

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 18



New "Copy" for the Instructor



THE manuscript which is given the printer, and from which the Instructor is set into type, is called "copy" in printing-office parlance. And the type-setting machines seem to have an almost insatiable maw into which "copy" rapidly disappears. Even before one paper is out, the call comes for "copy, copy."

Perhaps the Instructor readers will be interested to know what the editor has in the "copy" pigeon-hole for early issues of this paper.

Biographical Sketches

Elder W. A. Spicer has prepared a series of interesting biographical sketches of some of the world's leading missionaries, some of whom kept the Seventh-day Sabbath. The titles of this series are:—

A Noble Pioneer of Missions—Count Zinzendorf; Conrad Weiser: Colonial Indian Agent and Interpreter; Some Missionaries of the Colonial Frontiers: Christian Ranch, John Eliot, David Zeisberger, and David Brainard; A Colonial Protestant Hermitage at Ephrata, Pa. No one should miss reading any of this series.

The History of Missions Class of Union College has also prepared a series of biographical sketches. These are entitled: "A Western Center of Evangelization—Patrick and Columba; Boniface, Apostle to Western Civilization; Raymond Lull; J. Hudson Taylor; Adoniram Judson; William Carey; Robert Moffat.

A series of articles on the Reformation, the Spanish Inquisition, and the French Revolution, are expected to materialize. These, of course, must be largely biographical in their nature.

Something New

A series of lessons on correct pronunciation of many words commonly mispronounced, will be given. "It is related," says Mr. W. H. Phye, "of the French Painter Girard, that when a youth and in poor circumstances, he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, a member of the council of the first Napoleon. The young artist was shabbily attired, and his reception was frigid in the extreme. Lanjuinais, however, in the course of the conversation that ensued, was so much pleased with the intelligence and amiability displayed by the young man, that at the termination of the interview, he courteously accompanied him to the door of the ante-chamber.

"Girard, contrasting the manner of his cordial dismissal with that of his cool reception, could not avoid an expression of surprise.

"My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the question, 'we receive an unknown person ac-

ording to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merits.'

"The lesson here taught with reference to shabbiness of attire suggests a similar one with reference to carelessness in pronunciation. For if the manner of one's dress can play so important a part in one's reception by others, it is no less certain that one's manner of expression (which is the garb in which our spoken thoughts are clothed) must prejudice others either favorably or unfavorably according as it is or is not correct. In spoken language, pronunciation is the most striking element, and thus it happens that it is, more than any other one thing, the most obvious test of general culture. Even in a speaker of recognized ability, his mispronunciations fall harshly upon the ear, and cause the hearer to suspect that his early, if not his later, education has been wanting in polish."

Standard Poems

A selection of choice poems, suitable for recitation, supplementary reading in our schools, and for personal reading and enjoyment will be given sometime during the year. These may be accompanied by short sketches of the life of the author of the poem.

Our Foreign Missionaries

we hope, will continue to remember the Mission Fields department, so that our young people will be kept in touch with our great missionary enterprises throughout the world.

Department for Students

Each month a department of the paper is devoted to students. This is intended to give encouragement to those who are working their way through school; to give counsel along the many lines that perplex students; and to help them in various ways in their effort to complete successfully their period of preparation for service in the Lord's vineyard. It will be worth reading every month.

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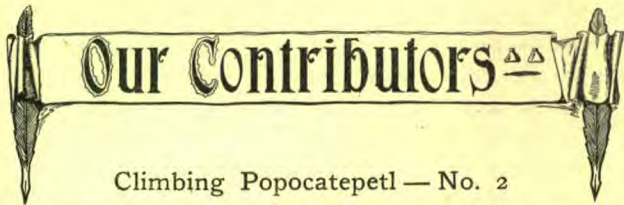
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Climbing Popocatepetl — No. 2

WHILE all of our party were more or less intent upon the final struggle to reach the summit of Popocatepetl, none could resist the impulse to stop and admire the magnificent views which lay before us. Just before sunrise an immense shadow of the great mountain was cast against the western sky. This weird apparition, a huge purple pyramid, reared its spectral peak nearly two thirds of the distance to the zenith. Its base covered almost the entire western horizon. For ten minutes we gazed at the unusual phenomenon, till the brighter rays from the east gradually dissolved it into nothingness. As the sun arose, we obtained glimpses of the city of Mexico, surrounded by lakes, hills, and small volcanic cones. Far beyond, about seventy miles to the west, loomed up the elongated crater of Toluca, fifteen thousand feet high. Toward the south and nearer, Ajusco's sharp peak barely penetrated the thirteen thousand foot snow-line. Changing our position, and looking to the northwest about six miles, we saw the snowy mass of Ixtaccihuatl. While her "human form" was lost to our sight in the immensity of rocky detail, the loss was compensated by the sight of the glaciers, heavily covered with snow, glistening in the morning light.

On the east lay the fertile valley of Puebla, and in the midst of it the fair capital of the same name. A little beyond rose Malinche, fourteen thousand feet high, named in honor of Cortez; and still beyond, the famous Orizaba, seventeen thousand nine hundred feet high, whose slender, tapering cone can be seen by mariners far out at sea.

At six o'clock we began the climb, several of the party having already started up the steep, snowy incline, following slowly in the footsteps of the stalwart Indian guides. As there were not sufficient guides, my friend, Hubert Del Valle, volunteered to be my partner: so we tied on blankets, picked up walking-sticks, and followed the first group, who were, by this time, two or three hundred feet above us. We managed the first five hundred feet of snow very easily as we climbed along the zig-zag path broken in the smooth, snowy, and often icy surface of the cone. As the incline grew steeper, we were compelled to rest at intervals of five minutes, giving our hard-worked hearts a moment's respite. Several times while we sat down to rest, we were compelled to move suddenly to

dodge the small pieces of ice and snow which had been cut out by the guides of the advance party.

An amusing incident occurred when we were about one third of the way up. While halfway along a steep zig-zag, we heard a crackling sound above us. I looked, and saw a large piece of ice and snow fully eighteen inches thick come tearing down the slippery incline. We were right in its path. I called to Del Valle, who was about twenty feet ahead, to watch out. As the mass came swiftly down in the direction of my friend, he yelled back, "I'll dodge it," which indeed he did, giving a big leap down the zig-zag. When about fifteen feet off, the rolling chunk hit a slight obstruction. This made it follow after him, striking his feet and knocking him down. No harm was done, save to the ice, which broke and scattered in fragments.

On we struggled, trying hard to break a record if possible. It was slow work. By the time we had reached the seventeen thousand-foot mark, our courage almost failed. Our hearts thumped like trip-hammers, and air was the scarcest and most expensive commodity on the mountain. Every ten steps we halted, and waited for more breath and strength. Often we became very drowsy while seated in the snow; and if the sun went under a cloud, or a sudden gust of wind blew, it discouraged us more than anything else. As soon as the sun shone full upon us, our spirits would immediately revive. We were reminded from time to time that we were climbing no ordinary mountain, when gusts of sulphurous vapor enveloped and almost nauseated us.



MOUNT POPOCATEPETL

Only once did we think of turning back while under these combined aggravations. The report of Señor Perez's pistol high above announced that the first group had reached the rim of the crater. There they stood, like black specs on their glassy pinnacle.

Then we turned our backs for the last time on those awful distances below us, and urged ourselves forward as never before. In half an hour, at eleven o'clock, we stepped over the brink of the crater, and for a moment gazed on the great expanse of earth and sky. Clouds were arising, and soon cut off the view of our friends below.

What a sigh of relief was given, and what a feeling of happiness came over us, when we realized that we had conquered. The next step was to drop down one hundred fifty feet through the sand and craggy lava formations to the lower edge, and look five hundred feet below into the bowels of the earth. Hundreds of fumaroles poured out their smoky incense, while from a main opening about one hundred feet in diameter near the south side a huge column of blue vapor and smoke gave evidence of the possibilities of that enormous crater. The rocky sides, eight hundred feet

apart, were not smooth, but carved with fantastic corrugations. Down deep in the center was a little greenish lake, which added to the weirdness of the scene. Indians descend the crater by means of a winch, and mine the large sulphur deposits.

