

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 14

OPPORTUNITY



They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanquished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands
and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can;"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man.—*Walter Malone.*



The Shoemaker and the Little White Shoes

THE following story was related by one of the original crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:—

One morning during the crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: "My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?"

Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it, "Why not have this husband of yours converted?"

But she answered, hopelessly, "O, there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink."

"I'll come and see him this afternoon," I said.

"He'll insult you," she replied.

"No matter," I said, "my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord."

That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message, "My pa says he won't see any one."

But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said, "Go back and tell your papa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper."

I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

He read it slowly, and then throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently, "Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could if I wanted to."

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't, either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife."

"Never, no, never."

"When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere, she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say that you can keep from drinking if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself."

"I never saw it in that light before." Then, holding out his hand, which shook like an aspen leaf, he continued, "You speak the truth, madam; I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I can not do it, but to-morrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge."

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and can not help it. But I do want to tell you this: there is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."

"No matter; the sooner you begin, the better for you."

He threw himself upon his knees; and while I prayed, I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

His wife knelt beside me, and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner." And thus, out of the depths, he cried to God, and he heard him, and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain, and lifted every burden; and he arose a free, redeemed man.

When he rose from his knees, he said, "Now I will sign the pledge and keep it."

And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured — for he had a good trade — and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into Sunday-school with white shoes and white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

But what impressed me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time thus to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace.

— *Frances E. Willard.*

CARROL D. WRIGHT, once Labor Commissioner for the United States, says, concerning the causes of poverty and wretchedness among wage-earners: "In every case, so far as my observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system, nor the industrial condition surrounding the men and their families."

The Youth's Instructor

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No. 14

A Helping Hand

If I should see a brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be a messenger of hope and happiness,
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might sing a little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring a bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,
How could I hope to have my grief relieved
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know that day is lost wherein I failed to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show a burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

— Selected.

With Good Books

WE were marooned six full days in the little Brazilian village of Itajahy, two brethren and I, awaiting the sailing of a steamer. The engineer of the boat lent us a London journal in which was a paragraph packed full with suggestion, that I have wanted to share with others. It is but one paragraph of an essay, "From an Old Bookshelf," by Alexander Smith, an English writer, who died years ago. He touches a note that will be understood by every lover of good books:—

I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. . . . I see the pyramids building; I hear the shouting of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theater—the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp! what processions file past! what cities burn to heaven! what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! . . . The silence of the unpeopled plains, the outcomings and ingoings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession,—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world! What bleating of flocks! what green pastoral rest! what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.

Nicely put, is it not? I am sorry for the person who "doesn't like to read;" who is lonely and unoccupied unless there is some one to talk to, or somewhere to go, when not at work. One meets people at sea who can sit on the ship's deck and talk small talk day after day for three weeks at a stretch, thinking of nothing save to pass away the time. They know nothing of the joy and delight and companionship of a good book, and a quiet corner in which to read it. They have missed much.

Of course one must not be an unsocial, unpractical bookworm. That is a warping of nature. Morrison, the pioneer of Chinese missions, says that after he found in his youth the vanity of merely gay pleasures, he tried to make books his god; but found that also vanity. Then, giving first place to God and his service, he became none the less an earnest student and reader.

We can not pore over books as those who are not charged with an urgent message to the living and the dying. In the great reading-room of the British Museum, with a million or two volumes, one may see men at work who practically have lived with their faces buried in books. One man whom I saw in that room twenty years ago, was still at it, in the same corner, two years ago. He seemed to me shriveled like a parchment. But some of the heartiest of men have been those who have labored all their lives with reading glasses and pen to gather and classify information and spread it before us in well-written volumes.

What a story of toil and painstaking effort may a set of volumes on those shelves could tell if they could speak, aside from the story told within their covers. As the Lord said of Cyrus before he was



READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

born, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me," so, many a searcher and writer of books has been used beyond his own intent as a witness to the hand of God in the history of man. Many others have felt in their souls the burden laid upon them of God to pen these volumes. And we to whom so much of history sheds light on fulfilled and fulfilling prophecy thank God for the materials made available.

The taste for reading—thoughtful, purposeful reading—is one to be thankful for, and to be cultivated if lacking. It goes without saying that it must be wisely directed. There is genuine companionship in books.

"Reading, methinks I bend
Before the cross
Where died my King, my Friend.
The whole world's loss
For love of him is gain,
And shame is pride;
For there my God knew pain,
And the LIFE died.

"And yet again I stand
Where the seer stood,
Gazing across the strand,
Beyond the flood:
The gates of pearl afar,
The streets of gold,
The Bright and Morning Star
Mine eyes behold."

W. A. SPICER.

Books Worth While

THE following questions and answers concerning missionary books of a secular nature, by Mr. Amos R. Wells, appeared in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World*. Since each book named is representative of its class, it may be well to note whether we have read all of them. If we have not, the list may serve to direct our future reading:—

1. *What is probably the most interesting missionary book ever written?*

The autobiography of John G. Paton, the famous Scottish missionary to the New Hebrides, whose heroism and marvelous escapes from many perils furnish a thrilling chapter of missionary history.

2. *What is probably the most interesting home-mission book ever written?*

Probably the life of Marcus Whitman, the pioneer of the Northwest, whose heroic winter ride across the continent to visit Washington saved the Oregon territory from being abandoned by our government to the British.

3. *What is the greatest book of missionary exploration?*

The life of David Livingstone, who buried himself in the heart of Africa, and there for years, with no other white man, opened up ways that the missionaries and Christian civilization have since traveled, and became, while he was doing it, a power for God among the negroes.

4. *What is perhaps the most influential missionary biography ever written?*

The life and journals of Henry Martyn, the noble young missionary to India a century ago. His was a saintly life of heroic consecration, and he accomplished great things in spite of a feeble body, "burning out for God," as he said.

5. *Of the missionary martyrs, whose biography is the most interesting?*

Probably that of James Chalmers, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom the novelist called "the Great-Heart of New Guinea." His life among the savages of that barbarous island was full of adventure, and finally he was slain by the natives eight years ago.

6. *What may be called the fundamental missionary biography?*

Perhaps that of William Carey, the pioneer of present-day missions to India and the founder of modern missions. This "consecrated cobbler," as he was called, became a great scholar and one of the most influential men the world has ever seen. His life is full of instruction for all who are seeking the progress of the kingdom of God.

7. *What is the fundamental book for students of home missions?*

Probably the life of John Eliot, the pioneer missionary to the Indians, whose labors among them met with so much opposition, but who persisted, and proved the value of preaching the gospel to that despised race.

8. *What is perhaps the most interesting missionary account of a people?*

Perhaps "Chinese Characteristics," by Dr. A. H. Smith—a fascinating and statesmanlike account of a very wonderful people.

9. *What is the most interesting book on immigration to the United States?*

"Aliens or Americans?" Dr. Grose's famous textbook in the Forward Mission Study Course. It describes in a powerful and most graphic way the coming of immense numbers to this country from all the nations of the world.

10. *What is the most interesting study ever made of the condition of the United States with reference to the progress of Christianity?*

"Our Country," by Dr. Josiah Strong—a book that has moved profoundly a multitude of readers, and led them to see their duty toward the nation.

Great Missionary Books

WE cheat our minds if we do not feed them upon missionary books. No other reading will do so much to broaden and enrich the intellect. Missions range over the entire earth. As we become familiar with them, we are led into every land, and are introduced to the customs of all peoples. Missions are a constituent part of history. You can not understand the great events of the present century, such as the advance of Japan, the awakening of China, the unrest of India, the revolution in Turkey, without a knowledge of missions. In our land, too, missions are interwoven with our severest problems, such as the problems of the immigrant, the Indian, the Filipino, the great cities.

Fortunately missionary literature has come to be wonderfully full. Some of the best writing and publishing of the times has been lavished upon it. From every point of view, missionary reading is a duty one owes one's mind, to say nothing of one's soul.

