT told the committee that waited upon him with reference to the Sunday bills now before Congress that he would do all he could to stop unnecessary Sunday work, but that he did not "believe it advisable to return to the Puritan sabbath."

The Manly Man

THE world has room for the manly man, with the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles while his eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man, who, when things go wrong, can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need, forsooth.
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the lilled leagues of truth;
The world is his, and it waits for him, and it leaps to hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes, and the wheels he turns, and the hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweep of his dauntless tread!
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with the sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do, the will to dare, and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land or sea.

—*Selected*.

German Umbrella Leaves Hands Free

IN many parts of Germany, in the fields and along the roads, a new design in sunshades and umbrellas which fasten to the shoulder is being used. Especially adapted for the people who must have their hands free while working or seeking pleasure in the hot sun or



on rainy days, the device has gained an almost instant popularity.

The frame consists of a number of steel rods, hinged and joined together, over which a square piece of cloth is stretched. This takes the form of a roof, open in front and rear.

The device is fastened underneath the shoulders by means of straps and rubber bands. When not in use, it can be folded into a neat, compact package.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Be Loyal

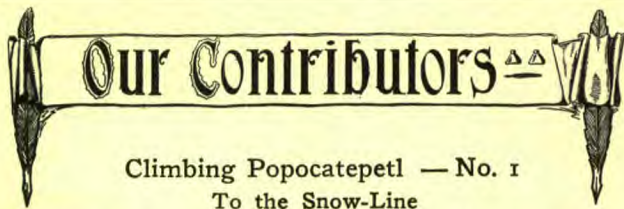
A WRITER in the *Christian Endeavor World*, in an article entitled "Talk It Up," says: "I see that the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore sent an expert through the West to find out why that section is so prosperous. He returned, saying that one reason is because there are no 'knockers.' They wouldn't be tolerated in a Western town. A man who doesn't believe in the place, and talk it up with all his might, isn't good enough to live in it. If his State, or town, isn't the 'best ever,' the sooner he hunts another, the better. This investigator found that in Oregon all the schools have been organized as 'boosters' clubs. The tots in the primary grades, and the young men in the State university, are systematically made intelligent about the resources and opportunities of their State, until they graduate as enthusiastic boomers of it. They are degenerate sons if they don't boom it. And there is enough that is worth booming. This Western way is not sheer bluff; it is not wind. The principle, 'If you have a good thing, talk it up,' applies legitimately to the West and to the East, to business and to religion," and to schools.

The Youth's Instructor

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Climbing Popocatepetl — No. 1 To the Snow-Line

No one who has visited the city of Mexico, and remained long enough to see the valley, can forget the inspiring view of the two great volcanoes which guard the eastern portal of that vale. To residents, however, they may have a different appearance. To some they are but a mere condition of earthly horizon; to others they are huge monuments appealing from the centuries past, ever challenging the admiration and stirring up feelings of ambition and conquest, which are only fully gratified when one has stood on the summit of the highest peak.

There were nineteen in our party as we started on a bright Tuesday morning two days before the new year, to climb the snow-capped Popocatepetl. The number of ladies were ten, the largest number that had ever attempted such a feat at one time. As we pulled out of San Lazaro station, and looked out toward the mountains, we realized that we had some hard work before us. After a ride between the picturesque lakes and mud volcanoes, we arrived at the Indian village of Amecameca, situated at the foot of a beautiful hill called Sacramonte. Having left our blankets and lunch baskets in the station, we went in search of the little hotel, which our party filled to overflowing. The rest of us decided that the best and cleanest accommodations were on the station floor. The guides, mules, and horses, which had been ordered a day or two before, were not ready, so our head guide, Señor Perez, told us that we would not be able to start until the next day. This time of waiting was not lost, however; for we climbed the long, stony path up Sacramonte, visiting the odd shrines which mark the road of the penitents to the quaint chapel on the brow of the hill.

There a beautiful view awaited us. As one looks across the village, Ixtacchiuatl rises to the height of sixteen thousand feet. The form of the crest resembles a reclining woman draped in white. Even at the distance of six miles the great details of her figure, shrouded with the eternal snows, remind one of the colossal statues of Greek goddesses. About ten miles to the right, and overshadowing all, is Popocatepetl, whose massive cone towers seventeen thousand eight hundred feet. The Aztec legend has it that these two mountains were at one time celebrated deities, husband and wife. The wife died, and was laid in her rocky sepulcher. "Popo," the husband, in great grief and anguish, so disturbed heaven that he was transformed by the ruler of heaven into a mountain, resting beside his beloved. There for centuries he has guarded her, and from time to time has vented his sorrow and tears, his rage and fury, in great volcanic eruptions.

After descending the hill we visited the little town

to make extra purchase of food and equipment. In the evening, when the last train had gone, we obtained permission of the station agent to sleep on the rough brick floor of the waiting room. So, closing the massive doors, we lit a candle, and each man rolled himself up in blankets, seven men in a row. We pitied the end men because they suffered with cold, as it is very chilly at an altitude of eight thousand feet. A large number of fleas found the climate much more congenial within the blankets than without, and insisted on going with us up the mountain.

We arose early in the morning, and watched the sun rise between two peaks. The changing tints and their reflection on the snow were very beautiful, but we appreciated the sun much more when it shone in full strength and warmed us. After a hasty breakfast we packed our large lunch baskets on the mule, and then after a scramble for our horses set out with cheers and laughter through the narrow streets of Ameca. The native guides encouraged our lazy animals, and soon we were passing the wheat fields fenced in by cacti, which cover the greater portion of this district.

The main ridge, on top of which was the half-way house, was the next step, and a big one at that, just about four thousand feet. Hour after hour the horses groaned up the trail through the pine forest. Occasionally we would stop and rest, taking time to pick the dainty mountain flowers. By four o'clock we reached the half-way house and gladly dismounted. Five or six hundred feet higher about one mile away to the southeast, lay the snow-line and all that went with it. Señor Perez would not give us time to eat, but marched us in the direction of the cone for about a half mile, to a long gorge, which was dug out of the fine volcanic sand. The depth was about seventy feet, and the slope of its sides about sixty degrees.

"Now, Señores and Señoritas," he said, "those who can run or slide down this bank two or three times, and climb up again, will succeed in climbing 'Popo.'"

So nineteen enthusiastic men and women slid, rolled, and jumped down the bank, and then tried hard to get back. It is a good test for heart, lungs, and limbs to walk up a seventy-foot bank of fine volcanic sand without especial weariness at an altitude of twelve thousand five hundred feet. Apparently all stood the test.

The lunch, which came next, could not have been given a more cordial reception than it had that night: we knew that for twenty hours following we would not be able to touch food, and that fact gave additional zest to the meal. The half-way house, which was a barnlike structure divided into two parts, did not have any conveniences except a smoky imitation of a stove, and a raised bench three feet high and six feet deep, which extended across the end of the shed. Having divided the bench by a board, and covered it with hay for a bed, we all rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep. Our slumbers were far from peaceful; every time some one had the strength and desire to turn, he turned, and of course the rest had to turn also. Two good snorers gave solos and duets, which, combined

with the smoke, brought tears to our eyes. We suffered from almost everything except cold that night.

The guides called us at two o'clock in the morning, and spent two hours bandaging our feet with cloth matting. By quarter past four we had mounted our horses, crossed the gulch, and commenced the real climb. The horses labored heavily in the sand, and slipped as they struck the snow patches. Two hours of riding brought us to the "Cruces," or "Rocks of the Cross," the beginning of the snow-line. Here we dismounted to view the immense valleys below us.

On the west was the valley of Mexico, and in front of us toward the rising sun the fertile valley of Pueblo. The rays of sunlight were even more gorgeous than on the day previous, the clouds being more numerous. As the sun came out, the fog and clouds disappeared, leaving the sky perfectly clear. Nature had been kind in giving us every advantage for making the last dash to the crater.

WALTON C. JOHN.

Wise Counsel to Youth

"I WRITE unto you, young men," says the apostle, "because ye have overcome the wicked one." There is a work of overcoming to be done, and it is given to the youth to experience the joys of the overcomer. Into the life of every believing child of God is to be brought the work of resisting evil.

Take the promises of God, and claim them as your own. If you fail,—and you may; for older persons fail,—do not give up in discouragement, and say, The Lord has forsaken me. If you have done wrong, go to the one you have wronged, and confess your fault. Then go to the Lord, and ask his forgiveness. He will receive you; for he has promised, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When Christ abides in your life, you may look to him to complete the work he has begun in you.

God will give wisdom and understanding and knowledge to the youth who seek him with sincerity of heart. He will help the student to be a power for good in the schoolroom, and outside the school to live so true a life that the world will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus and learned of him. He will enable the older members of the family to set a true example before the younger members, and will teach them how to seek together for perfection of character.

