

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

August 16, 1910

No. 33

## Just a Word for Jesus

JUST a word for Jesus, who has loved you so;  
Just a word that others, too, his love may know!  
Will you not then speak it? Will you still be dumb,  
When one word might help some other soul to come?

How you love to talk of friends beloved on earth!  
Do you then account this Friend of lesser worth?  
How will those who're strangers learn to love him too  
If you never mention what he's done for you?

Should you see a person in some danger grave,  
And you had the knowledge which his life would save,  
How your heart at once would be with pity stirred!  
Never would you pass without the helping word.

Yet, 'tis more than life,— it is a soul at stake  
Might be helped by just a word said for Jesus' sake.  
Have you then no courage? Is your love so weak,  
That for him, your best Friend, you're afraid to speak?

Children of the King, ambassadors on earth,  
Are you speaking that which shows your royal birth?  
By your conversation have your neighbors guessed  
Whose you are, whom you serve, whom you love the best?

Just a word for Jesus! Lo, the angelic throng  
Wait to see you show on whose side you belong.  
With earth's transient baubles are you so engrossed  
You forget to follow him who seeks the lost?

Just a word for Jesus! 'tis so small a thing,  
Yet its echo through eternity will ring;  
For 'twill be continued, on the heavenly shore,  
In the song of one it helped,— saved forevermore.

PEARL WAGGONER.





A WRITTEN invitation to a wedding requires an answer.

"HE who takes his own time, generally takes other people's too."

BEWARE of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—*Franklin*.

EIGHT tent efforts are being conducted simultaneously this summer in New York City.

IF a man will submit to being carried, that is sufficient to show that he is not worth carrying.—*Roosevelt*.

HAVE a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—*Charles Dickens*.

IN character and manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Mrs. George M. Moore*.

WHEN a gift is handed you by the donor, it is a compliment to open it at once, and express your appreciation of it, unless there are other persons present. If it is a box of candy, then it would be more courteous to open it before the callers and share its contents with them.

NEVER judge a man by his relations, but rather by his companions; his relations are forced on him, while his companions are his own choosing.—*Franklin*.

LET us all resolve first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all faultfinding that does no good, a sin; third, to practise the grace and virtues of praise.—*Stowe*.

THE Sunday morning service shows the popularity of the church; the Sunday evening service shows the popularity of the preacher; the prayer-meeting service shows the popularity of the Lord.—*Selected*.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

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No. 33

## The Hills o' Ca'liny

Among Mine Own People

A. W. SPAULDING

**N**O, brother, I reckon I aint a travelin' out West jist yit. The's heaps o' young fellers as think they kin make ther fortin out thar, an' hit may be they kin; but from all I hear tell, the's mighty little human-kindness amongst they-all out thar,—jist a-pushin' an' a-crowdin' ter make ther own way. I was borned seventy-six year ago in the big log house over down yander, an' my old woman was borned jist over the gap. We was raised up here, an' I reckon we-all 'ull stay in these hills o' Ca'liny till they opens up ter take in the old bones. We-all air like the woman o' Scriptur, y' ricollict: we dwell amongst our own people."

The first trace I came upon of the Old Man Douglas was a home-printed sign that faced me at the turning of a lane, a sign of quaint character and quaint phrase:—

"NOTIS

"All Persons are hereby notified not to tresspass on or thru this Land at nite with Dogs or guns or otherwise atween the hours of Sun Set and Sun Rise at ther own Risk by the Strenth of My Arms and the Contence of a Dubble Barrel Shot Gun.

"This the 1 Day of Sept 1909.

"J. B. DOUGLAS."

The vision of a tall, raw-boned, steely-eyed mountaineer came up before me. I did not tresspass. Though it was not between the hours of sunset and sunrise, and though I had neither dog nor gun, yet possibly the broad legislative mind which framed that law might hold I had "otherwise;" and being on a peaceable errand, I would not invite war. A little farther on, I found a driveway that led up to the old man's house, and so I came upon him—a surprise. Gaunt indeed he was, but shorter than I, who am no Goliath; and his deep blue eyes, which age could not yet fade, were as kindly as my mother's. Yet I could see through their twinkling the gleaming of a fire that would not uniformly remain hidden, and it took no great stretch of imagination to be looking along a blue barrel into eyes gone steely gray.

Much of the lore of the mountain country had he at his tongue's end: how the road that ran by his house was the oldest in the country, being made along the old Indian trail from Hickorynut Gap in the Blue Ridge, down to the canoe path of the French Broad; how the old log house in which he was born (now clapboarded and called a hotel), was one of the four this side the Ridge that stood for civilization a hundred years ago; and many a tale, had I had time to hear, of war and revenue, bushwhacking and moon-shining.

