

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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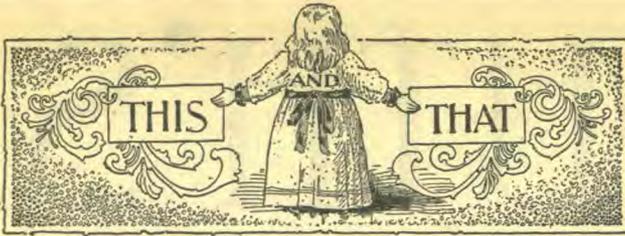
No. 24

The Old Story

"To-morrow," he promised his conscience,
"to-morrow I mean to be good;
To-morrow I'll think as I ought to; to-morrow
I'll do as I should;
To-morrow I'll conquer the habits that hold
me from heaven away;"
But ever his conscience repeated one word,
and one only, "To-day."

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow — thus day
after day it went on;
To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow — till
youth like a vision was gone,
Till age and his passions had written the mes-
sage of fate on his brow,
And forth from the shadows came Death with
the pitiless syllable, "Now."

— Denis A. McCarthy, in *Christian Endeavor
World*.



THE religion of utility is the religion that tells.—
Rev. Vallance Cook.

“‘If God will be with me’ has thrust many an Anak from his stronghold.”

“A FEVERISH heart makes a worried face, and a worried face casts a shadow.”

“HE whose word could gather the fishes from the sea, could also impress human hearts, and draw them by the cords of his love, so that his servants might become ‘fishers of men.’”

“RUSTED or tight screws holding metal parts together can be loosened by holding a red hot iron of the proper size on the head of the screw. After cooling, the screws can be turned out easily.”

“A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR prize has been put up for the first flight of an aerial craft from New York to Albany, a distance of one hundred forty-five miles. Both dirigible air-ships and flying-machines are eligible.”

THE New York Fire Department now has a life gun. The projectile carries a light line, to the end of which is attached a heavier rope. This is pulled up by the persons cut off from reaching any fire-escape by the fire, and provides them a means of reaching the ground in safety.

THE disciples were unlearned and uncultured men when called to be disciples; but they were no longer thus after being instructed and trained by the Saviour. “He who longs to be of service to Christ is so quickened by the life-giving power of the Sun of Righteousness that he is enabled to bear much fruit to the glory of God.”

“A BOSTON inventor claims to have perfected a wireless telephone system the waves of which can not be interrupted by other wireless waves in the same zone. In recent tests of the system, the station at Brant Rock forwarded messages to Washington while coast stations and government vessels equipped with wireless apparatus made unsuccessful attempts to interfere.”

Brazil to Have Public Wireless Service

A COMMISSION, composed of the national telegraph department, the army, and the navy, is establishing a wireless telegraph system for all Brazil. Not only will it be used for army, navy, and national purposes, but for a public service as well.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Electric Fans Pick Chickens

ONE of the most unique tasks electricity is to be compelled to accomplish is the picking of chickens. An electric fan for this purpose has been devised for wholesale poultry dealers. The fan is placed in a receptacle through which it drives a blast of air, claimed to be sufficient to remove all the feathers and down from a fowl in a few seconds.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Caleb Cobweb's Black List

A CORRESPONDENT in New Hampshire asks me to blacklist the absurd use of the parentheses in letter signatures where the lady uses her husband's name; as, (Mrs.) John Brown; (Mrs.) James Black. Parentheses are in point when the signature is ambiguous, as “(Mrs.) Agnes Olcott,” where Agnes Olcott might be a maiden lady or a married lady. The better form, however, is for married women to sign their names: “Agnes Olcott (Mrs. William Olcott).” That tells the whole story.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Virus for Exterminating Rats

THE virus for the extermination of rats, invented by Dr. Danysz, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has proved so successful abroad that it is now to be made in America. It clears the rats from warehouses, tunnels, ships, and sewers effectually and without danger, damage, or annoyance to men or animals other than the rats.

The virus is not a poison, but causes a disease to which only rodents are susceptible, and which resembles typhus fever. Being a fever, the rats do not die at once in their holes, but make for the air and water, dying in the open. Other animals can consume any amount of the virus and not become inoculated with the disease.

The amount to be used varies with the floor space, about twelve tubes being used to every five thousand square feet. Crushed and mixed with cold water, with a little salt to enliven the microbe, it is poured over bread or crushed oats, and placed on the floor or other places visited by rats. It comes packed in six-inch tubes, and resembles gelatine.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Whisky—Man's Worst Foe

A PRISONER in the penitentiary at Springfield, Missouri, in a letter to the editor of the *Minnesota Issue*, says that the offense for which he was incarcerated was the direct result of a long spree. He sends the editor the following poem for publication:—

I have seen the old tramp wandering
Through the crowded city street,
In crownless hat and ragged clothes
And barely covered feet;
And when I asked him how it was
I found him down so low,
With quivering lips, he answered me,
“‘Twas whisky—man's worst foe.”

I have seen the skilled mechanic
Lying on the muddy street,
Seen him thrown into the wagon
By policemen on their beat.
Men of genius, science, knowledge,—
I have watched them downward go,
From the highest pinnacle of fame,
Through whisky—man's worst foe.

I have seen upon the scaffold stand
A fair-haired, handsome boy,
Once in a far-off, happy home
A mother's pride and joy.
I gazed upon his youthful face,
Saw his body drop below.
His last words I remember well,
“‘Twas whisky—man's worst foe.”

In the jails and penitentiaries,
And the county poorhouse, too,—
In these great institutions
You will find but very few,
If you should ask the question,
What brought you down so low?
But would answer you, with sadness,
“‘Twas whisky—man's worst foe.”

The Youth's Instructor

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No. 24

Youthful Witnesses—No. 1

Before a Pagan World

ALL through the centuries since the Bible story was closed, young men and women, and even children, have been called to witness for their Lord and Saviour amidst opposition and persecution. They have shown again and again that the Spirit of the living God makes young people strong and bold to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

As Joseph witnessed in Egypt, Daniel and the loyal three in Babylon, Esther at the Persian court, the youthful Paul in Jerusalem and Syria, and those young helpers of his later years, Timothy and John Mark, and others, amidst perils well calculated to test the stoutest heart, so in the early centuries, as the storm of persecution broke upon the Christian church, some of the first martyrs were young people, who loved the Saviour and his truth more than all the world.

Not far from Lyons, now a chief city of eastern France, in the town of Autun, the populace was celebrating the festival of Cybele. It was about the year 177. The gospel had won converts to Christ in this part of Gaul very soon after Paul's day, if not indeed in his time. The image of the goddess was being drawn through the streets, and the people were expected to fall upon their knees as it passed. At one stage of the procession, when all the crowd was bowing down, one young man was seen to remain upright. It was Symphorian, a Christian youth. He was noted at once, just as the three Hebrews drew all eyes as they stood alone upright on the plain of Dura. He was seized and brought before the governor.

"You are a Christian," said Heraclius; "as far as I can see you have escaped our notice, because so few of the followers of this sect happen to be among us."

"I am a Christian," replied Symphorian; "I worship the true God, who reigns in heaven; but your idol I can not worship."

He was condemned to death, says the historian, for the double crime of offending against religion and the state. As he was led to execution, his mother besought him, "My son, my son, have the living God in thy heart. Be steadfast." He was steadfast to the death.

About this same time, a young girl witnessed a good confession in the city of Lyons. Armitage in his "History of the Baptists" tells the story:—

"She was a poor slave girl, fifteen years of age, who was put to every torture, that her Christian mistress might be implicated. She was kept in a loathsome dungeon, and brought into the amphitheater every day to see the agonies of her companions as they were roasted in the iron chair, or torn to pieces by lions. Her spirit was clothed with superhuman endurance, for although racked from morning till night, so that her tormentors were obliged to relieve each other for rest, her constancy vanquished their patience, her only answer being: 'I am a Christian; no wickedness is done by us.'

"Then they took her into the circus, and suspended her on a cross, within reach of the wild beasts, to frighten her fellow confessors. The multitude howled

for her life, and a lion was let loose upon the poor child, but not a quiver passed over her frame. She looked into its mouth and smiled like a queen, and the monster did not touch her. Only a century before this, the first slave girl was converted to Christ at Philippi, and now her ennobled sister cast holy defiance at the empire, and serenely looked Europe in the face. Her calm soul told this great power, that at last the weak were endowed with the omnipotence of the gospel. Her intrepid spirit showed, for the first time, how Jesus could lift a worm into an empire of a human conscience, and could rebuke cruelty in mute eloquence of love. The brightest page in the history of Rome was written that day, in the beams of that child's hope.