God wants us to be good and to do good. It is your privilege to learn of God, and then teach others what they must do to be saved. The voice is a wonderful talent. God wants you to improve this talent, that you may be a blessing to others. Learn to speak the kind and helpful and tender word. It is your privilege to break away from every form of wrongdoing. By putting away pride and selfishness and coming into right relation with God, you may begin to have heaven right here on earth. And in this work you will be laborers together with God.

Do not cease to pray. The Lord will hear the prayer of the contrite heart. Repeat the promise. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." With this threefold promise God desires to impress your hearts with the assurance that if you will go to him

in your need, he will surely help you. When you make an entire surrender to God, he will give you most precious thoughts, and heavenly angels will cooperate with you. The Spirit of God will give you words to speak that will touch hearts and help you to reach souls.

Satan has a great desire to ruin souls; Christ has a great desire to save them. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," he invites, "and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is a blessed invitation to lay all our perplexities at the feet of Jesus, and to rest in his love.

Take time to think of the pleasures that await those who are faithful. When this earthly pilgrimage is ended, you will have the Saviour's presence with you continually. He will lead you to behold the beautiful scenes of the earth made new. He will talk to you about the things most precious, and will teach you a fuller knowledge of his way. The education you gain in the things of God in this life will not end here. All that you gain you will take with you to the future life; and Christ, as your teacher, will continue the work of education through the eternal ages. And your love for him will broaden and deepen as you realize more fully all that his sacrifice has purchased for you.

ELLEN G. WHITE.

At Eventide

At eventide a thought goes out where tender shadows lie
In richly scattered masses round a gorgeous sunset sky;
Where dimly purpled heavens are darkening so fast,
While a blessed, peaceful quiet o'er the saddened earth is
cast:
Then a burst of mellow radiance cheers the watcher's
gladdened sight,
Recalling still the promise, "at eventide it shall be light."

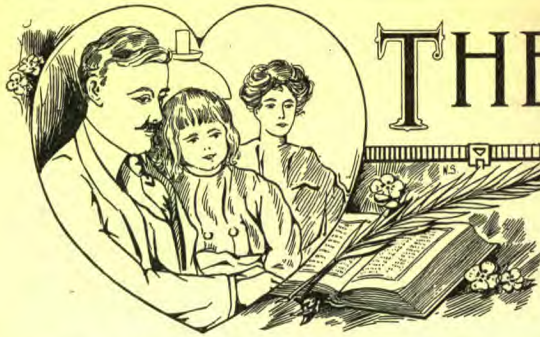
At eventide earth's gilded joys seem fading, fading fast;
The tired way-worn pilgrim's trials are nearly, nearly
past;
The granted strength and beauty of the passing day are
o'er,
The world's mirage enchants the eyes of eager men no
more.
The loss of friends, the loss of hopes, creates a transient
gloom,
Yet these shadows of the evening may an Angel's form
assume.
"O weary one, look unto Me!" let this Angel touch thy sight,
And then, for thee "at eventide there shall be blessed light."

ERNEST LLOYD.

THE thought has been expressed that the beautiful landscape is the result of ages of steady pressure and chiselings, of scores of floods, the ages of glacier crush, and the grind of centuries of storm and sun. Just so beauty of character, fineness of manhood and womanhood, is formed. Then shall we not accept the daily pressure and chiselings joyously that we may become fine-fibered and high-souled?—*E. D. Sharpe.*

TRANSGRESSION has almost reached its limit. Confusion fills the world, and a great terror is soon to come upon human beings. The end is very near. God's people should be preparing for what is to break upon the world as an overwhelming surprise.

Our time is precious. We have but a few, very few, days of probation in which to make ready for the future, immortal life. We have no time to spend in haphazard movements. We should fear to skim the surface of the Word of God.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



THE HOME CIRCLE



"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

Not Lighter Burdens, but Greater Strength

I would not ask thee, Lord, for lighter burdens;
For greater strength to bear them would I plead,
E'en for the strength of thy right arm so holy,
That arm which bare thou madest for my need.

I would not ask thee, Lord, for smoother pathways,
Though in rough, thorny ways be cast my lot;
If thou wilt in thy paths hold up my goings
So that my faltering footsteps shall slip not.

And though the way be sometimes sad and dreary,
The "well done" I shall gladly hear at length;
For still my cry shall be, though faint and weary,
Not lighter burdens, Lord, but added strength.

—Vida V. Young.

Sentiment Versus Principle

A GREAT singer had just finished a wonderfully touching and eloquent rendering of that grand song, "Home, Sweet Home."

"It is a beautiful song," said a young girl to an older woman who sat next to her, wiping tears from her eyes as she spoke.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if every one had as much principle as sentiment on the subject!"

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper.

There is no surer way by which the home can be made sweet and kept sweet than by the love of God that burns and glows in the heart. If the meek and lowly and patient Christ is a dweller in the home, then, come adversity, trouble, sickness, sorrow, or what may, it is still sure to be "home, sweet home."
—*Our Young Folks.*

Overstepping the Circle

"WHAT are you, sis—a hat-rack?" Kent Willard asked, as he came up the steps, and found Esther chatting with one of the university students.

Esther dropped her caller's hat as if it had burned her fingers.

"Pshaw, Miss Willard!" its owner protested. "That hat is honored by having you pet it."

"I wasn't petting it. I didn't know I had it in my hands," said Esther, quickly; but Kent had already walked on into the house with a manner that left his sister feeling rebuked.

When she followed him, a little later, the first thing she said was, "Kent Willard, you were rude to call me a hat-rack."

"Look here, Esther, tell me this. Would you reach into a fellow's pocket and take out anything?"

"Of course not!"—indignantly. "If you mean my having his diary, I just caught it out of his hand.

He flourished it round, and said there was one page all about me."

"I didn't know you had his diary," Kent answered, dryly. "Look at this," he broke off, pushing back his hair and showing a stubby lock, cropped close to the forehead. "Sue Bronson cut that off when I was drawing in the study-room. One of the girls dared her. O, that's funny, is it? Well, 'tisn't the hair I care about, but how would she like it if I did the same thing to her?"

"H'm! You'd better not try it."

"It would serve her right. You girls draw a circle round yourselves when it comes to our taking liberties, but if you don't stay inside your circle, you needn't expect us fellows to respect it."

"O Kent, you're too fussy!"

"Is this fussy, then? Madge Holton sneaked my Latin book out of my coat pocket and took out a note that Roger Danforth had written me in class, and then she wouldn't give it up. She said 'twas her motherly duty to see what kind of notes I was getting in school, and all such stuff. I knew she'd feel greatly embarrassed if she did read it,—'twas nothing for her to see,—so I tried to get it away.

"This was all on the street, mind you, coming from school, and when she couldn't keep it from me any other way, she dropped it into the neck of her waist—one of those buttoned-behind affairs. She'll have to undress to get it out, and she'll feel cheap enough if she reads it, too. I tell you, I was disgusted; and when I walked up here, and saw my own sister patting and smoothing another fellow's hat, I said to myself that you are all alike."

"But such a different thing! And Madge went too far, of course, but don't you know that a girl does those things just to flatter a boy—to make him feel how important he is?"

"Well, a girl makes one large mistake if she does," was the emphatic answer. "We may laugh and scuffle with her, and pretend to think she's all right, but her stock goes down just the same, you mark my words."—*Youth's Companion.*

One of the Cups

At a time when a great sorrow rested upon our home, a little girl of our acquaintance came to the kitchen door, and asked if she might wash our dishes. She said that she was sorry for us, and wished to do something for us, but did not know of anything she could do except to wash dishes. Certainly we could not repulse such kindly overtures, and the dear child painstakingly performed her self-appointed task.

Many gracious tokens of sympathy were bestowed upon us during those sad days; but none left on my heart a deeper impress than did the homely ministry of that little body. Often yet my mind reverts with tenderness to the small figure working patiently at the

kitchen sink; and the recollection is always an inspiration to me.

We are so prone to neglect opportunities for lowly service, while aspiring to something heroic. We fail to realize that the special blessing is on *cups* of water, rather than on pitchers or casks.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

Sarcasm a Waste

"I COULD have made just as sarcastic remarks myself," said a bright fellow in the senior class, referring to the witticisms of a new student; "but"—he hesitated for the exact word,—“but it seems to me a silly exhibition of strength. The really strong fellow doesn't make it.”

He was perfectly right. The really vigorous and healthy mind does not show itself in sharp speeches at the expense of others. The more sensitive and finely keyed the intellect, the more well-balanced and considerate the language.

