

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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From a painting by M. Stüler

THE MOTHER AND BABE

ONE beautiful night in a far-off land
All snuggled up warmly lay
The little Christ-child in his mother's arms,
On a bed of sweet grass and hay:
For though he was King of the whole, wide
world,
No room in the inn had they.

And I wonder sometimes, as she held him
close,
If possibly she could see

The long, bleak road that her baby's feet
Must travel to Calvary —
And, as she thought of the weary years,
Could she face them unflinchingly?

O! I can not tell of the many things
Her dear heart was pondering;
But this, methinks, on that first sweet night,
Whatever the years might bring,
She knew he was hers for a little while —
Her baby — and not a King.

— Grace G. Crowell, in *National Magazine*.



"THE British Museum has twenty-seven hundred editions of the Bible in different languages. One of the most rare editions is the Malagasy Bible of 1830-35, printed in Madagascar; shortly after that date a persecution of the Christians broke out, and the Bibles were divided among them in small parts, so that they might be more easily concealed; a complete Malagasy edition is therefore very rare. The one in the British Museum cost twenty oxen. The first American Bible is in the language of Massachusetts Indians; it was printed in 1661-63. The first Bible in any European language printed in America was the German Bible, printed by Christopher Sower, in Germantown, Pa., in 1743."

"Then Speak"

"WOULDEST thou have me see thee?" said Socrates; "then speak; for speech reveals the man."

The speech may sometimes belie the man; but such an instance is rare. The careful, precise speaker gains the confidence and respect of his hearers at the beginning of his discourse, and is likely to maintain it, while the inaccurate speaker presents his thoughts, however worthy they may be, at a disadvantage, doing both himself and his hearers an injustice. Yet speech does not often belie the man.

How do you ordinarily pronounce discourse, extant, extol, water, luxuriant, confidant, conversant, comely, pretty, horizon, and Orion? If you are not absolutely sure what the preferred pronunciation of all these words is, consult "The Speaker's Manual of Pronunciation." Price, twenty-five cents. Address Review and Herald, Takoma Park, D. C.



Christmas in Alaska

CHRISTMAS festivities in Alaska are strikingly different from the celebrations in other parts of the world.

Alaska has belonged to the United States since 1867, and is a vast territory; but in only a small portion of it can white persons live comfortably. The most habitable part of Alaska is the southwest coast region, and there we find the larger part of the population. They live in scattered villages, and number only a few thousand. They are descendants of Russian fur traders, Eskimos, and Indians. The latter are partly civilized, and many belong to the Greek Church, or the Russian Church, as it is always called in Alaska.

The Greek Church still counts time by the Julian calendar, or "old style," instead of the Gregorian calendar, by which our own and most European nations reckon time. By this method of computation, all the fixed holidays occur twelve days later than the dates to which we are accustomed, so that the Russian Christmas falls on our sixth of January. Adherents of the Greek Church are very devout, and the holidays are kept in the most zealous fashion.

On Christmas eve, or the night of the fifth of January, there are services in the churches, which all the

people attend. Benches are not used, the worshipers standing during the entire service, using a kind of crutch as a support. There is no instrumental music in the churches, as that is forbidden, but there is singing either by the choir or by the congregation. The services are very simple, consisting of the reading of passages of Scripture, a prayer, and singing. At the close the heads of families all go to their respective homes, which are lighted and put in readiness for the visit of the "star-bearers."

This "going around with the star" is an important feature of the Christmas celebration among the poor Russians and the natives of Alaska. The star is made on a large wooden frame, four feet across, generally with six points, though sometimes with eight, and is covered with bright-colored tissue-paper. In the center of the frame is a painted picture of some incident in the earthly life of our Lord. This star is carried from house to house by a party of boys and girls, who call at the homes of the leading people first. When the door is opened for them, they file in, the star-bearer in front. On each side is a light-bearer, who carries on a pole a fancy lantern, with a candle burning inside. Refreshments are offered them, of which they usually partake heartily, and then they sing some of the Russian Christmas carols. After the singing is over, a slight compensation in money is made them, and the star-bearer and his companions depart for another house.—*The Round Table*.

History of the Teddy Bears

EVERY year in the month of March there is held in Leipzig, Germany, a toy fair, the like of which can not be found anywhere else in any land, and to which buyers of toys come from all over the world.

At the fair in 1905 two young Americans—one from a Boston department store, the other from a Washington house—each bought a modest order of little plush bears which they had found displayed among the toys made by a crippled old lady from the little town of Giengen Brenz, in Wurtemberg. They had seen her toys before—always animals, always peculiarly well made, with an excellent choice of material for the particular animal in question, and much skill in modeling.

But the bears were new. As they sat up, exposing the bare pink soles of their feet and stretching out a pair of appealing arms to possible customers, they struck the two young Americans as delightfully human and funny. So they placed orders for some.

On the way back to America they found that they were alone in their faith. The other buyers had seen the bears, but had not been tempted by them. But the little bears had hardly been placed on sale when they were snapped up by the parents of delighted children who had seen them. Some one christened them "Teddy bears," and so began one of the most remarkable successes in the toy world that has ever been known. The Boston buyer and the Washington man at once cabled to Giengen Brenz for more bears, and buyers in other cities also cabled. The crippled old lady and her nephews, who assisted her, began to work nights. Still the orders came, at first three dozen, five dozen, then twenty, then a hundred, then by the hundred gross. Help had to be summoned from the village homes, and the workshop enlarged.

The plush used to cover the bodies was a cheap but

(Concluded on page fifteen)

Children's Number

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The Star of Bethlehem

As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

— William C. Bryant.

His Success

DR. GOODWIN is a young physician whose hair, for reasons known to a certain few, has grown gray, but whose face, marked though it is by the personal sorrow which he has known, is invariably sweet and restful to look upon. Stern and grave it may be at times, for the weight of responsibilities has fallen heavily upon him, his ordinary practise being large, and in critical diseases other physicians of the city rely more upon his judgment than upon that of any other of the local doctors.

Because, however, of the great demands made upon his time Dr. Goodwin is little known save in his professional capacity. Church life he has had little part in, at least since coming into active professional life. Society knows nothing of him. His pleasures and recreations are few, while his patients, regarding him though they do with a feeling akin to veneration, are far from being on familiar terms with him.

One day, however, a woman whose husband had been brought through a dangerous illness, forgot her timidity as she addressed the man to whom she felt so much was due.

"It isn't," she said, earnestly, "it isn't just your curing him, doctor, that makes us always glad to see you, but that we always feel different every time you come. When we see you come into the house, somehow we feel that you are going to do the right thing. And when you go out, we know you are praying—doctor, you are a Christian, aren't you?" she finished abruptly.

The doctor's face took on a curious expression.

"Why do you ask that? What makes you think I am?" he asked, huskily.

"Because—" the woman hesitated—"because—I think—no—one who was not a Christian could

make others always think about—God. And every one does when you come into the house. So many have said so."

The doctor was deeply touched. It was some little time before he found words to answer.

"I hope—I believe—that I am a Christian," he said at length, humbly, "and I thank you for your words, my friend. If I can make men and women think about my Lord when they see

me, I am more successful than I ever dared to dream. And—yes, I do pray for my patients. Otherwise I could not hope for the results I have had."

And all day long the woman, about her tasks, as she recalled the expression of gratitude and joy on the physician's face, repeated over and over again, "I'm so glad I told him what his visits and friendship mean to us. I'm so glad that he knows his life is appreciated."

And on his trips that day—yes, and for many a day—the physician's lonely heart sang rapturously: "Not only for my medical skill do they value me, but because He has made me a witness of himself, they believe me a working partner of the Great Physician."
— *Youth's Companion.*

The Life

I CAN not say if motherhood to-day
Had been so sweet, or childhood half so fair,
Save for the veiling light of heaven that lay
In Mary's heart, and on the Child held there.

Nor say if friendship—all its joys confessed—
Had touched with sacredness these hours of mine—
Save for the love of one who found a rest
In friendship's trust upon a Heart divine.