And like almost all his kind, he was, comparatively, well versed in Scripture. He was the first of many I have found through these mountains whose wisdom in gospel and prophecy exceeds that of many of their ministers. The ministry, indeed, is in a curious state

through the mountains. Too few to reach all the widely scattered settlements, not to speak of the lonely cabins, the ministers have divided as much as they can compass into circuits, often a hundred miles or more in length, along which the itinerant preacher rides, reaching each station perhaps once a month. This system of circuit-riding, originating in Methodism and copied by others under the same conditions, is familiar enough to us in the early history of the middle West, and it yet survives in the mountains. But the country preachers now are largely young men, just out from the little mountain sectarian "college" (another survival), or else graduates of larger theological schools passing here a novitiate before succeeding to higher positions. Thus they make a mixture of smatterers and students, with differing faiths of dogmatism and radicalism, a state confusing to the keen though unsophisticated mind of the mountaineer, who at once reveres the higher learning, and rebels against the liberalism, of many of his spiritual advisers.

More popular with him is the scarcer type of preacher, largely self-taught, who has diligently thumbed his Bible, vaguely groping with untutored Anglo-Celtic apprehension in the jurisprudence and the imagery of the Oriental. "Old Pap Somers" he may be, or "Preacher James;" and though, jealous of his prerogatives, he may have "Rev." stenciled on his rural mail-box for the awing of chance vistors, yet among his own people he must be content with the more familiar, and indeed the more endearing, sobriquet.

But apart from the professed preachers are the old men who, shut up to the Bible library, have made themselves familiar with its pages, who love to argue and to exhort, and who often therefrom feel their Celtic blood stirring them to fill the prophetic office, and from dreams and symbolic visions predict impossible futures.

Of such was my friend, Old Man Douglas, he of the white burnside whiskers, and the mild, dangerous blue eyes. Surer and truer, indeed, was he upon the revelations of the Apocalypse than many a spry young sprig of the pulpit; and the wonders of the day, of which he heard through his weekly newspaper or the wide-spread gossip of the cabins and the crossroads store,—these spelled to him, as they must to the broader mind, the coming dissolution of the world.

But "other-worldliness" was not a vice with him. Though ever ready to converse upon religion, he was, it appeared as I met him now and then afterward, a master hand at giving advice to neighbors. And he was livelily interested in affairs great and small. As his "Notis" might indicate, he had had plenty of experience with dog and gun, and in his memory carried trophies of foot-race and wrestling bout.

"Doc. Williams," said he one day, out on the road talking to me and a waylaid mule driver, "Doc. Wil-

liams and I grew up together in these parts. He's two year younger than I be, but the city life do tell on a man. I seed him up at Asheville yesterday was a week ago, an' says I, 'Come on now, Doc., an' I'll wrassle ye, right here on the grass.' An' d'ye think he would? Nary bit. He knowed I could down him yit, if my old bones air over the threescore-an'-ten-year line." And his rosy face, framed in white from forehead to chin, glowed around the smile his surviving prowess begot. A brave old man, though a garrulous, and a good old man withal, with his well-thumbed Bible and his kindly eye and his human smile, with the "Strenth" of his good right "Arms" and the "Contence of his Dubble Barrel Shot Gun."

"Among mine own people,"—the phrase stays with me, and I find myself echoing the sentiment as I trudge the stony roads, as I enter the cabins swarming with dirty children, as I answer the hearty farewell of an acquaintance of half an hour, "Good-by, brother;" for everywhere it is "brother." The distant "stranger" of the West, the "neighbor" of the garrulous Yankee, even the "friend" of the Quaker, are stricken to shame before the kindness of the mountain salutation, "Good-by, brother. Wish ye mighty luck."

And who could be ashamed of the kindred of the American mountaineer? Kin he is, indeed, to all of English America. Pure stock of the British Isles, he has fed the streams of western emigration from before the times of the Revolution. Through these mountains, and from them, poured the stream that peopled Tennessee and Kentucky, surged sidewise north of the Ohio and south into Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, found a vent through Missouri, and later infused its blood into the wide West, and fastened there many of its customs and habits of thought.

More largely Celtic than Saxon, perhaps, is the population of the mountains. Many Scotch and Welsh and some Irish names there are here in the hills, as many as of English, if not more. Tweed, Murray, Stuart, with many Macs, and Mallory, Carren, and Cathy,—these reveal the Celt, as does also, more faintly, an infrequent brogue.

And something there is that gives the feeling of kin. Surely it is not the dirt and the squalor, the poverty and wretchedness. I will not mention in the list, ignorance. I would rather say, unlearnedness; for ignorance is associated in my mind, perhaps not rightly, with stupidity; and little is there of stupidity. Twice, indeed, have I come upon idiocy in poverty-stricken homes, the sickening sight of childhood choked, as my startled fancy insisted, in the embrace of a foul spirit, little faces distorted in awful grimaces, and infantile lips pouring forth gibberish for the greeting of the visitor. "An invalid child," sighs the poor mother, in a shrinking, futile effort to hide the shameful malady. O for the presence of the merciful Saviour, who set the imbecile free! And O for the power that rested upon his disciples in the early days! for by the hand of the Healer might all the truth penetrate to inmost souls.

But for all the fuss of the summer boarder and the hospital scientist, it does not appear that the stock of the Anglo-Saxon is "petering out" in the mountains. It may be so in the mill towns, but not in the mountains. Lean, usually, but rugged, is the frame of the mountaineer; and his mind, though starved, is keen. Yet the narrowness of his vision may sometimes make his simplicity bear ludicrous fruit. I was

talking with Uncle Peter Carroll one day about "the great earthquake"—the Charleston earthquake—which shook these mountains. He described vividly his experience and sensations that night, and then touched upon the effects of the earthquake.