"It is wonderful how he has mellowed with the years," was said lately of a great American novelist. "One can't imagine him writing now the merely clever, sarcastic things of his early days. He has gone so far past that cheaper point of view."

Sarcastic speech is essentially a waste of strength. For he who has a reputation for using it, will be given credit for being sarcastic even when he is most deeply serious or most sincerely kindly. But to display his skill he has juggled with his words so long, that when he wishes them to serve him honestly and simply, they play him false.— *Our Young Folks*.

The Upward Look of the Dying Soldier

MR. MOODY frequently told an incident that occurred after the battle of Murfreesboro', when, about midnight, he was called to see a man who had sent for him, and whom he found very low, but who wanted Mr. Moody to help him to die. "I told him I would bear him in my arms into the kingdom of God if I could, but I couldn't. Then I tried to preach the gospel. He only shook his head and said, 'He can't save me; I have sinned all my life.' Then I read an interview with a man who was anxious about his eternal welfare. As I read on, his eyes became riveted upon me, and he seemed to drink in every syllable. When I came to the words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life,' he stopped me and asked, 'Is that there?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Well,' he continued, 'I never knew that was in the Bible. Read it again.' Leaning on his elbow on the side of the cot, he brought his hands together tightly, and when I had finished, he exclaimed, 'That's good! Won't you read it again?' Slowly I repeated the passage the third time. When I finished, I saw that his eyes were closed, and the troubled expression on his face had given way to a peaceful smile. His lips moved, and I bent over him to catch what he was saying, and heard in a faint whisper: 'As Moses lifted up—the serpent—in the wilderness,—even so—must the Son of man be lifted up:—that whosoever—believeth in him—should not perish,—but have eternal life.' He opened his eyes and said, 'That's enough; don't read any more.' Early next morning I came again to his cot, but it was empty. The attendant in charge told me that the young man

had died peacefully, and said that after my visit he had rested quietly, repeating to himself now and then, 'Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'—From the "Life of D. L. Moody."

Sham Pathos

WHAT is more disgusting in a sermon or address than the sham pathos that manifests itself in "holy tones," in quavering voices, and in exclamations which are intended to awaken emotion in others which does not exist in the person who speaks? The sooner all this contemptible hypocrisy is cast away, the better. If a man's emotions are not quickened and aroused, let him not pretend to express feelings which he does not possess. Let men who speak be honest, frank, and sincere, and then their words will weigh. If they have anything to say worth saying, men will hear it, and if their thoughts awake emotions in themselves, their words will doubtless awaken emotions in others.—*Selected*.

First Help Yourself

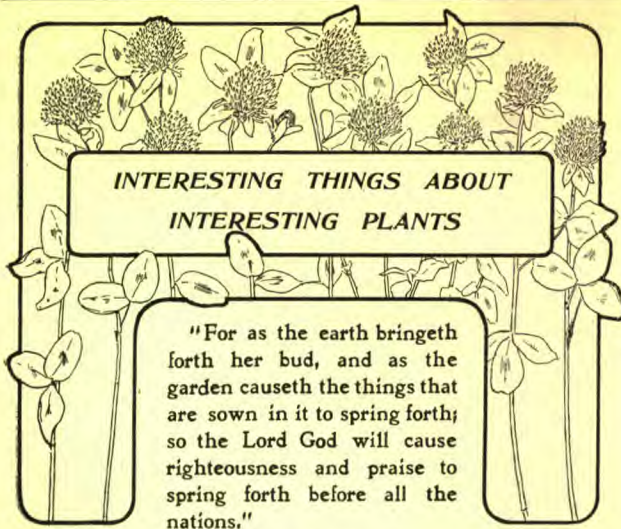
THERE is an amusing story told of a four-year-old girl who was very fond of music, and who one day happened to hear a solo exquisitely rendered by a boy only a few years older than herself. It was the first time the small music-lover had ever heard a child sing, and evidently she had had the impression that such an ability belonged exclusively to grown-up people. Undeceived on this point, a great wave of longing swept over her, and as soon as the song was finished, she burst into tears. Her father took her into his arms and attempted to comfort her, but for some time his efforts were in vain. Between her sobs the little one kept repeating: "O papa, please buy me a sing!"

We can readily imagine how the father consoled his little daughter, and explained to her in language simple enough for her comprehension, that the ability to sing was not a thing to be purchased, but a thing to be developed; that it lay in the nature, like a seed in soil, and needed persistent cultivation to bring it to fruition. We may smile over the unreasonableness of the small maiden who wished to get for the asking that which could be won only through toil. Yet do not some of us older ones occasionally fall into the same error?

"I wish I could be as unselfish as Mary is," some one says. Well, why not? You both serve the same Lord, who is able to make all his children more than conquerors. But to gain such a victory needs something more than vague wishing. Set to work to be unselfish. Cultivate your nature on that side.

"I wish I knew as much about history as Mr. B does," said a young man in our hearing recently. He was just entering upon a long vacation, with an abundance of leisure on his hands. His father's library is large, and richly supplied with books on historical subjects. But the youth contented himself with mere wishing for more knowledge.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," says the old proverb, and truer words were never written. God blesses effort, but does not supply it. You will never grow wiser or better by aimless wishing nor by aimless praying. But set yourself to accomplish what you desire, and you may be sure that God's strength will be yours, and that his blessing will help you to gain your end.— *Our Young Folks*.



The Gourds

WE have all doubtless made friends with some members of the gourd family in the way of pumpkin pies or delicious melons; but the interest of the family does not center in these. The rapid growth of the gourds is phenomenal. Only the sunflower and Indian corn can at all equal them in vegetative energy.

It is said that every form of bottle in the known world is based upon some member of the gourd family; vases, too, and other forms of pottery. For the gourds were the primitive water jars.

The most curious, and exasperating too, of all the members of this highly useful family is the squirting cucumber, a scrubby Mediterranean trailer. The fruit is long, hairy, and almost prickly, and remains green when ripe. It is bitter, fetid, and sickening in all its stages of growth. The plant derives its name from the curious habit which the fruit has of breaking off short whenever it is touched, and jumping away from the parent stem, as if alive, while at the same time it squirts out through the opening left by the broken stem, all of its seeds, with the surrounding pulp, in its aggressor's face. If a goat or donkey, wandering among the scrub, chances too near the fruit, his eyes and face are filled very expeditiously with the sticky, ill-smelling seeds and juice of the fruit. It is needless to say the animal's retreat is immediate.

The Bladderwort

The bladderwort, common in our fresh-water ponds, is interesting because of its peculiar way of securing food. The plant derives its name from the countless number of little sacks, or bladders, found upon the seaweed-like leaves. These bladders are only about one tenth of an inch in length, and serve the double purpose of floating the plant at flowering time and of capturing and digesting animal food. The seed of the bladderwort falls to the ground, germinates in the soil, and here the plant roots and grows until just about time for the flowers to appear, when the little bladders fill with air, buoy the plant upward, dragging the entire plant to the surface in order that the flower may breathe air and sunshine.

The second purpose of the bladder is seen by watching the plant for a few moments. The door into the bladder is transparent, and looks like an open entrance with a nice hiding place beyond. It opens easily from the outside, but all the ingenuity of bug invited to London, where he is now cultivating his

or other insect wit can not open it from the inside. Hence, "once a prisoner always one" is the greeting the unwary visitor receives. If the larva ventures either head or tail into the mouth of the ventricle, it is sucked in almost too quickly for the eye to follow the motion. The glands at once pour out their paralyzing fluid, and soon the victim is dead, becoming shortly a part of the curious plant that caused its death. Thus it is forced to become a partaker in the evil work wrought upon itself and others of its kind.

Giant Flowers

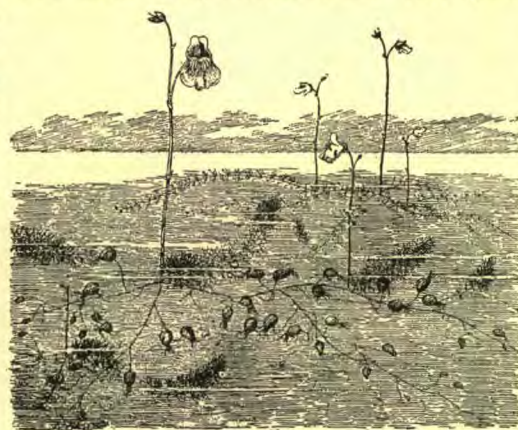
The plant that has made itself famous by producing the largest flower of any known plant is the *Rafflesia* of Sumatra. The flower measures more than a yard across, and sometimes weighs fifteen pounds; yet the leaves and stem of the *Rafflesia* are as inconspicuous as the flower is conspicuous. The plant is parasitic.