"Taken down from the cross, she was removed to her dungeon, but finally brought back for execution. Her slender frame was a rare victim for the savage populace, and they gloated on her. But she flinched not more than the angel in Gethsemane before the swords and staves of the passover mob. She stepped as lightly as if she were going to a banquet. She was first scourged, then scorched in the hot chair, and at last cast before a furious bull, which tossed her madly. Even then a sharp blade was needful to take the lingering throb of life; and when her body was burned to ashes, it was cast into the Rhone."

Most of us have seen a picture representing a young woman refusing to offer sacrifice of incense to the emperor, while her father implored her to yield. Her name was Perpetua. She was one of a party of five young Christians of Carthage. Perpetua's mother was a Christian, but her father was a pagan. Her father's grief pained her most deeply.

"My daughter," he pleaded with tears, "pity my gray hairs, pity thy father."

"What shall happen," she replied, "when I come before the tribunal, depends on the will of God; for know, we stand not in our own strength, but only by the power of God."

Life was sweet to the youth of Carthage, and the days were bright. Thrust into a dark dungeon, she says: "I was tempted, for I had never been in such darkness before." At last came the final hearing before the tribunal, and she and her four young companions in the faith were fed to the wild beasts in the circus, to furnish an hour's entertainment to the Carthaginian ladies and gentlemen.

These young witnesses of the post-apostolic times had been saved from sinful and hopeless idolatry. Threatened with death for loyalty to the One who had forgiven their sins, they did not falter. How sweetly must have come to them that message of Christ to the church of Smyrna—the church representing the very age in which they were living: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." There are crowns, we know, waiting for young people who witnessed a good confession in those early centuries of pagan persecution.

W. A. SPICER.

GOOD MANNERS

Gum Chewing in a Trolley-Car



It is a much more desirable thing than to be killed—this sitting in a trolley-car opposite a gum chewer; but even that has its unpleasant features, with some very fastidious persons. In fact, some are constituted on such sensitive lines that the sight of a mouth industriously working up and down massacring a mouthful which is apparently never to be swallowed, hurts the nerves badly.

Gum chewing in the seclusion of one's own room, may, to a reasonable extent, be commended: it cleans the teeth, purifies the mouth, and, it is said, sometimes sets the stomach right. But this sanitary process is not the most attractive of things for exhibition in public. If one wishes to make the toilet of the inside of his mouth, he should do so before he starts from home.

There are different kinds of gum chewers. Notice the quiet, unostentatious person, who has picked up one of the precious little prepared quids, from a penny box at the station, and is trying to get the good of it and not be observed. He does not like to suffer detection in the act: but that very feeling has its conspicuousnesses. Everybody knows that there is a wad of gum in that mouth—however slowly, deliberately, and slyly the leverage of the jaws may work. The nervous person opposite is always waiting for the return-movement, glad when it is over, and apprehensive of the next one. Probably no one can even have a piece of gum in the warm storage of the mouth, and sit among people, without its being known, and, in some degree, resented.

Then there is the out-and-out gum chewer, who is enjoying the function, and apparently does not care who knows it. His mouth may be large, but he manages to make it seem a great deal more so. He tips his head forward, to enjoy the luscious morsel a little more. He tips his head backward, so as to enjoy it still more. Sidewise to the right, and the left also, sways he the receptacle which has received the perpetual morsel. Wag, wag, wag, go his jaws. Smack, smack, smack, go his lips. Happily, amid the roar of the cars, this latter series of concussions can not be heard: but one has little difficulty in imagining them.

Happily, and unhappily, the enthusiastic gum chewer in public does not know what a figure he presents: happily, because it would mortify him exceedingly, and unhappily, because it would probably induce him to discontinue the practise.—*Will Carleton's Magazine.*

A Gracious Manner

MANNER is personality, and personality makes the difference between grace and clumsiness, between sincerity and affectation. Far more than you may think, your success in life, your ability to carry out what you

undertake, depends on your possessing an attractive manner. The best manner springs from the best and truest heart. A manner that sets others at their ease and keeps them from feeling awkward and out of place is sure to be good. A manner that for a single instant and for any cause whatever makes another person uncomfortable is sure to be a bad manner. You can not put on a manner and take it off, as you put on and take off a party frock. *Your manner is you;* and whatever else you do, you can never get away from being yourself.

A person who has had kind thoughts and unselfish ways all her life, who has never been proud and conceited, or haughty and vain, who has never looked down on anybody or fancied that somebody else was not fit to be noticed, will be very likely to have a good manner, and good manners, too.

Now that I have said this, I want to speak of a few points. One concerns your behavior in public places. There is no particular harm in laughing immoderately when a group of girls are by themselves and see something very amusing. But a car in which you are coming home from school, or the street on which you are walking with other people, or the ferryboat, is not the place for boisterous mirth. Really well-bred girls are rather quiet in such places, and remember that they are not the only people on the road, and are very careful *not to do or say anything which will make them conspicuous.* This is point number one.

At a lecture or concert, it is to the last degree improper for girls to whisper and chat and carry on conversations of their own to the annoyance of those about them. Equally, no matter how dainty and becoming your hat may be, good manners will lead you to remove it and hold it in your lap, if in a place of amusement it interferes with the view of somebody behind you. I once heard a lady ask a young girl to remove her hat. The girl turned with a frown, which very much disfigured a pretty face, and said, firmly: "I shall keep my hat on."

Thoughtless girls sometimes pride themselves on being very candid. They tell you, with quite an air, as if they were saying something fine: "I never hesitate to speak out and say exactly what I mean. I don't care to whom I am talking. I just tell the whole truth." None of us is excusable for telling what is not true. But there are times when silence is better than speech, and when we have no business whatever to tell either the whole truth or even a little bit of it. Sometimes we may have reserves. And a lie may be told by a cowardly silence. All depends on the occasion. If your Aunt Mary has just bought an expensive green cloth for her next season's gown, it is not your duty to inform her that green does not suit her complexion, or that it is less fashionable than blue. Let her enjoy her purchase. You were not asked for advice, and it is the worst thing in the world, so far as manners are involved, to go about giving advice to people who do not seek it.

Deference to those who are older than yourself is another little point in manners which can not be overlooked. No matter how unreasonable, trying, or disagreeable an old lady or an old gentleman may be, just because of the burden of years which he or she is carrying, remember to be patient, courteous, and not contradictory. Never brusquely contradict anybody; above all anybody who is old. If you live long enough, you, too, will be old. It seems impossible that dancing feet should ever totter, or brown hair ever turn white, or rounded cheeks grow hollow; but Time is a thief, and he steals away youth and substitutes age before we know it. So please, whatever else you do, be polite and considerate to those who are old.

Girls with very sweet manners always rise when older people enter a room. I don't insist upon this, but I just whisper that a girl who does it shows extremely good training. One, of course, knows that a boy will rise when a lady enters a room, but it is just as pretty a rule for a girl.

About borrowing books and umbrellas and fans and any other thing you happen to want, from a school-mate, observe that good manners require you to return them promptly. Should you be obliged to ask the loan of a little change for car fare or a church collection, or some unexpected emergency, do not delay payment, but take trouble to return the amount on first opportunity.

In the family two persons should not be reading the same book at the same time. If Belle has the prior claim on the book that has come from the library, let her finish it before Clara begins.

In some houses certain chairs, certain corners of the room, or certain seats at the table, by a kind of unwritten law, are the property of this or the other person. Do not seat yourself complacently in that corner of the sofa where your grandfather has read his morning paper for the last twenty years.

Respect the rights of everybody. By no means look over the paper that your neighbor is reading in a street-car. Do not interrupt conversation, and if a friend hesitates for a word, wait with patience until she finds it. The word will come to her, never fear, if you do not hasten to supply it.

Try to remember people's names. A habit of courteous attention when meeting strangers will serve you well all your life. Be ready with little services to those about you, but do not be intrusive. *The golden virtue in manners is tact, and tact simply means being in touch and in sympathy with others, and not being absorbed in one's self.*

It is never worth while to be too exact with reference to other people's stories. Some girls never fail to set their mothers right when the latter are relating a little domestic occurrence. Unless there is good reason for stating the fact that Uncle John stopped on Thursday, do not set your mother right if you hear her tell a neighbor that he called on Friday. If you wish to correct any story that anybody tells, watch for a chance and do it in private. On the whole, as I said when I began, a good manner springs from a good heart, and fine manners are the outcome of unselfish kindness.—Margaret E. Sangster, in "Happy School Days."

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus truth silences the liar.

—Longfellow.