Doubtless you already have a special interest in some missionary. Begin with him. Use the atlas as you go on. Read with the heart as well as with the head.—*Amos R. Wells, in Young People's Weekly.*

Wait and See

"I NEVER let bairns or fools see my pictures until they are done," said a Scotch artist to me once, quoting a familiar proverb of his countrymen. We are all but "bairns" in God's sight, and we sadly play the fool in regard to his providential dealings. As no artist is willing to have a judgment pronounced on painting or statue until the work is completed, so our heavenly Teacher bids us possess our souls in patience. "What I do thou knowest not *now*, but thou shalt know hereafter." We must wait and see. This world is but the preparatory school, in which character is on the easel or under the chisel; exhibition day will come in another world.—*Selected.*

"REMEMBER the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:8-11.

The Asiatic Archipelago

The Island of Borneo

THE large island of Borneo is one of the most interesting regions, and, perhaps, with the exception of New Guinea, the least-known island in the archipelago. There is much unexplored territory in the interior, and there are many tribes which have not yet formed the acquaintance of the white man. Its whole area is estimated at two hundred eighty thousand square miles, or about twenty thousand square miles larger than the State of Texas; and its form is a kind of irregular hexagon, divided almost into halves by the equator. The physical features of the interior are not yet known, except that it is mountainous, and that between the ranges there are immense plateaus. The coast lands are generally low and swampy, with isolated hills protruding here and there.

The climate is not generally oppressive, and in some places it is almost temperate. At the town of Pontianak, which is within a few miles of the equator, the mean reading of the thermometer is eighty-two degrees in the shade. The atmosphere is moist all the year round, and during the rainy season the torrents, while they last, are tremendous, and the wind is frequently violent. Some parts of the island are notoriously unhealthy, while in other parts the

European has as good a chance of living out his years as in any other tropical climate. Malarial fever is the dreaded scourge of the whole archipelago, and in many parts of Borneo it is especially prevalent. It would be safe to suppose that more people die of this disease alone than of all other causes combined. In some places it is impossible for a European to stay overnight without suffering from an attack, and the constant use of quinine seems to be an absolute necessity. The climate is damp, and stagnant water is so abundant that mosquitoes multiply with great rapidity, and they seem to be endowed with unusual vigor and sagacity, much to the discomfort of Europeans. The forests also swarm with leeches, which attach themselves to the legs of the pedestrians, and, circumventing the most carefully prepared protections, gorge themselves with blood before the unfortunate traveler is aware of it. In some parts of the island the inhabitants are much afflicted with a disease which they call *kurab*; it is a species of ringworm, and gradu-

ally spreads over the entire body. But generally speaking, the people are a healthy and robust race, and are not subject to such scourges as ravish the countries of China and India.

The flora of Borneo is very rich, the whole surface of the island being clothed in rampant verdure. The king of the forest is the tappen, which, rising to a great height, with a single branchless stem, is crowned with a splendid dome of foliage. Palm-trees are found in great variety, including the nipa-, cabbage-, fan-, coco-, and sago-palms. The last two afford large supplies of food to the natives. The forests of Borneo are gloomy, although in them is found that rarest of flowers, the orchid. It is a mistake to think that the tropics are gorgeous with flowers. Beautiful and fragrant flowers are found, but they are far apart; and there are many flowering trees, but they are not seen to advantage in the crowded forests. Nowhere in

these countries have I seen such lovely displays of wild flowers as I saw in Texas while passing through in the train last spring, or in the fields of England.

It has been found difficult to arrive at anything like a satisfactory estimate in regard to the number of inhabitants. The inland districts are known to be but thinly populated, and the Dyaks increase in number at a very slow rate, de-

spite their being both a healthy and a moral people. It is conjectured that there may be as many as three millions, but more modest estimates place the number as low as one million. The native population is classed in two great divisions, the Land Dyaks and the Sea Dyaks; and these are divided into many tribes, and the tribes again into villages, each of which has its own peculiar dialect, or language. Besides these, there are other tribes which belong to neither of the divisions, and are supposed to be distinct races, speaking different languages. The coast districts are also inhabited by natives from the other islands of the archipelago, and by Malays, Sulu islanders, and Chinese.

The Sea Dyaks are usually of middle height, or rather smaller. They are stoutly built, with broad chests and well-proportioned limbs, although usually not showing any great muscular development. The skin is brown, but a shade lighter than the Malay's. They have no hair on their faces; that on the head, black and smooth, is worn tide up in a knot, or else



BUFFALO IN THE PADDY, OR RICE-FIELD

is allowed to hang very loose and long behind, but cut more or less in front. The women are not so fine looking as the men, even when very young, but have flattened noses and narrow foreheads, and are small of stature. They usually wear a *ledang*, a kind of short petticoat wrapped tightly around the waist and hardly reaching to their knees. At times they also wear a jacket, or *baju*, as it is called. The strangest part of the dress of the Dyak women is their large collection of wonderful ornaments of every kind. The most usual are coil upon coil of brass wire worn around their waists and arms and legs, extending sometimes from their ankles to more than half-way to their knees, and they almost encase their waists with them. They also wear such a mass of earrings running up the edges of their ears, and hanging down over their shoulders, that the lobes of their ears are pulled out of place, and stretched to ribbons from sheer overweight and overcrowding. The fashions vary in different parts of the country, and among the different families and tribes, so that one description is altogether inadequate. The usual dress of the men consists of a *jawat*, a piece of cloth passed between the legs and secured at the waist before and behind, and as many ornaments as they can obtain.

The Land Dyaks have not the fearless look and bold disposition which distinguish the Sea Dyaks. They are quieter and milder in their habits, and more modest in their adornments. Their honesty and genuine goodness are said to be remarkable, and they are at the same time noted for their simplicity. The Malays often take advantage of this to impose upon them. They nickname them *Bodoh*, or Stupids, and make fun of their religion and superstitions. In past years the Land Dyaks suffered greatly from the head-hunting expeditions of the Sea Dyaks, by whom whole tribes were extirpated. The Malays, too, used to victimize them, and before the advent of better government made them work in the antimony mines at a ridiculous rate of pay. They raise sufficient rice for their own use, with a surplus to sell, and have an abundance of fruit, both cultivated and wild; while the forests give them a variety of products for their own use and for sale.

It is customary among many of the Dyak tribes for whole villages to dwell in one large house; and the houses are built on piles as high as fifteen feet from the ground. Probably these customs were first adopted to enable the inhabitants to better defend themselves

against attack. A Dyak house consists of two portions,—a veranda extending along the whole length of the house, usually facing the river, and a series of domiciles opening onto the veranda. The veranda is entered at the end, and by two or three doorways at the side. The ladders reaching from the ground to the house consist of one or more notched tree trunks, usually with a slight hand-rail, the use of which is frequently dispensed with by the nimble-footed inhabitants.

On entering a veranda the first thing that one sees is the long wooden partition, about eight or ten feet in height, that separates the veranda from the dwelling apartments; this is pierced at regular intervals by wooden doors, each of which gives access to a separate home. Sometimes the whole building remains one room, and small squares are allotted to each family. A long house may contain from ten to fifty homes, or even as many as eighty or one hundred, so that there may be

from fifty to five hundred persons in one of these strange village dwellings. The privacy of the home is respected, and immorality is unknown. The society of the neighbors can always be enjoyed on the veranda, where they sit and gossip, and smoke or chew betel, and where also the boys and unmarried men sleep, visitors are received, and public business is transacted.

Dyak religion consists of innumerable superstitions and crude ceremonies. Divination is practised, the favorite oracle being a pig's liver. If anything special is wanted, they inquire of the pig. If they fear that enemies are coming, or ill luck, or sickness, they ask the pig whether it is a fact that this will happen. They tell the pig not to mislead them, and to convey the right message to the great spirit. They frequently assure the pig that they are not going to kill and eat it; but it is killed the instant the talking is finished, lest the message should be altered by the pig if it knew it was to be killed. As soon as all the kicking is over, the side of the pig is opened, and the liver extracted and placed in a dish. The old men crowd around and discuss the augury. The size and character of the various lobes of the liver, the appearance of the gall-bladder, and the amount of fat and the tendons are objects of the closest scrutiny, and all have a definite sig-

nificance. Such is the foolish superstition of those who know not God. *

GEORGE TEASDALE.