And since in one dark hour the Eastern stars
Looked down in awe on his great loneliness,
The night holds now no solitude that bars
His fellowship, nor depths he can not bless.

So, every rose of life and every thorn,
Is consecrated by remembrance sweet—
Because once long ago Love did not scorn
To tread the wilderness with bleeding feet.

— Edith Jenkinson, in *The Quiver.*

"The Ships of the Desert"

WHEN our missionary effort fairly reaches the desert border-lands, we shall become better acquainted with the "ship of the desert." At least one of our missionaries, Brother Ellery Robinson, had a brief but interesting experience camel-riding, while on a canvassing tour in northwestern India a few years ago. The Bible Society colporteurs are making constant use of this burden-bearer in carrying the Scriptures into desert regions in North Africa and Central Asia. Mr. L. March Phillips, in his book, "In the Desert," has a paragraph on the adaptation of the apparently clumsy camel to the way and spirit of the desert:—

"In cities the very houses laugh at them. But watch them in the desert, slinging forward with tire-

less, stealing action, and see how every gift they possess is brought out and applied. How well the soft sand upholds those ridiculously great, sponge-like feet! How admirably the slack action, which consists only of a swing of the long, pendulum-like legs, is fitted to deal with these vast spaces. How marvelous, above all, is that arrangement of an internal pouch, or extra stomach, whereby the animal can carry its own supply of water. The camel needs a Sahara to set it off. Its very temperament seems caught from the desert. It has the desert's reserve. I never saw an Arab caress or pat his camel, or a camel that seemed to know its own master. It has the desert's aloofness and cynicism. It blends in color with the desert's tawny hue."

Another keen observer of desert life is Dr. Zwemer, the veteran missionary. In his "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," he gives his view of the characteristic strong points of the camel:—



"To describe the camel is to describe God's goodness to the desert-dwellers. Everything about the animal shows evident design. His long neck gives wide range of vision in desert marches, and enables him to reach far to the meager desert shrubs on either side of his pathway. The cartilaginous texture of his mouth enables him to eat hard and thorny plants—the pasture of the desert. His ears are very small, and his nostrils large for breathing, but are specially capable of closure, by valve-like folds, against the fearful simoom. His eyes are prominent, but protected by a heavy overhanging upper-lid, limited vision upward thus guarding from the direct rays of the noon sun. His cushioned feet are peculiarly adapted for ease of the rider and the animal alike. Five horny pads are given him to rest on when kneeling to receive a burden or for repose on the hot sand. His hump is not a fictional, but a *real* and acknowledged, reserve store of nutriment, as well as nature's pack-saddle for the commerce of the ages. His water-reservoirs in connection with the stomach, enable him, when in good condition, to travel for five days without water. Again, the camel alone of all ruminants has incisor teeth in the upper jaw, which, with the peculiar structure of his other teeth, make his bite, the animal's first and main defense, most formidable. The skeleton of the camel is full of proofs of design. Notice, for example, the arched back-bone constructed in such a way as to sustain the greatest weight in proportion to the span of the supports; a strong camel can bear one thousand pounds' weight, although the usual load in Oman is not more than six hundred pounds."

When the call comes, and likely it will some day, the fund for our first missionary camel will be a popular one, we may be sure.

W. A. SPICER.

A History

If you heard about a Sovereign
In a lowly stable born,
Yet whose advent by the angels
Was announced before the morn;
If he spent the years of childhood
In a home of poverty,
Working at a humble calling,—
What a romance that would be!

If, as he grew up to manhood,
Mighty power he displayed;
If he bade the foaming billows,
"Peace, be still!" and they obeyed;
If he set the lame to walking,
Deaf to hear and blind to see;
If the very dead he quickened,—
What a marvel that would be!

If he dwelt among the lowly,
Had not where to lay his head;
If in loving invitation
All day long his hands he spread;
If he loved and wept and suffered,
Meekly died upon the tree,
To redeem his bride, his chosen,—
What a love-tale that would be!

Then if Life were in that story,—
Life for those who hear and heed,—
And if it were plainly written,
So that he who runs may read;
And if all the history priceless
Were presented you and me,
And we should neglect to read it,—
What a pity that would be!

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A Word From Korea

KOREA is a country as old as history. Its inhabitants are living to-day as their ancestors lived in the days of David, cultivating the same fields in the same manner.

Korea may be described as a flat country covered with hills and mountains. The plains are cultivated, and are very fertile. Much rice and Kafir corn are grown, some cotton, tobacco, and green vegetables; chestnuts are plentiful, and in the southern part persimmons are found. The people subsist chiefly on rice, beans, and dried fish. They live in little villages. The farms consist of fields of all sizes and shapes, and look much like a patch-work quilt when viewed from a hilltop. The farmers live in the near-by villages. Reaping is done with a sort of sickle, no doubt the same as was used in Bible times; and the grain, rice, and millet are stacked near the house in the village street, where it is threshed by beating it with long sticks upon the ground, after which it is swept up, and the chaff blown out by the wind.

The people are poor and ignorant. Their clothing is a coarse cotton cloth, and a sort of twine shoe made of strings woven together. There are several classes, or castes, and a different language is used for each class. In speaking to a superior, "high talk" is proper; to an equal, "middle talk;" to a child or servant or low-caste man, "low talk."

The houses are long, low huts of mud and Kafir corn-stalks, with woven rice-straw roofs; the floor is of dried mud, and is covered with matting. They have no chairs, tables, or beds. Cooking is done over a sort of furnace, which is built in the end of the house, and so constructed that the smoke and heat pass under the floor, and escape by a chimney at the opposite end

of the house. In this manner the floors are made warm, and the house is heated.

Their religion is a sort of spirit worship, and the people are very superstitious.

The children are bright and eager to learn. The condition of the women is most pitiful,—drudgery, dirt, and disease are their lot, with no hope for the future; for they are believed to have no soul. Kept in ignorance and darkness, worn and bent with toil, suffering from disease and neglect, half-clothed and half-fed, they spend their years. In their wistful eyes we read a longing for help, a hope for relief from physical suffering, a prayer for light; and our hearts are stirred with love and pity, and with a desire to teach them the glorious plan of salvation. The little girls are bright, and learn rapidly when allowed to attend school; but at an early age, about fifteen years, they are usually married, to begin a life of slavery. The little girl whose picture you see, attends the mission school. Her parents are old and poor, and in their heathen ignorance do not wish little Tonciele to learn to read of the foreigner's God. Last week this little girl attended the students' prayer-meeting. After listening attentively for some time, she arose and said, "Before coming to this school I did not know of Jesus, and how to be a Christian. I do not know how to pray to him. Pray for me that I may learn, and pray for my father and mother, that they may let me go to school, and that they may also learn of Jesus."

Dear young people in the homeland, remember the sad and burdened little hearts of the boys and girls in this dark country, and pray that light and salvation may come to them.

ELLA CAMP-RUSSELL.

The Red-Cross Stamp

THERE is a new stamp in America. It is not in the stamp albums yet, because, like the old stamps, the private mail and express companies used before the federal post-office began to issue them, it is of the pioneer variety. But the day may come when, like those pioneer stamps, it will be worth many times its weight in gold to philatelists.

The Christmas stamp started in Delaware three weeks before last Christmas. For some years there has been a Christmas stamp in Europe, in little Denmark; and as one of the smallest kingdoms in Europe began it, so one of the smallest States in the Union took it up. The Denmark stamp is a government one, issued by the post-office, and with the king's head on it, and the one word *Jul*, which is Danish for "Yule," an old Anglo-Saxon word for Christmas. It is issued each year at Christmas, for the season, and every cent from its sale goes to help tuberculosis work in Denmark. It costs half a cent, and sells by the millions, having almost doubled its sale each year for the last three years.

The Christmas stamp in America could not be a government stamp, for that would take a special act of

Congress, and might overburden an already unmanageable Christmas delivery.