If I'd a Million Millions

If I'd a million millions —
Just think! — a million millions —
What wouldn't I do, what couldn't I do,
If I'd a million millions?
From every forest's finest tree,
My many-gabled house should be;
With silver threads from golden looms
Should be attired my palace rooms;
My loaded tables have the best
Of all the East and all the West;
My bed should be a daintier thing
Than ever sheltered queen or king;
What wouldn't I do, what couldn't I do,
If I'd a million millions?

But — think! If I'd those millions —
The care of all those millions —
Then after all, what would befall
A life, with all those millions?
Would not the lucre clog my brain,
And make me hard and cold and vain?
Might not my treasure win my heart,
And make me loath with it to part?
How could I tell by mortal sign,
Betwixt my money's friend and mine?
And then the greed and strife and curse
The world brings round a princely purse!
Perhaps my soul, upon the whole,
Is best without the millions.

—Will Carleton.

The Courage of Conviction

MANY people would lose their souls rather than do something which might give somebody an excuse to laugh at them. You have heard the story of McKinley; how he had an old farmer friend whom he had known for years. When McKinley was to be inaugurated, he sent for this old friend to come, but he was too timid to accept the invitation. However, when McKinley was elected the second time, he again wrote his old friend, enclosing him a railroad ticket. This time the old man decided he would go. He went to Washington, and when Mr. McKinley heard that he was in town, he sent his carriage over after him, brought him to his home, and made him stay as his guest during the time he was in Washington, treating him as he would any great potentate. There was a man who was not afraid of what other people might think. There was a man who stood for his convictions. There was a man who overcame all obstacles.

When he was nineteen years of age, he was in a meeting one night, and a plea was made to the unconverted. Many young men stand back at such a time, because they are afraid of being laughed at; but this young man stepped out into the aisle, walked down to the front, saying, "I want to join the church to-night. I am going to stand for Christ." And he did stand for Christ, and it was Christ who gave him the courage to overcome all the obstacles that were in his path. And it is Christ who will make men and women out of us all if his grace is appropriated. We may talk about overcoming difficulties, and we may name all the difficulties in the catalogue; but I want to tell you where the power comes from that overcomes all difficulties. Christ is the source of all power, the source of all strength; the Christian is the man who has the

right to overcome, for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" and I ask you now, my friend, that you accept the One who spent his life in overcoming difficulties; who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, because he has been one of us.—*Golden Age.*

Value of Goals

"MORE evil is wrought by want of thought, than ever by want of heart." When we stop to think, we all recognize the need as well as the value of goals. The farmer who does not work for crops has empty barns and cellar. The merchant who is not in business with a definite aim, soon fails. The teacher who has no standard never prepares pupils for successful examinations. The Sabbath-school worker, the Missionary Volunteer, who has no goal meets with as marked failure.

Several years ago in an Eastern State lived a boy, and that boy had a plan—a goal which he longed to reach. That goal was the presidency. Young manhood found him striving for it. He made a study of politics. He served his city faithfully and energetically. He became popular in the army, and on the wave of enthusiasm over his rough-riders, in view of his faithful service in New York City, he became governor, then vice-president. McKinley's death left him president, and at the next election he was chosen on his own merits. He reached his goal.

About three hundred years ago teaching was simply to make a child memorize a mass of dry facts. There was no more thought in it than there is in Chinese education to-day. Froebel had a desire to remove these old ideas, and to teach the child to think and use his senses. He had the honor of inaugurating our present school system.

And goals are not confined to the world and the worldly. Paul had a goal. Speaking of it, he said that it was given unto him, "to make all men see what is the fellowship of mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." He worked toward his goal, and rejoiced in his work. In his personal experience it was the same. "This one thing I do, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Luther had a mighty burden, an exalted goal. That aim was to carry to the world the message he had heard in Rome,—“The just shall live by faith.” Every energy was bent toward this one great end. The Lord gave, and he used. The message has gone to nearly every country of the globe to-day.

And now let us consider among ourselves, Why are we what we are? What are we working for? Our aim is, "The advent message to all the world in this generation." Plans are laid in view of Christ's soon coming. The dress is that which befits a peculiar people zealous of good works. The diet is such as will keep the body temples in the best possible condition, that we may be quick to catch the influence of his Spirit. The life will be attended by a dignity and solemnity that shows to the world that we are waiting for our Lord, and by a gentleness that draws souls to him. Tell me, Is there a value in goals? I think that I hear one say, "Yes, but the picture is imaginary. You don't find such people often." No, not often, but it is because so few are striving for that goal.

And while all this applies to every one, how much more pointedly it applies to those who have been called to do special work for the Lord. To each one, from the minister to the humblest worker, comes the ringing question, "Why art thou here?" A goal is valuable in proportion to the value of the goal itself. One says, "They wanted me to, and I did it to please them." That goal is dangerous; for it is easy to follow it to the place where one tickles itching ears.

"The superintendent appointed me, and I do not like to refuse a duty;" "I thought the experience would help me;" "I needed the training;" "There was no one else to do it, so I had to." True, these may be reasons, goals, but O, what lowly, earth-born ones! They are valueless almost, except to keep your own soul struggling on toward the light. Why not come out of it all,—the darkness, and lowness, and smallness, up into the glorious light of God's followers, and say, "I am here to be used of God to bring salvation to the souls that are under my care"? Then, ah, then! you have found the goal of matchless value,—just to bring home to those four or five restless, mischievous, naughty boys the love of God until their lives are given to him in loving service; just to show those light-headed, giggling, overdressed girls the beauty of the Christ-life until their lives are yielded to be molded into his likeness; just to live before and teach those young people in your band, the unconverted and half-converted who come in, and the Christians who still need bringing up in the new life,—to do this until you all stand together hand in hand in the great work, which is the nicest ever given to men and women.

Before you can be successful, then, in your work, you must sit down alone with the Lord, and decide what you are going to do. The teacher, the leader, who chooses for his goal the salvation of souls, has a definite end toward which to work. His words, his dress, the acts of his daily life, will give evidence that he has made this choice. His prayers have a definite burden,—the conversion of those for whom he is laboring. Ofttimes he is long in reaching his goal, but just as the engine speeds along minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, until the journey is ended, so he strives on toward his goal, not for a day, or an hour, or a few minutes now and then, but constantly, steadfastly, year by year, until the goal is won, or life is ended.

"And is there this value in definite aims?" you ask. Yes, let me illustrate. Christ came to save men, the men whom he met day by day. For them he toiled day after day, and prayed night after night. And yet, only a few became his professed disciples. He died; but did you know that in those wonderful times which followed, when three thousand and five thousand were added to the church in a single day, they were largely the people whom Jesus had healed and taught and prayed for? And it is the same with his followers. The lives of pioneer missionaries, such as Carey, Moffat, Morrison, and Judson, show this. George Müller prayed over sixty years for a certain man. He died, but the unconverted man soon gave his heart to the Lord.

Then, with our two great ends in view,—our own high calling in Christ, and the winning of souls to him,—“let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.” The judgment alone will show the value of our goals.

MRS. BESSIE J. RICE.

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



Working to the Front — No. 2

Youthful Pluck

NEARLY all of God's most helpful missionary servants have in their youth shown great firmness of purpose, and the love of enduring hardships. They seized every opportunity to train themselves for their future life of rigorous service for God in the hard mission fields. Not only in this were they distinguished, but also in their thirst for knowledge.

Reginald Heber read the Bible readily at five years of age. At six he was found begging for a Latin grammar as a treat, and was so well versed in the language at seven that he translated Phædrus into English verse. He was so generous that upon being sent to school, his parents sewed his half-year's pocket-money into his clothes, knowing that unless this was done, he would part with all of it before he even came near the school. So saintly a lad was he that if, when reading, he saw an unbecoming expression, he would hastily close the book.

Adoniram Judson, that great pioneer of American foreign missions, when only three years of age, surprised his father one day by reading a chapter in the Bible for him. A year later, at four, he would gather the neighborhood children and preach to them.

William Goodell certainly shows what a boy can do when he has his heart set on getting an education. Like Alexander, he believed that there is nothing impossible to him who will try. In his desire to attend school, he, though delicate, walked sixty miles to Andover, Massachusetts, with his trunk strapped on his back. When called to recite, he was able to repeat verbatim the first three pages of his Latin grammar, fine print and all. As Amos Wells says, "No wonder he became a great scholar."

When only thirteen, Morrison was able to repeat the whole of the one hundred nineteenth psalm. He was required to labor hard fourteen hours a day, but even this could not stifle his desire for learning. He would keep his book before him as he worked. That he might have still more time to study, he moved his bed into his workshop, thereby saving the time required to go to and from home to his work.