(Concluded next week)



CHINESE WOMAN SHOWING HER NUDE SMALL FOOT



A NEW GUINEA NATIVE HOUSE



THE HOME CIRCLE



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

Two Home-Comings

THURSDAY; the maid already gone, having left a simple meal for two, ready to serve; Mrs. Ashley, intent on saving every possible minute for helping the little seamstress, who was working at high tension on a gown which Mrs. Ashley needed to wear that evening; the telephone-bell—a message to say that three friends would drop in to luncheon; and then Daughter Dulcie, slender, sixteen and competent, walking quietly in, home from her vacation twenty-four hours earlier than expected.

"What luck that I came!" was the first thing she said on learning the situation. "Things to tell you? Well, rather! But they'll keep till this crisis is past. You sit down, mother, and sew, just as if they weren't coming. I'll make omelet and whole-wheat muffins and cocoa—don't you give it a thought. Isn't it good that I saved a clean shirt-waist and brought it in my bag? And now I know why I lugged that bunch of asters home—to have on the table at our luncheon. O, but I'm glad I'm here!"

That evening, while Mrs. Ashley was paying the seamstress, Dulcie, close by, was exulting over the prettiness of the finished gown.

"Pretty? Yes, child," said Mrs. Ashley, with a look at Dulcie, that made the little seamstress suddenly homesick for her own mother, "but it's thanks to you that I have it ready for to-night, isn't it, Miss Brown? What would we have done if Dulcie hadn't come to-day?"

Before that week was over, the little seamstress, in another home, found herself realizing, as the morning slipped away, that there was still two days' work to be done before finishing her engagement at Mrs. Brewster's that night.

"If I could have a few hours of help this afternoon, Mrs. Brewster—" she had begun, when a cab rolled up to the door, and the sentence was never finished. Ethel Brewster, pretty and high-keyed, had come back from a summer jaunt.

"Completely bankrupt, mama," she announced gaily, at the threshold. "Didn't have car fare. That's why I took the cab, counting on your pocketbook at this end. Yes, I'm later than I said, but we found there was a faster train with a chair-car, so we waited. The laundress? O momsie, I utterly forgot what you wrote about having engaged her to do up my things to-day! Been here all the morning? Such a shame—for everything I have needs washing. I could have brought those things in my suit case instead of my trunk, just as well. And that isn't the worst. See this frightful trap-door, right in front of the only good skirt I have left—and school beginning to-morrow!" By this time there was a veil on one chair, a pair of gloves on another, a hat on the table, and a coat on the couch. For the rest of the day, while the little seamstress remodeled the torn skirt, and Ethel pervaded the house, pouring out continuous tales of

good times she had been having, her weary mother was following her about, picking up and putting away.

When Mrs. Brewster paid the little seamstress that night, she said, with a weary kindness, "It's not your fault in the least, Miss Brown, that you couldn't finish my dress. If it hadn't been for Ethel's coming to-day—"

There she stopped, and the little seamstress went away, thinking. She was going home to visit her own mother the following week.—*Selected.*

A Gilded Menace

THE *Golden Age* denounces the theater in the following strong way:—

That the stage as it is now conducted is an insidiously marked menace to morality and Christianity, is being clearly demonstrated by the press, the pulpit, and the platform. Of all the factors of evil—outside, perhaps, that of intemperance—the theater is the strongest, the most subtly undermining. We are constantly hearing the fact deplored that our girls are losing much of that sweet modesty and pure innocence that was once their greatest charm, and our boys, their chivalric regard for and confidence in pure womanhood. Wise heads and consecrated hearts searching for the cause and a remedy, find the evil suggestions of the theater as constantly flaunted before their impressionable minds, a mighty force.

A Call to Battle

Dr. Len Broughton, of Atlanta, that fearless man of God, who dares at all times and in all places to stand with unflinching determination for the right, unflinchingly against the wrong, characterizes the theater as the chief agency for demoralizing moral standards.

Evangelist J. J. Wicker recently delivered a carefully prepared address in Atlanta on the evil of the theater. It had its origin, he said, among the Greeks, and was an immoral and licentious thing. Athens suppressed the theater by law. The Roman theater became full of vice.

The present theater is, by the voice of its friends, condemned. McCrary, the actor, advised women not to attend the theater. Edwin Booth refused to permit his wife or daughter to attend a play till he had a good look at it.

Mary Anderson, whose clear, cloudless life stands out in such strong contrast against the background of her thousands of weaker colleagues, and who left the stage in the zenith of an unparalleled career, has never been induced to return to it. And in an interview concerning her action and the impossibility of her ever returning to it, she said: "There is too much of *real life* to be lived, too much of real good to be done, for me to spend mine in *acting a part* not my own. I never advise girls to go on the stage, but have kept many from doing it."

Mr. Clement Scott, a manager, says: "Stage life has a tendency to destroy the finer feelings and to substitute artificiality."

The United States has more murders than any other nation. The awful fake tragedies of the stage excite the passions of our youth, and train them for crime
(Concluded on page nine)



HEALTH HINTS

What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 16

Tuberculosis and the Young

IT seems bad enough when the gray-headed sire has his time cut short by tuberculosis; but what a pity that the disease should attack a little child! Naturally we think of tuberculosis as a disease of maturer years, and it may be surprising to some to learn that it is very frequent among children.

From what has already been said about vitality and resistance to disease, one might suppose the little child, apparently in perfect health, having never had any serious stomach trouble or other disease, ought to be able to maintain a vigorous resistance against the tubercle bacillus.

But it is not so. The infant is exceedingly susceptible to tubercular infection; in fact, the very young of all animals are much more subject to germ diseases than are the older animals. Scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria are children's diseases. Cancer may be mentioned as an exception, but most physicians now doubt that cancer is a germ disease.

Some assert that tuberculosis is essentially a children's disease, always contracted during childhood, but working so slowly that its effects are not usually perceived until in after years.

Some go so far as to maintain that tuberculosis is almost entirely a milk-borne disease, given to the young through cow's milk, and that dust contagion has little or nothing to do with it.

Others believe that the child in its younger years, crawling on the floor, putting everything it can into its mouth, gets the disease from the germs spread around by its elders.

The Pennsylvania department of health, in its exhibit at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, presented the graphic history of a tuberculosis house, a photographic copy of which is given on this page. The story of this house seems to point strongly to the theory that tuberculosis is a house disease, transmitted to the younger members by the dust.

It seems very probable that neither of these theories contains the whole truth. Undoubtedly milk infection is responsible for a portion of infant tuberculosis; but it seems just as certain that many cases of tubercular disease in the very young are the result of living with tubercular parents or relatives.

One hundred fifty children, whose parents were tubercular, were examined. More than half were found to be positively tubercular, and thirty-one others seemed tubercular, though they could not be positively called so. On the other hand, if children,

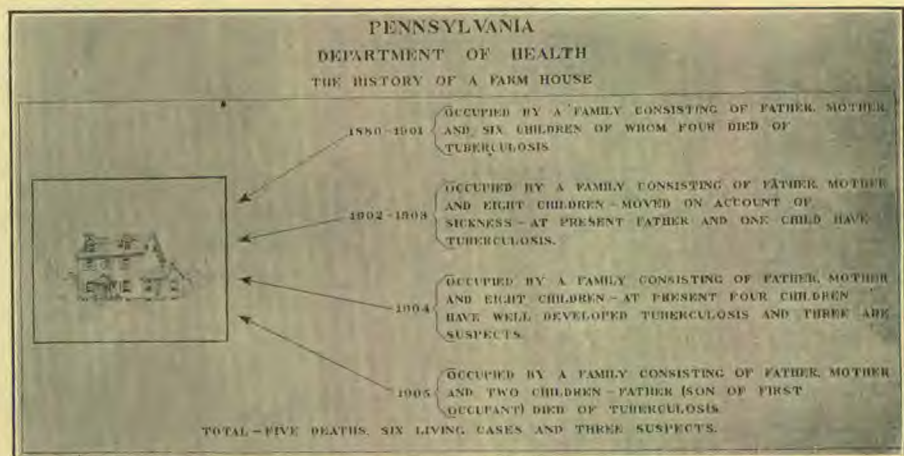
while very young, are taken away from tubercular parents and placed under good hygienic conditions, a much smaller proportion develop tuberculosis.