The royal lily of South America has floating leaves, sometimes six feet six inches in diameter. These leaves are nearly circular, and have upturned margins several inches high. The leaf is thin and easily punctured, but the network of ribs is so strong that the leaf will support two hundred pounds or more. In one of the St. Louis parks large numbers of these lilies are successfully grown, and the children of the city are delighted when the gardener allows them the privilege of standing upon one of the giant leaf pads. The flowers have the odor of pineapples, and are night-blooming, beginning to awaken about half-past four in the afternoon.

The Earthquake Plant

A recent number of *Current Literature* contained the following interesting description of a plant in India, known as the "earthquake plant:"—

"There has recently been set up in London a forecasting station which has for its principal object the prediction of earthquakes through observation of what is known as the abrus plant. This abrus plant grows wild in Cuba and in certain parts of India, being celebrated among the inhabitants of some tropical regions for



THE BLADDERWORT

its sensitiveness to weather conditions. Baron Nowack, an Austrian scientist, was the first to investigate the seismological accuracy of the abrus, which he claims is a dependable vegetable barometer. When read in connection with other data, the abrus will give, he insists, forecasts on the subject of storms, cyclones, conditions of fire-damp in mines, and more particularly the imminence of earthquakes, and even of volcanic eruptions.

"It is related on good authority that King Edward once asked Baron Nowack to foretell the state of the weather on a certain evening in the near future. In a few minutes, by studying his specimens of the abrus, the baron had worked the problem out. He predicted that the night referred to would witness a violent thunder-storm. This prediction, it is said, came true. At the invitation of the king, Baron Nowack was

unique seismological vegetable on an elaborate scale.

"The abrus is understood to change its color upon the approach of a period of fissure in the crust of the earth. This change of color seems to depend in turn upon the appearance of spots of a certain magnitude upon the surface of the sun. Observation of the plant must accordingly be conducted simultaneously with studies of the sun if predictions of value are to result. The connection between spots on the sun and manifestations of seismic disturbance have been the subject of infinite speculation on the part of authorities on earthquakes. Some students have denied the connection, which others allege to exist. Professor Nowack, on the basis of his investigations into the abrus, now insists that sun spots and earthquakes are dependent phenomena because the effect of both upon the plant seems identical. If, according to the theory now tentatively presented, the abrus begins to change color, and if there be a spot of magnitude on the sun, the appearance of a fissure in the surface of the earth may be expected.

Future investigation along this line promises interesting developments, though the service of the abrus must always be limited to the few.

This list of curious plants might be added to almost indefinitely. The soap plant, the thread-and-needle tree of Mexico, the caoutchouc, eucalyptus, and scores of others deserve mention, for they all render some helpful service in the world's economy, besides being of interest because of some unique habit.—*Fannie D. Chase, in The Children's Visitor.*

Why Some Plants Moved In

THE chinch bug brought flax to Missouri, the grasshopper brought the castor-bean, Japanese clover came apparently because it wished to, and alfalfa came as a matter of study. This is the conclusion which George B. Ellis, secretary of the State board of agriculture, says tradition justifies. When the chinch bug played havoc in the wheat of Missouri, the farmers looked about for some crop which would resist the incursions of this pestilent insect. They found that for some reason the chinch bug did not or would not live upon flax. Hence they planted flax, and for a time southwest Missouri had many fields of flax. The castor-bean was found by the farmer to be the only green thing which the grasshopper did not eat; hence fields upon fields of castor-beans were planted, and to this day may be seen in this section of Missouri more than anywhere else in the State. Japanese clover came from the southward, and year by year it is pushing its way farther up the Ozarks and down their northern slope.—*The Columbia Herald.*

Genesis of the Watermelon

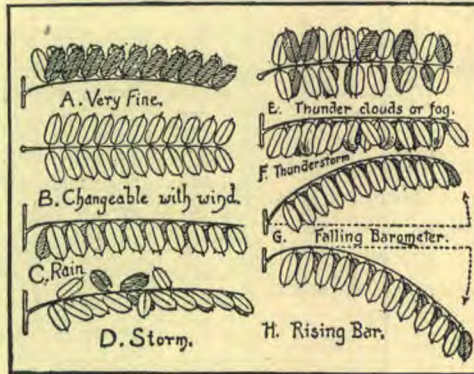
THE humorist always associates the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the Southern States, where the melon vine grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of

the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri. The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the Exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge dark-green watermelon.

Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in Central and South America; but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon; and in his preference for melons over every other kind of vegetable or fruit, the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence; for in Central Africa ripe watermelons are to be had every month in the year.—*Woman's Magazine.*



Power of Habit

HABIT is an inherent tendency which leads us to do easily, naturally, and with growing certainty what we do often. Habit differs from disposition, in that while both are tendencies to action, disposition properly denotes a natural tendency, habit an acquired one. By habit we mean action without effort. The tyro in music is usually slow and awkward in his movements, while the master plays with ease and certainty.

In the working of the mind, the same thing is true. Thinking in any new direction is usually slow and wearisome, but with practise the mind moves with ever-increasing freedom. The child, learning to add numbers, pauses, hesitates, and thinks at each step, while the expert accountant grasps the sum of a column of figures easily and accurately. This is true of anything that we learn by study and practise. When we are used to doing things in any certain way, the habit grows on us, until its power can hardly be broken. The man who drinks alcoholic liquors is forging a chain, which strengthens every day,—a chain that will hold him a captive forever, unless Heaven shall break it.

The power of habit can be noticed in the lower animals in a marked degree. A story is told of a horse that was used in a tread-mill for a number of years; he became too old to serve, and his owner turned him out into a pasture to spend the rest of his days. It was observed that the horse spent much time going round in a circle, just as he did while in harness.

Since actions produce habits, and habits make character, we should be very careful that each act is just right, so as to lay a foundation for a perfect character.

MAGGIE TAYLOR.

"It is a ludicrous anomaly that the two products for which Bermuda is most famous are the fragrant Easter lily and the odoriferous onion; for there is no onion known to the American market that quite equals the Bermuda brand for mildness of fragrance and delicacy of flavor. It is no unusual thing to find an oleander hedge, brilliant with thousands of blossoms, serving as a windbreak for an onion bed."



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Wanted: An Employer



HERE was a north-bound car temporarily disabled on Broadway, near Fourth Street, and in consequence, as far south as the eye could reach, stood a row of motionless cars. Also, in consequence, along the curb was ranged a fretting, impatient, helpless crowd, among whom the most anxious was probably Edward Billings Henry.

In stature Edward Billings Henry was briefer than his name would indicate, but to a certain two-room dwelling on Jackson Street he made

up in importance what he lacked in height; and it was his overwhelming sense of this importance which made every thin muscle taut, and strained every nerve as he stood in the forefront of the crowd, his bare feet planted on the cold asphalt, one hand gripping his remaining stock of papers, the other clutching a nickel.

"I never was in a tearing hurry in my life but what this thing happened!" said a man just behind the boy.

Edward Billings Henry turned and looked up. The man was jingling a lot of loose coins in his pocket. The boy glanced down at his one nickel, and said, with conviction, "You can't need to have 'em go like I do."

The big man stared down at the little man in surprise with a gruff "Huh?" but Edward Billings Henry had no time to repeat. His hope had revived. The two men who lay on their backs under the injured car began to crawl out, and the boy rushed forward.

"Will it go now?" he inquired of one of the numerous conductors clustered round.

"Maybe so—in half an hour," replied the conductor, carelessly.

"Oh," cried the boy, in dismay, "I just can't wait that long!"

"Walk, then!" said the conductor, crossly.

"It's too far," replied the boy, "when you've got a stone toe."

"A what?" ejaculated the conductor; but his voice was lost in the honk! honk! of a big white touring car which pushed slowly through the crowd.

In front of the car Edward Billings Henry raced limpingly on his "stone toe" back to the curb and to the man jingling the coins in his pocket. "Just what time is it, please?" he asked.

The man pulled out a watch and showed it to him.

Edward Billings Henry heaved a great sigh. "Half past ten! It'll likely be filled up before I can get there."

"What will be?"

"The place I'm after."

Skilfully he raised the limping foot, laid it across the other leg, and nursed the stone-bruised big toe, his eyes on the automobile, which had halted almost in front of him.

"Hello, Junius!" a voice in the crowd sang out. "Lucky dog you, not to have to depend on street-cars!"

The driver of the car was a young man. That is, Edward Billings Henry judged him to be young by the only feature visible, a flexible, wide mouth, with clean-

shaven lips. His eyes were behind goggles, and a cap covered his forehead and ears, meeting the tip of a high collar, which effectually concealed his chin.