After a short nap in a low, protected cave, we went up on the rim of the crater, and made some observations. The clouds, which hitherto had been flitting here and there, had now so increased that they filled all the surrounding valleys, leaving us in complete isolation, save for the tips of the peaks of Orizaba, Malinche, Toluca, and Ixtaccihuatl, which appeared like lonely islands in that sea of clouds. The sun was bright above, and gave a dazzling effect to the struggling mass which was rising to engulf us.

A cool breeze was blowing, making more glassy the surface of the cone; so the guides unpacked the bamboo mats which they had brought upon their backs, laid them down, and made toboggans for us; first inserting in a loop in front their climbing poles, which served as brakes and for steering. Off we went, two and three on a mat. I was the third on my mat, Del Valle and the guide being in front. With our arms tight around the one in front, and the three pairs of legs scraping the ice and snow, we were able to control the velocity even when dashing at a breakneck speed down the steep angle of the cone. Once the guide pushed us back so far that we found ourselves sliding on our blankets, which was not very pleasant, and then we stopped to hail our slower friends who had not yet reached the crater. We were rushing down into the cloud bank when Del Valle became nauseated. This caused another stop. After a few moments' delay, we started once more, and slid rapidly through a thousand feet of clouds which were twisting and curling over our heads.

At length, twenty minutes from the time that we left the crater, we reached the snow-line, after an exciting ride over a distance of four thousand feet of snow surface.

The horses were awaiting us, and by three o'clock we had recrossed the gulch and dismounted at the half-way house, where we immediately proceeded to dine after our fast of twenty-four hours. By night all of the party had returned, fourteen out of the entire number having succeeded in reaching the summit of Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand eight hundred sixty-two feet above the level of the sea. The remaining five lost courage on account of severe pains in the ears from the snow, and from nausea. They rejoiced with us all, and were on hand with a fine lunch when we returned. That night we did very little talking, but quickly made for the long bed, where we soundly slept till daybreak. We mounted our faithful, weather-beaten steeds again, and hastened toward Ameca as fast as we could go. By night we were all in Mexico City, proudly recounting our exploits to our families and friends.



A GEYSER OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

A Trip Through Yellowstone Park

ONE beautiful day last August, in company with a party of ten, the writer left Bozeman, Montana, for the Yellowstone Park. The road was rough and uninteresting. Late in the afternoon of the second day a huge stone arch, some seventy-five feet high, loomed up before us. Just above the arch, cut in the stone, are the words, "For the benefit and enjoyment of the people," and on one side, "Act of Congress, 1872."

From the time of entrance we began to see wonderful things. For miles we drove up Gardiner Cañon, with our eyes fastened upon the beautiful river. Only occasionally could we look elsewhere; once at a huge eagle nest built upon the top of a high-towering rock, and again at a precipitous carmine-colored cliff.

At Mammoth Springs we registered, then drove on past Liberty Cap, a large egg-shaped rock fifty feet high; then on past the wonderful terraced mountain, and down to the grove in Buffalo Valley, where we pitched camp for the Sabbath. A herd of fifty buffalo were feeding in their spacious enclosure near by. It was a novel sight.

The next day we walked to the foot of the variegated cliff, richly colored in shining white, yellow, orange, pink, and blue. A steep path at one side brought us to its flat top. We gazed in wonder upon the multitude of small basin-shaped terraces that decorated the steep, and, catching the colored waters, seemed to say, "We can not let you go." We turned from Angel Terrace to examine the boiling, overflowing springs, one emerald, another blue, another pink.

Our soldier guide then conducted us to the most beautiful cave that our eyes have ever looked upon. It reminded me somewhat of the rounded, frescoed front of a richly carved theater-box that I once saw. Its convex covering was hung round with shining, glittering stalactites of pink and yellow and emerald. This is Cupid's Cave. We climbed above it, and

burned our fingers in procuring bits of the soft formation which below had become hardened. A mile to our left was a narrow, deep crevice. Down the long ladder, then down longer flights of steps, we descended and stood for a short time on the floor of Devil's Kitchen,—not a beautiful place, but weird and awful.

The following day, we drove past Obsidian Cliff, where the road had been cut out of a mountain of black glass, not with pick or blast, but by being heated to white heat, then splashed over with cold water. Just before us was Roaring Mountain, steaming, sputtering, and grumbling with its multitude of geysers. The beautiful twin lakes and beaver dam were quickly left behind, and turning abruptly to our left, we soon found ourselves in the midst of a small plain filled with a thousand diminutive boiling springs, the whole resembling a pan of hot grease when water is added. The sign-board told us that we were in the Devil's Fry-pan.

WALTON C. JOHN.



TERRACES OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

A few miles more brought us to Norris Basin, the valley of geysers. In spite of the sign DANGER! we walked down through the center of a ten-acre flat crowded full of boiling, seething, hissing, and steaming geysers. Off to our left, near the road stood Black Growler. His huge, black, nose-shaped form could scarcely be discerned for steam. He belched and roared constantly, sounding quite like a score of steam engines blowing. Crossing the road we saw the famous Emerald Pool, with water so clear that only the darkness of its depth cut off our vision.

After visiting the other neighboring pools, we hastened to the camp; for rain was already falling, and making us shiver as if August were December. That evening we were forced to spend our time either in the cold tent or out by the benevolent camp-fire in the pouring rain; either was disagreeable, but we cared little. We were viewing earth's wonders, and the difficulties of the way served only to add zest to our marvelous repast. Thus it should be with regard to eternal interests. Earthly perplexities and trials should seem of little consequence, compared with the glories of the Christian's hope.

Our next day's drive was a cool one. After drinking to our satisfaction at Soda Springs, we hastened on to the Fountain. This geyser plays but once every four hours. We waited for an hour in a drizzling rain, but felt amply repaid when the geyser shot forth its volleys, first up vertically some forty feet, then rapidly to the left and right as though a number of fountains were vying with one another for the mastery. While viewing the fountain, we left one of the teams hitched near an enclosure of a substance resembling greenish-brown and gray paint, boiling as if in heated caldrons. Unfortunately these are called the Devil's Paint Pots.

We camped that night just two hundred yards from Old Faithful upon a hillside among the pines. Suddenly we heard a roar, and looking about saw the volume of water and steam shooting up some hundred and fifty feet. With the search-light of Old Faithful Inn turned upon it, the darkness could not hide the view. It was even more beautiful than when playing by daylight. The duration of each play is about five minutes, and occurs to the minute each hour.

Time will not permit us to describe numerous other

springs and geysers of that valley. My sister and I strolled over miles of country, viewing many wonders, among them, Castle Geyser, the Grotto, Morning-glory Spring (which in shape and color is a true resemblance of the flower), the Devil's Punch-bowl, and Handkerchief Spring. Here, placing my handkerchief on its surface, we watched it circle slowly round and down to the bottom, then suddenly disappear. In a few moments it shot straight up to the surface, cleaner and whiter than when it went down.

We spent the following day on the shores of Yellowstone Lake, a vast expanse of blue, ringed round with rugged peaks. It was there we first enjoyed visiting with the bears roaming at will through the woods.

We pitched our next camp two miles above Upper Falls. Here I had my first and only fight with a brown bear that had come to examine the contents of our lunch-box. I shall never forget looking up into his glaring eyes, for though I stand six feet tall, this huge beast towered above me.

Of all the wonders of the park nothing to me seems so grand, so awe-inspiring, so richly beautiful, as the Yellowstone Cañon with its Upper and Lower Falls. The deep gorge is crowded on either side with sharp, rugged ledges, rocky crags, rough boulders, and towering pinnacles of stone. Upon some of these pinnacles were eagle nests. The eaglets were taking their first lessons in flying. The steep walls of the cañon are lavishly tinted with all the colors of the spectrum. It seemed as if some bright rainbow had spread its rich colors over the walls to embellish the scene already so entrancingly beautiful.