In infants under two months old, tuberculosis is quite rare, but the disease is more frequent in proportion to the age, so at the age of thirty practically every one is said to have had the disease.

Not by any means does tuberculosis in an infant necessarily mean a serious involvement of the lungs. There may be a brain fever, or tuberculosis meningitis, or a little later there may be surgical tuberculosis, affecting the bones and joints, or the glands (scrofula). These forms some suppose to be more particularly the result of the use of cow's milk. There are some, however, who believe that even in these cases the disease started in the lungs.

Bowel tuberculosis is sometimes present among children; some assert, directly as the result of using milk, others, secondarily from the lungs.

For every one of these opinions there are plausible



reasons given, and in many cases it is not possible to say which is the correct opinion.

Undoubtedly the safe way is not to neglect anything which seems to have to do with the transmission of tuberculosis. With the child especially, it is wise to regard both milk and dust as important factors.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

A Princeton Student's Wit

AN ingenious and amusing answer was recently given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Princeton University. An instructor gave the question: "Define transparent, translucent, and opaque."

"I can not, professor," answered the student, "precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: the windows of this room were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon, they will be opaque."—*Selected.*

Sneeze Is Cure for Faintness

THERE is no more sure cure for an attack of faintness than a hearty sneeze; it immediately stimulates the blood-vessels of the brain.

A grain or two of pepper, snuff, or tobacco introduced into the nose, or tickling its interior lightly, will usually insure a sneeze.

These simple procedures, or others similar in character, may prove invaluable when smelling-salts and other elegant aids are absent.—*Washington Times.*

Ten Short Talks on Christian Education—No. 10

The Consummation

THERE is a school in the hereafter,—a school where all are learners, and all are teachers. It is the same kind of school that God first established on earth, in Eden,—the kind he meant to have continued through all time; where, in the home, parents and older children should learn of their teachers, Christ and the angels, while at the same time teaching those younger. The school of heaven is the university for which this kindergarten of earth is fitting us. Will you look at its curriculum, that you may plan your present course aright to fit it?

It teaches obedience as the basis of peace and happiness: the kindergartner will not despise authority. It teaches unselfishness as the law of life: the pupil of earth will seek in every act to make others happy. It teaches faithfulness, in the orderly revolutions of the worlds, and in the recurrence of seasons and festivals in heaven: the primary learner will be persistent in the faithful performance of his duties. It teaches liberality and beneficence, in the bounty of the God who gives all things to his children: no mean and selfish student will be found in the primary school. It teaches self-denial; for reckless use of heaven's gifts would bring in sin and suffering anew: who, then, in this present school, will not be self-denying and self-restrained? It teaches diligence; and each candidate for that great school will now use every power of mind and body to its utmost in the accomplishing of God's purpose in time. It teaches love, and its love is the teaching force; and the love of God in the Christian now will draw him out to his fellow men.

What of the glories that lie beyond in the reaches of heaven's studies? Of them we may not speak; for we can not comprehend. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." We catch but dim glimpses of the glorious frontier; we hear but faint echoes of the symphonies of celestial choirs; we touch but the shadows that God's glories throw. Yet, if our eyes are open to the small vision, our ears attuned to the divine music, our hands outstretched for more and more, we shall not be left alone. God's text-books are not wanting. In the providences that crowd our lives, in the tragic and the sweet of other lives, on the pages of God's holy Word, yes, even in the scripture of the woods and fields, the waters and the skies. God speaks with the voice of the Master to his children. Let us take heed.

"The grace of the bending grasses,
The flush of the dawn-lit sky,
The scent that lingers and passes
When the loitering wind goes by,
Are gushes and hints of sweetness
From the unseen deeps afar,—
The foam-edge of heaven's completeness
Swept outward through flower and star.

"For the cloud and the leaf and the blossom,
The shadow, the flickering beam,
Are waifs on the sea-like bosom
Of beauty beyond our dream.
Its glow to our earth is given;
It freshens this lower air;
O the fathomless wells of heaven!
The springs of the earth rise there!"

A. W. SPAULDING.

Tuberculosis and Alcoholism

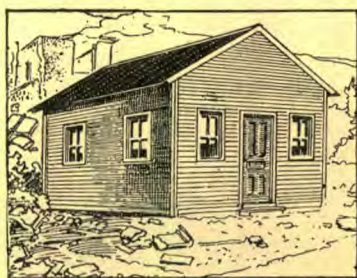
THE International Tuberculosis Congress, which met in Paris in 1905, passed the following resolution:—

"In view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, it is important to combat alcoholism as well as tuberculosis."

Alcohol predisposes to tuberculosis—by lowering vitality; by hereditary influences or taint; by injurious effects upon the lungs; by increased contagion in bad company; as a factor in bad housing and feeding.—*Dr. George Liebe.*

Three Thousand Houses for Messina

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BELKNAP, the American naval attaché, has gone to Naples, taking with him the three thousand wooden houses sent by the United States government for the Italian earthquake sufferers. About three fifths of the houses are destined for Messina, where some of them will form a street in the new city, which will probably receive an American name. The rest will be erected in a new suburb, which will be named Elena. The other two fifths will be erected on a site near Reggio di Calabria.



Popular Mechanics
Kind of House Sent to Messina

The Italian government is furnishing facilities for unloading and transporting the houses, and will also cooperate in their building. Commander Belknap will engage one hundred fifty carpenters in Naples, who will work under two American master carpenters. It is hoped that the houses will be ready for occupants, who are sorely in need of them, within thirty or forty days.—*Young People's Weekly.*

A Gilded Menace

(Concluded from page seven)

by suggesting it. Theaters are playing murder and other crimes ten months in the year.

Beecher says there is scarcely an evil incident to human life that is not to be learned in the theater. It epitomizes almost every human vice.

If you wish to be infected with vice, to burn for excitement, to excite low appetites, to destroy the effect of home and religious training, go to the theater.

Theodore L. Cuyler, the great preacher, said: "To a tremendous extent the theater is gilded nastiness."

Congress, shortly after the Declaration of Independence, passed a resolution recommending the several States to suppress the theater.

Is It Elevating?

"Is the average theater morally and spiritually elevating?" asked Dr. Holderby in a recent sermon. "If not, then it is plainly not the proper place for the Christian man or woman. That there are some plays not immoral no one will deny. But it is evident that such plays are very rare. If the theater does not tend to the elevation of the moral and spiritual life, then it is no place for the Christian."

It is the pure in heart who see purity, and whom it makes happy. It is those who love who can know love, and to whom it is unbounded joy. It is they who are of the truth, who hear truth's voice, to whom it is the music of the world. It is they who see, and know, and hear these things who become consciously at one with God.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Chewing-Gum Scheme

A FEW days ago a business man dropped a silver-mounted fountain pen through the grating in front of a large business building. They told him in the store that there was no access to the hole from the inside. There seemed to be no way out of the difficulty. Two newsboys saw him peering down into the grating, and became interested. "I'll git it out fer you, mister," spoke up one of them, "if you'll stand the expense. It'll take about a nickel's worth of chewing-gum."

The man said he would finance the gum scheme, whatever it might be.