But the mouth smiled as the goggles turned toward the pavement, the owner answering, lightly, "Hello yourself, Dick! Jump in and try my luck."

"Where are you going?"

"Up to Congress Square."

"Well, get along then," returned the other. "That's no good to me."

Congress Square! What luck! Exactly where Edward Billings Henry wished to go, and here was a rapid-transit vehicle with room enough for ten such diminutive persons as he! Without loss of time he limped up on his aching stone toe and joggled the arm of the driver.

Junius paused and looked down. Edward Billings Henry removed his cap from his head and looked up out of eyes kindling with hope, as he asked eagerly:—

"Do you s'pose you could get me up there inside of twenty-five minutes, mister?"

"What?" Junius stared hard through his goggles.

"To Congress Square," said Edward Billings Henry, impatiently. "It's business, and if I don't get there I'm out of a job, that's all." The boy mounted the step and clung to the seat, proffering his nickel. "I'll pay just what I'd pay on the car," he argued, "so you'd be making some money, as well as giving me a lift."

The goggled eyes looked at the nickel in the dirty hand, and then traveled up and down the small figure back of the hand. The eyes noticed that while those parts of the boy's anatomy which had been exposed all the morning to the city dirt had collected grime, the rims, as it were, of the exposed parts revealed hidden cleanliness.

"Congress Square is an awful way up," urged Edward Billings Henry, "and we mustn't waste much time, for I would like to get that job."

The small hand extended the nickel enticingly toward the glove. "You'll be earning as much as the street-car by giving me a lift," the boy repeated.

The driver's lips twisted a bit. "That's so," he said.

"Huh!" he chuckled, and gracelessly extended his hand for the nickel. "Get in, my man, and I'll give you the 'lift.'"

Edward Billings Henry drew a deep sigh of relief, dropped the coin into the other's palm, and engulfed himself in the soft front seat.

"Whom have I the honor of giving a lift?" asked Junius, formally, dropping the nickel into a pocket, where it lay alone. After it he sent a curious, lingering smile.

"Edward Billings Henry, Junior," replied the boy.

The lips beneath the goggles smiled. "And where am I 'lifting' you to, may I also ask, Edward Billings?"

"To Mr. Florins' office, where they're going to select an office boy this morning 'tween ten and eleven."

The driver busied himself a moment with the steering-gear as the car passed the crowded mail-wagons behind the post-office building. Then he turned and shot a curious glance at his small companion, asking abruptly:—

"And you think you'll get the job, do you?"

Edward Billings Henry leaned forward as if he

could push the machine into a yet faster pace. "I can try for it," he replied. "Father says you never know what you can do unless you try. He's always wanting me to try."

"Yes," muttered Junius, still more interested. "Fathers seem much alike, whether they live up-town or down-town."

"Can't we go faster?" asked Edward Billings Henry, sitting on the edge of the seat.

Junius shook his head. "Too many bluecoats around. But about that job, now — you'll not be the only boy after it. There will probably be dozens older —"

"I'm eleven, if I am small," said the boy.

"And stronger —"

The boy stretched out a thin arm defiantly, and closed his fist.

"Just feel!" he cried. "I've got a good muscle, and on my legs it's better yet. Just now I've got a stone bruise on my big toe, but I tell you I can get round like lightning just the same. Bet Mr. Florins wouldn't ever be sorry he took me."

"Yes, I'm inclined to believe that myself," mused the man. "But how are you going to make him believe that in the beginning?"

The boy raised his lame foot and gently rubbed the swollen big toe. "Well," he began, "I'm going to talk up big. Father says you have to sometimes when nobody's 'round to do it for you, and he says it's all right if you do afterward just as big as you talk."

The driver wagged his head wisely. "That's sound business sense," he agreed, gravely. "You intend to deliver the same goods that you sell. Let's hear what you have to say."

"Well, I'm going to tell Mr. Florins that father went to school a lot when he was young. He went through high school, and got all ready to go through college."

Edward Billings emphasized his verbs as if "going through" was solely a physical exercise on the flying-wedge order, and Junius chuckled.

"Then I'll tell him that father stood almost at the head of his class in high school, and he *almost* took a lot of honors."

"Well," assented Junius, "that 'almost' is a step farther than a heap of the rest of us got."

"Yes," exulted the boy, "I guess Mr. Florins will say so, too. Then I'll tell him that father taught a lot when he couldn't go through college."

"What next?" inquired Junius. They were approaching Twelfth Street now, and the car was hardly moving in the press of vehicles.

Edward Billings curled his bare toes under, and unconsciously pushed forward with all his slender might. "Then I'll tell him that father used to read a lot, law-books and things, same as he does —"

"But see here!" interrupted Junius. "All this talk will be about your father. What are you going to say about yourself?"

A cloud overspread Edward Billings' face. He raised a pair of troubled eyes to his questioner. "Why, I never stopped to think of that," he began, slowly, all the brightness fading out of his tone. "There's nothing much to say about me. I sell papers and help father —"

"What does your father do?" asked Junius.

The boy hesitated. His face flushed, and he looked up uncertainly at the goggles. "He used to teach," was the evasive answer, "until his eyes gave out."

"And now?"

Edward Billings Henry wriggled about on the padded leather. "He's always had bad legs," — the evasion continued, — "but his arms and back are strong, and his legs all right to stand on."

"Yes," insisted Junius, and waited.

"So he's doing something he ain't going to do if I can get this job. Then I could sell papers after and before office hours, and earn a lot of money." Edward Billings Henry talked rapidly, but the young man beside him was not to be turned from his purpose.

"Then what is it he's not going to do?"

The boy hesitated again. "Father takes in washing," he finally burst out, proudly defiant, "and I help him, and we do it good, I tell you! No one ever complains. Father says if you can't do what you want to, you can try something else, and that was all he could do, so he tried, and found out he could wash and iron good, and a lot of it."

Junius considerably looked straight ahead of him, not wishing to add to the embarrassment of Edward Billings Henry, Junior, but he could not resist the temptation to ask, "Are you going to tell this to Mr. Florins?"

"No-sir-ee!" responded the boy, proudly. "Father ain't going to do — washings — any longer if I can get the job."

The car entered Congress Square, drew up in front of an imposing stone building, and stopped. The driver removed his goggles and turned a pair of pleasant gray eyes on the boy. "Well, Edward Billings, here we are — and — you've got the job all right. Can you come in the morning?"

Edward Billings Henry nearly fell off the seat.

"W-hat?" he stammered.

"The job is yours," smiled the young man. "I happen to be that same Mr. Florins who, you have assured me, will never regret employing you. My office is on the second floor here. I did advertise for a boy, but had totally forgotten it." He gave a short laugh; business had never oppressed Junius Florins. "Report in the morning, please, and we'll see about a suit and some shoes and that stone-bruised toe."

Out of the automobile Edward Billings Henry tumbled in a dazed condition, and stood beside his new employer, looking up speechlessly.

"I'll advance you a car fare on your salary," the young man continued. He carefully avoided the pocket where lay the nickel previously owned by his passenger, and produced the change. "And, Edward Billings, just tell your father from me that his maxims work out so well that I'm thinking of adopting them myself." — *Alice Louise Lee, in Youth's Companion.*

Climbing

THE sun had bidden the vale good night,
And vanished from its dimming sight.

But, as I climbed a far-off hill,
I saw the tireless traveler still,

While all about his chariot, rolled
Billows of purple, rose, and gold.

And so, thought I, it needs must be
With those who climb perpetually.

Never, for them, fade quite away
The splendors of the fleeing day.

— Emily A. Braddock

"Love never has to look long for a chance to help."



Work for Missionary Volunteers — No. 10
Christian Help

WE know of young people who are devoting their spare time and means to gathering and preparing clothing, and bedding, and food, with other necessities of life, for the widows and orphans, the sick and destitute. God will reward every such effort.

A Russian soldier, one very cold winter night, was on duty as sentry. A poor working man, passing by, moved with pity, took off his thick sheepskin coat and gave it to the soldier to keep him warm. Notwithstanding this act of kindness, the sentry succumbed to the terrible cold, and was found dead in the morning. Sometime afterward the laborer, on his death-bed, had a dream in which Jesus appeared to him. "You have my coat on," said the man with great surprise. "Yes," Jesus replied, "it is the coat you lent me that cold night when I was on duty and you passed by."

All such ministry, if done for Jesus' sake, will not alone minister to the individual helped, but will bring a wave of blessing into the life of the "helper."