It was the Delaware Red Cross that undertook it, with the good-will of the postal officials—for the Red Cross, being a great national organization, with the then secretary of war as its president, possessed the confidence of the postal service. The Christmas stamp was presented to the National Red Cross Convention in Washington early in December, 1907, was formally approved, and was launched in Delaware as soon as the delegates reached home again.

The first issue of the Christmas stamp numbered only fifty thousand—price, one cent apiece. Delaware is a small State, and the project was a new one; but in ten days the issue was exhausted.

The drug-stores sold the stamps, and the department stores; the leading newspapers sold them in their offices; the schools sold them by the thousand; the women's clubs all over Delaware indorsed them heartily, and put them on sale.

One hundred thousand more were printed, and by that time they overflowed the northern border of the little State, and got into the Philadelphia stores and newspapers. The Treasury Department granted leave to sell them in the outer corridors of the post-office buildings in Wilmington and Philadelphia. Each day the sales mounted, and two hundred thousand more were printed, the presses running day and night, for stamps are tedious

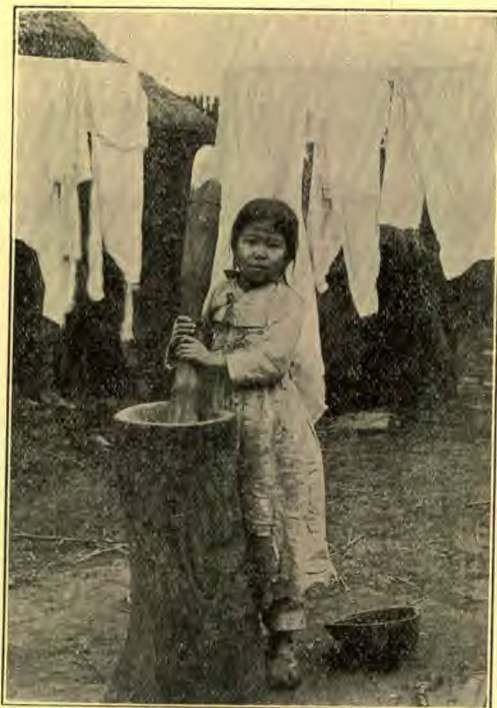
and difficult to print and perforate.

When Christmas day came, the stamps were selling so wildly that it would have been impossible for the supply to be kept up had the season lasted any longer. Nearly four hundred thousand Christmas stamps had been sold when the committee in charge made up its accounts after the holidays.

"These stamps do not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry them," had been the legend printed on the envelopes holding the stamps for sale. Every kind of mail did carry them, fast and far; and from all points where they went, inquiries came back to the Red Cross headquarters in Delaware.

Men and women wrote from Manitoba and Florida, Texas and Maine, to commend the idea, and to ask, "Will there be a Christmas stamp next Christmas?" This question the National Red Cross has answered affirmatively, and the people are pleased.

Mr. Howard Pyle has designed the Christmas stamp for 1908. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing will print it, and it will be obtainable through the Red Cross in each State throughout the land. It will not carry mail, but can be placed on any letter or package, singly or in quantity. It is a one-cent stamp, and every cent from its sale helps the fight against tuberculosis in the State in which the stamp is sold.



Delaware consumptives are now being nursed and fed by the proceeds of the Christmas stamp of 1907. A tuberculosis dispensary, with a trained nurse and daily free supplies of milk and eggs, has been in operation since January in Wilmington, and many and pathetic have been the cases aided and relieved. Sanatorium work is also being done for patients from all over the State.

The very spirit of Christmas thus shines on over the year, and the little stamp is eagerly looked for again.

When the 1908 issue appears, with its sprigs of holly, its red cross, and its holiday legend of "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year," it will claim a unique place in the great stamp family, and be welcomed by all lovers of Christmas as a fitting symbol of "Good-will to men."—*Priscilla Leonard, in Youth's Companion.*

A Mental Perpetual Calendar

You have often wished to know how to determine the day of the week of any date, past or future, haven't you? Well, if you will give careful attention to the following directions, you can learn how to do this:—

Suppose you want to know the day of your birth, which we will say is Aug. 25, 1885.

First, divide 1885 by 4, which will give 471. Pay no attention to the remainder in this case.

Now subtract the "hundreds" of this quotient from the "hundreds" of the dividend, thus: $18 - 4 = 14$, and then subtract this remainder from the 471, which will leave 457.

Now add together the 1885 and the 457, also the "excess" for August, which is 2 (see below), and the day of the month, 25, which will amount to 2,369. Divide this sum by 7, and the remainder will indicate the day of the week, Sunday being 1, Monday 2, etc.; Sabbath being 0. In this case the remainder is 3, therefore Aug. 25, 1885, was Tuesday.

You should add what I have called "excess" as follows: For dates in February, March, or November, 3; April or July, 6; May, 1; June, 4; August, 2; September or December, 5.

If your date is in *January* or *February* of a *leap year*, you should subtract 1 before the final division by 7.

If your date is "old style," instead of subtracting the "hundreds" of the first quotient from the "hundreds" of the first dividend, simply subtract 2 from the first quotient, and proceed to add as described above.

When you learn how to do this, you will not only be able to find the week-day of your birth and other interesting events, but you will be able to demonstrate that there can be no such thing as "lost time."

E. L. MAXWELL.

Hammond, La.

Night of Wonder

NIGHT of wonder, night of glory,
Such as time has never seen!
Theme of old prophetic story,
Night all solemn and serene;
Sweetest silence, softest blue,
That earth's darkness ever knew!

Night of beauty, hour of gladness,
Of all nights the first and best;
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest;
Holy midnight showering peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Lonely, tranquil Bethlehem!
Least and lowliest, richest, rarest.
David's city, Judah's gem;
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

In thee heaven and earth are meeting;
Lo, there comes the angel throng;
We give back the heavenly greeting.
Joining in the holy song,—
Song of festival and mirth,
Song of morning to the earth.

Babe of weakness, Child of grandeur.
At thy stony crib we bow;
Not a trace of heavenly splendor.
Yet the King of angels thou!
Soon by earth to be adored
As creation's Heir and Lord.

Light of life, thou liest yonder,
Mystery of mighty love;
Naught from thee our souls shall sunder,
Naught from us shalt thou remove.
Take these hearts, and let them be
Throne and cradle both for thee!

Bread of God, though yet unbroken.
Still e'en now the living bread;
In that manger, lo! the token
Of the table to be spread
For us in the upper-room,
When that longed-for night is come.

Rose of Sharon, springing sweetly
In this sacred solitude,
Every gracious leaflet fitly
Folded in this tender bud;
All the beauty yet concealed,
All the fragrance unrevealed.

O'er thy cradle we are bending,
Singing low our song of love.
Soon to sing the song unending
In the Bethlehem above;
Through the ages gazing on,
Not the cradle, but the throne.

—*Dr. Horatius Bonar.*

"GIVE, give, be always giving!
Who gives not is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live."

Dog Gives His Life for a Boy

A FEW miles from Quinton, Virginia, is a family—father, mother, and six children—all of whom owe their happiness to a faithful dog.

While the little four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAlister was out Saturday looking for flowers and strawberries, followed by a faithful setter, the little boy fell into a stream, and would have been drowned but for the faithful dog. Taking hold of the waist of the boy, the dog swam ashore. Then it ran home, wet, and foaming at the mouth. The dog went to its mistress, and began to pull her dress. Her screams brought the husband, who, seeing the actions of the dog, thought it had hydrophobia.

The dog was struck over the head with a club, and left for dead. Then came thoughts of the absent child. All went to look for the son. Over half a mile from home they heard the cries of the lost child calling for his mother.

When the grief-stricken parents reached the child, there was poor Leo, the faithful setter, by the side of the little boy. Though dead, his teeth were clinched to the dress of the child, thus keeping it from the water, while the blood from the wound of the faithful dog bespattered the dress of the child.—*Lynn Evening News.*



THE HOME CIRCLE



"All our actions take
Their lines from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light."

