

John Lawrence

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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From Painting by C. Burton Barber

"IN DISGRACE"



How to Sell Our Magazines

THE following suggestions will be found helpful in the sale of the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Life and Health*, *Liberty* magazine, the *Protestant Magazine*, or any of our ten-cent magazines:—

1. Read the magazine. Each number has a peculiar individuality. Know what you sell. Impress yourself with its value.

2. Hold your head high. Be proud of your work. You are a philanthropist, doing mankind a great service. Wear a smile.

3. Be brief. Make a ten-cent talk. Don't tell all you know. Leave the dollar and two-dollar speeches to our friend, the book agent. Arouse curiosity, and create the desire to buy. Let the magazine do the rest.

4. Don't argue. You may (may not) win the debate. If you do, remember that a defeated customer seldom buys. Refer all arguments, queries, etc., to the magazine itself. Make a SALE!

5. Use tact. Read your customer's attitude. Agree with him, if possible. You can do so on many points. Suit your talk to his needs. But, make a SALE.

6. Be courteous. If the lady refuses to buy, thank her cheerily, and assure her that there is some one just around the corner waiting to buy the magazine. Such an attitude will frequently surprise the customer and provoke a sale, after all.

7. Develop regular customers. The grocer, the milkman, and the baker sell regularly. Why not you? If your territory is limited, learn to handle several magazines, selling them in rotation each month. Try the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Life and Health*, *Liberty* magazine, or the *Protestant Magazine*. Handle only one at a time, however.

8. Improve special opportunities. Sell to crowds attending conventions, to those going to or from lectures or the theater. Sell on the streets Saturday nights, and in the public parks (if permissible and advisable) on Sunday afternoons. Good sales are also frequently made near post-offices week-days and Sunday forenoons.

9. Work your territory thoroughly. Visit every house. Don't avoid the rich. Many of them long for, and need, just what you have to offer. Do not skip the business district. Our experienced agents now consider it the best field for sales.

10. Don't give up! To fall is no crime, but the failure to rise again. Continue to call at the houses where you failed. The Japanese charged two hundred three Meter Hill a dozen times, we are told, before they finally carried it, then lost it—and regained it. After that they held it. Instead of giving up, proceed to analyze the causes of your defeats. Stop and sell yourself a copy of the magazine. Blame not the work nor the magazine, if you fail. Other agents are piling up good sales records in all parts of the country.

How the Magazines Actually Sell

Here are seven records, taken from actual experiences, showing how our ten-cent magazines sell in cities and towns:—

1. Largest sale in one single day, made by a tall, bashful girl in the city of San Jose, California. Copies sold, 230. Street sales. Worked some after supper. First week's work. Day's profit, \$16.10.

2. Best record for eight hours' work (on three succeeding days), 260 copies sold. Lady agent. Profit, per hour, \$2.27.

3. One year's scholarship in Union College earned in three weeks by a young lady in California. After paying her expenses and ticket from San Francisco to Lincoln, Nebraska, she had nearly \$50 left.

4. Seventy-six copies sold in two hours by a young lady in Illinois. Copies sold per hour, 38. Profit, \$5.32, or \$2.66 per hour. Selling thousands of copies right along.

5. A seven-weeks' record of over 25 copies sold per hour. Retail value of sales, per hour, over \$2.50. Profit, per hour, \$1.75. This, for seven weeks.

6. A New Orleans agent sold 200 copies in eight hours. "Everybody reached out for the magazine. It is a fine seller," she writes. Average sales per hour, 25 copies. Profit, \$14, or \$1.75 per hour.

7. Ninety-one copies sold in four hours, by a beginner, in Georgia. "Entering a nice store," she says: "I called for the proprietor, sold him a copy, and asked permission to work the store. He replied: 'Work the store, and the whole town, for that matter, and much success to you! I happen to be the mayor.'"

These are only a few of the many good records found in scores of letters received from our agents. While, of course, all are not equally adapted to this work, all classes of people seem to be able to do something in the sale of magazines. Some of the very best records have been made by those who, heretofore, have not been considered good salesmen or salesladies. Boys and girls, young men and young ladies, old men and old ladies,—all seem to enjoy the work, and are able to report at least some degree of success.

If at all possible, please order your magazines through, and arrange for territory with, your State tract society. If you must order direct, send cash with order.

Prices of Magazines

Single copies, 10 cents; 5 to 20 copies, 5 cents each; 25 to 400 copies, 4 cents; 500 to 800 copies, 3½ cents; 1,000 or more, 3 cents.

The Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR varies slightly in price, as follows: 25 to 99 copies, 4 cents each; 100 to 499 copies, 3¾ cents. Other prices the same.

Join our large force of nearly 3,000 agents now handling the Temperance number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Life and Health*, and *Liberty* magazine. Or, perhaps you would prefer to handle the new quarterly, the *Protestant Magazine*. Try 25 copies of any of the four magazines for \$1. Sell them to your neighbors, friends, and townspeople. Or, send sixteen cents in stamps for one sample copy of each of the four magazines.

In applying for agency, kindly send a written recommendation from your pastor, teacher, banker, State tract society, or leading business firm of your town. Address your tract society, or Periodical Department, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 11, 1909

No. 19

The Quiet Hour

BE still, my soul; for God would speak to thee,
And teach thee words of wisdom thou shouldst
know;
Alas! too often hast thou spurned his voice
And closed thine eyes to visions he would show.

Let anxious thought of worldly honor cease;
Let love of gain be driven from thine heart;
These can not help thee on the upward way,
Nor keep from out thy soul sin's fiery dart.

Be calm, and let the One who knoweth all
Impart the secret that will give thee peace,
And help in making clearer day by day
How burdened, anxious spirits find release.

Life's quiet moments bring the truest joys;
The thoughtful student wins the rarest prize;
So God from out the quiet of our souls
Will kindle holy aspirations for the skies.

—B. S. Ferrall, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Wanted—Young People. Why? When? Where?

TO preach the gospel. Now. In every land. The first recorded act of Andrew after he found Jesus is: "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah." This is often the first duty that comes to us as workers for Christ. Many never receive a call to do anything greater, because they fail in this. They who are always looking for a great place in God's work may not be called at all; and those who are willing to do *any* work, and *do* it, may be exalted. For we read, The "first shall be last; and the last first."

"Go work to-day," is spoken to every true child of God. Then why excuse ourselves by saying, "I will go if God calls me"? Perhaps he has called, and you have not heard. It may be a work has already been given you which has not been done. There may be some doubtful ones, who wish to see a sign—they want to see that "brightness of the noonday sun," or hear the voice from the "burning bush."

Consecrated young people having a knowledge of the message, and possessing the blessing of health, are needed in every land. Think of the millions in our own country who sit in the "valley of the shadow of death." Think, my friends, of the millions of Spanish people who are blinded by superstition, and almost crushed by the yoke of Rome. How can we believe we are the "ambassadors of Christ," "the royal priesthood," "a chosen nation," when we put forth such feeble efforts to warn the world of its coming doom? Four hundred fifty million Chinese and Japanese stand on the crumbling verge of a Christless grave.

Forty years have we lingered on the borders of the promised land. We hear the message, "There shall be delay no longer." Men's hearts fail them for fear; the nations are angry; the world feels the tread of mighty armies. We hear the voice of Satan, like a "roaring lion," in the earthquake and the storm. Pestilence walks in the darkness, and famine is abroad in the land. There remains one great work to the people of God. "And after these things I saw another

angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice." The darkness of this world must first be specked with lights. Some must "fill the breach;" their feet must stand "between the living and the dead."

Meditate upon the words of the Saviour, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple." The Lord can supply the means to send workers; for the gold and silver are his, and

the cattle upon a thousand hills. But where are the planters to sow the seed? God does not compel men to serve him, but the invitation is given, "Come." The great Shepherd of the sheep does not *drive* his flock, but leads them. We do not see him in the cloudy pillar, nor hear his voice from the "smoking mount;" but the evidences given of divine

leadership are sufficiently strong. Soon will be heard the voice of God. Soon will the trumpet's blast rend the trembling skies. "In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth."