Our eyes were then riveted upon the water of the Lower Falls. In an instant all the grandeur of the cañon sides, the pinnacled rocks, the brilliant colors, were forgotten. The great volume of water, pouring down three hundred sixty feet in one leap, its awful roar, the stormy mist that veiled its foot, the splashing,



PRIVILEGED INHABITANTS OF THE PARK

dancing sprays, so charmed us that it seemed as if we could have watched all day with no thought of weariness, cold, or hunger. Our leave-taking was slow and reluctant. Though we had to leave our beautiful surroundings, we brought away with us mental views that will never be effaced, and that remind us daily of Him who hath made all things beautiful in his time.

W. A. YARNELL.

—◆—
"No matter what you are to do in life, an educated head helps an educated hand."

Truth Lives Evermore

THE man who dares to think, to live,
True to his soul's divinest light,
Shall to the world an impulse give,
For truth and right.

The brave in heart, the true in mind,
Will dare to see the truth aright,
While coward souls, perverse and blind,
Will shun the light.

But though all eyes on earth were closed,
Still would the sun as brightly shine;
And truth, by all the world opposed,
Is still divine.

That which men abuse to-day,
Men of the future will adore;
And truth which error seeks to slay,
Lives evermore.

—Selected.

Children in New Zealand

"NEW ZEALAND is ahead of all other countries in the world in the way it looks out for the welfare of children, as I found out in a recent extended sojourn in that country," said Mr. George T. Trainor, a retired California capitalist, at the Belvedere.

"In the first place, boys and girls who are homeless, or do not receive the right kind of parental care, are taken in charge by the superintendent of education. He sees that they get both mental and industrial instruction in the government schools, and also finds homes for them in respectable families, the government paying for the child's maintenance, unless its service cancels the cost of board. If a boy is apprenticed, his earnings are turned over to the minister, who deposits them, and in later years gives the accrued savings to the owner.

"School-children are the special pets of the government; and whenever they have a distance to go, they are carried to and from school free of charge. This is easy, as the government owns the railroads. Big, central schools are established in preference to numerous small ones, and boys and girls who live within a twenty-five-mile radius are brought to the school-house and carried home daily. In summer, special trains are put on to take the country children to the cities, and the city children for outings in the country, so that each may learn something of a different kind of life,—a policy that broadens the education of the young folks, and adds immensely to their happiness.

"The philanthropy of the New Zealand system is further shown in forbidding children under fourteen to work in stores, factories, or on farms, since between the ages of seven and fourteen the law says they must be attending school. Nor are girls and women allowed to labor in any place where the occupation is of a sort detrimental to their health."—*Baltimore American*.

The Cheapened Cuff-Links

A YOUNG man who was the guest of a wealthy family, exhibited with some pride a set of cuff-links he wore, made of Mexican onyx. His host replied that there was a mantle-piece of such stone in the next room. How that statement cheapened the cuff-links, in the opinion of the owner, can be imagined. Methinks many persons would care less for jewelry if they realized that the gold and gems which compose it, are such as are used for paving-blocks and building stone in a city where a home is offered us.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



Senior Themes

[The following article was designed to suggest to teachers a way to render special help to prospective graduates; but knowing that young people of themselves are quick to take a hint, the article is given here, with the hope that it may stimulate some to original investigative work.—Ed.]

GRADUATING essays, or "senior themes," are usually a heavy burden to the teacher and pupil alike. The choice of a subject is often a matter of great difficulty.

It fell to my lot at one time to teach a senior class in English literature. This included general supervision of the graduating essays. In that particular town there existed a tradition to the effect that for ages these literary productions had been constructed like mosaics, all the uncles, aunts, older brothers and sisters, cousins, and intimate friends contributing brilliant paragraphs wherewith to dazzle the audience. I resolved to break the time-(dis)honored custom by having the work done under my very eyes. Needless to say, my purpose was not explained to the pupils.

The subjects were chosen in personal conferences with individuals outside the class hour. The first step, of course, was to study the temperament of the pupil, and induce him to express his tastes freely. The next, to suggest themes interesting to him, and from the writing of which he would be sure to derive some personal benefit. Perhaps this can be made more plain by giving a few examples.

Louise, an excellent student, somewhat surprised me by saying that really her chief delight in life was to read novels, and that she was not strongly interested in any other pursuit. She was delighted with the suggestion that she discuss "The Benefits and Evils of Novel-reading." After doing some serious thinking on the subject for several months, she said she had learned to understand fully the need and value of discrimination in the choice of reading-matter.

George, who intended to be a mechanical engineer, took much pleasure in working up the topic, "How Man Has Utilized Natural Forces for Motive Power." This he treated historically.

A bright German girl, one of the best students in the class then reading "William Tell," gladly undertook a special study of the two common German ideals of womanhood typified by Schiller in Gertrude and Hedwig.

Ellen admitted mournfully that her essay would be a terrible task, because she had never become warmly interested in anything but games. The mention of "Rational Amusements" cheered her wonderfully. Later she showed considerable thought power by writing in class a logical outline, which finally was developed into a decidedly readable essay.

Will had shown such interest in the elementary treatment of molecular and molar forces in the study of physics, that a little hint concerning the possibility of showing the potency of attraction by illustrations from history, literature, and life, as well as from science, made him enthusiastically choose for his theme "The Power of Attraction."

In similar manner, most of the others were led to select subjects along the line of their strongest interest,

which I learned partly by noticing carefully during the fall term what seemed particularly to appeal to them in the class-room, and partly through frequent personal conversations. One case, however, seemed almost hopeless. Try as I would, I could get no expression of interest or even preference for anything under the sun out of Beulah. There seemed to be nothing she really liked or disliked. Neither had she any plans for the future. She knew that she must earn her living, and she "guessed" about the only thing she could do would be to go into the hotel as a waitress. Other girls with no particular gift had done that. Of course she wouldn't enjoy it, but that was all she could see open to her. "Well, Beulah," I said, "I've been trying for a month to find out in what you are interested, so as to help you choose a subject for your essay. If it really is true that you don't care for anything, I don't see how you are ever going to choose an occupation. It would be a serious thing for you to go into the hotel dining-room simply because you didn't know what you wanted to do." That time I struck a spark from the stone. With more energy than I had deemed her capable of, the girl returned, "That's just what's worrying me all the time. I don't mind about the essay. I could probably work up some theme from history or literature, it doesn't matter much what. You see I don't know any girls here who do earn their living except by clerking or hotel work, and they're both horrid to think of doing."

"By reading during the next few months on the kinds of work that women have done successfully, and by carefully studying the advantages and disadvantages of each, you might be able to write a paper on 'Occupations Desirable for Girls,' I ventured, tentatively. The disconsolate face brightened instantly. "O, I would *like* to do that," she said, eagerly, "because it would help me to know what chances there are in the world; and perhaps by the time I'm through school, I'd *know* what I really want to do. I haven't an idea now, and that would be the sure way to find one. I'm so glad you suggested it." Any teacher will understand that I no longer regretted the time that had apparently been wasted in vainly trying to understand this dull girl.

Beginning early in January, the Monday recitation period was set aside for the class to work on their outlines, while I moved around among them, giving each the help he desired in the matter of logically arranging topics and sub-topics, and by question or criticism indicating where outlines seemed incomplete or ill-balanced. The pupils worked with a will; for they soon realized that the writing of the theme would not be very difficult if the outline were made so complete in detail that only illustrations of the points they wished to make were left to be selected and embodied. They were encouraged to watch for these illustrations in what they saw, heard, and experienced from day to day at school, at home, on the street, or in their reading. Hardly a day passed, but some one would come to ask my opinion of an incident reported in the newspaper, a fact observed, or an incident read "that just seems to fit into my essay." The outline seemed to form a sort of constant undercurrent in their thoughts. Never have I seen a class work harder or more cheerfully. Their subjects had a chance to grow upon them because they lived with them as companions so long.