A minute or two later the boy had dashed into the store and got a yardstick. Then he ran to the corner and bought five cents' worth of chewing-gum, which he was chewing vigorously on his return. As soon as this was properly softened by the process of mastication, he placed it on the end of the yardstick, stuck the stick through the grating until the gum met the pen, and brought it up with despatch.

The boy was properly rewarded, and is to be given a chance to develop his resourceful qualities on a larger scale.—*The Boy's World*.

Does God Care?

WINNIE laid away her largest, rosiest apple to give to a sick girl. "What do you do that for?" asked Johnnie.

"Because I want to please God, and he likes me to be kind to sick people."

"Do you think God cares about such little things?" said Johnnie. "Isn't he too busy taking care of big things? He has to make the sun rise and set, and to make things grow, and keep people alive. Would he have time to care for a little sick girl?"

Winnie pointed to mama, who was just then lifting the baby from the crib. "Do you think that mama is so busy with big folks that she forgets the baby? Of course not; she thinks of baby first, because he is so little that he needs her most. Don't you think God knows how to love as well as mothers?"—*Selected*.

* "I WILL not wander left or right;
The straightest road is shortest too."

The History of a Word

THE history of some of our English words is indeed interesting. Take, for instance, the word quiz.

Many years ago in the quaint city of Dublin, a group of hale and merry Irishmen were around a table in an inn, drinking copious drafts of ale. They were drinking to the health of many—the king, the queen, the butler, and all. Finally one of the number made a wager. He said, "I'll drink to the health of the fellow, and give him no small sum, who can have every man, woman, and child of Dublin saying a new word in the next twenty-four hours."

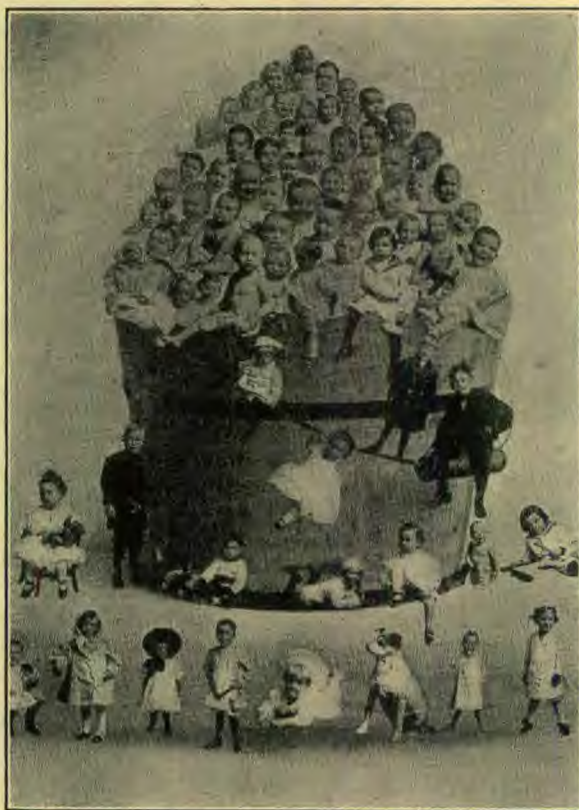
The successful competitor chose the following interesting way: he compounded into a word the letters Q, U, I, Z, which made an exceedingly odd-sounding word.

It happened to be Saturday evening, and on the next day all the Catholic population of Dublin would be out to attend early mass. He accordingly took advantage of that fact. At an early hour the next morning he had a small army of men out, painting, in glaring white letters, on fences, on bridges, in windows, and in every available place, his new-coined word—QUIZ.

As the worshipers thronged the streets that Sunday morning, everywhere there met their gaze a strange sight—"Quiz," in white. What could it all mean? Could it be that some strange thing had happened? Such were the queries with which each man accosted his neighbor. But no one could answer the question. It puzzled every one. It soon became a by-

word. And so it stands to-day for anything puzzling. It is safe to say that all Dublin had said Quiz that day, and that the ingenious man won the offered prize.

E. C. JAEGER.



From "The Circle"

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

GLADSTONE once heard of two young men who had become notorious for their drinking habits. He invited them to his castle, and pleaded with them until he obtained their promise to reform. Then he knelt with them and prayed earnestly that strength might be given them to keep their promise. One of the two is now a prominent Baptist preacher, and neither of them has touched a drop of intoxicating drink since.

—*Selected*.



Perspiration Versus Inspiration

BISHOP POTTER once listened to a young clergyman who sought in his speaking to imitate the methods of Talmage. "His voice," he said himself, "shook the church, and his gestures the pulpit." On meeting the bishop after the discourse, he made it easy for the reverend gentleman to give him a compliment, if he chose to do so. The bishop proffered advice rather than a compliment, saying, "My dear young friend, never mistake, in the pulpit, perspiration for inspiration."

Shaking Hands

IN shaking hands, people who are full of life, spirits, and good-will, never allow the hand to lie limp in that of the other party, but when they shake hands, they do it as if they meant the spirit as well as the letter of the custom. There should always be a difference, however, between the whole-souled "shake" and the deadly grip which occasions pain. A friendly pressure of the hand puts your visitor or chance acquaintance at his ease, leaving no doubt as to your disposition toward him. To most men and women, a firm, warm, friendly grasp of the hand is more expressive of character than the lowest bow, or most flattering words. — *Selected.*

Kindly Silence

THE kindness of silence is something we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in scandal, that when we know of the distress and humiliation that has befallen a friend's household in the wrong-doing of one of its members, we tell the tale only pityingly and with every extenuating circumstance, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our beloved that had stumbled into sin and disgrace, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our home had been rent with bitterness and dissension, would not the first impulse, a right and natural impulse, be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye? Would we not bless the friendship that so far as possible closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perforce had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the golden rule might have much wider practise than it has — the shielding of others by silence as we would have our own shielded! — *Selected.*

Wait

I SAW the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbor, "Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer.

"Well, then bring your basket." The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it, and disappeared among the vines; but

I marked that he was depositing in it all the while rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hidden himself. The woman stood at the fence meanwhile, patient and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-replenished basket, saying: "I have made you wait a good while, but you know the longer you have to wait, the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the Proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all: "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel — my needy, but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, "How long! how long!" At last he comes to me — how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying: "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while." Then I look, and behold! fruits more, richer, than I had asked for; and I pour my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him. — *Selected.*

Puzzled

Now when I hurt myself at play,—
I do, you know, most ev'ry day,—
My mother always kisses me,
And says, "I'm sorry as can be!"
But when to-night I told a lie,
And I could only cry and cry
'Cause I felt achy round my heart,
And all my throat began to smart,
She seemed to love to see me cry!
I wonder why she did, and why
Did mother say, "Dear little lad,
I am so glad, I am so glad"?

— *Alice Van Leer Carrick.*

Wanted to Be Prayed For

THERE is an eloquent preacher of the gospel in a distant part of our country, who a great many years ago was a rollicking sailor boy, with no leanings toward religion whatever. The way in which he was led to seek religion is not a part of this story. The point is that he did seek it, and so earnestly that he considerably startled and astonished people by his directness. Immediately on being convicted of his sins by God's Spirit, being on land, he found his way into a prayer-meeting. As soon as there was a chance, he asked to be prayed for. The good leader of the meeting did pray. A number of others prayed. They prayed about everything, almost, beginning with the far-off heathen, and the wanderers on the lonely deep, and gradually circling nearer and nearer, they would doubtless have reached him, if he had waited long enough. But he did not. Rising, and interrupting a loud, long-winded prayer, he looked straight at the leader with his earnest black eyes, and cried urgently and anxiously: "I said I wanted to be prayed for — and I want to be prayed for *neow!*"

Now that was a real Bartimeus-like style of seeking salvation. It is a style worth imitating. If any one wants to be a Christian, the manly, straightforward, dead-in-earnest way is the way to go about it. Let people know what your purpose is, and that you are in no mind to waste time over it. Starting to be a Christian is a very definite thing, and calls for certain definite steps to be taken. It is good common sense to stop shilly-shallying, stop delaying, stop all other business whatever till that business is settled, and then you can go on doing the other business of life to some purpose. — *The Wellspring.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Christ's Second Coming — No. 2

The Hope of the Ages

BEFORE beginning our study, I will ask you some questions on our previous lesson. Please give references, and quote as many of them as possible. Why does Jesus come again? Where will he find a great majority of his servants? What put them there? What made them subject to it? Where did it first appear? How is he able to deliver them? What has he in his possession?