Kobe, Japan.

WALTER L. FOSTER.



THE COURT OF A MEXICAN HOME

Mexican Customs

IN the state of Jalisco, upon one of Mexico's grand plateaus, at an elevation of five thousand feet, lies the city of Guadalajara. It is styled the "Star of the West," the "City of Eternal Spring."

Built on either side of a small river, with long, straight, clean, but narrow streets shut in by high adobe walls, with here a barred window, and there a steel-protected doorway, the city casts a gloom over

her visitors. The sidewalks are generally wide enough for two, but sometimes the brick walk narrows into almost nothing. We prefer walking in the paved street, swept clean by men, women, and children with *escobas*, native brooms. These brooms are bunches of a coarse grass that grows five feet high without a joint. Sometimes these round bunches of straw are fastened to a handle that enables the sweeper to work in an upright position. The sweepers also sprinkle the streets, using pans and buckets.

The dress of the rich is neat and elegant, but the poor wear tatters. Peasant women trudge along with a huge basket of goods as their only head-dress, with a thin black shawl about their shoulders, with ragged skirts and bare feet. A poor man wears a blouse and loose-fitting trousers of white cotton, a hat with a very wide up-turned rim, and leather sandals.

A *cargador* (porter) carries our baggage to the hotel. The trunk and other bundles are held secure on his back by means of a leather thong about his forehead. He seems to vie with the heavily loaded burros, or even with the ox cart, in transferring huge quantities of baggage.

The adobe walls of the buildings line the narrow ways, leaving no dooryards of lawn and flowers to cheer the passer-by.

Let us enter a home of our friends. The wide doorway opens into a *segun* (hall). We are attracted by the bright paintings on either side,—country scenes, a waterfall, or, perchance, a lake with bamboo and palm-trees, and high wooded hills in the background. The *cancel* (inner door) is framed of steel. Responding to our knock, the mistress of the home takes a huge key from its nail on the wall, and opening the door, bids us enter. "Your house is at your disposal," she says, and we appreciate her hearty welcome.

Standing on the tiled floor of the wide corridor, we feast our eyes upon the beautiful potted plants that decorate these inner hallways. These corridors are roofed with brick and adobe, the roof being supported on the inner side by the wall of the building, on the outer side by huge stone pillars and arches.

The corridors surround an open court, *patio*, that contains some choice trees, a lawn, and flowers. In this particular patio is a cedar, a pine, a fresno, a sapote, a mango, a chirimoya, an orange, and a lemon tree, besides many roses, violets, hybiscus, and choice geraniums.

Each room opens into the corridor. The floors are all of tiling, much of it laid in blocks ten inches square. The bricks are shaded with red, gray, and brown tints.

The walls are sixteen feet high, and the doors and windows in proportion.

It is only because the gentleman of the house is a true Christian, that he has not offered us cigars, and invited us to smoke with him, and that the servant has not presented us with wine.

On Sunday morning we go to the market, a building occupying an entire square. Within the building are all kinds of fruits and vegetables, meats, nuts, candies, and pastry for sale. Within a circle at the center are some very pretty flowers on sale. Outside of the building, bordering the narrow streets, are all kinds of eatables spread out on the road. There are also laces and bright-colored fabrics, trinkets, toys, and clay models on display.

Near by we notice a woman with a *brasero*, a portable clay stove, on which charcoal is burned, preparing breakfast. She is frying corn cakes upon a wide pan that covers the *brasero*, or brazier. Those who patronize this cook sit on the curbstone or squat in the street to enjoy their repast.

The great cathedral is near by. As we step into its beautiful auditorium and hear sweet strains of music from the choir, we are lost in wonder. But we quickly turn to observe the worshippers. Poor and rich mingle together in kneeling and praying and crossing themselves. We notice one old man clad in rags, with his wares hanging at his side, enter the door softly and silently. He bows before the image of Mary, moves his lips in silent devotion, at times making the sign of the cross. At length he quietly moves away, and is soon out on the street, once more calling out his wares in sonorous tones. In the street many are anxiously following his example, while just beyond a fence the churchyard is filled with worshippers on their knees, who seem undisturbed by the clatter over merchandise in the street.

Greatly do these people need a religion that will change their hearts and conform their lives to that of our heavenly Pattern. God must use some one to give them the words of life. May he use you, dear reader?

W. A. YARNELL.



A MEXICAN MARKET



A COMMON SCENE IN MEXICO

Prsvryprfctmnrkpthsprcptstn

To show the importance of the vowel "e" in all writings, one needs only to refer to the above heading, an inscription over the decalogue in a country church. It remained unread for two hundred years. Insert the letter "e" in the proper places, and it will read: "Persevere, ye perfect men; ever keep these precepts ten.—Graphite.



Your Tempers

HOW are they? Do you become impatient under trial? fretful when chided or crossed? angry and revengeful when injured? vain when flattered? proud when prospered? complaining when chastened? unbelieving when seemingly forsaken? unkind when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honor or ease? Are you feeling contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature.—*The Common People.*

Silent Witnessing

AN American teacher was employed in Japan on the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. The engagement was faithfully kept, and he lived before his students the Christ-life, but never spoke of it to them. Not a word was said to influence the young men committed to his care. But so beautiful was his character, and so blameless his example, that forty of the students, unknown to him, met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered the Kioto Christian Training-School, and some of them are now preaching the gospel which their teacher has unconsciously commended. Christ's gospel received its corroboration in its fruitage.—*Hugh T. Kerr, in Sunday School Times.*

Familiar With the Word

TIME has been in the Protestant churches when the Psalms were not only rehearsed from day to day, but they were so universally sung that the common people knew them, even though they did not know the letters in which they were written. Time was when bishops would ordain no man to the ministry unless he knew "David" by heart, and could repeat each psalm correctly; even councils of the church have decreed that no one should hold an ecclesiastical office unless he knew the whole psalter by heart. Edmund Calamy, in commenting upon Ps. 119:72, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver," said that David was very different from most men of our day, who are bending all their energies of body and mind to the accumulation of gold and silver.

Remember what is said of King Alfonsus, that he read the Bible fourteen times with such commentaries as those times afforded. Cranmer, who with Ridley suffered martyrdom in the sixteenth century, memorized the New Testament in his journey to Rome; and Ridley memorized it in Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge. Thomas a Kempis found rest nowhere but in a corner with his Bible in hand. Beza, when eighty years old, could repeat by heart any Greek chapter in Paul's epistles. These examples should incite all to a

more faithful study of the Bible. Never has a person been known at the end of life to regret having spent too much time with his Bible. David said its teaching is "more to be desired . . . than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

L. F. STARR.

Is Sin Ever a Good Thing?

ANY good that, in God's loving mercy, we are permitted to work out of sinful experiences, is always brought to pass in spite of our sin, never, never, never by means of it. No good ever came into the life of any child of God by the help of God's arch-enemy, the devil. No good thing ever came to pass in the midst of, or in connection with, sin that could not have been brought to pass more effectively, abundantly, and blessedly without sin. Sin fights good at every step of the way. God never uses sin; he always and only overrules it, brushes it aside, casts it from him in stern enmity, turns its power into impotence for the sake of his children; but uses it never. God did not need the sin of Joseph's brethren to get Joseph into Egypt for the salvation of both Egypt and Canaan. He could have brought that to pass without sin; he brought it to pass in spite of sin. God is constantly repeating the same miracle for us, of bringing good into our lives in spite of the sin with which we try to crowd his good out. But he can turn that good into better as fast as we cease fighting against it with sin.—*Sunday School Times.*

The New Birth Means Forgiveness of Sin

THE American Tract Society has published, in tract form, the following true incident, which perfectly illustrates forgiveness and physical restoration. A young colonel had been seriously wounded in the battle at Gettysburg, and been taken to the hospital. The father was sent for and informed that the son could not live more than four days. He was requested to break the sad intelligence to his boy. The colonel betrayed great agitation when told of his condition, and begged his father to help him get ready for eternity. The father tells the story in his own words:—

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty?"