Mabel Ashton's Dream

As the guests came together in the brilliantly lighted parlors at the home of Mabel Ashton that crisp winter evening, there was nothing unusual in the appearance of the rooms to indicate that the party to which they had been invited was to be in any respect different from the round of gaiety to which they had been devoting themselves for the greater part of the winter.

Some of the guests, as they greeted their young hostess, noticed an unusual degree of nervousness in her manner, but, attributing it to the excitement of preparation and anticipation, thought no more of it, and all were soon engaged in conversation.

The musicians were in their places, and the young people were beginning to wonder why the signal was not given for the orchestra to strike up, when Mabel Ashton, her sweet face flushed and pale by turns, took her stand near the musicians, and, after closing her eyes for a moment, during which the room became perfectly still, in a voice at first trembling, but soon clear and steady, she said:—

"Friends, I know you will think me very queer; but before we do anything else, I must tell you a little story.

"I had a dream last night, which has made such an impression on my mind and heart that I must tell it to you. I dreamed that to-night had arrived, and you had all assembled in these rooms, when there came to the door, and was ushered in, a guest who seemed strangely familiar, and yet whom I could not recognize.

"He had a rare face, peaceful, yet a little sad in its expression, and his eyes were more penetrating than any that I had ever before seen. He was dressed in neat, yet very plain clothing, but there was something in his appearance which marked him as no ordinary man.

"While I was trying to think where I had seen him, he advanced to me, took my hand, and said, gently, 'You do not recognize me, Mabel?' Surprised at such a form of salutation from a stranger, I could only say: 'Your face, sir, seems familiar, yet I can not recall your name.'

"Yet I am one whom you have invited here this evening, or, I should rather say, one to whom both you and your parents have extended many invitations to be present here whenever I am able to come. You have even invited me to make my home here; and I have come to-night to join your little company.'

"I beg a thousand pardons,' I replied, 'but you mystify me all the more, and I beg you will relieve me by telling me whom I have the pleasure of greeting.' Then he offered to my view the palms of his hands, in which were scars as of nail wounds, and looked me through and through with those piercing yet tender eyes, and I did not need that he should say to me, 'I am Jesus Christ, your Lord.'

"To say that I was startled would be to express

only a very small part of my feelings. For a moment I stood still, not knowing what to do or say. Why could I not fall at his feet and say with all my heart, 'I am filled with joy at seeing you here, Lord Jesus'?

"With those eyes looking into mine I could not say it, for it was not true. For some reason, on the instant only half comprehended by myself, I was sorry he had come. It was an awful thought to be glad to have all the rest of you here, yet sorry to see my Saviour.

"Could it be that I was ashamed of him, or was I ashamed of something in myself?

"At length I recovered myself in a degree, and said, 'You wish to speak to my parents, I am sure.' 'Yes, Mabel,' as he accompanied me to where my mother and father sat gazing in surprise at my evident confusion in greeting an unexpected guest; 'but I came this evening chiefly to be with you and your young friends, for I have often heard you speak enthusiastically in your young people's meetings about how delightful it would be if you could have me visibly present with you.'

"Again the blush came to my cheeks as the thought flashed through my mind, To-morrow night is prayer-meeting night; I should have been delighted to see him then. But why not to-night on this pleasant occasion? I led him to my parents, and, in a somewhat shamefaced fashion, introduced him.

"They both gave a start of amazed surprise, but convinced by his appearance that there was no mistake, my father recovered a degree of self-possession, bade him welcome, offered him a seat, remarked that this was an unexpected pleasure, and then, after a somewhat lengthy pause, explained to Jesus that his daughter Mabel, being very closely occupied with her studies, and having little variety in life, had been allowed to invite a few friends in for a social evening, with a little quiet dancing by way of healthful exercise. Her friends were all of the very choicest, and he felt that this was a very harmless amusement, which the church had come to look upon in a somewhat different light from that in which it was viewed forty years ago. By removing the objectionable feature of bad company, it had now made this pleasant pastime a safe indulgence.

"As my father stammered out, in the presence of Jesus, these words of apology, which had fallen from my own lips, I felt myself flush crimson with shame both for my dear father and for myself. Why should he apologize at all for what he considered unquestionably right? How hollow it all sounded there in the presence of the Lord! Did not Jesus know that my studies were not so pressing but that I could keep late hours, sometimes several nights in the week, at parties?

"Then father, anxious to relieve my evident embarrassment, said: 'I am sure we can leave these young people safely to themselves, and nothing would please me so well as to take you, my Lord Jesus, off into my study for a talk.'

"No," said Jesus, "Mabel has often invited me, and I came to-night especially to be with her. Will you introduce me to your friends, Mabel? Some of them I know, but some I do not know."

"Of course, all this time you, friends, were looking much in our direction, wondering at our embarrassment, and perhaps guessing that we had been made uncomfortable by the arrival of a not altogether welcome guest. I led him first to some of the church-members among you, and there was not one of you who looked so comfortable after the introduction as before."

"As it became known who the guest was, faces changed color, and some of you looked very much as if you would like to leave the room. It really seemed as if the church-members were quite as unwilling to meet Jesus as those who were not Christians."

"One of you came up quietly and whispered to me: 'Shall I tell the musicians not to play the dance music, but to look up some sacred pieces?' Jesus caught the question, and looking us both squarely in the face, he simply asked, 'Why should you?' and we could not answer. Some one else suggested that we could have a very pleasant and profitable evening if we should change our original plans, and invite Jesus to talk to us. Again he was met with that searching question, 'Why should my presence change your plans?'"

"After I had introduced the Lord Jesus to you all, and no one knew what to do next, Jesus turned to me and said: 'You were planning for dancing, were you not? It is high time you began, or you can not complete your program before daylight. Will you not give the word to the musicians, Mabel?'"

"I was much embarrassed. If my original plan was all right, his presence ought only to add joy to the occasion; yet here were all my guests, as well as myself, made wretchedly uncomfortable by the presence of him whom most of us called our best friend. Determined to throw off this feeling and be myself, at his word I ordered the musicians to play for the first dance."

"The young man with whom I was engaged for that dance did not come to claim me, and no one went upon the floor. This was still worse embarrassment. The orchestra played once more, and two or three couples, more to relieve me than for any other reason, began to dance in a rather formal fashion. I was almost beside myself with shame and confusion, when the Lord Jesus turned to me and said, 'Mabel, your guests do not seem at ease. Why do you not, as their hostess, relieve their embarrassment by dancing yourself? Would it help you any if I should offer to dance with you?'"

"My confusion gave way to an expression almost of horror, as I looked into those tenderly sad eyes and cried, 'You dance! You can not mean it!'"

"Why not, Mabel? If my disciples may dance, may not I? Did you think all this winter, when you and others of my disciples have gathered for the dance or the card-party, or at the theater, that you left me at home or in the church? You prayed for my presence in the prayer-meeting; you did not quite want it here; but why not, my dear child? Why have you not welcomed me to-night, Mabel? Why has my presence spoiled your pleasure? Though I am 'a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,' yet I delight to share and increase all the pure joys of my disciples. Is it possible that you leave me out of any of your pleasures, Mabel? If so, is it not because you feel that they do not help you to become like me and to glorify me; that they take your time and strength and thought to such an extent that you have less delight in my

Word and in communion with me? You have been asking, 'What's the harm?' Have you asked, 'What is the gain?' Have you done these things for the glory of God?'"

"It was plain to me now. Overcome with self-reproach and profound sorrow, I threw myself on the floor at his feet and sobbed out my repentance."

"With a 'Daughter, go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee,' he was gone. I awoke and found that it was all a dream. And now I want to ask you, my friends, Shall we go on with the program to-night, or shall we take these lists which we have prepared, and discuss for a time with our partners the question, 'What can young people do to make the world better for their having lived in it?'"

As the vote was unanimous in favor of the latter plan, which was followed by other wholesome recreations, and as the social evening was declared the most delightful of the winter, it is safe to say that the Lord Jesus had sent that dream for others besides Mabel Ashton.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

An Object-Lesson

THEY stood upon the corner waiting for the car, a lady and her two bright-eyed little sons.