Another brilliant scholar and spirited lad was James Gilmour, the apostle to Mongolia. The spirit of determination was manifested when, in his student days, some intoxicating liquor was set before him. He poured it out of his window, saying, "Better on God's earth, than in his image." That is the Daniel spirit which all our boys to-day should have. The child that can say, "No, thank you," to every tempting, hurtful article of food, will later shun the novel or saloon, and have the fortitude to refuse the mark of the beast. When tempted to indulge appetite in partaking of unwholesome food, say with Gilmour, "Better on God's earth, than in his image."

Allen Gardener is said to have led the most strenuous and original of all missionary lives. When a boy, he insisted on sleeping on the floor in order to train himself for hardships.

Robert Moffat was, in his boyhood, an apprentice to a gardener. On cold winter mornings he would begin work at four o'clock, and knock his knuckles against his spade handle to keep them warm. God could use

him. God wants workers. "In all his creation," said Gladstone, "there is no place for the idle man."

Jonas King, the greatest Protestant missionary to Greece, when a youth, read the Bible through every year. He mastered English grammar while hoeing corn, and read, in fifty-eight days, the twelve books of the *Æneid*. When a young man, he had a knowledge of eleven languages, speaking five of these fluently.

Rev. Louis Nippert, sent to Germany in 1850, had to preach his first sermon in a barn, with "horse, pigs, bellowing cows, and cackling hens contesting with him for the ears of his audience." To-day there are one hundred thirty-nine Methodist churches in Germany.

Young man, young woman, purpose in life to do something. Do not yield to difficulties, but overcome them as did these noble boys.

Spare Moments

"The whole period of youth is essentially one of formation, edification, instruction," says Ruskin. It is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. While we have it, we must wear it daily, for its years are at best short. It comes but once in life, and then wears fast away. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies; not a moment that we can afford to spend in idleness. Every instant has its value.

How often we hear, "If I had time." Thousands of lips are making this sorry cry. But the sorry part of it is that they have time, and do not know it, or if they know it, they try to deceive themselves by making the excuse the world has heard so long ("haven't time") as the reason for lack of progress. I believe we must all admit that it is the disposition to make the most of the opportunities that come, that is lacking.

Channing tells us: "It is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly and faithfully improved. Volumes have not only been read, but written, in flying journeys. I have known a man of vigorous intellect, who has enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, but who composed a book of much original thought, in steamboats and on horseback, while visiting distant customers."

"O, what wonders have been performed in one hour a day!" wrote Marden. "One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes, in a year." At ten minutes a day we could read in a year, "Education," "Ministry of Healing," "Christ's Object Lessons," "Steps to Christ," and a volume of "Testimonies for the Church." Consider then the possibilities thrown away when two, four, and sometimes six hours a day are wasted in gossip, in making schemes and never executing them, in absent-mindedness, in searching for new inventions without finding them, and in brooding over fears that never materialize. Gather up these moments of uselessness, weld them into a beautiful purpose that will make your life useful to yourself, to your God, and to your fellow men. Aim to reach the highest attainments possible for the purpose of doing good.

If you can not go to one of our academies or colleges to secure an education, use your spare moments to obtain one at home. Henry Kirk White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Elihu Burritt acquired a mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects by improving the fragments of time which he could steal from his occupation as a blacksmith. And all that men such as these had over the ordinary man was the disposition to make the most of the opportunities that came in their way. I knew one young man who, while going to school, went without his evening lunch (for which he was much better off, as would most people be), in order to save money to buy books, which otherwise he could not afford. He figured the cost of a lunch to be at least five cents, and thirty a month made \$1.50. This would buy one good book every month. In a year's time he saved enough to buy at least twenty good books.

While speaking of books and other mental food to digest in acquiring our education, I would suggest a line of reading to fill up these spare moments of which we have spoken.

The Missionary Reading Course for this year takes up two most valuable and interesting books,—“Great Controversy” and “Daybreak in the Dark Continent.” Join the course, and get the diploma which is granted to those who pass a satisfactory examination on the books.

Other books especially valuable and helpful are: “Into All the World,” by Amos R. Wells (price, 50 cents); “Boy Wanted,” by Nixon Waterman (price, \$1.25); “The Story of the Life of John G. Paton” (price, \$1.50); “How the Other Half Lives,” by Jacob A. Riis; “Challenge of the City”—Forward Mission Series.

Above all others should be classed our own denominational literature, and of this, that penned by Mrs. E. G. White should receive our first attention. For, as one professor in a worldly college said, “Had she chosen more popular subjects, her works would be the most widely read of any of the present day. Her English style is not to be excelled.” E. C. JAEGER.

The Dreamer Worked

I ONCE knew a youngster who acted as devil in a print-shop in northern Wisconsin. He was a dreamer. At least some folks called him that. He had queer notions about his relations with his employer. He never could be brought to see that there was a difference between selfishness and altruism. He contended that when he was wisely selfish he was most altruistic. Anyhow, he used to pay no attention to the clock and to the lines which separated his work from the others. He did the work he knew needed to be done. Night after night he used to stay in the office until midnight feeding the cylinder press. He knew that in that cold country the ink would be cold and sticky in the morning, and that it would take several valuable hours to warm up the old shack so that the paper could be printed. The other employees called him a fool. He smiled and worked. He used to polish the presses until they were shiny, and the dust that had accumulated for years disappeared soon after he arrived. In nine months after he became devil, he became foreman. The boss said that was the fastest rise in the printing profession he knew anything about. The boy did the best presswork the town had ever seen. He had studied how to do that sort of thing at night

when the others were down at Tommie's billiard hall. The editor went away, and the young foreman asked for his job. The boss said, “Why, you can't do that job. It is very important.” “Haven't I done my work out here better than any one else you ever had?” queried the boy. “Nine months ago would you have thought me capable of being foreman of this shop? I made good. I can make good in this. All I ask is a trial, and surely you will give me a trial in preference to hiring a stranger.” The boss did. The boy made good. He became business manager. He threw up that job and moved up. He has been going up ever since. And he has been going up because he has always done just a little bit more than he was paid for. He has ever tried to work for the boss as he would have the boss work for him were their positions reversed. He has made mistakes—many of them. But he has remembered, with Josh Billings, that “suckcess don't consist in never making no mistakes, but in never making the same one twict.” He has dealt frankly and honestly with his employers, and his employers have dealt with him in like manner. He is no prodigy, but a red-blooded, purposeful young man who tries to keep a good balance at the bank of Common Sense. It is certain that a fellow must do more than he gets paid for in wages if he ever is to get paid for more than he does. If I were a book-keeper in an establishment, it seems to me that my aim would be to be the best bookkeeper in that establishment, and I would not neglect any opportunity of learning so much about the business in general that when old Opportunity came knocking at the door, I would be ready to receive her. Too many young men are caught in bed when Miss Opportunity knocks, and of course they are not ready to serve on the reception committee. It is real fun to serve on that committee, but the fellow who serves will never be heard saying, “I am doing now all the work I am paid to do, and I'll not do any more.”—*Thomas Dreier, in the Book-keeper.*

Won by a Kiss

“A KISS saved me,” an old man said, as he stood one evening before a large audience. “I know nothing,” he continued, “of my parents or of my birth. Nothing in all the bitter past clings so close to memory as the certainty that I belong to nobody, and nobody belongs to me. Poverty isn't so hard if we've some one to love us; but no one cared for me, and all the days were alike, and the night seemed an eternity of time. There is a bitterness of sorrow in the lives of the homeless, of which God only can know. The snow had fallen, and the cold March winds were blowing, leaving us, the little waifs for whom no one cared, no choice, except the sunniest side of the dismal street in which we found shelter. I, with others, had sought the sunny side, when a lady paused, smoothed back my tangled locks, and kissed me. That was the first caress I had ever known, and it saved me. It was years before I grew out of that life to a better one; but whether I had where to lay my head, or not, I felt the presence of a light footfall and the soft touch of a hand. Out of the pure depths of her pitying womanhood, she kissed me. It was a trifling thing indeed, to kiss a homeless, friendless child; but because of that kiss, and with the Father's help, I stand to-day upon the firm basis of an honorable manhood.”—*Selected.*

“A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.”



Letters to a Grandson — No. 4

MELROSE, MASS.

BIBLE WINDOWS

Elizabeth Rosser

FROM out *this* window long
they looked
Upon a shoreless sea,—
The good old patriarch and
his wife,
His sons and daughters
three.



Within *this* window on the wall
A scarlet thread was bound,
Which saved the souls within
that house,
When all were slain around.



King's son-in-law although he
was,
That king sought him to slay;
But through *this* window he es-
caped,
And got him safe away.



With painted face a woman
bold
Was from *this* window
thrown;
Her blood was sprinkled on
the street,
And on the walls of stone.