"Yes, I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"O, yes! Can I be, father?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now, father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

"At once an incident which occurred during the schooldays of my son, came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in — you came home one day, and, I having occasion to rebuke you, you became angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes, father; I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and

I wanted to ask you once more to forgive me.'

"Do you remember how, after the paroxysm of anger had subsided, you came in and threw your arms around my neck, and said: "My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me?"'

"Yes; I remember it distinctly.'

"Do you remember what I said, as you wept upon my neck?"

"Very well. You said, "I forgive you with all my heart," and kissed me. I shall never forget those words.'

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly. I never doubted your word.'

"Did you then feel happy again?"

"Yes, perfectly; and since that time I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly, and said, "I forgive you with all my heart."'

"Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell him, "I am sorry," just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love forgave you, will he forgive you. Then you must take his word for it, just as you did mine.'

"Why, father, is this the way to become a Christian?"

"I know of no other.'

"Why, father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how.'

"He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He, too, I was soon assured, had done His. The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it longed for, 'I forgive you,' and believed it.

"I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word 'father' in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had come.

"Father, my dear father! I don't want you to weep any more; you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know he has, for he says so, and I take his word for it, just as I did yours.'

"The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy; looked at him; felt his pulse, which he had been watching with nervous anxiety, and said, 'Why, colonel, you look better.'

"I am better, doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I wish you would become a Christian, too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it.'

The colonel still lives, a member of the church of Christ.—*Selected.*



A Light That Went Out in Darkness

EDWARD DUNBAR, who wrote the old Sunday-school song, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kansas, where he died a tramp. One night in the spring of 1890, Dunbar called at the jail for lodging. He was ill, and the authorities took him in. He died the next day. Papers in his pocket revealed his identity, and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people have erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words are inscribed: "Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote, 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'" The drink did it. Alas! it is not the mere knots on the branches of society that are destroyed by drink. The most brilliant lights have gone out in darkness through the accursed draft that blows from the saloon door.—*Selected.*

"Breathing Lessons"

AN old lady lifted her hands and eyes in despair when she heard a young girl remark that she was going to her breathing lessons. "What next!" exclaimed the old lady. "Really, it seems to me that the world is going insane in its craze for fads. Breathing lessons, indeed! As if we were not sent into this life with knowledge enough to breathe!"

But, while this old lady had lived a long time in the world, she had not learned many valuable facts. She thought on the same mental lines which were popular in her early youth, and failed to see that the human race was growing wiser in some directions, if more foolish in others. While we all have been breathing ever since we were born, very few of us have known how to breathe properly. The majority of us use only a third of our breathing apparatus.

Thousands of human beings leave all the lower tiers of cells in their lungs unswept and unaired year after year. They inhale and exhale the breath through the mouth, and use about as much lung power as a canary bird.

The right use of the breath has much to do with the mind and with the attainment of spiritual strength, as well as with mere physical well-being. In the ancient languages "soul," "spirit," and "breath" are all the same word.

There is no more effective cure for nervousness and irritability than to go into a room alone and sit in an upright position and devote ten or fifteen minutes to slow, regular, deep inhalations. Keep the mouth closed, and the eyes as well; breathe from the abdomen and inhale while counting seven. Exhale slowly through the nostrils while counting the same number.

This simple little exercise indulged in for ten minutes will calm the nerves, clear the brain, and expand the lungs. It will give new direction to the thoughts, and help to bring order out of disorder. I have known a delicate lad who came of consumptive stock to develop into good health, and to increase his chest meas-

"WITHIN twenty miles of New York's city hall there is a population of one million Jews, more than in all America besides. It is the greatest aggregation of Jews in any one spot on the earth, being one eleventh of the entire Jewish population of the globe. Here are one fifth as many Jews as in Russia, one half as many as in Austria-Hungary, four times as many as are in the British Isles, ten times as many as in the Holy Land, and twenty times as many as dwell in Jerusalem."

ure an inch in less than six months' time, by ten deep inhalations every morning.

A young woman, after years of semi-invalidism, bloomed into rosy health by taking breathing lessons while walking to and from the business in which she was employed. She began by inhaling while taking three steps and exhaling with the next three. After a few days she was able to increase the time to seven steps, and eventually to ten and twenty. Her chest expanded, her complexion changed from sallow to rosy, and all with no aid of doctors or health resorts.

Learn to breathe before you attempt to learn any profession, art, or science; and before you consult any physician regarding your lack of health, try a few weeks' of systematic inhalations of fresh air.—*New York Journal*.

The Breath

THE breath of a healthy person has no odor. This is equivalent to saying that no one whose breath has habitually a disagreeable odor is in absolute health. Somewhere there is trouble, the presence of which, although not always the location of it, is betrayed by the expired air.

A person with bad breath is not always aware of his misfortune, or perhaps one should say the misfortune of his friends, and it is a kindness and a duty on the part of his family to tell him. The trouble can almost always be bettered, if not entirely removed, and it is the duty of one so afflicted to place himself in the physician's hands for care.

The cause of a bad breath is often evident, but sometimes a very careful examination, weighing and rejecting one by one the different possibilities, is necessary before the seat of trouble can be determined.

Local troubles must be looked for and corrected. Catarrh of the nasal passages, or of one or more of the cavities in the bones of the face communicating with the nose, may cause a very foul breath; this can be relieved in many cases by snuffing up some antiseptic fluid—well diluted, for the nasal mucous membrane is sensitive—through each nostril several times a day. The nasal douche, so often recommended, should be used only under the direction of a physician.

The mouth is often the place of origin of the odor. Decayed teeth, or the decomposition of food particles allowed to remain between the teeth, or receding gums with suppuration round the edges of the teeth, may one or all affect the breath unpleasantly. The regular use of the tooth-brush with an antiseptic mouth wash will usually remedy this.

There may be an accumulation of "fur" at the back of the mouth, which gives an odor to the breath; this should be removed with a spoon or the ring in one of the handles of a pair of scissors.

Trouble in any part of the digestive tract is very likely to declare itself in the breath. Constipation, especially, is so betrayed.

It is well known that some foods, onions, for example, will scent the breath, but it is not so generally appreciated that the eating of a large amount of meat will often give a peculiarly disagreeable quality to the breath. The emotions may have their effect too, and the ill-tempered person or the worrier is thus an offense in more ways than one.

There is seldom any excuse for permanent bad breath, for the physician can almost always discover and remove the cause.—*Youth's Companion*.

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



Company Manners Dangerous

NONE can not be a lady or a gentleman some of the time, and a bear the rest of the time, without making unguarded slips. What we do habitually we tend to do all the time. Company manners are very dangerous things. Those who practise them are always betraying themselves. Such manners are like good clothes, that are worn only occasionally,—the wearer never becomes sufficiently used to the seldom-worn garments to feel easy and comfortable in them, and is all the time betraying the fact. Like clothes, which must be worn often enough for the wearer to become unconscious of them, good manners must become so habitual that we shall practise them spontaneously and unconsciously.—*O. S. Marden*.

Dropping of Standards

ALL safeguards, all self-respect and consideration for others, are thrown down in many homes, and everybody is thought to be at liberty to be just as slovenly, cross, crabbed, and disagreeable as he pleases.

There is no one thing more fatal to that dignity of bearing, that refinement, that personal grace which commands respect, than this habit of dropping all standards of ordinary good behavior and conduct in the home. It fosters a vulgarity which is demoralizing to all the laws of character building and right living. This easy-going, slipshod manner of living, as practised in many homes, tends to the loss of self-respect and respect for one another.

How can you expect the respect of the members of your family, or of those who work for you, when you do not show any sort of respect, or deference, or kindness, or consideration for them, and when you act as if anything was good enough for them?—*O. S. Marden*.