"Boys," said the mother as her eyes fell upon two figures moving down the street, "I want you to notice those old gentlemen who are coming toward us."

The boys looked up eagerly. The foremost figure was that of a slender, erect old man, whose eyes glanced keenly from under his snowy hair. His step was firm and resolute. There were kindly wrinkles about his eyes and mouth, those wrinkles which come from frequent smiles. Time had touched him, indeed, but lightly and lovingly.

The appearance of the other old man was strikingly different. His body unwieldy. He moved with difficulty, grasping his cane with a hand which trembled continuously. His nose was swollen, his eyes were bleared. He crept by the little group on the corner with a vacant stare.

"Boys," said the mother, when at last the strangely unlike pair had passed out of hearing, "your grandfather knew both those men in his boyhood. The gentleman who passed us first, Judge Brand, is the oldest of the three. He was a Christian boy, and he became a Christian man. His home is one of the happiest I ever knew. He has never become wealthy, but in the truest sense of the word he has won success. Though he is now almost seventy, he finds life as full of interest and pleasure as he did fifty years ago."

"The other," the lady continued after a pause, "began life with a determination to enjoy it. He was an attractive boy, with a host of friends, I have heard my father say, but he became a selfish and dissipated man. His wife died broken-hearted. Now he is quite alone. Even vice now fails to give him pleasure."

"Remember," the mother added, "that if you live to be old, you may resemble one or the other of these men. Which it will be you must choose."

A gong sounded, the street-car swung into sight, and as the trio stepped aboard, the little sermon was ended. But in the memory of the lads the image of that broken-down man lingered as a warning placed at the entrance of that path which seems attractive to the young, but whose end is death.—*Young People's Weekly*.



How Teddie Earned a Sled

"MOTHER, I've just got to have a sled," said Teddie, bursting in from school one afternoon. "See, the coasting is delightful." He looked wistfully through the bay window to the snow-covered hill sloping away from the house. "Wouldn't Nellie and I have fine times though!"

"I wish you might have one," said his mother, joining him at the window, "but it will probably be several weeks before your father is able to work again."

"I know,"—Ted heaved a long sigh,— "but if I could only have a sled, I wouldn't want anything else this winter, mother."

"Don't you think you could earn the money to buy one?" she asked.

"In time, I suppose; but I want it this winter, you know." He looked hard at the snow-bank to keep away the tears.

"I have a plan, Teddie; and if it works,—that is, if you work it,—you can have your sled before New-year's. Are there not some of your schoolmates who would enjoy your favorite books? There are many parents and friends now hunting presents for their little boys and girls."

"O mother,"—there were now no traces of tears on his face,— "do you mean that I could sell books and earn the money that way?"

"Why not?" replied his mother. "If you are making up your mind to try my plan, suppose you look your books over at once, and select one for the purpose. Then we will read it together, and ask father to give us some suggestions about canvassing."

Ted disappeared, and returned with his arms full of books. They were "The New Testament Primer," "The House We Live In," "My Garden Neighbors," "Elo the Eagle," "A Man of Valor," "The Story of Redemption," "Christ Our Saviour," "Best Stories," and "Things Foretold." After some deliberation Teddie selected the last two; and as he could not choose between them, it was decided to canvass for them both at once.

After a few minutes he ran to the post-box with a letter, and a few days later an express package came containing fourteen books, seven of each kind. Carefully his mother unwrapped the package. How pretty they looked in their bright new covers!

"Now, Teddie," she said, "here is the bill for the

books. Whenever you receive money for books sold, you may put the cost of those books into this box, and the rest will be yours."

"I'll try Mr. Drake first; he buys new books for Jack every Christmas." Ted was soon on his way down the street, with his bag on one arm.

After working hard for two weeks, he came home one day whistling gaily. "Mother, the sled is to be mine this very afternoon," he said, tumbling the contents of his bank out on the table. "Three dollars fifty-five cents! Good! O, that sled is a beauty, a regular coaster, with double runners, and it's marked at exactly three fifty!"

"But, Teddie, have you laid aside the —"

"O, the *tithe*. I forgot all about it. But there are two or three books left; the *tithe* can come out of them." He thrust the coins into his pocket, and started for the door.

"Would that be giving God the *first-fruits*?" His mother said no more; but when Teddie put his bank away, there was only three dollars fifteen cents in it. "I guess I'd better wait awhile," he said.

A day or two later Teddie walked triumphantly into the store to buy his sled. It was gone. "Sold yesterday," said the pleasant clerk, hastening to show him some others which he considered better. But the price was too high.

"And those cheap ones won't do," the boy said. "I'm disappointed. There isn't another sled like it in town, and I've been working two weeks to buy that one."

But Ted was mistaken. The very next day Walter Maxson offered his sled for sale at two dollars. Walter was going away. The sled just suited Ted, for it was of the same size and design as the one he had first wanted to buy. It had a better arrangement for steering, and Ted had a dollar and a half left.

He bought himself and Nellie each a pair of warm mittens for New-year's. He also presented his father with a collar box, and his mother found a new pair of buttonhole scissors in her work-box.

"It pays to do right when things turn out this way," exclaimed Nellie, clapping her hands joyously.

"I've made up my mind that it pays to do right always," Ted added, emphatically.

ELLA M. ROBINSON.



WHEN THE BUNNIES ARE NOT AFRAID.

From the Youth's Companion

A Page of Busy Children





M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman

Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Temperance—No. 4: Patent Medicines and Drugs

NOTE.—Those wishing to give further study to this subject can secure "The Great American Fraud," from the *Journal of American Medical Association*, 103 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill. Price, post-paid, ten cents. The pamphlet contains one hundred sixty-eight pages, and is a compilation of two series of articles which appeared in *Collier's Weekly* some time ago. This program might be made more interesting if some experiments on patent medicines were performed. If there is time, this meeting would afford an appropriate occasion to express gratitude for a knowledge of nature's restoratives, and to speak briefly of the development of the principles for which our sanitariums stand.

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading. Isa. 5:11-23.

GENERAL STUDY:—

Patent Medicines (given in short talks).

A Profitable Business.

Greed Is the Root.

Intemperance in Disguise.

Jamaica Ginger.

Drugs (given in short talks).

Drug Medicines.

Opium in China.

In Other Lands.

Items.

A Profitable Business

No apology is made for considering patent medicines in this temperance series; for they constitute a tremendous obstacle in the path of reform. It seems that Satan has hit upon this modern device for leading on to intemperance those who shrink in horror from the glass; and the result of this effort is no discredit to his work as a deceiver. Disguised as friends of suffering humanity, these medicines not only take people off their guard, but receive a hearty welcome from the credulous multitude. They indiscriminately attack the innocent babe, the stalwart youth, and the aged sufferer. Rich and poor, ignorant and learned, are found among their victims. So prosperous has the patent-medicine business become, that it keeps thousands of persons employed in supplying the demands of the public. It is estimated that the sale of these medicines comprises two thirds of the business of the average small drug-store. Annually they cost the American people alone about seventy-five million dollars.

Splendid testimonials and the "sure-cure" advertisements beguile many to make "the tablespoonful" before meals a daily essential. After diagnosing their own cases, they choose some concoction which is little better or worse than so much alcohol and water, with perhaps some opium, cocaine, or morphine, added. Could these victims of men's greed spend a day with the bureau which produces these testimonials, or with the chemists who analyze these compounds, the business of these patent-medicine concerns would decrease.

The dealers in these nostrums evidently have "loved darkness rather than light," and have had no desire to acquaint the public with the contents of their medicines; for when the United States Legislature demanded that the labels of proprietary remedies should state the exact amount of opium, cocaine, alcohol, etc., they contained, these dealers cried out that such a law was destructive to business, and a crime against personal liberty.