Was this message of hope to us the same that inspired the ancients in their service for God? Read Enoch's prophecy as given in Jude 14. And that which makes this record so interesting is that Adam, the first man, lived within fifty-seven years of Enoch's translation. With their living together for three hundred eight years, and Enoch making the prophecy Jude records, it is easy for us to comprehend how Adam understood this wonderful subject. So we know the promise of the "seed" to Adam (Gen. 3:15; 15:5; 12:3; Gal. 3:16) was the promise of a Saviour, and included his second coming and the resurrection. O, soul-inspiring, heaven-sent message! Even the terrific storms of the deluge could not drown it.

Abraham was revived by its holy cheer. Note how he lived in the land of promise. Heb. 11:9. Were his possessions here? Acts 7:2-5. What was his hope? Rom. 4:13; Heb. 11:9, 16, 10. What did he know must befall him? Gen. 15:15. How did he die? Of what was he persuaded? and to what did he confess? Heb. 11:13. To what did Jacob look forward? Gen. 49:10, last clause. Listen to the witness Job bears as to its sustaining power, while amid the fiercest trials of life. Job 14:11, 12, 14, 15; 19:25-27.

David, the sweet singer of Israel, as the Spirit of inspiration rested upon him (2 Peter 1:21), declared in song, accompanied by the rich music of his harp, the wonders of that great day. Ps. 50:3-6. He has not yet received his inheritance. Acts 2:29, 34. He was satisfied with the plan of God. Ps. 17:15.

Solomon knew the helpless, hopeless condition of man, and wrote of it in Eccl. 9:4-6, 10; 3:18-21; 12:1-7; 6:6. But of God's plan he speaks in Prov. 2:5-8; 10:29, first clause. Listen to Isaiah as he joins the multitude of witnesses. Isa. 26:19. Ezekiel, in harmony with all who have preceded him, declares his faith. Eze. 37:1-14. And Malachi, the last of the prophets of Israel, also adds his part to this message, which has increased in volume with the passing of time. Mal. 3:1, 2.

From the time Jesus announced the message of John 11:25 to Mary to the time the angels sang over the rent sepulcher, "Thou hast vanquished Satan and the powers of darkness; thou hast swallowed up death in victory" ("Desire of Ages"), the space was short. Heaven rejoiced with loudest praise (Rev. 12:10, 12), but Satan knew full well that his days were numbered (verse 12), and that soon he would have to give account to God for his terrible work.

With the additional power now given to this message, "the hope of the ages," by the resurrection of Christ, and his work and teaching while on earth, the disciples, going forth in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, declared what they had seen and heard concerning it. So Peter, in speaking of the scene on the mount of transfiguration (Matt. 17:1-6), declares it to have been an exhibition of the Lord's "power and coming" (2 Peter 1:16-18), when all his children shall receive the blessing of his promise to Mary. 1 Thess. 4:16, 17. But even though they had seen this wonderful occurrence, Peter declares something else to be "more sure." 2 Peter 1:19. Matthew (24:30, 31), Mark (13:26, 27), Luke (9:26; 21:27), and John (14:1-3) tell the story as they heard it from the lips of the Saviour. And Paul, although at one time he desired immediate translation (Phil. 1:23), to be clothed then with his "house which is from heaven" (2 Cor. 5:2), as he approached the time when he was to witness for his faith with his life, declared himself to be content with the plan of God. 2 Tim. 4:6-8; 1 Thess. 4:13-17.

John, the last of the apostles, in vision on lonely Patmos, saw the glories of that great event when the people of God receive their reward. Rev. 1:7; 6:14-17. Angels also, bright, shining creatures from the New Jerusalem, at Christ's ascension joined the chosen of earth, and helped proclaim the glad tidings of man's coming redemption. Acts 1:10, 11.

"Who may abide the day of his coming"? "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."
CHANCY WOOD.

Echoes From the Missionary Volunteer Convention Held at Vienna, New York

WE need not leave home to have an active part in this grand work. We can speak a word for the truth to our neighbors and friends. We can try to encourage and strengthen those who are weak. Another way is to scatter the printed page. Many will read who would not listen. We can also write letters to our friends, and tell them how precious the truth is to us.

EMMA TWITCHELL.

OUR society is organized, not for amusement nor for recreation, but for the salvation of souls.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

A SOCIETY leader should feel responsible to God to impress each member with the importance of becoming a worker for God.

MRS. MARY HOXIE.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course Lesson XXVI—"Great Controversy,"

Chapter XLII

The Controversy Ended

1. WHEN are the wicked dead resurrected? Where are God's children at that time?
2. How does Satan induce the wicked to engage in a final struggle for supremacy?
3. Give a vivid description of the army which surrounds the city of God.
4. What is seen within the city? What song is heard?
5. How are the wicked forcefully reminded of the terrible works of Satan? Of their own sins?

6. What do the lost exclaim as they view the city?
7. What are Satan's meditations as he stands before the city? Does he repent?
8. How does his experience warn us against harboring known sin?
9. How will the history of sin prove that the honor of God's law insures happiness?
10. What texts are used in describing the destruction of the wicked?
11. What is the only reminder of sin which the saints will have through eternity?
12. How is God's original purpose for the earth fulfilled?
13. What does 1 Cor. 2:9 say of the home of the saved? Give several other texts which speak of it.
14. What educational inducements does heaven offer? What about home life in heaven insures happiness?

Notes

"They tell of a city far up in the sky,
I want to go there, I do;
'Tis built in the land of 'the sweet by and by,'
I want to go there, don't you?
There Jesus has gone to prepare us all homes,
I want to go there, I do;
Where sickness nor sorrow nor death ever comes,
I want to go there, don't you?"

"Its gates are of pearl, its streets are all gold,
I want to go there, I do;
The Lamb is the light of that city, we're told,
I want to go there, don't you?
Death robs us all here, there none ever die,
I want to go there, I do;
There loved ones will never again say good-by,
I want to go there, don't you?"

CHORUS:

"I want to go there, I want to go there,
I want to go there, I do;
I want to go there, I want to go there,
I want to go there, don't you?"

"When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip,
I want to go there, I do;
With heads all uncovered to greet the old ship,
I want to be there, don't you?
When all the ship's company meet on the strand,
I want to go there, I do;
With songs on their lips and with harps in their hands,
I want to be there, don't you?"

"When Jesus is crowned the King of all kings,
I want to be there, I do;
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,
I want to be there, don't you?
Halleluiah! we'll shout again and again,
I want to be there, I do;
And close with the chorus, Amen and Amen,
I want to be there, don't you?"

CHORUS:

"I want to be there, I mean to be there,
I expect to go there, I do;
I want to go there, I mean to be there,
I expect to be there, don't you?"

The last two chapters in "Early Writings" give many additional thoughts on this lesson.

The Ideal Missionary Volunteer

AN ideal is a standard set, a mark for which we aim. Life makes little progress with nothing beyond for which to strive. As Missionary Volunteers we have an aim, an ideal. It is found in the words, "The advent message to all the world in this generation." This we have purposed to do "for the love of Christ constraineth us." It means that our lives must be filled so full of the love of God and his dear Son that every action, every look, every thought, and every

word we utter, will be to lift him up that others may behold their Saviour. It means that though every one else deserts when the conflict is fiercest, we will press on, following the Captain's voice.

At the fight at Scarytown, Virginia, a soldier, John Haven, was wounded, his right hip being shot away just as he was passing a ball to his gun. When the captain saw this brave young man fall, he ran, picked him up, and carried him in his own arms to a place of safety. "Never mind me, captain," exclaimed the dying man, "but don't let that flag go down." The young people who have enlisted in the Missionary Volunteer army should be no less loyal to the truth.