No Time

IN fact, most young people waste enough time each week to provide an abundance of time for private prayer, Bible study, and the reading of missionary literature. It is all a question of choice and purpose in life. One person loses mental if not physical vigor, and frequently moral power, by staying up late for an engagement of fleeting pleasure and questionable character, if often indulged in. The brain moves slowly next day, and school work or business suffers. Another person of the same age keeps regular and reasonable hours of eating, sleeping, and working, saves energy by not expending it when no permanent gain is to result, and thereby works rapidly, learns quickly, preserves health, and chooses best because he gets in many engagements of high intellectual and spiritual order.

More young people "have no time" because they waste it or do not know how to use it than because they have filled the hours with work and pleasures well worth while. For this reason engagements which cater to temporary and sometimes selfish gratification get the time which ought by right to be

given to good reading, the study of the Bible and missions, and the doing of a reasonable amount of church work. If any person who reads this comment does not believe in its conclusion, but really desires to get the profit of mission and Bible study, let him keep a faithful record of the use of time, minute by minute, for one week. Earnest prayer for wisdom to decide whether there is nothing of such inferior importance that it can not give way to regular habits of spiritual culture, Christian training, and unselfish devotion to church work will usually result in the discovery that there is time to learn and do the will of God with respect to these things.—*Selected.*

'Tis Well

'Tis well to set aside
A little time each day,
To dust and sweep with care,
And put your things away.

The angels love to come,
Where floors are thor'ly swept,
And everything is neat and clean,
And all's in order kept.

E. C. JAEGER.

An Uncommon Courtesy

A YEAR or so ago a New York newspaper, always on the lookout for telling novelties, sent a woman correspondent on the weary round of trolleys and ferry-boats during the rush hour, with instructions to report the number of men who arose to offer her a seat on car or boat. I forget the statistics in the case. It would have been a mere bagatelle by comparison had she been bidden to keep tally of the women who thanked tired men for resigning to them what were perhaps the first seats the men had had since business hours began. Nowhere are my sensibilities outraged more frequently and my pride of sex more humbled than upon the street-cars and other public modes of transportation. I am confident that I speak within bounds in saying that not one in ten of the women who accept seats from men of all ages (for which sittings the men have paid as honestly as the women have paid for theirs) thanks the man for his courtesy. Giddy matinee girls drop into the places vacated by silver-haired men who might be their grandfathers, with never so much as an upward glance of acknowledgment. Fine ladies, who have been passing away an hour in looking over the new styles, refreshing themselves afterward by a cup of afternoon tea at the Waldorf-Astoria, take, as their royal right, spaces offered by haggard toilers in the hardest portion of the world's vineyard. When one happens to bethink herself to return a gracious "Thank you; you are very kind!" the air of astonishment the man can not wholly conceal is a striking commentary upon the rarity of the experience.

"It gave me an electric thrill when I heard you thank that man for giving up his seat to you!" said a young kinsman who was my attendant in a street-car. "I do not think I have heard another woman do it in a year."

Have we American women grown arrogant by reason of the deference we have always had from our big brother? — *Marion Harland, in The Independent.*

A TENTH of a grain of helpful suggestion is worth many tons of destructive criticism.—*Dr. Schaeffer.*

Do We Mean It?

"Do those young people mean what they say?" We were just returning from the students' prayer-meeting, and my friend, who was a Christian though not of our faith, broke a thoughtful silence with this earnest question.

There had been a short talk by the leader on the power of influence and the need of being faithful in little things, followed by a good "social meeting," such as is common on Friday evenings in many of our denominational schools. My friend was a bright young girl, about the age of these students, and this was her first attendance at such a meeting, though she knew many of those who took part in it.

"Why do so many close their remarks with the same words? Is it just the proper form, or do they mean it?" she continued, as I hesitated to commit myself. "Nearly every one ends with, 'Pray for me, that I may be faithful,' or, 'I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be more faithful.' Do they really pray for each other? It must be a great help to one, when tempted to be inconstant, to know that each member of that company has surely been praying for him."

I had often thought of those expressions myself, and feared that they were many times formal and meaningless. I could only answer in a general way that I thought many of the students were trying to acquire habits of faithfulness, and realized to some extent the influence that their example would have on their fellow students.

Again came the query; "But do they pray for each other? Are they faithful about that?"

I confessed that I did not know, but was easily able to see the point that if each one prayed as requested, he would be helping to answer the prayers of others for him and his own prayers for himself and for others in this matter; for, to be true to himself, he must diligently seek to be what he asks that other may be, and he is bound to do all in his power to help them reach the standard—most of all by his example.

And, further, when a temptation comes to slight one's work, to skip over a bit of drudgery, to enjoy the forbidden pleasure—"just this once," he may be helped by the thought that the faithful are praying for him, that he may be true and loyal, and that his influence may be what he wanted it to be when he made his request in the meeting.

LAURA FOSTER-RATHBUN.

Danger on the Enemy's Ground

[The following incident related by Mrs. E. H. Kynett, shows the danger of voluntarily placing one's self on the enemy's ground. Of course he would not let the opportunity pass without making a determined effort to win the person to his ranks.—EDITOR.]

CLAUDIE TREMBLEY was a bright little girl, who was taught in her early childhood to love the Lord and keep his commandments. At the age of ten years she was left an orphan, in the care of her mother's sister, who was a Spiritualist. She was a dear, kind auntie, and did all that she could to educate Claudie until she was well grown. Claudie, being of a cheerful disposition and willing to work, had no difficulty in finding enough to do to maintain herself comfortably.

Her aunt had taught her that she might communicate with her mother if she would only believe, but she would not allow a Spiritualist medium even to make a pretense of calling up the spirit of her mother.

When about nineteen years old, she had a desire to

attend a Spiritualist camp-meeting, just for an outing, and, as she told me, "to see what they do," not thinking that it would have any effect on her mind.

After that she visited me for two weeks in Battle Creek, Michigan. I could see that she was worldly minded, and seemed to care more for dress than for the solid truths of God's Word.

One day, when I was having a talk with her, she told me that she had always thought that she would sometime become a Christian, and keep the commandments of God, "for," she said, "if the Bible is true, the Seventh-day Adventists have the truth. But," she continued, "I will not withhold from you any longer that I am now a Spiritualist, and I will tell you how it came about.

"While on the camp-ground I was one day passing the medium's tent when a lady asked me to come in. She told me that my mother was in the spirit-land, and would like to talk with me. I smiled and said that it was impossible, for my mother was dead, and could not talk.

"Immediately there was a pair of hands held before my face. Those slender white fingers looked just like my mother's. At first I could not believe, but as I scanned those fingers, I discovered the ring that my mother wore, which was buried with her on her finger. It looked very natural; then I knew that my mother stood before me, and those were her hands."

I listened till she finished her story; then I said: "Claudie, you knew that your mother's spirit stood before you, and that her hands appeared to you. They looked natural, and the ring also looked natural, and you knew it was the spirit of your mother's finger-ring." She stood a moment in silence. She saw the absurdity of an inanimate thing having a spirit, and exclaimed, "I never thought of it that way before. O, how foolish I've been! Satan brought that before my eyes to deceive me. I'll never believe in Spiritualism again."

She began to read the Bible, and made a full surrender to Jesus. This was not done without a hard struggle, but she gained the victory. She died at the age of twenty-two, with the full assurance of Jesus' soon coming, and that she will be awakened at the sound of the last trumpet, to meet the Lord in the air and dwell with him forever.

MRS. E. H. KYNETT.

One Step into the Kingdom of Heaven

JESUS illustrated every truth, and a favorite expression with him was, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto" so and so, illustrating some great truth; and though he used many illustrations, he did not exhaust the similes by any means. So, reverently, we may illustrate the truths pertaining to that sweet kingdom of grace he invites us so graciously to enter. The kingdom of heaven may be likened unto a man standing upon the border-line of a country ruled by a tyrant. Just before him lies a country where everybody is free, and whenever he wills, he may step into it and be free.

Jesus told the twelve, when he sent them out to heal and to preach about the kingdom, to say, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," or "is nigh unto you," as it is in Luke. As it was nigh them, so it is nigh you and me to-day; and whenever we wish, we may step into it. You say you do not understand, that you would gladly leave the tyranny of Satan, and step into a life of freedom and blessedness, if you only knew how.