In securing testimonials, the end justifies the means. Some are honestly received from persons who write under the stimulating influence of the medicines; but many are forged. Of persons who thus suffer misrepresentation, few are as fortunate as was Miss Alice Wynne, who was awarded six thousand dollars damages for the unauthorized use of her photograph in an advertisement. Seldom do testimonials so completely defeat their purpose as did one which last year appeared in the Connecticut *Evening Citizen*. In one column Mrs. Mary Adams, of Adams Street, related her complete restoration to health, through the efficacy of a certain patent medicine; and in another column of the same issue was an account of her death.

Greed Is the Root

The patent-medicine business has for its foundation "the love of money." That greed for gain has induced many to identify themselves with a money-making concern which is morally a crime to the public; that same greed has silenced most of the voices which have been lifted to expose the fraudulent business, and has paralyzed most of the hands raised against it.

The press, with few exceptions, is at the services of the patent-medicine dealers, who are leagued together to force their advertisements on the papers. Alliances to prevent the suppression of the business by legislatures, have also been made with some papers. When Massachusetts tried to pass a bill regulating the patent-medicine trade, dealers telegraphed the newspapers in that State with which they had contracts, and the bill was killed. Later, however, she has passed such a law, as have also New Hampshire, Michigan, and North Dakota.

There must be money in it. The newspapers receive no small sum for helping quacks in their swindles. Samuel Hopkins Adams says, in his book, "The Great American Fraud," that Mr. Hearst's papers alone draw more than half a million dollars yearly from that source. A New York magistrate says that the patent-medicine business is robbing America of more money than is burglary. For instance, a bottle of Peruna which retails at one dollar, costs the manufacturers about eighteen cents—medicine, bottle, wrapper, and all. A conscientious druggist put this notice in his window: "Please do not ask us what is any old patent medicine worth; for you embarrass us, as our honest answer must be, *It is worthless*. If you mean at what price we sell it, that is an entirely different proposition."

Intemperance in Disguise

These medicines fall into two classes—"the absolutely worthless and the absolutely dangerous." The evils resulting from their use are legion. They always bring added pain, and often needless death. Perhaps there is no greater evil than their tendency to lead to intemperance. That they should do this is not strange; for nearly all of them contain alcohol, and some contain opium, morphine, and cocaine. The cut on page thirteen shows the relative amount of alcohol in some of these as compared with various intoxicants.

Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, of New York City, says: "More alcohol is consumed in this country by patent medicine than is dispensed in a legal way by licensed liquor venders, barring the sales of ale and beer."

Some patent medicines contain so much alcohol that they will burn with a light-blue flame. Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 18.8 per cent; Brown's Iron Bitters, 19.7 per cent; Paine's Celery Compound, 21 per cent; Peruna, 28.5 per cent; Jamaica ginger, 90 per cent; Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, 44.3 per cent; Lydia Pinkham's remedy, 20 per cent; while beer contains from 2.5 to 6 per cent, wine 10.12 per cent, and whisky 50 per cent. Winslow's Soothing Sirup contains not only alcohol, but opium as well. Mr. Adams's statement that the one thing Peruna "cures" is sobriety applies to most patent medicines, and by the use of them many men, women, and children are innocently quickening their pace to drunkard's graves.

Drug Medicines

Many of those who steer clear of such "cure all's" as Peruna, become the prey of subtler poisons, like headache-powders and "drug-habit" cures. One wakes up with a throbbing head; "that tired feeling" overtakes another; sorrow or disappointment grips the soul of a third, and together they flock to this or that so-called remedy,—a remedy which, while it never cures disease, benumbs pain, and lures the user on to drug-enslavement. Such is the story of thousands, especially in our great cities.

The only safety is "Touch not!" Let us notice one incident, which is probably among the extreme ones, although it was selected from a list of twenty-two similar cases. Coroner Dugan, of Philadelphia, gave the following verdict: "Mary A. Bispels [aged eighteen years] came to her death from kidney and heart disease, aggravated by poisoning by acetanilid taken in Orangeine Headache-powder." This headache-powder claims also to strengthen the heart and enrich the blood, but analysis proves its influence to be just the opposite.

Then there are the drug-habit cures. If there is any shading in the moral crime of the dealers in drugged medicines, then those who prey upon drug fiends must wear the blackest badge. They come to persons, who, having tasted the bitter dregs of the drug habit, are struggling to liberate themselves; and with medicines which promise to cure, they thrust the poor sufferers into greater slavery. Often the principal element of the drug-habit cure is the very drug against which the patient is battling.

Opium in China

Just now a special study is being made of the opium curse. Last summer the international powers appointed commissioners to study the question, and in January, 1909, they are to meet in Shanghai, to exchange views. It is not a new problem with which the nations are wrestling. Anciently the Arabs used opium. For some time Asia Minor remained the source of the supply, but gradually the plant became distributed over the globe.

No country has escaped the ravages of the opium curse; but perhaps none has suffered more than China. One of her proverbs says, "Eleven out of every ten use opium." It first came to China in the thirteenth century. In 1757 the East India Company monopolized the opium traffic, and made that fatal abuse of the Chinese a great money-making enterprise. Soon the trade increased five hundred per cent. China vainly legislated against its importation, and in

1839 she became so desperate that she destroyed ten million dollars' worth of opium. This plunged her into a war with England, which forced her to permit the traffic. In her book Mrs. Taylor says: "During the entire reign of Queen Victoria, opium was exported from India at the rate of one-half ton every hour, day and night. Almost all of this found its way to China." Doubtless opium is partly responsible for some of the so-called characteristics of our yellow brother. Certain it is that everywhere the opium habit spreads poverty, suffering, and woe. When the people of Shansi were pleading with their foreign teachers to liberate them from the opium curse, they said: "Those who before protected their families are themselves reduced to the appearance of beggars. The beds have no coverlets; the household utensils contain no food; hungry, there is nothing to eat; cold, there are no clothes to wear. The fault is surely opium."

China has issued a decree that the use of opium must be discontinued within ten years. Literature telling of the deceptive nature of opium is being freely circulated. China's most intelligent people are trying to do with opium what America's temperance workers are trying to do with alcohol.

Drugs in Other Lands¹

While China is wiping out the opium evil, America is cultivating it. The use of morphine is also becoming quite common in America. There are at present brought into America over seven hundred fifty thousand pounds of opium every year, and over a ton of morphine. This is over five times the quantity that was consumed six years ago. It is estimated that over one million persons in America are slaves to this habit. Among males, forty per cent of these are found in the medical profession, fifteen per cent are men of leisure, eight per cent are merchants; among females, forty-three per cent are women who rank high in society; all its devotees are persons of means. There is consumed practically the equivalent of fifty grains of opium for every man, woman, and child in America; while in opium-cursed China there is consumed only twenty-eight grains per capita. Unfortunately, morphine is said to be supplanting opium in China to some extent. Heroin is one of the morphine salts, and is widely used in America. It is by many considered a harmless substitute for morphine. This is not the case: heroin has all the dangers of morphine, and additional dangers of its own; it is one of the most toxic agents of the morphine group. Trade preparations containing heroin are widely advertised as cough sirup, asthma cures, headache cures, etc. Americans become addicted to these so-called remedies, not knowing they are becoming slaves to this drug. When attempting to discontinue their use, they find an aggravation of their symptoms; this is instantly relieved by the supposed remedy. As a result, many are slaves to the opium habit, and are not aware of it.

Germany, France, and the United States are countries in which the use of opium and its derivatives is most universal. It has its victims, however, in all civilized lands.

In Germany it is said there are entire villages whose inhabitants are addicted to the use of the drug. The people of China and Germany know what they are taking, but in America and Great Britain drinks are sold in drug-stores and at soda-fountains which contain an appreciable quantity of this or other equally dangerous poisons, and the people do not know it. All the drinks

¹ For this division we are indebted to Dr. D. H. Kress.

advertised to relieve fatigue should be regarded with suspicion. One of the most, if not the most, general and widely advertised drinks in America, a drink which has become very popular, has recently been found to contain one sixtieth of a grain of cocaine and three grains of caffeine to the glass. Yet a great many, when fatigued, take this drink as a "pick-me-up," never suspecting its contents. Unconsciously, men and women who depend upon these drinks for vim and strength when tired and fatigued, and in need of rest, finally become nervous wrecks. The rapid increase of insane and mentally unbalanced persons during the past few years is largely due to the use of these soft drinks containing drugs. The sale of these worse than deadly poisons should be prohibited by law in America, just as truly as in China. But until this is done, the only wise course to follow is to refuse any drink that is supposed to impart energy and new life, or that claims to relieve fatigue.