"I have read of a man who, journeying on a winter's day through the deep, drifted snow, became benumbed by the cold, which was almost imperceptibly stealing away his vital powers. And as he was nearly chilled to death by the embrace of the frost king, and about to give up the struggle for life, he heard the moans of a brother traveler, who was perishing with the cold, as he was about to perish. His sympathy was aroused, and he determined to rescue him. He chafed the ice-clad limbs of the unfortunate man, and after considerable effort, raised him to his feet; and as he could not stand, he bore him in sympathizing arms through the very drifts he had thought he could never succeed in getting through alone. And when he had borne his fellow traveler to a place of safety, the truth flashed home to him that in saving his neighbor he had saved himself also. His earnest efforts to save another quickened the blood which was freezing in his own veins, and created a healthful warmth in the extremities of his body.

"These lessons must be urged upon young believers continually, not only by precept, but by example, that in their Christian experience they may realize similar results. Let the desponding ones, those disposed to think the way of life is very trying and difficult, go to work and seek to help others."—*Gospel Workers*, page 46.

"We have come to a time when every member of the church should take hold of medical missionary work. The world is a lazar-house filled with victims of both physical and spiritual disease. Everywhere people are perishing for the lack of a knowledge of the truths that have been committed to us."

Bible Readings

In the past this has seemed like a difficult line of work for the young people, but we are now witnessing the development of an army of young people who are strong in faith, earnest in prayer, ambitious in the

work of winning souls to Jesus, and fearless and undaunted in meeting the enemy.

"We are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past. Watch for opportunities to speak a word in season to those with whom you come in contact. Do not wait to become acquainted before you offer them the priceless treasure of truth. Go to work, and ways will open before you."

"The Lord will fit men and women — yes, and children, as he did Samuel — for his work, making them his messengers."

"Hundreds of men and women, now idle, could do acceptable service. By carrying the truth into the homes of their friends and neighbors, they could do a great work for the Master. He will use humble, devoted Christians, even if they have not received so thorough an education as others. Let such ones engage in service for him by doing house-to-house work. Sitting by the fireside, they can, if humble, discreet, and godly, do more to meet the real needs of families than could an ordained minister.

"The plan of holding Bible readings was a heaven-born idea. Workers may thus be developed who will become mighty men of God."

"The Lord calls for pastors, teachers, and evangelists. From door to door they are to proclaim the message of salvation."

To-day young men and women, without experience, but with living faith and the passion for souls, are going from house to house, asking the privilege of studying the Bible with the people. They are more often gladly welcomed than refused, and precious souls are being won to Christ and the truth, who will shine as bright stars in the workers' crowns.

"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. 12:37.

Recently a young woman of our acquaintance was laid away in the silent tomb to await the resurrection morning. She had reconsecrated her life to God and united with the church several months before her last illness. As death drew near, she felt no fear, and her faith in Jesus and hope in the coming resurrection were unwavering, but she expressed one last sorrowful regret in the words, "I am trusting in Jesus, and if it is his will, I am ready to die, but I am sorry that I shall not have more stars in my crown."

Each day we are doing work for eternity. When probation is ended, and in the light of eternal realities we look back over our lives, shall we feel with inexpressible regret that we have been occupied with trifling things to the neglect of the highest of all considerations? or shall we be able to say, with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith"? MEADE MACGUIRE.

—◆◆◆—
"FAITH is friendship with God."

"WASTED moments mean lost opportunities; lost opportunities, an unsatisfactory life."

—◆◆◆—
THE molding and fashioning of souls for the kingdom of God is the most important work in which we can engage. It should absorb our best energies.—*W. T. Knox.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Malaysia—No. 3

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

MINUTE MISSIONARY TALKS.

SINGAPORE:—

General Description.

Missions.

Texts on Missionary Work

Let different members prepare minute talks on these texts:—

Acts 10:38; John 17:4—The Ideal Missionary.

Gen. 12:1, 2—The Call of a Pioneer Missionary.

2 Cor. 5:14—Motive Power in Missionary Work.

Isa. 6:8—An Answer to the Master's Call.

Rev. 14:6-12—Message to be Given.

Mark 16:15—Who Are to Give the Message?

Matt. 28:18-20—Missionary's Unfailing Helper.

Matt. 24:14—Event to Follow the Giving of the Message.

Singapore

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: The small island, lying about three fourths of a mile south of the Malay Peninsula, was settled in 1160 by natives from Sumatra. Having seen a lion in the newly found island, they named the place Singapore, meaning the "City of Lions." The town, which grew up from this settlement, flourished until 1252, when it was destroyed by a company from Java, and its inhabitants were scattered to the four winds. Then for more than five centuries, the island remained unnoticed by the world; but in 1819 Sir Stamford Raffles was attracted by its strategic position. He secured it for Great Britain, and ever since that date the British flag has floated over the Straits Settlements, which comprise Penang and Malacca, in addition to Singapore.

In the jungles of Singapore (the island) are many wild animals. It is said that hundreds of tigers swim across from the mainland. The songs of thousands of birds are heard the year round. Fruits are found in abundance, and the fisheries are very productive. Although the island contains only two hundred six square miles, its smelting works produce one half of the world's tin.

Most of the nationalities represented on the island have distinctive occupations. The Malays are mostly coachmen and gardeners; the Tamils repair the roads and drive the bullock-carts; the poor class of Chinese are perhaps the hardest workers, for they draw the jinrikishas, or act as house servants. There is much sickness in Singapore, and the death-rate is double that of births. This, however, is not so much due to unfavorable climate as to failure of complying with the laws of health.

The city of Singapore, on the southern shore of the island, holds a strategic position in the commercial world. It has well been called the "Liverpool of the East." In its harbor the ships of all nations jostle. "It is the hub of a great wheel of commerce in southern Asia. At least fourteen lines of trade converge

here like the spokes of a wheel. The annual tonnage of incoming shipping is twelve million tons, thus making it rank seventh among the seaports of the world." Should you visit the docks of Singapore when the great American and European steamers unload their cargoes, you would be pained to learn that these Christian nations are burdening the wharves of that needy city with great quantities of intoxicating liquors.

MISSIONS: From the missionary's view-point, Singapore is "the modern Babylon." The numerous languages used there are a hindrance to the progress of the gospel. In the Anglo-Chinese school forty languages are spoken. However, out of the population of about two hundred thirty thousand one hundred sixty-five thousand are celestials. This has naturally attracted the missionary's first attention to the Chinese.

Twenty-two years ago the pioneer missionary stood on the pier at Singapore. He had no means to begin the work which he had come to do, but he had faith and determination. He preached the gospel of Jesus, and soon opened a school for Chinese boys. About a year ago that school had an enrolment of one thousand one. To its remarkable growth is added another marvel, that of the school being self-sustaining. The fathers of the boys are anxious to have their sons educated, and gladly pay tuition. The Blue Book of Missions for 1907 reports forty-nine missionaries; two hundred sixty-five native workers; thirty-eight schools with four thousand eighty-seven pupils; one publishing establishment, and four thousand three hundred ten professed Christians.

Letting this glance at the general missionary operations suffice, we turn to consider the entrance and progress of the third angel's message. The work for the great Malaysian field centers in Singapore. Our pioneer missionaries there were Brother and Sister G. F. Jones from Rarotonga and Brother Caldwell of Australia. They entered the field about three years ago, and to-day a church, a school, and a publishing establishment bespeak the progress of the work. "A mission building has been purchased, and a school building rented, in the outskirts of the city. The native converts have demonstrated that the larger books can be sold in the Malay tongue, and literature is being put out in Baba, or Chinese Malay, and in Dutch Malay."

The experience of our workers shows that "man's inhumanity to man" can survive in the hearts of professed Christians. Some of the missionaries at Singapore have spent considerable effort and tact to suppress the third angel's message, but God has granted his messengers success. The following extracts from an article written by one of our workers bring to light some results of the efforts put forth:—

"Owing to the great prejudice existing here, it was thought best to start the work in as quiet a way as possible, and at the same time be laying a solid foundation. So we began by calling on our neighbors, taking with us "Desire of Ages" or "Good Health" and our Bibles. Both we and the books were invariably well received, and an interest was very soon aroused for Bible study, so that we were obliged to drop the canvassing, and give our whole time to the Bible work. In May was organized our little Sabbath-school with seven members, which has continued to grow until at the present time the attendance is from thirty-five to forty-five, all of whom stay for the preaching service afterward. Although there may be seen diversities of race and of language (Europeans, Eu-

rasians, Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Malays, etc.), yet we are a united, happy band of pilgrims, banded together by links of faith and love, and as most if not all have no small opposition brought to bear upon them, they are only made stronger by it. There are among them some from the Catholics, Church of England, Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, and rank heathen. Among the number is a dear old Hindu woman one hundred five years old. Until lately she was a Catholic. Her great-grandchildren are members of our Sabbath-school. When well enough, she insists on being brought to our meeting; and although she can not understand all, she is quite satisfied because she believes we teach the truth. She is anxious to be baptized, has burned all her Catholic books, and will not hear or talk about anything but Jesus and his coming again. She says now she knows the Virgin Mary is dead, and can neither hear nor help her.