During the month of February every free day was devoted to helping the seniors toward freedom in expressing their thoughts by letting each come for an

hour to my sitting-room to talk over his outline with me. You see, I believed thoroughly in the saying, "Oral composition ought to precede that done in writing."

Let no one suppose that during these private interviews I pumped into the pupils what I wanted them to write. On the contrary, I used all my ingenuity in pumping out of them, by sympathetic questioning, all the thought they had on their theme. They explained to me carefully what they had in mind concerning each point of the outline, and what examples or illustrations they intended using. As is often true with older people, they found that by talking freely, their ideas were clarified. Furthermore, my interest in their views, and my occasional words of praise or doubt, seemed to loosen their tongues. Several said, "O, I can talk it all off to you just as I think it, but I can't write it as an essay should be written." In most cases they were made to realize that writing is only talking with a pen. The slower ones I had turn back and tell it all a second time, making copious notes from their own talk upon the outline itself, and occasionally writing out entire sentences in which they had expressed themselves particularly well.

What of results? Were the essays exceptionally good? Many of the audience asserted that it was a pleasant change to hear a set of young people talk naturally about things of which they knew something. Repeatedly I heard the expression, "That sounded just like Lena (or Beulah, or Bessie); any one could tell by the way she gave it that she'd written it herself." One man asked me, "Did Ellen write that essay about recreations? or did some one give her the ideas to put into her own words?" Upon my asserting that I knew it to be the girl's own thought as well as expression, he said: "I'm glad to hear it. I didn't know she had so much sense. I sometimes think if young folks could be got to say and write the best that's in them, people would often get a higher opinion of them."

That the class felt the joy of work well done was evidenced by the statement of one of them, "One thing's sure. We didn't have to feel ashamed when folks came up and said our essays were good. We knew they were all our own, and so we could enjoy the congratulations."

Was the experiment worth all the time I devoted to it?—Yes, to me. For I learned to my surprise how much reasoning power, good sense, and right feeling exists deep down in many a pupil of very ordinary general ability and apparently unpromising exterior. In no single case did I fail to form a higher estimate of the character of the pupil. Besides, this experience hinted of many ways by which I might reach the real and better self of many another boy and girl.—*Margaret J. Lampe, in School and Home Education.*

The Goodness of God

GOD is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for all creatures which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what he wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we can not be pleasing him if we are not happy ourselves.—*John Ruskin.*



They Praised Him and Burst into Song

You remember how on that marvelous night when Christ lay wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger, an angel came to the shepherds out in the darkness on the Judean hills,— a radiant, wonderful angel,— and told them the story of his lowly birth. And as the voice ceased sounding in the ears of the spell-bound, listening shepherds, suddenly there was with him a whole multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and filling that rich, glad night with wondrous harmonies never heard on earth before.

Somehow that scene burns itself on my mind,— that immortal throng that sat daily, hourly at the feet of heaven's High Potentate, that was a constant witness of his might and majesty and omniscient intelligence, that knew him in all his glory so much better than we possibly can, bursting out in praise and adoration at this one gracious act toward a fallen race that had despised his wisdom, trodden his precepts under foot, and proved themselves in every way unworthy of his thought.

They praised him, they burst into jubilant song as they took their shining way back into heaven. And we, toward whom he stooped in pity and love,— do we sit dumb?

They had never sinned; had never required at his hand his most precious gift. And we who have received all this, why do we not break daily, hourly into glad praises and pæans of thanksgiving? Ah, because we do not "see him as he is;" our eyes are unopened; the bonds of the enemy are too strong. Burst them and be free!

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

"Made Like unto His Brethren"

WHILE in Venezuela on a trip up the Orinoco River, I learned many practical lessons from the things which I saw, and I am going to write some of them for the benefit of our young friends at home. The steamboat that I was on was to be loaded on its return trip with fat cattle for the Port of Spain market in Trinidad.

The cattle range on the great prairies that extend for miles and miles back from the river, and become very well fattened with the abundance of beautiful grass that these plains furnish.

I became interested, as my home is in the West, and so went with the men to get the cattle and see them loaded. They gather them from the prairies to a small corral on the bank of the river, from which they are driven down the bank through a strong chute aboard the steamer. On this particular day the boys worked hard and long, but the cattle would not go into the chute. At last an old peon more experienced than the rest came, and he went at once and got a gentle old

ox and led him by the rope through the corral and then down the chute, when, without a moment's delay, the rest of the herd followed, crowding and pushing one another until one hundred fifty of them were safe inside the steamer.

As I watched this operation, so simple yet so effective, the words came to me with peculiar force, "Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." The man might have led some other animal

through the chute, but nothing, however attractive it might have been, would have induced the cattle to follow, but when one of their own race and likeness was led before them, they did not hesitate. Then again so fittingly came the words, "Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made *like unto his brethren.*"

How reasonable and precious is our gospel! What a "strong consolation"! Our hope is both "sure and steadfast;" nothing is lacking. We, who "like sheep have gone astray," can follow our "Elder Brother" without fear.

My surroundings that day on the banks of that great river, amid the wild scenes of a wild country, were not in the least conducive to spiritual impressions, but it seemed to me that even there, surrounded by those wicked men, I had really found a Jeremiah's potter's house, and that the Lord was speaking to me in behalf of these people who have never had the chance to hear the gospel, to read the Bible, or to know of the compassionate Saviour who loves them.

B. E. CONNERLY.

If You Doubt, Don't

THERE is more than a pleasing alliteration in many of the trite sayings and proverbs we use so often and so readily. But with many of them there are two views to consider; two sides to the question. Prone to follow precedent, even against expedience and right, we accept many of these old sayings at their expressed value, when often they should be discounted.

Is it a question of doing wrong? Then the proverb applies. If before you there comes a temptation to turn aside from the path of right, of honesty, of truth, of justice; if the voice of rightly-trained conscience tells you the thing is wrong,— then "If you doubt, don't." Never can any one afford to compromise with evil. Lot knew he must leave Sodom because of the wickedness of that city. He understood the reason why the angel told him to get into the country: But he sought to compromise in the matter: "I can not escape to the mountain, lest some evil overtake me, and I die; behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?), and my soul shall live." Yet, though the angel granted his request, he was compelled to go to the mountains later. How much better had it been for him to accept the will of God, and go at the first word.

But if the way is right, the course approved of Heaven, to doubt is dangerous. Then he who hesitates is lost. The promise to the righteous is, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Trust in that word for guidance, and walk in the way of righteousness, never doubting.

MAX HILL.



The Schoolchildren's Friend

ONE morning, about a hundred years ago, a farmer boy with a basket on his arm was on his way to a store in Franklin, Massachusetts. He was probably fourteen years of age, although you would have guessed him to be older. His face was pale, and bore the saddened look of a child who had never known what it was to play. His clothing of homemade stuff was tattered and worn. His whole appearance told of poverty and hard work.

Some village boys saw him, and shouted, "There goes Horace. Let's have some fun with him."

They pelted him with mud. They threw stones into his basket.

"Hello, girly!" said one, "have you washed the breakfast dishes yet?"

"How much straw can you plait in a day, Horry?" asked another.

Then all hooted, "Girl-boy! girl-boy! girl-boy! Helps the women in the kitchen!" and they pranced around him in great glee.

But the lad walked on silently, seeming not to notice their ill-mannered taunts. At the store he was greeted kindly by the man behind the counter.

"Some more straw braid to-day, Horace?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "There is not so much as I hoped to bring, but I shall do better next week."

The storekeeper took the rolls of plaited straw from the basket, and soon figured up their value.

"One shilling and sixpence. And what will you buy to-day?"

"Half of it is mother's," answered Horace, "and half of it is mine. Mother will come in to-morrow and get what she needs. For my part, I want the arithmetic book that I was looking at last week."

"The price is one shilling," said the storekeeper.

"I know," said Horace, "and I lack threepence of having so much. I only want to ask if you will not lay the book aside for me until next week, when I shall have more than enough to pay for it."