Items

All Mohammedan lands are said to proscribe opium and liquor, and some of them proscribe tobacco.

When the Dutch flag was raised in a certain island in the East Indies, the first building was not a church, not a school, but an opium den.

Patent-medicine dealers are said to do a big business in prohibition territory. There this servant of the liquor traffic helps to keep alive the insane craze for alcoholic beverages.

The government has prohibited the sale of Peruna among the Indians.

Japan is trying to rid Formosa of the opium curse, and in the Philippine Islands a law has recently been passed prohibiting the sale of opium, except as a medicine.

The use of opium is increasing in London. "Several opium 'joints' have been opened in the West End. They are run on the lines of social clubs. Introductions are necessary for admission, and a fee of ten dollars is charged for each visit. They are said to be the most luxuriously fitted-up opium dens in the world."

"In some of the schools in New Jersey cocaine has been introduced by some depraved older students, who conducted a thriving business selling the drug to children for the pennies given them for candy and lunch. Some children under ten years of age became addicted to the use of the drug."

Dr. Crothers, whom the American Pharmacy Association appointed to study into the drug habit, reports that within the last six years the demand for cocaine has increased four hundred per cent, for morphine and opium five hundred per cent. This is especially alarming when he adds that the increase for legitimate purposes has been less than twenty per cent.

Liquozone is chiefly a weak solution of sulphuric and sulphurous acids. It claims to cure thirty-seven different diseases.

Two government agencies lend themselves to the purposes of patent-medicine makers: the Patent Office issues a trade-mark, and the post-office debarbs very few patent medicines from the mails.

An opium smoker wrote on the walls of his den: "While smoking opium, we are transported to paradise: while breaking the habit, we are tortured in hell."

Jamaica Ginger

"I AM tired and cold; aren't you?" said one lady to another, as they were shopping one winter day.

"Yes," replied her friend. "Come in here and get a hot ginger," invited the first; and the two quiet, cultured women took their places with others at the counter of a fashionable drug-store, and ordered each a "hot Jamaica ginger."

They, and others, sipped and talked, and after a time passed out, but the proprietor said to a bystander, "Those women would scorn to go to a bar and get a hot whisky sling, but they've taken their ginger for just the same reason the toper takes his dram, because it braces them up; and they have taken it for the alcohol in it, too, though perhaps they do not know that part of it."

"Is it so strong of liquor as that?" questioned the hearer. "Certainly," replied the druggist, "it contains about twice as much alcohol as there is in whisky, and a 'ginger tippie' is getting to be a common thing with women." After a moment he added, thoughtfully, "I am not at all sure that the drink habit of many young men and women of to-day may not have

been cultivated by the ease with which the Jamaica ginger bottle is opened and used in the home."

This may seem a harsh statement, but any one who will pour a little Jamaica ginger into a small dish and touch a match to it, will see that it is almost pure alcohol.

In these days when so much is being said of the danger and harmfulness of patent medicines, let us not forget that one of the most insidious

is found in the bottle of Jamaica ginger which has its place on so many pantry shelves.—*Emma Graves Dietrick.*



Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

NOTE.—How shall we retain what we have read? Review it. What evidence can you give the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference that you have done the assigned reading and profited from it? Write out your review. These are the purposes of this review of the first half of "Great Controversy." Use the book if necessary. Write your answers briefly numbering them just like the questions, and send to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary *at once*. Don't be discouraged by this little bump in the road, if you consider it such.

1. What three specific Bible prophecies has the study thus far thrown light upon?

2. Tell briefly who the following persons were: Titus, Gregory VII, Henry IV, Tetzels, Staupitz, Roger Williams, William of Orange, Charles V, Thomas Munzer, Tyndale.

3. How has the reading changed your conceptions of the following: Dark Ages, Inquisition, Lollards, Luther's theses, the Jesuits, the night of St. Bartholomew, rival popes, papacy, Protest of the Princes, safe conduct?

4. Name seven prominent Reformers, and tell in what countries they labored.

5. Which has impressed you most? Why?

6. What do you consider the essential qualifications of a reformer?

7. Show the providence of God in the discovery and settlement of America.

8. Give five practical lessons learned in this study.



I—Elisha and the Sons of the Prophets

(January 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 6: 1-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

The Lesson Story

1. "And the sons of the prophets said unto Elisha, Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait [small] for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye.

2. "And one said, Be content, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go. So he went with them. And when they came to Jordan, they cut down wood.

3. "But as one was felling a beam, the ax head fell into the water: and he cried, and said, Alas, master! for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand, and took it.

4. "Then the king of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying, In such and such a place shall be my camp. And the man of God sent unto the king of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down. And the king of Israel sent to the place which the man of God told him and warned him of, and saved himself there, not once nor twice.

5. "Therefore the heart of the king of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants, and said unto them, Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel? And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber.

6. "And he said, Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him. And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they came by night, and compassed the city about.

7. "And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

8. "And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. And when they came down to him, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and said, Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness. And he smote them with blindness according to the word of Elisha.

9. "And Elisha said unto them, This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria. And it came to pass, when they were

come into Samaria, that Elisha said, Lord, open the eyes of these men, that they may see. And the Lord opened their eyes, and they saw; and, behold, they were in the midst of Samaria."

10. The king of Israel thought now his chance had come to slay his enemies. And he said, "My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" And Elisha answered, "Thou shalt not smite them: wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master." So the king "prepared great provision for them: and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

Questions

1. What did the sons of the prophets say to Elisha? To what place did they ask to go? What did they plan to do? What answer did Elisha make?

2. What did one of the young men ask Elisha to do? How did he answer him? What did the men do when they came to the Jordan?

3. As one of the men was chopping, what accident occurred? What did he exclaim? Why did he feel so bad because the ax was lost? What question did Elisha ask? When he knew the place, what did he do? What miracle was wrought? What did Elisha tell the young man to do?

4. Who made war against Israel? What did the king of Syria plan to do? What warning did Elisha send the king of Israel? What is said of the number of times the king was saved from defeat in this way?

5. How did the king of Syria feel because his plans all failed? What did he ask his servants to tell him? How did one of them reply?

6. What did the king of Syria then tell his servants to do? Where was Elisha at this time? What great preparation was made to capture the prophet of the Lord? What did the army do when it came to Dothan?

7. When Elisha's servant saw that they were surrounded by an army, what did he say? How did Elisha answer him? What did he mean by that?

8. For what did Elisha pray? When the young man's eyes were so opened, what did he see? What did the prophet of God ask the Lord to do to the Syrian army? How was his prayer answered?

9. What did Elisha say to the Syrians? To what place did he lead them? When they had reached Samaria, what did Elisha ask the Lord to do? How do you think they felt when they found themselves surrounded by the army of the king of Israel?

10. What question did the king of Israel ask Elisha? What did Elisha say? What did he tell the king of Israel to do? What provision was made to feed them? After the Syrians had eaten and drunk, where were they sent? What was the result of this kindness shown the Syrians? Repeat the memory verse.

Lean on Him

TEMPTATIONS dark and trials fall
On all who labor here,
But we have One on whom to call,
One who is ever near.

So let us, when these trials rise,
Lean on his strength alone,
Till we have gained the promised prize
Where sorrows are unknown.

MAX HILL.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I — Introduction of the Gospel into Philippi

(January 2)

GENERAL NOTE.—A careful reading of the whole epistle to the Philippians should precede the study of these lessons. Read it as you would a letter from a friend. Meditate prayerfully upon it as you read. Study the circumstances under which it was written, and the special instruction which it was intended to convey.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16:8-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Acts 22:15.