The prophet oped *these* windows
wide.
Jerusalem toward,
And knelt and prayed three times
a day,
And praised and blessed the
Lord.



High in *this* window sat a
man,
And, sleeping, down he fell;
And, though he died, he was
restored
To life, both sound and
well.



My Dear Boy,—

After talking the matter over, it was decided best for your cousin to get to a sanitarium as quickly as possible, so I came with him to this place, as he needed some one, and his mother could not well leave home. His usual weight is one hundred sixty pounds. He now weighs only one hundred twenty.

He has had an examination and commenced treatment. He is in much the same condition that I was when I went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium more than twenty-five years ago. Poor boy! He is a great sufferer, but is willing to do anything to regain his health. Many nights he sleeps but little. How thankful you should be that you can sleep all night!

This seems an ideal place for a sanitarium. It is only six miles from Boston, which can be reached by train or trolley without change. The property consists of a farm of over forty acres, in addition to the buildings necessary to carry on the work. They have their own cows, horses, and hens, and raise their own vegetables, etc., this work being in charge of a competent farmer.

The sanitarium property is surrounded by over three thousand acres, owned by the State, and known as the Middlesex Fells Reservation. From the elevated position which the buildings occupy, one can see cities in the distance, and even catch a glimpse at the horizon line of old ocean itself, while cultivated field and natural forest extend on either side. Across the grounds sloping toward the west, is a beautiful sheet of water known as Spot Pond, where one may see wild ducks disporting themselves in their native element.

Your cousin took his pencil and tablet the other evening, and, saying, "I will tell you what brought me here," noted down the following: "Eating too rapidly; insufficient mastication; eating between meals; too much confectionery, cake, pie, etc." He might have added, too little outdoor manual labor, too strenuous athletics. Now he can not eat the plainest food without discomfort.

GRANDMA.

Dog That Carries Mail

OF all the mail-carriers that Uncle Sam has in this big country none is more novel than a dog in Dayton, Kansas, whose duty it is to meet a passenger-train twice daily, and take the heavy mail-sack to his master's store.

When the sharp whistle of the train is heard, "Nep," a big St. Bernard, gives an excited bark, and hurries to the crossing. The mail clerk kicks the leather bag out of the car door, and it falls somewhere in the vicinity of the road. Nep at once goes to the sack, and, carefully taking it by the middle, so that neither end will drag on the ground, walks sedately to the store, where he lays the sack down behind the counter by the side of the wooden letter-case, into which the mail is soon distributed.

Day after day he performs this task, rain or shine. The mail clerk watches for him, and the people of

the community are as proud of him as they would be of a bright child.

Nep is four years old, but is two feet seven inches in height, and weighs two hundred fifty pounds. Though the mail is often very heavy with the weekly papers from the county seat, he has no difficulty in carrying the sack, for his teeth are strong, and he has carried over one hundred pounds as a test of his strength.

He seems likely to perform the semiofficial task for many years to come, and the people of his community think that he is entitled to a salary for his services.

The trainmen do not forget to throw off something nice for him to eat on holidays, but, even though the gift is a toothsome bit of game or other meat, he never touches it until the mail of Uncle Sam is safe in the post-office.—*Baltimore Herald*.

The Youngest Emperor in the World

THE accompanying picture is of the youngest emperor in the world, Hsüan T'ung, tenth sovereign of the great Manchu dynasty, which has ruled over China since 1644. That was only twenty-four years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, so, practically, the entire history of the United States is contemporaneous with this Manchu dynasty. And yet, to the Chinese, who are accustomed to looking back upon a line of sovereigns, legendary and historical, for fully three thousand years before Christ, this latter dynasty seems but a thing of yesterday, and the line between the two peoples is still very closely drawn. The Manchus came, of course, from Manchuria, which is now one of China's dependent provinces. They are a larger people than the Chinese, and one distinguishing characteristic is that the Manchu women do not bind their feet. The empress dowager, who died only a few months ago, is said to have tried very hard to induce the Chinese women to abandon the cruel and foolish custom of foot binding. Many of the women are doing so, but many, alas! are not. I do not know of a sadder sight than that of the Chinese women and girls hobbling about on their poor pinched feet.

Is it not strange, young people, what atrocious things are considered beautiful when once they become fashionable? At one of my meetings in Tientsin, a Chinese scholar had three finger-nails on his left hand which were fully ten inches long. They were curled like bird's claws, and he had to hold his hand in such a way to protect them that it had already begun to wither. And yet you could see that he was prouder of those nails than you would be of beautiful gems. They indicated that he was a scholar,—a learned man, and had never been obliged to work in all his life. But the Chinese scholars of the future, who are in the schools to-day, will not have such depraved ideas. They laugh at the men who go mincing along, holding out their hands so that noth-

ing will break their nails, and call them "old fogies."

But you will want to know of the young emperor. Has he not a solemn little face? Poor baby! I wonder if you would not be solemn, too, if you were taken, before you were three years old, away from your father and mother and put in a great palace, with only strangers about you. You know he is not the son, but the nephew, of the emperor, who died last November, and the widow of that emperor, the present empress dowager, has adopted him for her son by the decree of the former empress just before her death. The little emperor's own father, Prince Chun, is the prince regent, and can not live in the imperial palace. He goes every day to see his little boy, and the emperor's mother goes also,—but that is not the same as living with your own family in your own home.

They say that the young emperor has twenty-eight *aymahs*, or Chinese nurses, to care for him—and I am sure I do not know how many other servants. And while that seems a great many to take care of one small baby, still he will some day govern more than four hundred million subjects in the largest empire in the world, and it is not strange that he is considered a person of great importance.

But for all that, I am sure he must be a lonely little fellow, and there is a story that proves how he longs for his former playmates. When he lived in his father's palace, he was allowed to play with the little son of the gate-keeper, and after he was taken to the imperial palace, he used to cry day after day for his "Go-go." Now, "Go-go" in Chinese means "elder brother," and so they were greatly perplexed as to what he could mean. At last some one happily thought of the gate-keeper's son, and when he was brought to the palace, the baby emperor was overjoyed to see his little playmate. The gate-keeper has now been promoted to service in the palace, and little "Go-go" is now a personal attendant of little Hsüan T'ung. I hope they have a chance for some

real child's play, but I fear that with so many *aymahs* and servants, and with all the etiquette of that great court, they do not know much about the good times of the children at home.

The strange-looking characters above the picture is the Chinese for "The Present Exalted Emperor's Imperial Countenance." Let us hope that he may prove to be an "exalted emperor" in the truest sense of the word; that he may stand always only for such things as are exalted in purpose and noble in deed. A great responsibility will some day be this child's, for China is in a transition stage. The old forces are struggling against the new, and the light of truth is dissipating the darkness of error. The future triumph of temperance and of Christianity in China rests largely, under God, with this child. China was never so ready for the gospel as it is to-day, and you may help to bring it in as you pray for the prince regent, and for the dear little emperor, Hsüan T'ung.—*Katharine Lent Stevenson, in the Crusader Monthly*.



Courtesy of *Crusader Monthly*

EMPEROR OF CHINA.



Launch Out

"LAUNCH out into the deep,
The awful depth of a world's despair;
Hearts are breaking, and eyes that weep;
Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
And the sea is wide;
And its pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away
Beauty and youth,
In relentless ruth,
To its dark abyss for aye.

"But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft for me,'
And he stands in our midst,
On our wreck-strewn stand,
And sweet and loving is his command.
His loving word is to each, to all;
And wherever that loving word is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal word.

"Trust to the nets, and not to your skill;
Trust to the royal Master's will,
Let down the nets this day, this hour;
For the word of a king is a word of power,
And the King's own word comes over the sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft for me.'"

Capernaum's Wonderful Sabbath

It was evening. The sun had set, and the Sabbath was past. All that day it had been told from home to home what had been done in the synagogue; it had been whispered what had taken place in the house of their neighbor Simon. This one conviction had been borne in upon them all, that *with authority* He spake, with authority and power he commanded even the unclean spirits, and they obeyed. No scene was more characteristic of the Christ than that on this autumn evening at Capernaum. One by one the stars had shone out over the tranquil lake and the festive city, lighting up earth's darkness with heaven's soft brilliancy, as if they stood there witnesses that God had fulfilled his good promise to Abraham.

On that evening no one in Capernaum thought of business, pleasure, or rest. There must have been many homes of sorrow, care, and sickness there, and in the populous neighborhood around. To them, to all, had the door of hope now been opened. Truly, a new Sun had risen on them, with healing in his wings—no disease too desperate, even the demons owned the authority of his mere rebuke. From all parts they bring them: mothers, widows, wives, fathers, children, husbands—their loved ones, the treasures they had almost lost; and the whole city throngs—a hushed, solemnized, overawed multitude—expectant, waiting at the door of Simon's dwelling. There they laid them, along the street up to the market-place, on their beds; or brought them, with beseeching look and word. What a symbol of this world's misery, need, and hope! what a symbol, also, of what the Christ really is as the Consoler in the world's manifold woe!