God asks us to take only one step at a time. That step will take us into his favor and acceptance. It is the office work of the Holy Spirit to tell us what our next step is, but you have the blest assurance of "standing fast in the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free." I can not tell you what your next step is. It may be the breaking off of some bad habit, by faith in God's help. It may be the keeping of all God's commandments. It may be the effort to become reconciled to some one you have wronged; or with whom you have had a disagreement, or the taking up of some work for God.

You know the step; why hesitate? You say, "If I take that step, I shall have to take others that I do not like to take." You do not know about that. God knows you; and what one is fitted for soon becomes enjoyable work. God's service, whether high or low, becomes a loved service. There should be no jar in it. We may have opposition, no doubt will have, and warfare, also steps without number. The ground we stand upon, if we are far out in the world, is fast breaking off, and we shall have to make a run of it to get on solid ground before Jesus comes; but every step is safe if we do not hesitate.

You may say, "I would take what seems my next step willingly if I was perfectly sure it was upon solid ground." Yes, it is true that the step into the kingdom of heaven is a step of faith, and we often mistake presumption for faith, and the path of self-interest for God's narrow way. We make mistakes and step wrong when we think we are going right. Some one has likened a man bound for the kingdom to a ship that had cast loose from the wharf to make a long journey. "Get to going," said he, "cast off the shore-line. As long as you lie rotting at the wharf, God can not guide you anywhere; but hoist the sail, put on steam, and cut loose from the world, and even if you are going wrong, he can turn you around if you have headway."

The agnostic, I-don't-know spirit of waiting and hesitating till you are perfectly sure you are right, is of the devil. The sooner you cut loose from it, the better for you. We read in Joel, "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." This is to be in the last days. The valley of "decision" becomes the valley of "concision," or cutting off, as you will see by the margin of Joel 3:14. You do not wish to be cut off from God's help and favor, do you? Then why hesitate till too late? Take the one step into God's acceptance to-day; for "the kingdom of heaven is nigh unto you."

E. L. PAULDING.

Need of More Enthusiasm

AFTER the battle of Lookout Mountain, when the federal troops cleared the heights with a dash that was irresistible, General Grant sent to General Wood and asked, "Did you order that charge?" He said, "No." To Hooker and to Sheridan the same inquiry was put, and from them the same response was received. The fact was that the men were filled with such enthusiasm that nothing could have stopped them. They leaped to the fray, defying danger and death, and when victory was gained were filled with glad wonder at it. When the church of Christ is filled with enthusiasm for the conquest of the world, it will go forward, whether earthly leaders give the word of command or not. It will hear his command who has promised his presence unto the end of the age, and will do wonders in his name.—*The Expositor*.

Children's Page



Mother's Comfort

I KNOW a little girlie,
With loving eyes of blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true;
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own;
But the greatest of her treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

O, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Better far than floods the skies!
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is name of "Mother's Comfort,"
This little treasure, mine.

—Selected.

A Pleasant Occasion in Padang, Sumatra

RECENTLY we had a pleasant time with the children whom we invited to our mission home. Special preparations had been made for them, with pleasant surprises in little bags which they could take home. The bags, being made of a variety of colored prints, were prized especially by the little girls.

We fixed up a four-masted sailing ship with full sails, with the colors of every nation flying from bow to stern; these were given by Mr. Kranich, the grocer. The "gallant ship" was laden with a cargo of little sacks of rice, choice wood, cinnamon, etc.

The ship, with its thirty sheets of miniature sails, measured about five feet in length, and stood on a platform decorated with palm leaves and flowers, at the back of which stood a fragrant box-tree, upon the branches of which was fixed a variety of colored wax candles, illuminating the whole. Both in appearance and sweet perfume the blossoms of the box-tree (which are out in profusion at present) resemble the lovely, pure-white jasmine.

About fifteen minutes were devoted to singing and prayer, and a short exhortation "to get ready for the soon coming of Jesus to take his obedient and happy children to the beautiful place he has gone to prepare." It sounded good to us to hear these Dutch voices raised (in their own tongue) to sing the good old tune—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there."

If ever I enjoyed addressing a company, it was on this occasion, when these children, with eager eyes and mouths open, took in all that was said.

One pleasing sight to me was to see the chairs and

seats we had made with our own hands, crowded with eager little ones whom Jesus loves and longs to save.

To be served and waited upon with refreshments at the hands of Europeans was regarded as a new departure from East Indian etiquette.

Some of the parents who were present seemed to enjoy the gathering as much as did their children. We in turn felt grateful for this another opportunity of enabling us to come closer to precious souls for whom Jesus died.—*G. A. Wantzlick.*

Sewing on a Button

"MARIAN," called mama from her chamber, "will you sew the button on grandpa's coat, please? My head aches so I can't."

"Won't another time do?" answered a doleful voice from the depths of a book. "I've just come to the last chapter, and it's so exciting!"

"No, dear," said mama, "grandpa is going to town



A Lively Time.

"The grandpa clock
upon the stair
Ran down last night,"
said mother.
I always miss such
curious sights
In one way or
another!

From the Round Table

in a few minutes, and must have his coat. He saved the button. It is in one of the pockets."

Marian often sewed on grandpa's buttons. She was proud of knowing how. Only, to-day, she would rather finish her story first. Reluctantly, she got her work-bag, threaded a big needle with coarse black thread, found the button in the pocket, and taking the coat in her pink gingham lap, began to sew.

But her head was still full of the story, as she took the first stitches. Then she came to herself with a start.

"O, dear!" she exclaimed in dismay, "I've sewed clear through the coat! And I've put the knot on the wrong side instead of on the right, under the button."

But she was so anxious to get back to her book that she would not stop to cut it off and begin over again. Through and through the four holes of the button, and way through the cloth to the wrong side, flashed her

needle. Then she fastened the thread on the wrong side, too, in big stitches, and snipped it off. It was quicker to do it that way.

"There!" she said, "it's on!"

But she never had sewed on one of grandpa's coat buttons like that before. Not a stitch ought to have been visible on the wrong side any more than on the right. Marian knew that. "But it won't show," she assured herself.

"Thank you, my dear," said grandpa, as he hurried on the coat. "I don't believe every little girl can sew on a button as well as you can." And he rushed off to catch his train.

Marian sat down with her book again. But she didn't enjoy the chapter so much as she had expected. Grandpa's last words haunted her. She hadn't sewed on that button as well as she could.

"Captain!" a voice hailed grandpa on the city street. "We want you to get your picture taken."

"What for?" demanded the captain, startled.

"To put in the paper," explained his friend. "They are going to give a history of our regiment, Memorial day, and your picture must go with that." For grandpa had been the hero of his regiment.

The captain objected. But the other prevailed, and he unwillingly found himself before the photographer's camera. Just as he sat down, he unbuttoned his coat and threw back the lapels. He felt more comfortable so.

"An excellent likeness," every one said, and Marian was eager to see the Memorial day paper. There was the fine old face she knew so well, and there—

"O!" Marian caught her breath with a gasp. There were all those clumsy stitches for every one to see! "And I thought they wouldn't show," she sobbed; "because they were on the wrong side, I thought it wasn't any matter."

"It's all right," comforted grandpa. "I don't care about a few threads."

But Marian was not consoled. She cut grandpa's picture out of the paper, and pinned it up where she could see it every day. And after that, when she felt like being careless about a thing because she thought it wasn't going to show, a look at those pictured stitches was enough. They made her do her very best. — *Alice M. Farrington, in Sunday School Times.*

The Little Tree

IN the middle of the wood stood a great pine-tree, with a baby pine at its foot. The mother pine was so tall that she could look over the heads of all the other trees, but the little one was not larger than the ferns and yellow violets that grew round it.

"Stand up straight, my dear," said the old tree.

"Yes, mama," said the baby pine, "you always say that."