When one of the regiments was being beaten back by the hordes of Russia at the battle of Alma, the ensign stood his ground as the troops retreated. "Bring back the colors," the captain shouted. "Bring the men up to the colors," was the brave reply. Every Missionary Volunteer must stand bravely for the standard of truth until he has reached the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, till the last particle of dross is separated from his character, and he has received the polish which causes him to reflect the divine image.

No standard below perfection should be sighted. A friend once called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some months later he called again. The sculptor was still at work. His friend exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the artist. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said the friend, "all these are trifles." "That may be," replied Angelo; "but recollect that while trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle."

Let us daily press on toward the "mark" which has been set before us, remembering, when the battle rages, that our Commander has said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

MRS. F. C. WEBSTER.

The Love of Books

"I HAVE learned to leave books alone," spoke a rather intelligent person. He continued: "I have no love for books. I know I am to blame. But when a boy of fifteen, I gave up reading, and by habit I am left to-day without a desire to read the best books. A few years ago I might have had a good position, but my knowledge was so sparse they could not employ me. I have made a grave mistake, and I hope, while young, you will not be so unwise as I have been, for it is hard to change the habits of an old man. If I were to speak from my own experience, I would say: 'Begin early to cultivate a love for the best books,—books which have influenced men, manners, and matters. Not many, but a few books will work wonders in a young person's career.'"—*Selected.*

OUR Reading Course is going very well. I do not have the names of all as yet, but I feel very much encouraged in this work. I have received letters telling me how much they enjoyed the study, and how much good they felt they had received. One society of eight members are all taking the course, and I think some of the older ones are joining them in this work.

E. L. NEFF.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III — The Birth of John the Baptist; the Birth of Jesus

(April 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 1:57 to 2:1-7; Matt. 1:18-25.

GENEALOGY OF JESUS: Luke 3:23-38; Matt. 1:1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

The Lesson Story

1. When John was born, the relatives and neighbors of Zacharias and Elizabeth came to rejoice with them. They wanted the child to have the name of his father, but Elizabeth remembered what the angel had declared his name should be, so she said, "Not so; but he shall be called John." Her friends told her that none of their relatives bore that name. "And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, His name is John. And they marveled all. And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue loosed, and he spake, and praised God.

2. "And fear came on all that dwelt round about them: and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be! And the hand of the Lord was with him."

3. Zacharias was filled with God's Spirit, and spoke words of praise, and foretold the work God had called his son John to do. He said: "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways." Jesus was soon coming to the world to die for men, and John's work was to prepare the people to receive him.

4. "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel."

5. About that time Cæsar Augustus, the Roman emperor, commanded that all the people in the world should be taxed. Joseph, who lived in Nazareth, went to Bethlehem, his native town, to be taxed. Mary his wife, who had been chosen to be the mother of Jesus, went with him.

6. Holy angels attended Joseph and Mary as they traveled the road to Bethlehem. The prophet of God had declared many years before this that Jesus should be born in Bethlehem, but none in that place were looking for him. Joseph and Mary went from the city gate to the end of the town, seeking a place where they could remain overnight, but they found none. They were finally forced to stay in a rude building where animals found shelter.

7. Here Jesus was born. And his mother "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." Jesus had no costly clothes, no rich surroundings, when he was an infant; and though he was the king and commander of all the angel hosts, "yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." For our sakes he exchanged his heavenly home for a manger.

8. The priests and great men among the Jews professed to believe that Jesus was soon coming, but they were seeking riches and honor, and were not ready to welcome him when he finally came to them. Only a very few were really waiting and longing for Jesus to come. It will be the same when the Lord of glory comes the second time.

9. The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream before Jesus was born, and told him that Mary should have a son; and the angel said, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

10. Another name was given the Saviour by the prophet Isaiah, who, speaking of Jesus, said, "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

Questions

1. How did the friends of Zacharias and Elizabeth show their joy at the birth of John? What name did they wish to give him? What did Elizabeth remember? What did she say? How did her friends reply to this? What did they then do? In what way did Zacharias reply? Why were the parents of John so particular as to what his name should be? What did the Lord do for Zacharias at this time? Luke 1:58-64.

2. How widely known were the circumstances of John's birth? How did the people in all that region feel concerning these things? What did they say? How was John blessed while a child? Luke 1:66.

3. With what was Zacharias filled? Concerning what did he prophesy? What did he say John should be called? Why? Who was soon coming to this world? What work was given to John? Luke 1:67-79.

4. What is said of John when he was a child? Where did he live till he began his public work? Luke 1:80.

5. Who was the Roman emperor at this time? What did he command? Among others, who went to Bethlehem to be taxed? Why? Where did Joseph live? Who went with him to Bethlehem? Luke 2:1-5.

6. Who accompanied Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem? What had been declared concerning this town many years before? Micah 5:2. How many in that place were looking for Jesus? What difficulty did Joseph and Mary have in finding shelter?

7. What event took place while Joseph and Mary were in Bethlehem? How was the infant Jesus dressed? Where was he laid? What did Jesus not have when he was born? What place had he occupied in heaven? What did he become for our sakes? What exchange did he make? Luke 2:7; 2 Cor. 8:9.

8. For what did the Jews profess to be looking? Why were they not ready to welcome him? How many were longing for him to come? When will this be true again?

9. Who appeared to Joseph before Jesus was born? How? What name did the angel say should be given to Mary's son? What does this name mean? Matt. 1:21, margin. From what will Jesus save his people? How many sinners did he come to save?

10. What name was given to Jesus by the prophet Isaiah? What does this name mean? Matt. 1:23.

"I DARE do all that does become a man:
Who dares do more is none."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



III — The Birth of John the Baptist; the Birth of Jesus

(April 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 1: 57-80; 2: 1-7; Matt. 1: 18-25.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 1: 21.

GENEALOGY OF JESUS: Luke 3: 23-38; Matt. 1: 1-17.

The apparent difference between these two genealogies is best explained by the supposition that Matthew gives the royal descent of Jesus, through the males, while Luke gives the descent from Mary, through Joseph the son, or son-in-law, of Mary's father, or Heli. Men only are mentioned because, according to Jewish law, the descent, or genealogy, is so reckoned.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 4; chapter 10, pages 100-102.

TIME: B. C. 4, birth of Jesus. "It is very perplexing to many to find that Jesus was actually born four years before the time from which we count his birth. The simple reason is that no one calculated dates from the birth of Christ until centuries after he was born, and then Dionysius Exiguus, the monk who published the calculations in A. D. 526, made a mistake of four years. . . . Since it is impossible to rectify the dates in all books and records in the world, we simply apply the true dates to the life of Christ. He was five years old at the close of A. D. 1."—*Pe-loubet*.

Questions

The Birth of John the Baptist

1. When the time for the fulfilment of God's promise to Zacharias came; what occurred? Luke 1: 57, 58.
2. How was the name of the child selected? Verses 59-63.
3. What blessing came to Zacharias? How were the people affected? Verses 64-66.
4. What additional great blessing was bestowed upon Zacharias? Verse 67.
5. What was the burden of his prophecy? Verses 68-79; note 1.
6. What is said of the early life of John? Verse 80.

Birth of Jesus

7. What announcement was made to Joseph concerning Mary? Matt. 1: 21.
8. Of what would this birth be a fulfilment? Verses 22, 23.
9. What is the meaning of the word Emmanuel? Verse 23. See also John 1: 14; note 2.
10. What decree went forth about the time of John's birth? Luke 2: 1, 2; note 3.
11. What persons are especially mentioned as meeting the requirements of this decree? To what place did they go? Why? Verses 3-5.
12. What occurred while they were at Bethlehem? Verses 6, 7.