Never, surely, was he more truly the Christ; nor is he in symbol more truly such to us and to all time, than when, in the stillness of that evening, under the starlit sky, he went through that suffering throng, laying his hands in the blessing of healing on every one of them, and casting out many devils. No picture of the Christ more dear to us than this of the un-

limited healing of whatever disease of body or soul. In its blessed indefiniteness it conveys the infinite potentiality of relief, whatever misery has fallen on us, or whatever care or sorrow oppresses us.

He must be blind, indeed, who sees not in this Physician the divine Healer; in this Christ the Light of the world, the Restorer of what sin had blighted, the Joy in our world's deep sorrow. Never was prophecy more truly fulfilled than, on that evening, this of Isaiah: "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." By his incarnation and coming, by his taking our infirmities, and bearing our sicknesses,—for this in the truest and widest sense is the meaning of the incarnation of the Christ,—did he become the Healer, the Consoler of humanity, its Saviour in all ills of time, and from all ills of eternity. Viewed in its real bearing on mankind with its wants, Christ, on that evening, was the real, though as yet only initial, fulfilment of the world's great hope, to which, centuries before, the God-directed hand of the prophet had pointed.

So ended that Sabbath in Capernaum,—a Sabbath of healing, joy, and true rest. But far and wide, into every place of the country around, throughout all the region of Galilee, spread the tidings, and with them the fame of him whom demons must obey, though they dare not pronounce him the Son of God. And on men's ears fell his name with sweet softness of infinite promise, "like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth."—*Alfred Edersheim, in "Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah."*

Christ Triumphant

DR. GEORGE P. LORIMER, of Boston, told his experience in my hearing one day. It was on the closing day of that great farce known as the World's Parliament of Religion. Sixteen thousand people were assembled in the building. Four speakers were to conclude the parliament: a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, and two Christians. The purpose of the parliament was to measure all the religions of the world against Christianity. Dr. Lorimer said that when he stepped on the platform, and saw that great crowd, he began praying, "O God, let Jesus have a chance here tonight!" The first speaker was the Mohammedan, and he fairly carried the audience away with his eloquence. Then came a Christian, who read his speech, and failed to grip the crowd; then came the Buddhist with flowing robes and spectacular appearance generally, and the oration that he delivered was very impressive. Dr. Lorimer said that as his own time to speak approached, his heart came near breaking, as he prayed, "O Lord, glorify thyself now!" But he got nervous, dropped his notes on the floor, and they scattered so that he could not get them. He tried, but his message had no weight, and he sat down crestfallen, feeling that he had failed to magnify his Lord. The Buddhist and the Mohammedan looked triumphant, and the Christians looked ashamed. But suddenly Professor Tonlim, who sat in the first balcony with a great choir of trained singers, sprang to his feet, raised his baton, and that choir began singing, "Jesus shall reign, halleluiah!"

The entire audience soon took it up, and such a chorus as swelled from that mighty throng had never been heard in that city before; "Jesus shall reign, halleluiah!" It rose to the gates of heaven, and made the angels rejoice. Dr. Lorimer said that he looked

to see what had become of the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, and they were gone. When that mighty chorus swelled forth, they sneaked out, and they have never been seen before a similar audience again. "Jesus shall reign, halleluia!" Will you be with him when he reigns?—*Dr. Len Broughton, in the Golden Age.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Christ's Second Coming — No. 4

REVIEW.—What is the subject of the last lesson? How shall we know when his coming is near? Name the first four signs, and give references. Name four prominent signs seen among men. Where is the first found? Quote it or give it in substance. The second. The third. The fourth. When will he come upon the wicked? 1 Thess. 5:3. What do we know? Verses 1, 2. Nevertheless who are we? Verses 4, 5. Of what will we be careful? Verses 6-8. Why? Verses 9, 10. Had you found these last-mentioned scriptures? Have you found any other? According to Amos 8:11-13, what will we finally do if we neglect the Scriptures now?

Behold He Cometh

Our last lesson terminated in the beginning of those days following the close of probation. The wicked then demonstrate their true characters, for they are no longer restrained by the Spirit of God. When the limit of divine forbearance is reached, the decree of Rev. 22:11 goes forth. You will notice from the decree that it is not issued until each one is unchangeably fixed in the position in which the decree leaves him; and this position is one of his own choice. The lost have taken their position in spite of all that Heaven can do to dissuade them from it. Mercy's door will not close so long as there is a possible chance of saving one.

To the people of God this time is known as "the time of Jacob's trouble." Jer. 30:7. His people must drink of the cup he drained to the dregs in Gethsemane. But the promise is, "He shall be saved out of it." Read Psalm 91.

The very day of their deliverance arrives; and that Christ's promise to Caiaphas (Matt. 26:64) may be kept, Dan. 12:2 is fulfilled, and we understand Rev. 1:7. His announcement will be a great commotion in the sky. Matt. 24:29, last clause; Rev. 6:14, first clause. As Acts 1:9-11 will be fulfilled, Matt. 24:30, first clause, follows. This sign is a cloud (Rev. 1:7), and the attention of all the world is called heavenward. The earth begins to tremble (Jer. 4:21); and as he draws nearer, the commotion increases until Rev. 16:18; 6:14, last clause, are fulfilled. Isa. 2:19, 21, are sure.

The wicked now realize that the time spoken of in Zeph. 1:12, 14-18, is at hand, even though they know nothing of the prophecy, and declare Rev. 6:15-17. They wish to hide "from the face of him that sitteth on the throne." The gates of the New Jerusalem are open, and sinful man is face to face with his Creator; for the Father adds his glory to the glory of the Son when Jesus comes. Luke 9:26; Titus 2:13. All the angels come with him (Matt. 25:31), and their number is — Rev. 5:11. As we know from Matt. 28:2-4

what the presence of one angel will do, what do you think will be the result at Christ's second coming, when all the glory of heaven will be revealed?

But where are the righteous? What are they doing? Listen to the glad words of welcome wherewith they greet their Saviour. Isa. 25:9. But stop for a moment and try to comprehend the wonders depicted by the scriptures we have been reading, noting especially the contrast between those who love God and those who love him not.

Christ evidently stops some distance from the earth, for we are "caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air." 1 Thess. 4:17. He first sends the angels "with a great sound of a trumpet" throughout the earth. From the beginning they have attended those who love the Lord. Heb. 1:14. Then with a voice that death can not resist, he calls forth his sleeping saints (John 5:28; 6:39, 40, 44, 54), an innumerable host (Rev. 7:9-17); and the living righteous receive the blessings of 1 Cor. 15:51-55. The angels now — Matt. 24:31. Each one will realize that he has "come to be glorified in his saints," and to destroy those who "obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. 1:10, 8.

The overwhelming glory of the Father, Son, and all the angels — 2 Thess. 2:8; Isa. 13:9, 11. With the righteous caught away and the wicked slain, see what the condition on earth will be. Jer. 25:30-33. If the ransomed of the Lord on their way to the New Jerusalem, should look back upon the earth, they would see Jer. 4:23-28; Isa. 13:10; 24:19-22 literally fulfilled.

Stop for a moment, and let your imagination go to its limit in your endeavor to picture the scenes of the great day of God. Remember that your wildest attempt to grasp a view of that event hardly affords you a glimpse of the reality. Are you quickened by his truth and Spirit? Or has the glittering gaze of the great serpent, which he has fastened upon each soul of earth in a desperate endeavor to draw him to himself, charmed you and drawn you under the baleful, stupefying influence of his poisonous breath? Do you feel a dread of those cold, slimy coils as he wraps them around you in the embrace of death? or are you benumbed, and, like an almost unconscious drowning man, having visions of wealth and honors and most enjoyable pleasures, are you unaware of your condition, until, like him when he is resuscitated, you will suddenly awake to find it all a dream? But here the parallels widely diverge. The drowning man regains a consciousness of the blessings of real life; and you are apprised of the terrible fact that your supposed blessings are the most crushing, heart-rending curses, and the real life you have lost forever. If you have not already given yourself to Jesus, turn to him quickly, that he may break the bands of Satan and set you free. "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" There will be but few ready to welcome him. It is your privilege to be of that number, which is but one hundred forty-four thousand strong. Will you not yield to-day to his pleading voice, and become his child? The Heaven-sent message to us at this time is, "Get ready, get ready, get ready!" Again I entreat, "Get ready!"