"Of course," said the mother pine. "How I should feel if you grew up with a crook in your stem! I knew a little tree once that was not careful to stand straight, and so all its life it bent to one side. One night there came a great wind, and the crooked tree went down with a dreadful crash, and it carried with it an owl's nest that was built in its top, and broke all the eggs. Just think of that! Now if you will do as I say, you will grow up a tall, straight pine, and the jolly little sunbeams will call on you first in the morning and stay with you longest at night."

"I will try my best, mama," said the good little tree,

and it drew itself up. Now it happened to be Arbor day, and the children were hunting for a tree to transplant.

"O, look here!" called Violet. "Here is a dear little pine, and it is just as straight as an arrow!"

"So it is!" said the other children. "This is just the one for us." Then they dug up the tiny tree, and planted it beside the schoolhouse with due honors.

— *Youth's Companion.*

Springtime

I AM coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the honey for the bee;
With the flower and the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming.
Hark, the little bee is humming!
And the lark is soaring high,
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing:
Little maiden, now 'tis spring.

See the yellow "catkin" cover
All the slender willow over;
On the mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes fluttering by.

Turn thine eyes from earth to heaven;
God the spring to thee has given;
Taught the birds their melodies;
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure and thy food:
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

— *Selected.*

Boys, Remember

JULIAN LEGRAND, the great Paris merchant, was in financial straits. He decided that it would take one hundred thousand dollars to tide him over. Legrand went out and sought a loan among his friends, but no one would lend him anything. He returned to his office dejected and despairing. While sitting there in a gloomy state of mind, there was a tap at the door. A man came up to the desk and said, "I hear, Mr. Legrand, that you are in need of money." "Yes," replied the merchant, "we certainly are." "How much do you need?" he asked. "Not less than one hundred thousand dollars." "Draw me your note," continued the stranger, "for that amount without interest for one year, and I will give you my check for it." Legrand looked at the man in astonishment. "But pray, why have you come to my relief?"

"When I was a small boy," said the stranger, "attending the public school, you came as one of the commissioners on examination day. I was poor, shabbily dressed, and thought that you would, of course, pay attention to the rich men's children, but expected no recognition for myself. I recited poorly, but after the exercises you put your hand on my head, spoke some kind words, told me to persevere, that I could do better if I would try, and assured me that the way to honor was open to all alike; all I had to do was to be resolute and push on. That, sir, was the turning-point in my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a goal without blessing

you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; I now offer you but a poor return for the soul-wealth you gave me in that by-gone time."

Little did Mr. Legrand think, when he was speaking to the poor boy in the school, that he would reap such a fruitage from the little deed.—*The Expositor.*

My Record

[The following poem is printed by request of one of our church-school teachers, who has found it helpful to both herself and pupils.—EDITOR.]

As I sit in the dusky twilight,
And watch the day depart,
A sadness enters my bosom,
A longing steals into my heart.

I ask, "Has the day been wasted?
Have I lived this day in vain?
Have I given joy to my Master?
Have I caused a brother pain?"

"Have my thoughts been pure and loving
As I've mingled with friend and foe?"
Would I answer this now truly,
I must sorrowfully whisper, "No."

But why do I longer sorrow
As the daylight disappears?
Another day is coming,
And days are followed by years.

But hark! a still voice whispers:
"Thy life will not always last—
The silken thread will be broken,
The golden hours be past."

Ah, yes! I see it clearly,
The moments I must grasp;
Each day is a written volume,
And the night is the iron clasp.

The book can ne'er be opened
When once the day is done;
A new record must be started
With the rising morning sun.

And how shall that record be written?
Shall I write it in spotless white?
Or pen words stained and uneven,
Like a child who is learning to write?

No; my hand is weak and unsteady;
I dare not trust it alone:
I will seek my Master as teacher;
He will hold it within his own.

— Selected.

The Finest Compliment

AN American minister, spending a summer abroad, preached on a Sunday in a Scotch city. The congregation was reverent and closely attentive, many persons looking up the text as it was announced, and nearly every listener paying strict attention throughout; but the faces were impassive, and gave little indication of the impression, favorable or otherwise, which the sermon was making.

At the close of the service the people withdrew quietly, very few remaining for a word with the minister, and those being persons who might have felt under some official obligation to dismiss the visitor with a measured word of courtesy.

The preacher walked out of the front door, and started for his hotel alone, feeling little warmth or response, and quite uncertain of any good accomplished through his message.

A well-dressed man joined him at the door, and asked, "Are you walking? Then I will walk a bit with you." And for a little way they walked in silence.

"It's about your sermon I wanted to speak to you," said the Scotchman. The minister thought he was preparing for an argument. The Scotchman spoke in brief sentences, sometimes walking a number of

strides after one sentence before speaking again. Not till the very last word did the minister find himself able to conjecture what relation the monologue had to the sermon.

"It is hard to say some things we want to say," said the Scotchman, and then walked on.

"I have a son.

"He has caused me much anxiety.

"He left home six years ago.

"He went to Jamaica, and led a rough life.

"He got into the fruit business, and went to the States.

"For months we would have no word from him.

"When we got word, it was little comfort, and often it was pain.

"We hardly knew which caused us more sorrow, the letters or the silences.

"It is all changed now.

"He wandered into an American church, and heard a sermon that changed his whole life.

"He is married, and sober, and happy, and his letters fill us with joy.

"I was thinking as I listened to you, 'It will have been a sermon like that that touched the heart of my boy.' Good-by!"

He left as abruptly as he had been speaking, and the minister walked on alone. He had forgotten, while his companion was telling his story, that it had something to do with his own sermon, and he was wholly unprepared for the sudden turn by which the narrative of the son in the far country assumed a relation to his own message.

But he said to himself, as he walked on, that he had never had a finer compliment, nor one he would more gladly hear again, than that which the undemonstrative Scotch father gave him in his belief that such a sermon might touch the heart of a wayward son, and help him toward the new life. And he said to himself that no commendation of the scholarship or logic or literary beauty of a sermon could be quite so desirable a quality as fitness to touch the heart of a wandering boy, and bring him to the new life. And he promised himself to preach more such sermons.—*Youth's Companion.*

Saul's Sunstroke!

It is well sometimes to let our teachers know how skeptics in these days treat parts of the Bible. The German rationalist says there was no miracle in what happened to Paul on the road to Damascus. The fact is that Paul was an excitable man; that he was journeying to Damascus over the plain, which is notoriously hot, and it was noonday, and he had a sunstroke; and then in his fever he thought he saw visions and heard voices. The whole thing was a subjective delusion, and not an objective reality. That is the rationalistic explanation of this miracle.

Now I never knew that sunstroke turns a persecutor into a preacher, or that it makes an evangelical man out of a skeptic. One of my classmates, who was with me in city missions, got half a sunstroke in the city of New York, and he never did another stroke of work for a year and six months. Paul gets a full sunstroke, and begins instantly to preach marvelously. If this German theory be correct, then you had better close your theological seminaries, and stand all your young men out against a brick wall, and sunstroke the whole of them, and then ordain them.—*A. F. Schaffler, in "Pastoral Leadership."*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course Lesson XXX — "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," Chapter IV

What of the Night?

Note

WOULD it not be well for us to get a vision of the task which lies before the church as portrayed by Rev. George S. Rollins, Springfield, Massachusetts? "Let the church see the mission field with its unmeasured stretches of the unevangelized. Tell the church once a month of the one billion who have not yet heard of Christ. Tell the church that in America there is a preacher for every five hundred souls, while in the non-Christian world there is only one to each one hundred thousand souls. Call for the end of waste in men and money and needless churches at home, and send them abroad where there is need and room and a man's job. Tell the church of the desire of India for Christ, of the eager multitudes of Korea, the retreat of savagery in Africa, the new birth of China, and 'daybreak' in Turkey. Lift upon the church the vision which Christ had from the cross,—the vision of the groping, waiting, calling millions. This will lift the church out of pettiness. It will call to sacrificial service. It will thrill with eager earnestness in evangelizing the world. 'The sons of earth are waking.' Let in the tides of the Spirit to sweep out selfishness and indifference, and bring the mighty spiritual revival which has been gathering for a hundred years."