"You may take the book now," said the man, "and I will trust you for the rest till you have some more braid ready."

The lad thanked him, and tucked the precious book under his coat. Then taking up his empty basket, he went out to meet the taunts of the street boys again.

"That's right, girly!" they shouted after him.

"Run home now, and wash the breakfast dishes. Run home and plait some more straw."

"That lad will make his mark in the world," said the storekeeper to the group of loafers who were lounging at the door. "The boys make fun of him because he makes straw braids, and helps his mother with her housework. But they'll be glad enough to do him honor by and by."

"Has he no father?" asked one.

"Ah, no. His father died two years ago, and the boy has been the mainstay of the family ever since. And work! why, he's never known anything but work. That boy never played a day in his life. He's at work on the farm whenever the weather will let him. And then evenings and on rainy days he's always plaiting straw. Why, he plaits more straw

than any woman or girl in Franklin. The hat-makers say that his braids are the best of any that I send them.

"School? No, he never has time to go to school much. I suppose he goes seven or eight weeks in midwinter, when he can't do anything on the farm. But they say that he knows more than the teacher, young as he is.

"Books? Well, I should reckon. He's read everything in the Franklin library, and he has a few books of his own. They say that he sits up and reads when everybody else is in bed. Sometimes he sits up till long after midnight. And they

are so poor up at his house that I guess they can't afford to buy many candles, either.

Such was the boyhood of Horace Mann. It was a boyhood of labor, unrelieved by any of the joys which children commonly know. He never knew a holiday. Marbles and kites and tops never came his way, for he had no time to spend with them. As for playing ball, he was too busy even to think of it. In fact, he never had any kind of plaything that he could call his own.

As he neared the age of manhood, however, he contrived to give more time to the study of books. Through his industry and self-denial, his mother was at length quite well provided for. Why should he not now indulge himself with a little of that learning for which he had always had such hungering and craving?

One day when he was twenty years old, a school-teacher, whose name was Barrett, surprised him by saying: "Horace, you must go to college!"



MISSIONARY GARDENING

As long as this old earth remaineth,—
The promise is given from Heaven,—
Will the seasons of sowing and reaping,
The seed-time and harvest, be given.

And NOW is the season of sowing
In garden and corner and field;
Sow well for the Master of missions,
And bring him a bountiful yield.—A. E.

What a strange idea to put into the head of a young man who had had neither money nor opportunities!

"Why, Mr. Barrett," said Horace, "I don't know enough to enter college. I have never studied Latin, and as for Greek, I have yet to see the first book in that language. It is useless to think of such a thing."

"Not so useless as you suppose," answered Mr. Barrett. "I have said that you must go to college, and I mean it. I myself will prepare you."

Horace did not require much persuasion, for all his ambition pointed that way. He set to work with a will, and so did Mr. Barrett. Within six months the young man mastered more Greek and Latin than most students learn nowadays in three years. Before he was twenty-one, he passed the examinations and entered the sophomore class of Brown University.

He had no money. He had no wealthy friends to help him along. But he was resolved to make his own way. He earned what he could by doing any odd job that chanced to come his way. For a few weeks in each year he taught a country school, keeping up his studies, and passing the examinations as they came. He took care of his own room, and he lived sparingly.



HORACE MANN

At first his classmates were disposed to laugh at him. Yet he was so gentle in his manners, so brilliant of mind, so studious and earnest, that he finally won the admiration of all the students and the respect of all the professors. No finer classical scholar ever passed through Brown University. At the end of three years he was graduated at the head of his class.

Long before Horace Mann left college, he had made up his mind to be a lawyer. At that time all the brightest young men in the country were preparing for the profession of law. It was the profession that would give the freest scope to the exercise of genius; it was the profession that offered the surest promise of fame and fortune.

There was a very famous law school at Litchfield, Connecticut; and thither at the age of twenty-four went Horace Mann. As a matter of course, he was not long in pushing to the front. With his tireless energy and his natural brilliancy of intellect, his progress was but a series of intellectual triumphs. He soon became known as not only the best student, but the best lawyer, in the school.

At the age of twenty-six he was admitted to the State bar of Massachusetts. The road to honor and distinction was open before him. As an attorney, he had all the practise that he could manage. He was assured of a steady and increasing income. At thirty years of age he was chosen a member of the State legislature. He became known as, next, to Daniel Webster, the best public speaker in Massachusetts. At length he was elected to Congress to succeed Ex-President John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives. Surely but few men at his age have ever had brighter prospects before them.

But, notwithstanding his success, Horace Mann was ill at ease. "I ought to be doing more for humanity," he said.

The schools of Massachusetts, indeed of the whole

country, were at that time very poorly managed, and very inefficient. People felt little interest in education. The public schools were attended by only a few pupils, and these were of the poorer class. Thousands of children were growing up in ignorance and vice.

"This is not as it should be," said Horace Mann; and he began to study the subject with all his accustomed thoroughness.

"The children must be better cared for," he said. "The State must provide for the instruction of all. We must have more schools and better schools."

He brought the matter before the legislature. His arguments were so clear and convincing that a law was passed providing for the general improvement of the schools in the State. More than this, Horace Mann himself was appointed secretary of the board of education, and it was made his duty to see that the provisions of the law were carried out. All his friends were astonished when he accepted the position.

"It is the work of my life," he said.

He closed his law office. He sold his law library.

"The bar is no longer my forum," he said; "I have betaken myself to the larger sphere of mind and morals."

The salary was small. The honors were few. The labor was great. Yet cheerfully did Horace Mann take hold of the work that was assigned him, and manfully did he carry it forward.

He visited Europe and studied the best systems of education there. He lost no effort to make the schools of Massachusetts the best in the world. "We must have better buildings, better school-books, longer terms of school," he said; and for the procurement of these he toiled unweariedly.

The result is now to be seen in the high character and wonderful efficiency of the public schools all over the country. The good work which Horace Mann began in Massachusetts soon had its influence in other States. That good work, once begun, has never been abandoned or neglected, but still goes on. All that is best in the public schools of to-day may be traced to the influence and work of this man, who was willing to sacrifice ease, honor, and fame in order to promote the welfare of the children.

Nowadays there are comparatively few persons who remember the name of Horace Mann, and fewer still who are acquainted with his history. But every child in the public schools of the United States should know that he owes very much of his own happiness to the energy and generous self-sacrifice of the boy who braided straw and helped his mother.

"Be ashamed to die," he once said, "until you have won some victory for humanity."—From *"An American Book of Golden Deeds,"* published by the American Book Company. Copyright, 1907, by James Baldwin.

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

1. All scripture inspired. 2 Tim. 3:16.
2. Written by holy men only. 2 Peter 1:21.
3. Then the whole Scripture is God's book to man, and must contain infallible truth. John 17:17.
4. The Holy Spirit through Christ dictated the writings. 1 Peter 1:10, 11.
5. All the words came from the Father to the Son, and by him were given to man. John 12:49; 17:8, 14.
6. Job would have cherished such a volume. Job 31:35, 36.