Questions

1. What vision appeared to the apostle Paul when he was at Troas? Acts 16:8, 9.
2. What prompt response did he make? Verses 10-12.
3. Who were with him? Acts 15:40; 16:1-3.
4. What is said of the importance of Philippi? Acts 16:12; note 1.
5. How did Paul begin his labors there? Verse 13.
6. What influential woman accepted the gospel? Verse 14.
7. How did she show her love for the cause? Verse 15.
8. As the work continued, what attempt was made to bring it into disrepute? Verses 16, 17.
9. How did the apostle put a stop to this proceeding? Verse 18.
10. Was not what the girl said the truth? Then why did Paul rebuke her? Note 2.
11. What did the masters of the girl then do to Paul and Silas? Acts 16:19.
12. What charge did they bring against them? Was the charge true? Verses 20, 21; note 3.
13. What effect did the false accusation have? Verse 22.
14. After Paul and Silas had been beaten, what was done with them? Acts 16:23, 24.
15. How did Paul afterward refer to this experience with the mob? 1 Thess. 2:2.
16. What did Paul and Silas do after this cruel treatment? Acts 16:25.
17. What truth did they thus demonstrate? Rom. 8:35-39.

Notes

1. "The chief city of eastern Macedonia was near the Thracian border, on a fertile plain between two mountain ranges. It derived its name from Philip of Macedon, who took it from the Thracians, B. C. 358, strongly fortified and garrisoned it, and resumed the working of the gold-mines near it. The town had been called Datum, and still earlier Crenides, 'fountains,' from its copious springs. Philippi was the 'first' city reached after leaving its seaport Neapolis (Acts 16:12, R. V.), northwest of which it lay, at about ten miles distance, by the Via Egnatia, a paved Roman road over a steep height called Symbolum. On the plain of Philippi was fought the famous battle in which Brutus and Cassius were overthrown by Octavius and Anthony, B. C. 42. Later, when Octavius had become the Emperor Augustus, he transported Roman citizens to Philippi, and made it a 'colony'—a

miniature Rome, where Roman laws, customs, and language prevailed, the people were governed by their own magistrates, and possessed the rights of Roman citizens."—*Bible Dictionary, American Tract Society, Article, Philippi.*

2. Satan could not allow the work to go on unmolested. He sought to bring it into disrepute by identifying his own work with it. The damsel who followed Paul and Silas, saying, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation," is said to have been possessed with a "spirit of divination," margin "python." She was doubtless a priestess of the Pythian Apollo, whose chief temple and oracle was at Delphi. To this celebrated oracle people flocked to receive information, just as people now go to consult noted Spiritualist mediums. The damsel was really a Spiritualist medium, whom Satan controlled, and through whom he worked. The effect of her testimony concerning Paul and Silas, though the exact truth, would be to cause people who were favorably impressed with their preaching to think that they were in harmony with her. Paul's rebuking her was in harmony with his injunction, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eph. 5:11.

3. The miracle which Paul wrought deprived the men of the gain which came to them through the girl's soothsayings. This enraged them against Paul and Silas. On a later occasion, at Ephesus, a great uproar was made against Paul and his fellow laborers, by men who thought that their gains were endangered. Observers of the signs of the times can not fail to see that this spirit is still working. Paul and Silas had not troubled the city. They had gone quietly about their own work, and all the trouble had been caused by the men who had brought the accusation. Satan always charges upon the servants of Christ the trouble which he himself originates.

History of the Teddy Bears

(Concluded from page two)

durable furniture covering, and made for that purpose; therefore it was supposed to be available in inexhaustible quantities. But in 1906 the demand for Teddy bears had reached such proportions that no more of the special plush could be had in Germany, and cable orders had to be sent to the United States for plush. The eyes of the bears are made of shoe buttons, and in a little while orders for these too had to be sent to America. Now bids are submitted by button companies for the Teddy bear contract, and in Germany plush factories manufacture plush especially for the bear market at Giengen Brenz.

On the site of the little shop has risen a many-storied factory, the wonder and delight of the little town, because it is built almost wholly of steel and glass—a steel frame with walls which are almost wholly glass windows. Here hundreds of men, women, and children are engaged in the making of bears; and besides that, nearly every family in town takes some part of the work, and lives, as it were, the year round on bear meat.

The crippled old lady and her nephews are now estimated to be millionaires, and the Teddy bear's habitat is the whole civilized portion of the earth, from British Columbia to Australia. In spite of absolute lack of protection by game laws, he has multiplied like the rabbit, and is now numbered by the million.—*East and West.*

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The Latch on the Inside

You are familiar with Holman Hunt's great painting, "The Light of the World," in which Jesus is standing knocking at a door, while in his left hand he holds a lantern. There is in his face a look of anxiety and disappointment. Across the bottom of the door are shown some vines. The painting had been completed a short time, and was in the artist's studio, when a friend who was examining it critically, called to him: "Mr. Hunt, come here, come here. I am so glad you let me see this before exhibiting it. Don't you see, you have left something out?" Mr. Hunt smilingly asked what it was. "You have not put any latch or latch-string to the door." "No, I didn't. It is no oversight, however. The latch to that door is on the inside." Even the Light of the World can not open the door; that must be done by the one whose body is the castle. The teaching in Sabbath-school, preaching, church services, appeals of friends and parents, are all futile unless the door is opened from the inside.—*The Expositor*.

Would You Have Done It?

At a small mission station in Africa, just before Christmas the natives who had accepted Christ instead of presenting one another with Christmas presents, at the suggestion of the missionary planned to bring whatever money, vegetables, or other salable articles they could the night before Christmas, that the money might be used to send the gospel to the islands near them, where many of their own race were still in the darkness of heathenism. The night came, and one after another they brought their packages forward. Among others was one little girl about twelve years old, poorly clad, who came forward and laid down in English money three shillings and sixpence, eighty-four cents in American money. The missionary was greatly surprised at the amount. He knew that this meant a fortune in that country. After the gathering was dismissed, he stepped up to the little girl and asked her how she had secured so much money. She said: "I knew that this evening they would all be bringing their presents to Jesus, and I had nothing to bring. I found out that a man wanted a slave girl, and I went and sold myself to him for life as a slave." She said: "I could do nothing less than this, when Jesus did so much for me. I had nothing to

give but myself, and I will gladly give it. Jesus gave himself for me."—*Charles M. Alexander*.

Saying What You Think

"I DON'T see anything wrong in saying what you think," said a girl who sometimes made rather prickly speeches. "That depends altogether on what you think. Perhaps if you would put on the right kind of mental glasses and examine your thoughts carefully, you would find that they are hardly well enough disciplined yet to be always presentable in polite society," remarked her teacher with a smile. Be sure that your thoughts are right ones before you insist on expressing them too freely. Unkind thoughts would far better be smothered in silence than sent out to sting and slash one's friends and associates. Kind, pure, generous, sympathetic thoughts are ever admissible, and may be expressed freely—*The Wellspring*.

How Napoleon Learned Wisdom

DR. A. T. PIERSON relates the following: Before Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Russia, he told the Russian ambassador that he would destroy that empire. The ambassador's reply was, "Man proposes, but God disposes." "Tell your master," thundered the arrogant and self-confident Corsican, "that I am he that proposes, and I am he that disposes." It was a challenge to the living God to show who was the ruler of this world, and God accepted the challenge. He moved not from his august throne. But he sent one of his most humble messengers, the crystal snowflake, from heaven to punish the audacious boaster. Napoleon flung his army into Moscow, but in his retreat he left on the frozen plains the bulk of his vast army, and the official returns of the Russian authorities reported 213,516 French corpses and 95,816 dead horses.—*Juniata Rohrbach*.

A Mission Romance

"Is it worth our while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker. "I suppose we can stand it."

"Work thrown away!" grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by, who stopped in by accident, tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, all of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

About thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by "his children," as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakhatla Indians.—*Selected*.