The Morning Watch Calendar

EACH week the verses in the little Morning Watch Calendar are on the same subject as the Sabbath-school lesson. That means that each one who has faithfully learned the daily assignments in the calendar during the month of April, has now in his personal possession thirty good texts bearing on the life of Christ,—thirty thoughts concerning the most beautiful character the world has ever known. Some one has said that it would be well to spend an hour every day contemplating the life of Christ. The Bible texts in the Morning Watch Calendar are choice seed-thoughts for such meditation.

The woods are full of beauty and interest, but how little the lad sees who rushes noisily through them; so much of the beauty escapes his hasty glance; so many of the interesting little inmates flee into secluded nooks. He learns most rapidly who sits quietly down on some old log and looks and listens and waits. Just so with the Bible, the great biography of Christ, it is full of beautiful thoughts, but only a few of them are caught by the eye that races over its sacred pages. One must read, and think, and pray.

Not many can spend hours daily with the open Bible. Still, if one verse is mastered every day, that will mean three hundred sixty-five in a year. A verse studied in the quiet morning hour and then reviewed occasionally while going about one's daily tasks, will usually take up its abode in the memory. Such thoughts will be useful not only in this life but in the life to come.

M. E.

The Lodi Convention

A MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER convention was held at Lodi, California, February 24-28. The large attendance was very gratifying, there being about one hundred fifty young people present, besides a large number of fathers and mothers.

The meetings were held in the new church, which was tastefully arranged for the occasion. Above the rostrum was the Missionary Volunteer aim, "The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation." and the motto, "For the Love of Christ Constraineth Us."

From each chandelier was suspended the letters "M. V.," while a delicately draped line encircling the body of the house indicated where the Missionary Volunteers were to be seated.

The interest taken in the young people and their work was shown by the fact that nearly all the remaining seats were usually filled with attentive listeners of older years.

An interesting feature of the opening of the convention was a "Greeting to the Missionary Volunteers," sent by Mrs. Alma McKibbin, who was a Bible teacher in Healdsburg College for some years, but who was unable to attend this gathering of many of her former pupils. She spoke of the significance of the name adopted by our organization, and of the difference between a volunteer, whose heart is in the work, and a drafted soldier, who is simply forced into service.

This thought of willing, volunteer service in this great closing work was carried throughout the entire convention.

Prof. M. E. Kern was with us, and the instruction given by him in plans of organization and methods of work were greatly appreciated by all. Sabbath afternoon he spoke to a crowded house on the subject of "The Home." In the revival service that followed, a large number of young people expressed their determination to consecrate the remainder of their lives to the service of the Lord.

In lessons upon character-building was given much food for serious study. Habit is the tendency to repeat. A unique illustration was given in the form of a paper which had been folded. Its tendency, or *habit*, was to fold again in the same crease. The wrinkles in a man's coat are simply the *habit* into which the coat has fallen.

One of the most interesting and helpful features of the convention was the question box.

Freedom in the discussion of all topics presented was permitted, and the interchange of ideas added interest to the work.

The closing meeting, which was held in the chapel of the Western Normal Institute, was the best of the convention. As Professor Kern talked of the importance of these closing hours of time, of the responsibility that rests upon our young people, and of the necessity for watchfulness and earnest, daily Bible study and prayer, the Spirit of the Lord came very near, and hearts were deeply impressed. Many testified to the blessing they had received, and to their determination to pass on these blessings to others.

We believe all went home feeling that the definite instruction and the inspiration received would help them to become better workers and more fit to bear the name of Missionary Volunteers.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII — John Testifies of Jesus; the First Disciples

(May 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 1: 19-51.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus was baptized in Bethabara, beyond Jordan. John continued to preach and baptize, and multitudes of people came to hear him and to be baptized. His work attracted such attention that "the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, Who art thou? And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ. And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet [meaning Moses]? And he answered, No. Then said they unto him, Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself? He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias. And they which were sent were of the Pharisees.

2. "And they asked him, and said unto him, Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet? John answered them, saying, I baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not; he it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose. . . .

3. "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me: for he was before me. And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water." John then told those who were sent to him of the sign God had given by which he might know when he saw the Son of God.

4. "Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" When Isaac asked his father, "Where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" Abraham replied, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." In the offerings made upon the altar, Abraham saw a symbol of the Lamb of God, who was to die for the sins of the world. Isaiah declared, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter," and "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." The sacrifices offered from the time of Abel till Jesus died on the cross all pointed forward to him.

5. Two of John's disciples heard what he said about Jesus, and they followed him. "Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest thou? He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour." That was two hours before night.

6. "One of the two who heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." The other was John, the beloved disciple. Andrew then found his brother Simon, and said to him, "We

have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus." This is a good example for us in missionary work. We should first pray and work for those in our own homes, that they may be brought to Jesus. If we do this, we shall be better fitted to help those farther away. As Jesus looked on Simon, he said, "Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone."

7. "The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." As soon as these men found Jesus, they wanted others to know him. So when we know Jesus has forgiven our sins, we should find others who need him. We, too, may say, "We have found him," and invite them to share his love.

8. "Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Nathanael asked, "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus replied, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Then Nathanael said, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Jesus told him he should see greater things than he had yet seen. He said that his followers should yet see heaven open, and the angels ascending and descending upon him. He is the door, and through him heaven is open to us. Angels carry our prayers to God, and bring back help and blessings from him as we need.

Questions

1. Where was Jesus baptized? Who came to hear John? Who were sent to ask him questions? From what place? What was their first question? What did John confess? What was their next question? Give John's answer. Then what did they ask? What is meant by "that prophet"? What did John say? Why did these men insist upon knowing who he was? What did John say of himself? John 1: 19-24.

2. What question did these Pharisees ask about baptism? Who did John say was among them? What did he say concerning Jesus? What did he not feel worthy to do? John 1: 25-28.

3. When did John see Jesus again? What did John say when he saw him? What had he said concerning Jesus? Why did he baptize with water? What did he say he had seen? Whom did he believe Jesus to be? John 1: 29-34.

4. Who was standing by John the next day? As he saw Jesus walking, what did he say? What did Abraham say God would provide? When a lamb was offered, of what was it a type? What did the prophet Isaiah say of Jesus? What was laid on the Lamb of God? Then what caused his death? When was the first lamb offered? To whom did all the sacrifices point forward? John 1: 35, 36; Isa. 53: 6, 7.

5. Who heard what John said concerning Jesus? Whom did they follow? What did Jesus see? What did he say to the two disciples? How did they address him? What question did they ask? What did Jesus tell them to do? How long did they remain with him? At what time did they begin their visit? John 1: 37-39.

6. Who were the two disciples that followed Jesus? After his visit with the Lord, whom did Andrew go to find? What did he say to him? To whom did he bring Simon? Of what is this a good example? For whom should we first pray and work? What will this enable us to do? What did Jesus say to Simon? John 1:40-42.

7. To what place did Jesus then go? Whom did he find? What did he say to him? What city was the home of Andrew, Peter, and Philip? Find Bethsaida on the map. Whom did Philip bring to Jesus? What did he say to Nathanael? What question did Nathanael ask? What wise reply did Philip make? In what ways should we be like these first disciples? What may we say? John 1:43-46.

8. When Jesus saw Nathanael, what did he say? What question did Nathanael ask him? How did Jesus reply? Then what did Nathanael say? What did Jesus say he should see? Through whom is heaven opened to us? What does Jesus thus become? What part in our salvation do the angels act? John 1:47-51.

18. What doubting question did Nathanael ask? What was Philip's reply? Verse 46.

19. What did Jesus say of Nathanael? Verses 47, 48.

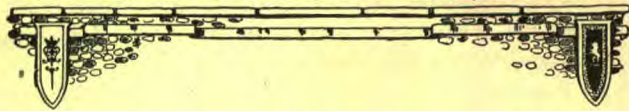
20. What confession was Nathanael led to make? What blessed assurance did our Lord give him? Verses 49-51.