H. M. HIATT.



A Live Wire

SPIRITUAL forces are as real as any other. Men insulate the wires which carry the deadly yet unseen electrical current, and yet they take hold of spiritual forces, which kill them the minute they touch. Sin is a live wire, but civilization allows it to remain so open that it kills its thousands of young men daily. The penalty of sin is to be made to love it.—*Roland D. Grant.*

Take Your Bible

ABOUT three years ago, while reporting the Torrey-Alexander Mission in Liverpool, I heard a man who had been a referee at prize-fights, but who had been converted, give his testimony. In telling of his conversion he held up a little pocket Bible and said: "Friends, I carry my Bible with me wherever I go." I felt ashamed of myself. I had been a Christian from childhood, but I did not carry my Bible with me. Here was one who had been a wicked man, and had been converted only a short time, yet he loved the Word so much, and loved souls so much, that he carried his Bible right with him. I determined, with God's help, to carry my Bible with me henceforth wherever I went.—*George T. B. Davis.*

When to Judge Others

A SNAP-SHOT and adverse judgment of a fellow being is the easiest thing in the world to give; that is why so many inferior persons are constantly at the business. To condemn a person is a mark of inferiority. To point out another's strong points is a sign of power. Hamilton W. Mabie has said a strong word on this: "To see the good in people is not so much a matter of charity as of justice. Our judgments of others fail oftenest through lack of imagination. We fail to see all the facts; we see one or two very clearly, and at once form an opinion. . . . I ought not to pronounce judgment on a fellow creature until I know all that enters into his life; until I can measure all the forces of temptation and resistance; until I can give full weight to all the facts in the case. In other words, I am never in a position to judge another." Let us be on our guard, therefore, against publicly condemning ourselves by doing that which only the ignorant do.—*Editor of Sunday School Times.*

Jottings on Texts

"SAVING HEALTH" (Ps. 67:2).—

The word health is Saxon. Literally it means "whole," and our word whole is derived from it. In fact, the words heal, whole, and holy are all the same word. The Hebrew word here rendered "saving health" is more frequently translated "salvation," which means saving us wholly from the ills that affect or threaten us.

"The helmet of salvation" was, in the older version, "the helmet of health." Latimer says: "take also the

helmet, or head-piece, of health, or true health in Jesus Christ; for there is no health in any other name."

Salvation is health; sin is disease. Health, then, means wholeness; hence when Jesus said to the man at the pool of Bethesda (John 5:6), "Wilt thou be made whole?" he meant "Wilt thou be restored to perfect health?" In other words, "Wilt thou be saved?" Sin results from any transgression of, or lack of conformity to, the law of righteousness, which is the law of holiness, or wholeness, or health."

"REDEEMING THE TIME" (EPH. 5:16).—

The Greek word rendered "redeeming" signifies to "buy out of." But the verb carries a reflective sense, and means that what is bought is for the buyer's advantage. The common Greek word for time, as we all know, is *chronos*; hence we have "chronometer," "chronology," "chronicles," etc.

But the word here translated "time" is not *chronos* but *kairon*, which signifies not so much time as opportunity. Its literal meaning is "the proper time or season for action." The force of the whole passage seems to be, "For your own advantage make the most of every opportunity." The rest of the verse, "Because the days are evil ("calamitous") indicates the moral purpose that should animate men who thus seize the opportunity that is for their spiritual, not temporal, advantage. The principal rule in regard to the economy and right improvement of time is to habituate ourselves to "watch" it; otherwise, from mere heedlessness the precious possession will pass from us, as if it were a thing of no value.

"THE WORD OF THE LORD WAS PRECIOUS" (1 Sam. 3:1).—

When copies of the Bible were taken to one of the South Sea Islands, the joy of the people was very great. "At a missionary prayer-meeting, an aged disciple, after addressing the people from a text in the book of Job (5:17-19), lifted up his Bible before the whole congregation, and said, 'My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve: the dust shall never cover my Bible, the moth shall never eat it, the mildew shall never rot it. My light! My joy!' In Samuel's day the word was precious, or "scarce." It will be so again. How important that we have the Word of God in our hearts,—burned into our souls. If we wish to be used of God, we must feed on his Word *now.*

ERNEST LLOYD.

How Little It Cost

ABOUT twelve or fifteen years ago a woman in the State of Washington bought a copy of "Great Controversy," but failed to be interested in it. After keeping it about two years, she sent it to a nephew whom she thought might care for it, as he was interested in religious things. The young man studied the book for about two years, and finally yielded to God, and is now making progress in living the present truth.

A family residing about six miles from a village where they traded were accidentally thrown in the company of a Methodist family, to whom they gave copies of our papers and tracts. A few subsequent personal visits and other literature served to bring the entire family, in about a year's time, into the light of the last gospel message. The man was studying for the Methodist ministry at the time he received the truth. How little it cost to win to the truth of God this family!—a few visits, and the distribution of a few papers and tracts.

F. M. DANA.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society
Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

Music.

Roll-call — Respond with sentences from "Ministry of Healing."

Prayer.

GENERAL EXERCISES.

Bible Study — Use texts in lesson.

Book Study — "Ministry of Healing," pages 469-482.

Two-minute talks.

Book Study

HELP IN DAILY LIVING.

How is the truth most effectively preached? Page 469.

What proves the power of the gospel? Page 470.

THE DISCIPLINE OF TRIAL.

Discuss the following topics:—

Why some Christians become discouraged. Page 470. Note 1.

The blessings of trials. Page 470. Note 2.

Sometimes God removes some of our blessings, that we may see the Giver of all. Page 472.

GOD'S CHOICE IN OUR LIFE WORK.

How should we consider our daily tasks? Pages 472, 473.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future joys elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

Whom can God use in his service? Page 473.

Why does God at times refuse to grant our urgent requests? Page 473; note 3.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF MOSES.

Show the importance of the education Moses received on the plains of Midian. Pages 474, 475.

How can man fill his God-appointed place? Page 476.

TRUE GREATNESS.

What is the test of true greatness? Page 477.

What is the Christian's highest honor? Page 478.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

Explain what you understand by, "Let God plan for you."

Suggest ways that the Christian may prove to the world that God provides for his needs. Pages 479-481.

ENCOURAGING FAITH.

What is the best preparation for meeting trials? Page 481.

Give five or more reasons why the Christian should be hopeful and courageous. Pages 481, 482.

What help has the study of this chapter been to you? (Get general response).

Topics for Two-Minute Talks

"What a man is has more influence than what he says." Page 469.

"We are never called upon to make a real sacrifice for God." Pages 473, 474.

"Helps and hindrances for doing efficient service."

Pages 476, 477.

NOTE 1.—"It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, quietly, patiently, lovingly, and purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all life really means to us — just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We can not see beyond, and we ought not to try to see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

NOTE 2.—"The present circumstance, which presses so hard against you (if surrendered to Christ) is the best-shaped tool in the Father's hand to chisel you for eternity. Trust him, then. Do not push away the instrument, lest you lose its work."

NOTE 3.—

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we've grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us; and in earth's dark night,
As stars shine forth in deeper tints of blue,
So we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

"And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, 'God knew the best.'"

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 27

"OUTLINE OF MISSION FIELDS," pages 5-24; "Supplement," pages 1-7.

What are the prevailing religions of Europe?

Trace briefly the missionary activities from the time of Paul, down through the great Reformation to the advent movement in 1844.

What events in European missions are associated with the following dates? 1864; 1874; 1876; 1885.

How many Sabbath-keepers in 1907? Name and locate the European union conferences.

German Union

Tell the story of the German pastor at Elberfeld, West Prussia.

How is our work represented in Hamburg? Friedensau? Balkan States? Turkestan?

In what conference did the membership double in two years?

What are some of the difficulties with which the workers in Prussia meet?

How was the work opened in Russia? How in Siberia? Austria? Hungary? Holland?

What interesting incident is connected with Crimea? Prague? Bavaria? Nov. 6, 1906? "The Herald"? Bucharest? Rotterdam?

Scandinavian Union

Who was the pioneer worker in Denmark? Norway? Sweden? Finland? Iceland? Relate early experiences in each field. How many Sabbath-keepers in this union in 1904? 1906?

(Concluded on next page)

THIS and THAT

CHINESE coolies have conceived the idea of making the wind help them bear their burdens by attaching sails to their wheelbarrows.

"THE greatest patentee in this country — and that means in all probability the greatest in the world — is Thomas A. Edison. He has rolled up the enormous total of one thousand patents."

THE distance which sugar from Hawaii travels in reaching New York by way of the Cape Horn water route is 12,269 miles. The Panama Canal will shorten the distance more than one half.

A YOUNG man in Kingston, Pennsylvania, has succeeded in successfully carrying on a conversation over a distance of one thousand miles by means of wireless telephone apparatus, which he has constructed. He uses a ground circuit instead of air.