CHANCY WOOD.

"BEAR up in anguish; ease will yet be sweet;
Bear up all day, for night has rest in store:
Christ bears thy burden with thee; rise and greet
One sorrow more."

The One Million Club

FOR several years the Anti-Cigarette League has put forth noble efforts to stamp out the cigarette evil and to fight the use of tobacco in any form, especially by the young. In many places the influence of the league is penetrating legislative halls. A few years ago an editorial in the *Outlook* stated that next to the bills directly concerned with election and taxes those against the cigarette were, in several State legislatures, demanding most attention. Seven States have outlawed the cigarette; but the government needs the hearty support of every earnest young man and woman in this warfare.

Just now special effort is being made to raise the membership of the Anti-Cigarette League in the United States and Canada to one million before July 4. Is this effort worth while? The little white roll looks innocent; but it is guilty of the blackest crimes. It picks the pocket, dwarfs the brain, steals its patron's integrity, and drives away his noble desires. In one year fifty-five billions of these pernicious little thieves robbed the young people of the United States of wealth far more precious than gold. Should the law protect the cigarette in its death-dealing career? Should we?

But you are wondering about that Million Club. The conditions of membership are these: "All non-tobacco-using men, young men, and boys; also all women, young women, and girls, in sympathy with the object of the One Million Club, may become members by filling out the application blank and paying one dime." The membership fee is to be used in the warfare against this phase of intemperance. When we reflect on the heart-rending results of the liquor traffic, we shudder to hear a leading temperance worker say that "a far greater danger is threatening the rising generation from cigarette-smoking than from drink."

What are we doing to save our friends? Let the needs about us and the possibilities before us and others be a bugle-call to arms. By example, by precept, by use of carefully prepared literature, and with the temperance pledge, let us work to save those about us from this terrible snare. Those desiring to affiliate with the Million Club, should write Miss Lucy P. Gaston, 1119 Woman's Temple, 184 La Salle St., Chicago, for further information. M. E.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Review

IN answering these questions the book may be used. The answers should be sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary at once.

1. (a) Draw an outline map of Africa, and locate the following: Nile River, Congo River, Zambesi River, Niger River, Victoria Falls, Sahara Desert, Lake Tanganyika, and Lake Nyassa.

(b) Name four European nations which control African soil.

2. Describe an African home, using the following outline:—

- (a) The wedding.
- (b) The relation of husband and wife.
- (c) The house.
- (d) The food.
- (e) Death in the home.

3. Write one original sentence on each of the following: African paganism, charms, family gods, general gods, cannibalism, witch palaver.

4. Name six great obstacles to be met by missionaries to Africa. Which do you consider the most difficult to overcome?

5. Name four methods of missionary effort successfully used in Africa. State reasons why each is adapted to the conditions to be met there.

6. (a) Explain how the slave traffic was overruled for the good of Africa.

(b) Write a paragraph on the work of the "American Mission" in Egypt.

7. Write a biography, of not less than one hundred words, of the missionary to Africa in whom you are most interested.

8. Which of the missionaries was stoned to death? Which was compelled to bury his wife and child a few months after arriving? Who said of his wife, "For fifty-three years I have had her to pray for me"? Who was the great missionary explorer? Who was called the "missionary statesman"? Who was the missionary mechanic? Who said, "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up"? Who became a missionary through the influence of his Sabbath-school teacher? Who arose from slavery to become a Christian bishop? Who was called "the Apostle of the Congo"?

Notes From the Field

THE Missionary Volunteer Society of Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., has recently sent fifty dollars to help furnish the sanitarium at Huntsville, Alabama.

The Iowa Missionary Volunteer secretary writes: "The societies at Hawarden and Council Bluffs each used five hundred of the special Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR."

One Missionary Volunteer Society in South Dakota provided two tons of coal, twenty dollars' worth of groceries, twenty bushels of potatoes, and one barrel of clothing for the destitute poor.

From southern Idaho comes this good word: "I received a letter this morning from the leader of one of our societies in the country, and he states that some of the young people there are working to earn money to enable them to attend camp-meeting."

The Promise

"THE Lord hear thee in trouble;"
But the Good Book does not say
Thy soul shall have no sorrow
As thou goest on thy way:
Only—The Lord will hear thee,
And in his bosom bear thee.

He'll uphold thee when thou fallest;
But the promise does not come
That thy feet shall never stumble
Along thy journey home:
Only—He will uphold thee,
His arms will safe enfold thee.

When thou passest through the rivers,
They shall not thee o'erflow.
Troubled waters are before thee,
And through them thou must go:
Only—He'll go beside thee;
From him no deeps can hide thee.

Though thou walkest through the valley,—
That valley dark and dim,—
Yea, though at last he slay thee,
O, trust thou yet in him!
For he has gone before thee,
And to life he will restore thee.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII — Call of Fishermen; Healing of Demoniac; Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother

(June 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 5: 1-11; 4: 31-41.

PARALLEL TEXTS: Matt. 4: 18-22; Mark 1: 16-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple." Luke 14: 33.

The Lesson Story

1. "And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him. And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him."

2. Jesus was never much alone, for all the day people crowded about him to hear the Word of God, and to be healed of their diseases. At this time there were two ships on the lake near the place where Jesus stood. "And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship."

3. "Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draft. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." The water in the lake was so clear that fish could be best caught in nets at night. As they had caught nothing all night, the disciples thought surely they could catch none during the day. But they loved Jesus, and this led them to do just as he said.

4. "And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.

5. "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draft of the fishes which they had taken: and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him." Peter did not wish to be parted from Jesus, but he saw himself so sinful and unworthy that he felt unfit to be with one so pure and holy.

6. While Jesus taught in the synagogue "there was a man, which had a spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out with a loud voice, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art; the Holy One of God." Satan intended by bringing

this afflicted man to the meeting to take the attention of the people from Jesus. He still works in different ways to cause us to think of other things than the words being spoken by the Lord's servants, and which we need to hear. "And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him, and hurt him not."

7. When the people in the synagogue saw the afflicted man was cured, "they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out. And the fame of him went out into every place of the country round about.

8. "And he arose out of the synagogue, and entered into Simon's house. And Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever; and they besought him for her. And he stood over her, and rebuked the fever; and it left her: and immediately she arose and ministered unto them. Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."

Questions

1. Whom did Jesus see as he walked by the sea of Galilee? What were these brothers doing? What was their trade? What did he say to them? What did they do? What other two brothers did Jesus see? What was their father's name? What were they doing? How did Jesus attract their attention? How did they show their love for him? Matt. 4: 18-22.

2. How did the people show that they wanted to hear the word of God? What did Jesus see on the lake? What did he do? Who owned the boat? What did Jesus ask Simon to do? Where was the Saviour while he taught the people? Luke 5: 1-3.

3. When Jesus had finished speaking, what did he tell Simon to do? What did Simon say in reply? Why was night the best time for fishing? How did Simon show his faith in his Lord? Luke 5: 4, 5.

4. What was the result when the disciples let down their net? What happened to the net? To whom did they beckon for help? How many men were in this company of fishermen? Mark 1: 16-20. How many fish did they catch when they obeyed the Lord? Luke 5: 6, 7.

5. When Peter saw the miracle Jesus had wrought, what did he do? What did he say? When the boats were brought to land, what did these four men do? Why did he ask Jesus to leave him? Luke 5: 8-11.

6. As Jesus taught in a synagogue, who was present? How did this man disturb the meeting? Who caused him to come there? What was Satan's purpose? How does he still work? What did Jesus say to the evil spirit? Tell how the man was cured. Luke 4: 33-35.

7. How did the people feel who saw this miracle? What did they say among themselves? How far did the fame of Jesus go? Luke 4: 36, 37.

8. To what place did Jesus go from the synagogue? What trouble did he find in Simon's home? To whom did the afflicted family go in their distress? How did Jesus cure the mother? What did she do when her fever was gone? What has the Lord told us to do when we are sick? James 5: 14. What promise has he given to those who are sick? Verse 15.

When the sun was setting, who came to Jesus? What did Jesus do? Luke 4: 38-40.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII — Call of Fishermen; Healing of Demoniac; Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother

(June 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 5: 1-11; 4: 31-41; Matt. 8: 14-17.

RELATED AND PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 4: 18-22; Mark 1: 16-34.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 25; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, chapters 13, 17.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 14: 33.