"Then we have old Silas, who is half Malay, half Chinese. He is paralyzed, and almost helpless in body, but a firm believer in the truth for these days, and a regular attendant at our meetings. At our mid-week evening meetings, we usually have an attendance of about forty, among whom are a few soldiers who are deeply interested in searching the Scriptures, and are quite convinced of the truth of the Sabbath, and are observing it as well as they know how during their time of service. When their time has expired, they intend leaving the army to serve the King of kings.

"At the end of May [1905], the work at Singapore was very considerably strengthened by the arrival of Brother and Sister Davey, graduate nurses from the Sydney Sanitarium, who from the first have had fair patronage.

"Lately I have begun holding Bible readings with a Malay woman who is most anxious to be taught the Bible and true Christianity, in spite of the danger she thus exposes herself to of losing her life. I never had a more interested reader nor a more grateful one than this Mohammedan woman, and who shall say there may not be many others of her nation and creed equally hungry and thirsty for the true bread and water of life to satisfy their empty souls?"

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 26

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 146-161; Test Questions, page 219.

Notes

SKRELLINGS, or Skraelings, are a people of the Esquimau race, whom the Norsemen found on the east coast of America. They tried to be friendly with the Norsemen, but being frightened, they afterward became hostile.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was king of Sardinia. The other provinces of Italy were greatly oppressed by Austria and other European powers, while Rome was in the hands of Pope Pius IX, supported by the French. Victor Emmanuel, called "the honest king," was loved by all his subjects, and in 1860 the patriots proclaimed him king of all Italy. The pope was asked to give up his temporal power, but refused, and accordingly Rome was besieged by Victor Emmanuel in 1864. The papal troops surrendered, and Rome became the capital of United Italy with Victor Emmanuel on the throne. Garibaldi was an Italian patriot and reformer who was noted for his military genius.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION was the revolt of the French people against royal despotism and class privi-

lege. Among the causes were, abuses and extravagances of the Bourbon monarch, the nobility, and the clergy; the wretched condition of the mass of the people, and the revolutionary character of the French philosophy and literature. It was with the storming of the Bastille, July 14, 1789, that the smoking embers of revolution burst into a flame. The motto of the Revolution was "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." In the name of these principles the most atrocious crimes were committed. During the "Reign of Terror,"—June 2, 1793 to July 27, 1794,—thousands of persons were massacred. Christianity was abolished, and the worship of Reason was substituted. The Revolution came to a close with the establishment of the republic, Oct. 27, 1795.

THE COMMUNE was a revolutionary movement which sprang up in 1871. The theory of the rising was that every commune (township, or municipality) should have the power of self-government, the central government being merely a federation of communes. The movement was due primarily to discontent of the people at Paris. It began on March 18, and was suppressed after ten weeks of bloodshed and fighting.

No More Morning Watch Calendars

ALL of the Morning Watch Calendars have been sold, and no more will be printed. May this little reminder lead thousands of our youth and those older in years to form the habit of daily prayer and Bible study.

The Porto Rico Missionary Society

OVER five years have passed since we left the city of Buffalo to come to Porto Rico, and among the loved ones left behind were a number of children, some of them mere babes. Imagine, then, our surprise and delight, nearly four years later to receive letters from these same little people saying that they had formed themselves into a society called the Porto Rico Missionary Society, and that they were praying for us, and forwarding a sum of money which they had long been gathering together for our work, to be used just as we liked, but "principally for a school."

The society consisted of fifteen members, two of whom were honorary, but who were required to pay for the honor. They held their meetings on Sabbath afternoons, and brought their gifts and studied the Sabbath-school lessons in their sessions. They sent a sample of their badge, it being a bow of ribbon with the name of the society printed on it.

One of the mothers of the children, an honorary member, wrote us a letter about the same time, telling us what a pleasure it was to her to have them meet with her, where she had an opportunity to instruct them in that which before had not been of such especial interest to them. She said also that her own zeal and courage had been renewed and strengthened by their zeal.

We answered these letters, and did not hear from them again; and being very busy almost forgot our little society away in Buffalo; but that was not the end, for we have just received another letter with another generous offering, together with a report of the society, telling of its work during the past year and its hopes for the future. Our hearts were made very tender as we read the sweet messages of love these little people sent to us, and we rejoiced to think

(Concluded on page fifteen)



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI — Balaam

(May 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Numbers 22, 23, 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Luke 12:15.

Review

What took place at Mount Hor? How were the people punished for murmuring against God? What way was provided by which those who were bitten might be healed?

The Lesson Story

1. At last the long journey around Edom was finished, and the children of Israel pitched their tents by the river Jordan, near the land of Moab. Across the river was Canaan, their promised home.

2. Now Balak, the king of Moab, had heard how the Lord had helped the children of Israel, and he and all his people were afraid of them. So Balak sent to Balaam, who was once a good man and a prophet, and asked him to come and curse Israel. When the messengers came to Balaam, he asked them to stay all night, while he asked the Lord if he might go with them. And the Lord said unto Balaam, "Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people: for they are blessed."

3. In the morning Balaam sent the men away, saying, "The Lord refuseth to give me leave to go with you."

4. When Balak received this message, he thought that Balaam wanted richer gifts and rewards than he had sent before. So he sent other men, more honorable than the first, to ask Balaam to come. "Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me," he said, "for I will promote thee unto very great honor."

5. Balaam asked these men also to stay there that night, that he might know what the Lord would say. "And God came unto Balaam at night, and said unto him, If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them." But Balaam did not wait for them to call. In the morning he saddled his beast, and went with the princes of Moab.

6. "And God's anger was kindled because he went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass. . . . And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way.

7. "But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again.

8. "And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left. And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under

Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff.

9. "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee. . . .

10. "Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face. And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? Behold, I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me. . . .

11. "And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned; . . . now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again. And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, Go with the men: but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak."

12. The king of Moab came out to meet Balaam, and showed him great honor. He took him to a high hill, where he could look down on the plain, and see the camp of Israel. Balaam asked to have seven altars built, and on each of these he offered a sacrifice. But when he began to speak, instead of cursing Israel, his words were a blessing.

13. Once more, on another hill, seven more altars were built, and other sacrifices offered. But again, when Balaam would have cursed Israel, his words were a blessing.

14. Balak was very angry with Balaam; still he could not give up the thought of having the prophet curse Israel. So yet again Balaam had altars built, and sacrifices offered, this time on Mount Peor, where there was a temple to Baal. There, for the third time, Balaam blessed Israel. He also prophesied of the coming Saviour, and of the destruction of Moab.

15. After this Balaam went home in disgrace, without the honors and riches he had hoped to gain. Worse than all, he had greatly displeased God, whom he professed to serve.

Questions

1. Near what river did the children of Israel camp when they had finished the long journey around Edom? Near what land were they? What land was just across the river?

2. Who was Balak? Why was he afraid of Israel? What did he send men to ask Balaam to do? What did Balaam ask the Lord? In what plain words did the Lord answer Balaam's question?

3. What did Balaam say to the men in the morning?

4. What did Balak think when he received this message? What did he at once do? What message did he send to Balaam? What did he promise him?

5. What did Balaam ask these messengers to do? What did the Lord tell Balaam he might do in the morning, if the men came to call him? Did Balaam wait for them to call? What did he do?

6. Why was God angry with Balaam? What did the angel of the Lord do? By what was the angel of the Lord seen? What did the beast do? What did Balaam do to the beast?

7. Where did the angel of the Lord again stand in the way? What did the beast do? How did Balaam show his anger?

8. What did the angel of the Lord then do?

When the ass saw there was no place to turn aside, what did she do? What did Balaam do?

9. What wonderful thing occurred then? What did the beast say? How did Balaam answer?

10. What did the Lord then do to Balaam? When Balaam saw the angel, what did he do? What did the Lord ask Balaam? Why had he gone out before Balaam?

11. What did Balaam confess? What did he say that shows that he still wanted to go to Balak? What did the angel of the Lord then say to Balaam? What only would Balaam be allowed to speak?

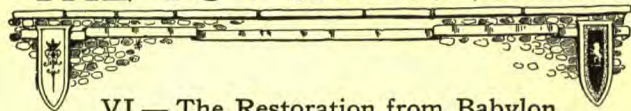
12. Who came to meet Balaam? Where did he take him? What did Balaam ask to have built? When he had offered sacrifices, what did Balaam try to do? What kind of words did he speak concerning Israel?