Notes

1. The prophecy of Zacharias may be summed up in the following: Redemption to Israel; the appearance of a Saviour in the house of David as predicted of old; the remembering of God's holy covenant to Abraham; deliverance from our enemies in order that we may serve God; John the forerunner of David's Son, to give knowledge of salvation from sin, light to those in dark-

ness, and to guide us in the path of peace eternal.

2. Jesus — Saviour; Emmanuel — God with us. Thus was salvation brought to us. "The Word was made flesh." He became one with poor lost humanity, that every lost soul might be saved and become one with God.

3. The word "enrolled" (see margin) is better than "taxed." This was a register preparatory to the taxing. This decree was given by Augustus Cæsar in his twenty-eighth year, under the Roman governor Quirinus. Both Joseph and Mary, being of the seed of David, went up to Bethlehem.

The Sabbath-School Lessons

BEGINNING with April, 1909, the Sabbath-school lessons in all divisions for seven quarters will be on the life of Christ. This series will afford opportunity for a careful review of the life of the Master.

What a sublime theme for study is that of the life of Jesus when on earth! While our Sabbath-school lessons are always helpful, we feel that this series will be especially so for the young people, if diligently and prayerfully studied. It will take study, of course, to reap the benefit of the lessons, as there is no royal road to learning. Knowledge and wisdom are never on the bargain table. They come to us by hard study.

During the time covered by this series of lessons on the life of the Saviour, we invite all our young people to visit the Holy Land, and live, so to speak, amid the scenes of our Saviour's life on earth. Live in spirit, if not in body, in Palestine. Secure a good map of the country, and trace the footsteps of Jesus. Study the location of the towns and cities. Look up the history of the country and people, and master, as far as possible, the circumstances surrounding the Saviour when he spoke his parables, or gave instruction to the people in other ways.

All our young people should read each week the chapters referred to in the lesson in "Desire of Ages," "Spirit of Prophecy," and "Christ's Object Lessons." These books throw the most light on the life of Jesus of any books written, except the Bible. Study these books diligently. Consult reference books, and such other helps as will give correct information on the lessons.

But above all should we study the beautiful character of Jesus as revealed in the holy life which he lived while on earth. He knows the temptations and trials which surround the young; for he grew up from childhood to manhood. The apostle says that by beholding we "are changed into the same image." So by beholding the matchless charms revealed in the life of Jesus as he lived on earth, we are "changed into the same image." So in the study of this special series of lessons we trust that the spiritual truths with which the lessons are so rich will be studied, and that they will become a part of our own spiritual life. The Sabbath-school is a blessing to us personally just in proportion as we are built up spiritually.

These lessons are prepared with much care, by experienced writers and competent Bible students. They are worthy of *real study*. The subject is sublime; the field is unlimited. The lessons are not intended to be exhaustive, but suggestive. A prayerful and diligent study of these lessons each week will be attended with the most beneficent results. By carefully studying the lessons, the truths of the message will fill our minds. It is thus that we become anchored, and prepared to withstand the coming storm.

G. B. THOMPSON.

The Youth's Instructor

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

You will be interested to read Elder G. B. Thompson's articles on the preceding page, entitled "The Sabbath-school Lessons."

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL, known throughout the world as the friend of dumb animals, died on the sixteenth of March, at the age of eighty-six. He was president of the American Humane Educational Association, and editor of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Comrades of the Quiet Hour

ALL Christian Endeavorers who promise to spend at least fifteen minutes a day, preferably in the early morning, in quiet communion with God and meditation on his Word, are enrolled as "Comrades of the Quiet Hour." Last August there were 45,654 members of this excellent order.

An Interesting Letter

THE following letter from Brother Palmer contains an interesting suggestion. Read it, and perhaps you will want to act upon the idea given in the letter:—

To the Editor of the Youth's Instructor,—

At a camp-meeting in one of our largest conferences last season an incident occurred which impressed me as teaching an important lesson.

The conference committee had secured a liberal supply of the Temperance number of the *Watchman* for free distribution at the time of the proposed temperance rally. When the people were dismissed from the meetings, our workers stood at the gate, and gave a copy of the paper to all who would receive it.

One of our young men, on entering the grounds a short time after the people had left, noticed that quite a number of the papers had been thrown away. He picked up three that were uninjured, took them out to the corner of the street, and in five minutes sold them for ten cents each. With his thirty cents, he went to the dining tent, bought a good dinner for twenty cents, and had ten cents left. Then he went to the conference committee, and asked them to let him have the papers at cost to sell in the city while he was attending the camp-meeting. From that time, his average sales were one hundred copies a day, at ten cents each. He worked from eight o'clock in the morning until noon. The one hundred copies cost him three dollars, and he sold them for ten dollars, thus earning

seven dollars a day, while attending all the meetings except those between eight o'clock in the morning and noon.

The people who purchased the papers undoubtedly read them with more profit than did those who had received them gratis. The conference received what the papers had cost, and the young man was blessed both spiritually and financially through his experiences.

This incident suggests the thought that the work might be organized at all our camp-meetings so that quite a little army of young people might sell the Temperance number of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* in territory adjacent to these meetings.

Such an effort would advertise the camp-meeting throughout the community, help the temperance rallies, and prove a real blessing to the young people.

Perhaps the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department would enjoy pushing such an enterprise.

E. R. PALMER.

Where Are These Institutions?

ACCORDING to last week's *INSTRUCTOR*, the location and the president of each of the following schools are given in this number:—

Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.	Charles Wm. Eliot
Yale, New Haven, Conn.	Arthur T. Hadley
Williams, Williamstown, Mass.	Harry L. Garfield
Leland Stanford, Jr., Palto Alto, Cal.	David Starr Jordan
Clark, Worcester, Mass.	G. Stanley Hall
Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.	Ira Remsen
Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor, Mich.	James B. Angell
Princeton, Princeton, N. J.	Woodrow Wilson
Columbia, Manhattan Boro, N. Y.	N. M. Butler
Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Jas. M. Taylor
Amherst, Amherst, Mass.	George Harris
Wellesley, Wellesley, Mass.	Caroline Hazard
Oberlin, Oberlin, Ohio	Henry C. King
Brown, Providence, R. I.	W. H. P. Faunce
Bowdoin, Brunswick, Maine	Wm. De Witt Hyde
Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.	J. G. Schurman
Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.	Wm. G. Tucker
Georgetown, Washington, D. C.	Joseph J. Hemmel
Radcliffe, Cambridge, Mass.	Le Baron R. Briggs
Tufts, Medford, Mass.	F. W. Hamilton
Smith, North Hampton, Mass.	L. Clark Seelye
Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia, Pa.	Charles C. Harrison
Valparaiso, Valparaiso, Ind.	Henry B. Brown
Hampton, Hampton, Va.	H. B. Frissell
Tuskegee, Tuskegee, Ala.	Booker T. Washington
Howard, Washington, D. C.	Wilbur P. Thirkield
Pratt, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Charles M. Pratt
Berea, Berea, Ky.	Wm. G. Frost
Drake, Des Moines, Iowa	H. M. Bell
George Washington, Washington, D. C.	Chas. W. Needham
Girard, Philadelphia, Pa.	A. H. Fetterolf
Mass. Ins. of Technology, Boston, Mass.	Richard Mac Laurin
Miami, Oxford, Ohio	Guy P. Benton
Milton, Milton, Wis.	George S. Davis
Normal, New York City	W. C. Daland
Northwestern, Evanston, Ill.	Abram W. Harris
Purdue, La Fayette, Ind.	W. E. Stone
Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Pa.	M. C. Thomas

A Working Rule

If one aims to become a Christian worker, and has made an honest consecration of time and talents, what eminently important thing comes next? AMIE.

ONCE upon a time an eminent Christian worker was asked that same question by a young woman. He replied instantly:—

"Next put your feelings in your pocket, and never take them out. No one who aims to be an aggressive, successful worker for Christ can afford to have *feelings*."

Another worker said the same thing in different language:—

"Keep always at the forefront that line from a gospel hymn which personates the Master,— 'This I bore for thee; what hast thou borne for me?'"