A YOUNG man caught a mouse recently, and in order to amuse some girls pinched its tail to make it squeal. The mouse resented such treatment by biting the index finger of the young man's right hand. Blood-poison resulted, and the finger had to be amputated. It is possible that death may ensue.

"GREENLAND possesses one monthly journal, called the *Kalorikmit*. It consists of a single sheet of three columns, and is published at Godthaab, on the west coast of Greenland. Three months' subscription to the paper takes the peculiar form of two ducks. A sable skin will pay for the paper for a whole year."

THE number of passengers carried by the transatlantic steamers last year was 2,957,328. If all of the inhabitants of Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco, and St. Louis should decide to cross the Atlantic together the coming summer, they would form a company equal in number to those who crossed that ocean during 1907.

If the number thirteen is an unlucky one, as our superstitious friends say, then, contrary to our usual thought, unfortunate indeed is the one into whose hands a silver quarter-dollar falls; for it is full of thirteens. "There are thirteen stars on it. There are thirteen letters in the scroll that the eagle holds in its claws, thirteen feathers in the eagle's tail, and thirteen feathers in its wing. On the shield there are thirteen parallel lines, thirteen horizontal stripes, and thirteen arrow-heads. Finally, in the word 'quarter-dollar,' there are just thirteen letters."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 27

(Concluded from preceding page)

Locate two sanitariums; three schools; two treatment rooms; headquarters of conferences; three publishing houses; four workers.

Tell the story of the boat in the Baltic; of literature sent to Sweden; of "Fraekorn."

British Union

Tell the story of Sabbath-keepers in England previous to the beginning of our work.

Compare the opening of the work in the different conferences of this union.

How many Sabbath-keepers in 1904? 1906?

Where did the following men labor: William

Ings? S. N. Haskell? O. A. Olsen? R. M. Lamie? R. F. Andrews? W. H. Meredith?

How is our work represented at London? Caterham? Birmingham? Watford? Rostrevor Hills?

Give the significance of the following dates: 1878; 1901; 1904 (see Ireland); 1907.

French-Latin Union

What does this union include? Compare the conferences as to area and population to States in the United States.

Relate the experience of H. P. Holser; D. T. Bourdeau; H. P. Ribton.

Why are the following names of interest: Gland? Voltaire? Valance? Mont Celiard? Paris? Liège? Charleroi? Corsica? Rome? Geneva? Oran? P. A. Fant? Algiers?

Name one worker in France; one in Spain, Italy, and Portugal.

Levant

Review Turkey and Syria, which were studied in a previous lesson.

Who are our workers in Egypt? in Greece?

Tell the story of the Coptic missionary in Egypt.

Paderewski's Dreary Childhood

LIKE the majority of Poles, Paderewski (Pä-de-ref-skē) has suffered much at the hands of fate that has not invariably been kind, although many, no doubt, would have taken upon themselves the burden of his sorrows if by so doing they could have reaped his glory.

At the very outset of his life, misfortune fell upon him, when, in 1863, his father, an ardent patriot, fell under the suspicion of the Russian police, and was banished to Siberia, his son then being but three years old. More fortunate than some others, however, he was subsequently permitted to return to his native land. But he came back a broken man, and though he lived until twelve or thirteen years ago, the only solace of



his old age was the ever-increasing fame of his son. To add to the troubles of the young Paderewski, his mother, from whom he unquestionably inherited the germ of his musical talent, was removed by death.

At the age of twelve a ray of sunlight came into his life, when, being taken to Warsaw, the opportunity arose for him to hear good music and to receive proper instruction. There, under the fostering care of old Janotha, he advanced rapidly, and at sixteen undertook a tour — his first — in Russia. Apropos, it has been related, partly by Paderewski himself, that during the tour he played many of his own compositions, as well as those of other musicians.

"But," he avers, "they were in reality all my own, since I did not know the music, and had an insufficient technique for its proper performance. Therefore, I improvised when the difficult passages occurred." — *Musical America*.

THE greater the work the more need of self-control, self-denial, accuracy, method, and power of attention. The sum of these is *concentration upon an aim*. — I. C. Colcord.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII — Call of Joshua: Death of Moses

(May 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Deut. 31:1-3; 34; Joshua 1:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

Review

What man did the king of Moab ask to curse Israel? How many times did Balaam try to curse Israel? What took place each time?

The Lesson Story

1. Moses was now one hundred twenty years old. The first forty years of his life, he was honored as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter; for forty years he fed Jethro's flocks in the desert; and forty years more he was the leader and teacher of Israel. Because Moses dishonored God at the waters of Meribah, the Lord had said that he could not lead Israel into the land of Canaan. Joshua, the son of Nun, was the man whom the Lord chose to take Moses' place.

2. Now that the time had nearly come for the children of Israel to go into the land of Canaan, Moses spoke these words to the people: "And he said unto them, I am an hundred and twenty years old this day; I can no more go out and come in: also the Lord hath said unto me, Thou shalt not go over this Jordan. The Lord thy God, he will go over before thee, and he will destroy these nations from before thee, and thou shalt possess them: and Joshua, he shall go over before thee, as the Lord hath said."

3. "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land. . . . And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.

4. "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

5. But Moses did not remain long in the grave. "Christ himself, with the angels who had buried Moses, came down from heaven to call forth the sleeping saint." Then Moses was taken to heaven to be with the One he loved so well, and had served so faithfully. All God's people who now sleep in the grave will, like Moses, be called forth and given the gift of eternal life when Jesus comes to this earth the second time.

6. "And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days: so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended.

7. "And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him: and the children of Israel harkened unto him, and did as the Lord commanded Moses."

8. After the days of mourning for Moses were ended, the Lord spoke to Joshua saying, "Moses my servant is dead: now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people."

9. The Lord promised to be with Joshua, and help him. He said: "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I swear unto their fathers to give them."

10. The Lord said to Joshua: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

11. "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Questions

1. How old was Moses at this time? How was he honored during the first forty years of his life? Where was he during the second forty years? What did he do during the last forty years of his life? Why was Moses not allowed to lead Israel into Canaan? Who was chosen to take Moses' place?

2. On the day that Moses was one hundred twenty years old, what did he say to the people about himself? Who would be their leader in his place? Who would go before the armies of Israel?

3. After this where did Moses go? While Moses was in the mount, what did the Lord show him? What did the Lord say to Moses about the land? What did he tell Moses he could not do?

4. What became of Moses? Where was he buried?

5. What did the Lord do for Moses after he was buried? Who will be raised from their graves, as Moses was, when Jesus comes?

6. How old was Moses when he died? What does the Bible say about him at this time? How long did the people mourn for Moses?

7. What is said of Joshua? What had Moses done to him? How did the children of Israel listen to Joshua?

8. What command did the Lord give to Joshua?

9. What promise did God make to him? What did he tell him to do? What was he to divide among the people?

10. What did the Lord say to Joshua about the law? How constantly must he meditate upon it? How much of it must be observed? What promise was made if he did this?

11. What command was again given to Joshua? What reason had he for courage?

A Remarkable Confirmation

ABOUT the year 518 A. D., a merchant of Alexandria, named Cosmos, discovered that upon a great many of the rocks in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai, thousands upon thousands of ancient inscriptions were engraved in unknown characters, unknown to him at least. Some Jews, however, who were traveling with him, unhesitatingly ascribed them to the Israelites during the Exodus.

These wonderful inscriptions consist of letters, hieroglyphics, and figures. Some are on sandstone, some on granite; evidently all are the work of a single generation, though extending for many miles in

countless numbers, and at almost inaccessible heights. On one great rock the inscription is in forty-one lines, the top letters being six feet long, the others one foot. In 1820 the late Rev. G. F. Gray visited the place, and copied one hundred twenty-seven inscriptions.

The nature of the country, which has always been a howling desert, proves that these inscriptions, in such immense numbers, large letters, and inaccessible heights, could be only the work of vast numbers, who must certainly have been provided for miraculously. Thus there is no time, and no people, to which they can be reasonably assigned, except to the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness for forty years, when on their journey from Egypt to the promised land, during which time they were miraculously fed and supported by God.