Notes

1. I am not Elijah; that is, the personal Elijah for whom some of the Jews were looking. He was Elijah only in the sense of coming "in the spirit and power" of Elijah. Luke 1:17. To this our Lord refers in Matt. 11:14. "That prophet" doubtless refers to a belief which the Jews held that the prophet of Deut. 18:15, 18, was not the Messiah, but his fore-runner. This error was not, however, held by all. Others thought he was one of the old prophets raised from the dead.

2. John counts it the highest honor to be simply a "voice" for God. He is a type of the remnant church. Like John, they should not seek earthly glory, but be happy in being simply a "voice" for him in this generation.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VIII — Testimony of John; the First Disciples

(May 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 1:19-51.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURE: John 5:33.

LESSON HELP: "Desire of Ages," chapter 14.

MEMORY VERSE: John 1:29.

Questions

1. When leading Pharisees in Jerusalem heard of John's preaching, what deputation did they send? For what purpose? John 1:19, 24.

2. What reply did John make? Verse 20.

3. What question did they next ask? What was John's answer? Verse 21; note 1.

4. What third question did they ask? What did they finally demand? Verse 22.

5. Who did John say he was? Verse 23; note 2.

6. What further question did the Pharisees ask? Verse 25.

7. To whom did John bear witness? Verses 26, 27.

8. Where did these things occur? Verse 28.

9. How did John bear witness concerning Jesus when he saw him on the morrow? Verse 29.

10. In what words did he speak of our Lord's superiority? Verses 30, 31.

11. What further witness did he bear concerning him? Verses 32-34.

12. How were two of John's disciples directed to Jesus? Verses 35, 36.

13. What conversation took place between Jesus and these disciples? Verses 37-39.

14. Who was one of these two disciples? Verse 40.

15. Where did Andrew begin laboring for souls? With what result? What did Jesus say of Simon? Verses 41, 42.

16. What disciple did Jesus find the next day? Verse 43.

17. What did Philip then do? Whom did he say he had found? Verse 45.

From a Side View-Point

DURING the past eight years College View has been my home. I have watched with great interest the progress made by several of the young men and women who have been in school here, and some of whom are still with us. Many of them came from rural homes and remote districts. They had very little knowledge of the world in general, and their educational advantages had been very meager. But a consecrated determination to secure a Christian education, which would better qualify them to serve the Master, helped these young people to see and use their opportunities.

With a quiet spirit of modesty and self-sacrifice, these young men and women have studied hard. Among them was one young man who worked his way through a few terms in college. Then he took the nurses' course at the sanitarium. All the time his mind was set on being a missionary in East Africa, and to-day he is standing at the head of a wide field in that dark continent. Other faithful and energetic young people, by being true to their trust in small matters, have earned and held various positions here and elsewhere.

When meditating about these young people, I am frequently reminded of two visits which have served greatly to intensify my gratitude to God for young people with high ideals. One Sunday morning I visited the State penitentiary just over the hill. The convicts filed in. I noticed their swaggering steps, and the sullen, indifferent expression on their faces. My heart was sad. A few days later I attended chapel in Union College. As those bright young people marched in with elastic and firm step, and with forms erect, I saw depicted on their faces that buoyant expression which showed that they had some well-defined purpose in life. My heart was glad.

Dear young people, we must have noble aspirations, or the guiding influence of God's Holy Spirit and the ministration of heavenly angels will be withheld. Finally, let us remember the needy fields which are waiting for the services of consecrated young people. Let us hang up separately maps of the States where we live, and see if we can not there point out needy fields where there is work for willing hands to do.

SAMUEL BLACKFAN.

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.

THE Boston *Herald* proposes the holding of a ter-centennial exposition in 1920 in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620.

A Scholarship in Three Weeks

If you were told that you could earn a scholarship in one of our colleges in three weeks, wouldn't you set about doing it? Mr. A. J. Bourdeau, who has charge of the Periodical Department of the Review and Herald, tells in an article on page 2 how one young woman earned a scholarship in Union College in that time, and had fifty dollars left for pin-money after paying her fare from San Francisco to Lincoln, Nebraska. He also gives interesting notes in regard to what other young people have actually accomplished in magazine sales. You will enjoy reading this article; and we trust you will enjoy carrying out his suggestions.

The King's Gift

ON his sixty-sixth birthday, the Transvaal government presented to King Edward the Cullinan diamond, "the largest, most brilliant and flawless diamond in existence." It weighed more than one and one-third pounds in its original state.

This stone was found by a foreman of the Premier mine one day as he was strolling over the premises. When he had time to realize what great wealth was in his possession, he was taken with a severe nervous chill.

The cutting of this diamond, worth \$750,000, was a particular task, and could be entrusted only to experts; for when a stone is struck even by an experienced hand with the blade that cleaves it, it sometimes flies into small pieces, instead of splitting along the line of cleavage.

The one to whom the cutting of the Cullinan was finally entrusted was unable to sleep for three nights after the successful accomplishment of his task, so intense had been the strain under which he had worked.

But what is a stone, even of the Cullinan variety, when compared with the worth of a human soul, and with the flashing star in our crown of glory, emblem of a saved soul? And yet how many times have we so felt the importance of our soul-winning work that sleep would not come to us for three nights? Surely we have not yet learned to rightly value eternal things.

On Your Knees

"I REMEMBER some years ago," wrote a great Scotchman, "climbing the Weisshorn, above the Zermatt Valley, with two guides. There had been a series of severe storms, and ours was the first ascent for some weeks. Consequently we had a great deal of step-cutting to do. We had left the cabin at two in the morning, and it was nearly nine before we reached the summit, which consisted, as on so many peaks in the Alps, of splintered rocks protruding from the snow. My leading guide stood aside to let me be first on the top. And I, with the long labor of the climb over, and exhilarated by the thought of the great view awaiting me, but forgetful of the high gale that was blowing on the other side of the rocks, sprang eagerly up them, and stood erect to see the view. The guide pulled me down. 'On your knees, sir; you are not safe there except on your knees.'"

Neither are we safe in this world, unless we spend much time on our knees. We are told that Jesus "kneeled down, and prayed." If he found it profitable to wait upon his Heavenly Father, how much more should we spend time before him!—*Selected.*

Jesus Heals Now

ELKANAH BEARD, who was for years a missionary in Benares, Hindustan, gives an instance of healing in answer to a little child's prayer.

In that city lay a mother sick. For months she had not left her bed, and all that she looked forward to was slow death. Her little daughter was eight years old. She loved her mother, and was almost broken-hearted. She took the New Testament and read the promises of answers to prayer. Going to her mother, she said:—

"Mother, dear, can't Jesus make you well?"

"Yes, my child, but it is not his will."

"Mother, why not? Have you ever asked him to heal you?"

"No, no, my child, but —"

"Mother, you pray to God, I know."

"Yes, darling."

"What kind of prayers, mama?"

"O, my child, I am in such agony I can not talk to you about it; go and play."

The child dropped her head sadly, and went out beneath a tree in her father's garden; for her father was a postal official in that large city, and had a beautiful home. She sat there, and thought, and prayed. Suddenly she returned to the bedside of her mother, and kneeling, said: "Mama, I am going to try Jesus, anyhow. He says, 'Ask.' Yes, I am going to ask him. Now, mama, pray with me. O Jesus, dear good Jesus, I've no happy days now since my mama is sick these three months. She is so sick she can't talk to her little girl. O Jesus, she is so sick. O God, make my mama to get well. O God, you can; you will. Mama loves you. Her little girl loves you."

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands, cried: "He will, mama! he will! he will!"

That selfsame day the lady, who had not moved her limbs for months, arose from her bed, and went about her household duties, healed and praising God. Her husband met her at the door that day, and overwhelmed with the event, went down on his knees and prayed to God to make him worthy of the blessing that had fallen on his house; while his little girl stood by him, her face radiant with holy joy, exclaiming, "O, papa, Jesus did it!"—*Selected.*