Questions

Call of Fishermen

1. How did the people manifest their eagerness to hear the word of God? Luke 5: 1; note 1.
2. What did this lead Jesus to do? Verses 2, 3; note 2.
3. When he finished his discourse, what did he tell Simon to do? Verse 4.
4. What was the reply of Simon? What was the result when they obeyed Jesus' word? Verses 5-7.
5. What was the effect of this miraculous draft of fishes upon the disciples? What encouraging words did Jesus speak to Peter? Verses 8-10; note 3.
6. What did these disciples immediately do? Verse 11; note 4.

Healing of Demoniac

7. To what city of Galilee did Jesus again come? What did he do there? How did he speak? Luke 4: 31, 32.
8. What occurred while he was teaching? Verses 33, 34. See "Desire of Ages," pages 255, 256.
9. What did Jesus do? What did the unclean spirit do? Verse 35.
10. What was the result of Christ's work at this place? Verses 36, 37.

Peter's Wife's Mother

11. Where did he go from the synagogue? What did he find in this home? Verse 38.
12. What did our Lord do for the sick one? Verse 39.
13. At the close of the Sabbath, what did the people do? What help did he render the afflicted? Verses 40, 41.
14. What was the burden of his teaching in Galilee? Mark 1: 14, 15.
15. What prophet had before prophesied of the times of the Messiah? Dan. 9: 24-26.
16. Where was John the Baptist at this time? Matt. 4: 12.
17. Where did Jesus make his home after leaving Nazareth? Verse 13.
18. What prophecy was he fulfilling in his preaching? Verses 14-16.

Notes

1. The sea of Chinnereth (Num. 34: 11), called in the New Testament "the sea of Galilee" (Matt. 4: 18), the "sea of Tiberias" (John 21: 1), and the "sea" or "lake of Gennesaret" (Luke 5: 1-11), which last is but a variation of the Hebrew name.
2. It would seem that Simon and the other disciples whom Jesus first called had gone back to their fishing when Jesus returned to Galilee.
3. We may, like the disciples who toiled all the

night without results, in our labor for souls sometimes see no one won to Christ. Yet we should not become discouraged and abandon the work. Connect more fully with the Saviour, take him on board the ship, and at the word let down the gospel net, and it may enclose a multitude. (See page 11.)

4. The disciples "forsook all" in order to follow Christ. No less is required of his people in this age. We can not serve God and Mammon. Following Christ means a separation from the world.

The Clear Space

A FAMOUS artist was asked to give his opinion of a shelf, richly covered with rare and beautiful China vases. He walked straight up to the shelf, and lifted off one of the vases.

"But that's so fine," murmured the host.

"Yes," assented the artist, "but the clear space is finer. It's one of the last things people learn," he added, "that even though a thing may be excellent in itself, nothing at all may be still more excellent."

The free space thus left on the shelf gave at once a look of restfulness and dignity and service to the whole place.

Overcrowded lives do not rest or enrich the world. Space must be left in our plans for that steady quietness and freedom from extra helpfulness which makes for comfort and peace. "Strong men watch and wait," is the wise expression of a French writer. We are too anxious to be accomplishing something, to be hustling about this or that matter, when *the greatest matter of all may be one of silence* that is healing, of prudent independence of judgment, of hopeful waiting, of brave and busy home-keeping, or of giving up some non-essential luxury. The great space-clearer in our lives is patience. To be busy and unhurried is its teaching. "In your patience possess ye your souls." — *Wellspring*.

Hold Up the Light

COMPTON, the well-known missionary, was on his way to India. The great steamer was plowing its way through the sea. Not feeling well, he was about to retire for the night when he heard the cry, "Man overboard." His first impulse was to rush on deck and try to rescue him. But then he reflected that he might be in the way, and no doubt the seamen would render all possible assistance. But wasn't there something he could do? He could at least try. So he took his little lamp and held it close to the window, which on account of its appearance, is known as "the bull's eye." Soon Compton heard the joyful cry, "Saved." The next morning he was told that his little light, shining through that little window, was the means of the man's rescue. It came at the right time, and was in the right place. It showed the sailors just where to throw the life-line, and enabled the perishing man to grasp it as it came near him. All the efforts of those seamen would have been useless, and all the attempts of the drowning man would have been of no avail, if it had not been for Compton's holding his light up. Reader, multitudes are drifting on the sea of time. They are in terrible danger. They are in danger of utter destruction unless you hold your light up so that it can shine to save them. O, hold your light up and try to save souls from perishing in sin! Don't delay.—*Eugene B. Willard*.

The Youth's Instructor

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The House Beautiful

HE who would build a house for all to see,
In honesty should dig the foundation ways,
And lay the corner-stone of love, and raise
The walls of steadfastness; and then should he
Bedeck the walls with song and poesy,
And keep the fires of sweet content ablaze;
The windows hope, the ascending gables praise,
And over all the roof of charity.
Then let the tempests rage, the fires consume,
Time's self is impotent to seal the doom
Of such a house, where wanderers may find,
Carved in gold above the open portal:
"Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind."
The true home is the heart, and so immortal.

—Richard Nixon.

Candle to Burn Nearly Five Years

A GREAT candle that will burn four years and seven months, claimed to be the largest ever manufactured, is to be enshrined at the birthplace of Joseph Petrosino, in Italy. Petrosino was assassinated while on a secret mission to Sicily for the United States. The candle is nine feet high, three and one-half feet in circumference, and weighs one hundred seventy-eight pounds. It is almost covered with fourteen-carat gold-leaf, and its composition is Austrian beeswax, to which a substance has been added to retard combustion. The cost of the candle was about four hundred dollars, and it is the present of the manufacturer, in whose home Petrosino lived when a boy.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Soul Winning

"HEAVEN would not be half a heaven," exclaimed Mr. Cheyne, "if I couldn't bring some one with me."

And how easy the work of soul winning is, if we only go at it in the right way! Have no heart in it; conceive of it as a duty, and not as a privilege; drive yourself to it as an awkward thing to do, and a task you would get off your hands simply for conscience' sake; and of course it is irksome and difficult work. But go to it from off your knees, undertake it with the cross glowing in your heart, and it will be like picking ripe fruit that drops the moment the tree is given the slightest shake.

Some years ago I covenanted with God that I would endeavor that year to lead at least one soul a day to Christ.

The very next day I was in Harrisburg speaking before a company of ministers, and, wishing to fulfil my pledge as soon as the new day broke, I rang for

the hotel porter, and upon his entering wished him a "happy new year!" That was at once a natural and easy thing to do. But immediately I added, after he had said, "Thank you, sir," "And I hope you begin the new year a Christian?"

He looked at me, supposing I must be joking; but, when he found I was not, a serious look came upon his face, and he replied: "No, sir, I do not; but I'm glad you take that much interest in my soul. Most people who stay at this hotel don't."

Later I was stopping for a day at the Parker House in Boston. At the supper hour there were few people in the restaurant, and I had my waiter all to myself.

"Do you go to church?" I asked, and was at once answered in the negative.

"Do your children go to a Sunday-school?" brought the same response.

I realized at once I had with me a needy subject, and that day had not as yet witnessed the fulfilment of my New-year's vow. It was, therefore, not long before I was asking him where he was born, and upon his telling me his native State was Vermont, I felt I had my cue.

"Let me make a guess. Your father was a good old Congregational deacon."

"You're right, sir."

"Since I have done so well in my first attempt, then let me guess again. Your mother was a devoted Christian; and, if you were doing what she taught you to do, you and your family would not be living apart from the church."

I saw that I had touched a tender spot; and, when a great tear had finished forming on the top of either cheek, he delighted me by saying, "You are right, and I'll promise you to go to church next Sunday."

Some time after that I was on the Empire State Express, speeding up into central New York. Sitting across the aisle was a young man whose face was a mystery to me. I can usually read faces, but that man's face was wholly enigmatical.

After my dropping into conversation with him, it was not five minutes before he was out with his secret. He was going home to see his grandmother die; and since he had seen her last, two years before, when he left the farm an innocent boy, he had changed. The city's temptations had been too alluring, and he was going back on his sad errand ashamed of himself and sorely penitent for the life he had been leading since last he had seen the family.

What a chance was mine! I took it up as eagerly as if I was discovering a gold vein. And quickly the fellow responded. It was a relief. He had been longing to talk out his soul to some one; and so fully did he unbosom himself and I unbosom myself to him that, when I bade him good-by as he alighted at the station, he gave my hand a warm, prolonged grip, and said, "I'm going to lead another life when I go back to New York."

I could pursue my story further, but the year's record would be too long. It was never otherwise the succeeding days of that year, and never has been otherwise during the days since then; souls have seemed just to drop into my hand whenever I have been on a quest for them.

There are souls all about you, my friend, waiting for your personal approach. Are you keeping them waiting? or are you meeting your responsibility toward them, with a glad and grateful heart?—*J. B. Shaw, in Christian Endeavor World*.