13. What did Balaam then do? What occurred when he again tried to curse God's people?

14. How did Balak feel when he heard these words? What did he still desire Balaam to do? On what mountain did Balaam offer sacrifices? What heathen god was worshiped on this mountain? When Balaam spoke, what did he again do? Of whom did he prophesy? What did he say about Moab?

15. Where did Balaam then go? What had he failed to gain? Whom had he greatly displeased?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VI — The Restoration from Babylon

(May 9)

MEMORY VERSE: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." Hosea 13:9.

Questions

1. What explains the victory of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, over Jerusalem? Dan. 1:1, 2; Jer. 44:23.

2. What was the real cause of the captivity? 1 Chron. 9:1; 2 Chron. 36:14-17.

3. Of what definite sins were priests and people guilty? Ezek. 22:26, 29, 31.

4. Why did the Lord permit his people to go into captivity? Jer. 24:4, 5.

5. What was foretold concerning the outcome of the captivity? Verses 6, 7.

6. What gospel principles did the Lord declare through the prophet Habakkuk? Hab. 2:4.

7. What did the Lord through Daniel say was the trouble with Babylon at the time of its fall? Dan. 5:18, 20, 22, 24, 30, 31.

8. In view of Habakkuk's statement, what must have been the cause of Babylon's fall?

9. According to Habakkuk, what must have been the condition of Israel at the time of the restoration from Babylon? Read Daniel 9; note verses 2-5, 19.

10. What definition of justification by faith shows that the experience of the captivity was designed to restore to the people righteousness by faith?—*Ans.*—"What is justification by faith? It is the work of God in laying the glory of man in the dust, and doing for man that which it is not in his power to do for himself."—*Special Testimonies, No. 9, page 62.*

11. What description is given of a revival of faith among the people of God after the fall of Babylon? Jer. 50:4, 5.

12. What indicates that the return to Jerusalem was a matter of individual faith rather than a national movement? Ezra 1:3, 2:1, 64, 65.

13. What message was sent to the people during the rebuilding of the temple, teaching dependence upon God rather than upon themselves? Zech. 4:6, 7.

14. What message did the Lord send to his people calling them out of Babylon as soon as the time of the captivity was fulfilled? Jer. 51:6-10.

15. What is the last call to the people of God in this generation? Rev. 18:1-5.

16. What was the experience of those who returned from Babylon? Neh. 9:38; 10:28, 29.

17. What will be true of those who come out of Babylon in this generation? Rev. 14:12.

18. What kind of obedience only is acceptable to God? Rom. 16:25, 26.

Note

Formalism and righteousness by works had so taken the place of genuine religion among the people of God in Jerusalem that it became necessary to abolish all the outward form of service, abandon the temple to destruction, and send the people into captivity to humble their pride and to teach them the essential elements of righteousness by faith,—humility of spirit and a sense of dependence upon God. After the restoration from Babylon, the shekinah of glory—the outward token of the promise of God—never appeared in the temple, but the worshipers were taught to look for the bodily presence in the restored temple of him who was to manifest the glory of God in humanity. Haggai 2:6-9; John 1:14. This temple became desolate when Jesus left it. Matt. 25:38-24:1. He who was the glory of the temple is "the Lord our righteousness," through whom the glory of the Lord, lost by sin, is restored in believers, and this is the experience of righteousness by faith. Read Jer. 23:5, 6; Rom. 3:23, 24; 1 Cor. 1:30; 2 Cor. 5:21.

By studying the prophecy of Habakkuk, and comparing it with the fifth chapter of Daniel, it is evident that the fall of ancient Babylon was due to that pride of heart which puts one's self in the place of God, and that the message of restoration was the message of righteousness by faith. Modern Babylon has put herself in the place of God, exhibiting the same pride of heart (2 Thess. 2:3, 4), and her fall is certain. Rev. 18:21. The message of restoration from modern Babylon must be the message of righteousness by faith.

The Porto Rico Missionary Society

(Concluded from page thirteen)

of the good foundation that they are laying for the future.

May God bless our young people and the children among us, and may the example of these of whom we have written be followed by many others. Then the same cheer that their efforts brought to us here, will be carried to many other missionaries, and at the same time the missionary spirit will be established in these young hearts at home. LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

"THE great question is not the one of His answering, but of our asking."

"WHOSO maketh two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor."

The Youth's Instructor

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Why not Choose Country Life?

For years, as a people we have been urged to leave the cities and settle in the country. Various and urgent are the reasons for this counsel. Some of these reasons are general in their application, and apply to thousands who are now rushing to the cities. A recent number of the *Independent* in an article on the "Pressure of Population" makes this manifest. The writer says: "At the exhibition of the congestion of urban population now being held in this city, one of the most striking of the graphical illustrations is a large table map of Greater New York, in which the inhabitants are represented by fine shot. In the slums on the East Side these are piled up to the height of several inches, representing as dense a population as exists anywhere on the globe, more than a thousand persons to the acre. Other sections contained only a few scattering shot, one hundred thousand acres within the city limits with an average population of less than four to the acre, while all around the city stretches the open country, looking comparatively depopulated. In one important respect this exhibit is misleading. It looks like a relief map, and one gets the impression that the population would flow from the densely to the thinly settled regions, unless forcibly prevented, just as water seeks its own level. The blocks, over fifty of them, in each of which three or four thousand persons are packed, are in this model represented by tall pasteboard pens to keep the shot from running off on the empty table round about.

"But with real people the opposite is true. The pressure of population is not from the city but toward it. The lines of force run from the thinly to the densely peopled areas. The people themselves constitute the attractive force; so the larger the city, the faster it tends to grow. At the present rate of increase New York may have a population of seven million by 1920.

"While the cities have been growing with unprecedented rapidity, the country round about them has in places actually lost in population. Whenever we go into the country, we find old houses untenanted and dropping into decay; and school buildings once filled with children now containing a mere handful. There are some fifty thousand unemployed men in New York City. There are some two thousand abandoned farms in New York State. The men who first settled on these farms had to walk or drive ox teams hun-

dreds of miles. They had to fight Indians and wolves and bears. They had to clear the land of trees and pull the stumps. They had to pick up the stones and build their walls with them. Yet in spite of their privations and hardships they lived happy and healthy lives and founded churches, schools, and colleges.

"The early settlers in Kansas and Nebraska had to live in houses cut from the sod. There were no shade-trees and no fruit. The drought and grasshoppers destroyed their crops year after year. They saw no one outside the family for weeks at a time. If they had anything more to eat than corn bread and potatoes and a bit of bacon, they thought themselves lucky. Yet we do not pity these pioneers of the plains. We admire them.

"Never in the history of the country was it so easy to get land to live on as it is to-day, notwithstanding that the public domain is practically pre-empted. A man can get to any part of the United States easier and cheaper and quicker now than the New Englanders could get to New York two hundred years ago, or the New Yorkers could get to Kansas fifty years ago. Nowhere does the man who wants to get a living from the soil have to submit to the dangers and difficulties of the pioneers of that region. If the people of the cities had the desire, and were possessed of the same initiative and energy as our forefathers, they could obtain for themselves an independent foothold on the soil."

Drinking at Meal Time

AGAIN experimentation discloses the futility of attempting to direct the course of all by one inflexible rule. Since persons differ materially in their physical being, any enforcement of universal dietary rules must work hardship to many persons, as the following observations from an exchange indicate:—

"The great majority of dyspeptics are suffering from one or the other of two opposite conditions; namely, *hypohydrochloria* or *hyperhydrochloria*; that is, too little gastric acid or too much acid. When too little hydrochloric acid is present in the gastric juice, the digestive process is too slow, and the food remains too long a time in the stomach, giving opportunity for fermentation and the formation of lactic, butyric, and acetic acids.

"When too much acid is present, the action of the pepsin is somehow interfered with, and digestion is hindered, as well as when there is a deficiency of acid. This is the newly discovered fact which sheds light on the question of drinking at meals.

"When there is a deficiency of acid, drinking aggravates the difficulty by diluting the gastric juice. When there is an excess of acid, however, the contrary effect is produced; for by the dilution digestion is encouraged.

"Here is the rule, then: Those who have too little acid, should drink very little or not at all at meals; those who have too much acid, may drink moderately at meals, and will be especially benefited by drinking a glassful of water two hours after eating.

"One exception must be made. Persons who have dilated stomachs should at all times avoid burdening their feeble stomachs with large quantities of liquids, and will do best with a dry diet.

"It is best not to drink while eating, but afterward. Drinking while eating interferes with mastication and salivary secretion, and increases putrefaction. Liquids should be taken at the close of the meal."