The learned have devoted time and study to making out the names of these interesting ancient inscriptions. Many of the inscriptions begin with "the people," and end with "ISI," the ineffable name Jehovah. The following are exact copies of a few of these wonderful inscriptions:—

Drawing of a stone.—"At Meribah the people the hard stones satiate with water, thirsting."

Figure of a man with uplifted hands on a great stone.—"Prayeth unto God the prophet, upon a hard, great stone, his hands sustaining Aaron Hur."

Drawing of a serpent descending upon a prostrate victim.—"Destroy, springing on the people, the fiery serpents, hissing, injecting venom, heralds of death, they kill the people, prostrating on their backs, circling in folds they wind round, descending on, bearing destruction."

"The people Moses provoketh to anger, kicking like an ass at the watersprings: wanting, the people rail against Jehovah, crying out."

"The eloquent speaker strikes with a stick the great rock, flows forth water falling from above."

"The people sustain on a pole, erecting a standard, the male serpent fiery of molten brass; the people look toward the fire; sought by an evil thing, offer up vows the tribes of the Hebrews."

The evidence thus wonderfully given to the truth of the miracles and history of the Pentateuch is, at the present day, when skepticism is so wide-spread, most valuable and important.—*H. E. A. Minchin.*

"'Jes' Look at Him, Hangin' Dar so Sweet and Patient"

(Concluded from last page)

it's a good place, darlin'! Look right at Jesus. Tell ye, honey, ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how he looked on his mother, when she stood faintin' an' tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; he won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause he know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat he went through all dese tings, — him, de Lord o' glory! Is dis him you was a-talkin' about? — him you can't love? Look at him, an' see ef you can't. Look an' see what he is! don't ask no questions, an' don't go to no reasonin's: jes' look at him. hangin' dar so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin' 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all de breath he had. Dar's a God you can love, ain't dar? Candace loves him,— poor, ole foolish, black, wicked Candace.— and she knows he loves her,— and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VII — The Work of John the Baptist

(May 16)

MEMORY VERSE: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. 5:22, 23.

Questions

1. What prophecy was given concerning a forerunner of the Messiah? Mal. 4:5.
2. How did Jesus interpret this prophecy to his disciples? Matt. 17:10-13; 11:10.
3. What did John himself say of his mission? John 1:22, 23.
4. What were the fundamental principles of John's message according to the prophecy? Isa. 40:6-10. — Humility and a sense of dependence upon God, as shown in the expression, "All flesh is grass," and "Behold your God."
5. In what way did John expose the lack of genuine experience of righteousness by faith on the part of the Pharisees and Sadducees? Matt. 3:7, 8.
6. What statement made by Jesus shows that John's estimate of their experience was correct? Matt. 5:20.
7. What was the test of righteousness which Jesus demanded? Verse 19.
8. How did John rebuke the Pharisees and Sadducees for their confidence in the flesh? Matt. 3:9.
9. What test reveals the true children of Abraham? Gal. 3:7.
10. What did the apostle Paul say of his own ability to do works of righteousness? Rom. 7:18.
11. What experience is a necessary condition of entrance into the kingdom of God? John 3:3, 5.
12. Why are twice-born persons the only ones who can be admitted to the kingdom of God? John 3:6; 1 Cor. 15:50.
13. What are the evidences of the old life according to the flesh? Gal. 5:19-21.
14. What are the proofs of the new birth? Verses 22, 23.
15. How is it definitely shown that in preparing the way of the Lord, according to the prophecy, John preached the gospel of the new birth? 1 Peter 1:23-25.
16. What connection is there between the experience of righteousness by faith and the new birth? 1 John 2:29.
17. What, then, was the real theme of John's message to prepare the way of the Lord? Compare Matt. 21:32.

Notes

"John proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, and called the people to repentance. As a symbol of cleansing from sin, he baptized them in the waters of the Jordan. Thus by a significant object-lesson he declared that those who claimed to be the chosen people of God were defiled by sin, and that without purification of heart and life they could have no part in the Messiah's kingdom."—"Desire of Ages."

"In the time of John the Baptist, Christ was about to appear as the revealer of the character of God. His very presence would make manifest to men their sin.—*Id.*, page 115.

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The Bible

IN a recent address Dr. Roland D. Grant paid a tribute to the Bible that too few are willing to accept. He said: "The Bible is a series of snap-shots; it is not a fancy. I would be willing to-day to stand alone against the scientific world, and say that you can not put your finger on a single spot in the Bible that is not scientific. Genesis is the greatest book on cosmogony that has ever been written. Science has often made a fool of itself by building up around some scientific fact a hypothesis which is as much of an 'ism' as any the world has ever seen."

What We See

WE see what we look for, what we are most interested to find. This fact is aptly illustrated by the following incident. A missionary once heard a traveler say, in a public gathering, "I have been in India for years, and I never saw a native Christian." This gentleman had a reputation as a great tiger hunter, and he was somewhat surprised when the missionary said, "I have lived twenty years in India, and I never saw a tiger." "Why," said the traveler, "I have killed a score of tigers." "Yes," replied the missionary, "and I have seen thousands of native Christians. Our observations have been very different. The reason is, I was looking for Christians, and you were looking for tigers."

Sealed for One Hundred Years

IT is well to make provision for our well-being a hundred years hence; but it is not wise to plan for the continuance of the present condition of the world a hundred years, for the "elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" long before a hundred more years shall roll around. People generally are unconscious of this fact, as all their plans show. A simple ceremony that took place in Paris recently is only one of many things that show this to be true: "A rare collection of gramophone records, presented to posterity by Alfred Clark, an American, were sealed up in metallic pigeon-holes. These disks have registered the voices of the most noted singers of our times, and are destined to remain untouched for one hundred years, unless Paris is overthrown by an army or an

earthquake. By this means future generations will be able to judge the music in vogue at the beginning of the twentieth century. Parchment writings accompany the disks explaining the use of the gramophone."

"Jes' Look at Him, Hangin' Dar so Sweet and Patient"

A CHAPTER in one of the books of a famous American writer, tells how a young man, James Marvyn, was lost at sea, leaving no word or act upon which to build a hope of his salvation. His mother, in her wild despair, censured God for allowing the death, but was made to see the injustice of her railing by a good old black servant. The incident is given in the author's own words:—

"Mary," she said, "I can't help it: don't mind what I say, but I must speak or die. Mary, I can not, will not, be resigned. It is all hard, unjust, cruel!—to all eternity I will say so. To me there is no goodness, no justice, no mercy in anything' . . .

"Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best, . . . that God chose it because it was for a greater final good; that he not only chose it, but took means to make it certain; that he ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain, . . . and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out by it. It is not right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few: happiness and misery can not be measured so. I never can think it right—never! Yet they say our salvation depends on our loving God,—loving him better than ourselves."

"Mrs. Marvyn's eyes grew wilder; she walked the floor, wringing her hands. . . . Mr. Marvyn came into the room and tried to take his wife into his arms. She pushed him violently back, her eyes glistening with a fierce light.

"Let me alone!" she said; "I am lost!"

"These words were uttered in a shriek that went through Mary's heart like an arrow.

"At this moment Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door, suddenly burst into the room.

"Lor' bress ye, Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis yer way," she said. "Do talk *gospel* to her, can't ye?—ef you can't, I will.

"Come, ye poor little lamb," she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, "come to ole Candace!" and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. "Honey, darlin', ye ain't right,—dar's a drefful mistake somewhar," she said. "Why, de Lord ain't like what ye tink,—he *loves* ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how *I* love ye,—poor ole black Candace,—an' I ain't better'n him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb? who was it sweat great drops o' blood? who was it said, "Father, forgive dem"? Say, honey, wasn't it de Lord dat made ye? Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'! cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim,—loved him and died for him,—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross! Laws, jes' leave him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o' de nails in his hands now. . . .

"An' times like dese, dar jest ain't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's Jesus. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allers;

(Concluded on preceding page)