"Hit used to be a heap colder," he asserted. "I ricollect we uster drive across the creeks with wagons the hull winter through, an' the snow piled up jist this-a-way" (with a swift upward movement of the hands), "but we don't have no sich winters now. No, suh. The great ea'thquake done it. Now I don't know nothin' about it; I ain't no eddication in sich things; but there be fellers—astronomers, they call 'em—thet says thet ea'thquake moved this hull country a hundred miles south. Yes, suh."

"I never heard of such a thing," I meekly said.

"Well, I don't know," he replied, "I ain't no astronomer; but I do know hit's a heap warmer. We uster have sleighin' the hull winter through, an' we uster have ice, but we don't no more, fer more'n a day or two. An' the land's mighty po' now, too. Hit uster be mighty good. Cropped too much? No, suh, thet aint hit. New land jist like the old. An' the peaches don't hit no more, because hit thaws up an' then hit freezes, an' hit thaws an' freezes, an' freezes 'em out. An' the' aint much else thet hits, nuther."

So he piled the evidence up, until it began indeed to appear that in this startlingly scientific assertion the astronomers must be right!

Sometimes I think the intellectual sky of my State would not be so dark if it were not for tobacco; for tobacco is the curse of the country—and the comfort. "My 'baccy air all I got left," said one old woman who had lost husband and children; and the sentiment is that of all classes and conditions. Two fluids run continually through the land. One is water; the other is tobacco juice. Corn whisky once made a poor third, but since the State went dry, it barely trickles here and there. But tobacco! Everywhere is tobacco, sack and twist and plug and snuff. The old men and the young men and the children chew and chew and chew. The old women and the maidens and the children dip and wopse and dip again; and everybody spits, spurts, expectorates. Around every beardless mouth is a dark-brown aureole, the glory of the snuff-dipper.

One can forgive slovenly dress, apathy over wretched housing, a diet of bacon and soggy biscuits, but who can forgive the needless drenching of womanhood in filthy snuff? It becomes a horror at last to the sensitive mind, the panorama of the ubiquitous snuff-stick, the pouching, protruding under lip, the dark-brown stain about the mouth, and the pungent, penetrating stench. And what a relief, what a joy, to find here and there an oasis in the desert, such as I remember at one house,—a vision of radiant young womanhood, red-cheeked, black-eyed, cherry lips parting over even white teeth,—a daughter of the hills, but *clean*. The snuff-stick never passed between those white teeth.

No, it is in spite of the filth that the call of kith, of kinship, comes, reaching through with its soft fingers to touch the heart-strings till they echo to the words, "He hath made of one blood." There is in the average mountaineer a reserve united with an openness that compels you to say, "Here is a man that might be a friend." His home is open to you, though it be but a one-room cabin; his board has a place for the stranger, "ef you-all kin eq'al our fare;" and if you will throw aside your Northern reserve and

make yourself one in the firelit circle, you will find him a good listener, and often a good talker, while still you feel there lie depths beyond your present probing.

These mountaineers have well been called "our contemporary ancestors;" for some phase of every epoch of the past two centuries may be found in their lives. Here is the windowless log cabin of the first pioneer, with the ax that hewed it out and the gun that defends it; yonder is the ox-team of the second generation, with even the rough cart whose two wheels were sawed from a huge log; and, stretching in trains from the metropolis for fifty miles along the pikes and paths, are seen the white-topped "prairie schooners." The spinning-wheel and the loom are still busy in the cabins, and the majority of housewives still swing their pork and beans to cook over the rude kitchen fireplace, and set the corn bread to bake in the baking-kettle buried in coals upon the hearth. The habits of life and thought are largely those of a century ago; and the speech is enriched, not marred, with many an expression which, uncouth to our modern ears, would have been power and elegance to our fathers of three hundred years ago.

And when I think of the history of this people, of the dauntless pioneering, of the heroic daring and suffering in civil war, of deeds of generous chivalry and of black revenge,—a people groping with darkened mind to feel and hold the high ideals of the noble race from which they are sprung, I am glad that my feet have come to tread the rocky roads and the dim trails that lie between the lonely cabins and the settlements; and, in the thought of service, I am content to say, though king may call to court, or priest to benefice, "I dwell among mine own people."

### The Sea

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (O! *how* I love) to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he come to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

—Bryan Waller Proctor.

## A Sketch of the Life of John Calvin

JOSEPHINE SCHEE

**D**URING every time of trouble and darkness that has settled down over God's people there have always been those who held the lamp of truth aloft, men of faith, who were ready to endure trials, no matter how great, in order to show the people around them the way of salvation. They stood firm, and maintained their faith in its purity as a sacred heritage for the generations to come.

Rome used every method to quench the light of the Reformation, to take the Bible from the people and leave them in darkness, but it was not to be so. By the blessing of God and the labors of noble men, the Reformation was to live on, and accomplish its work.

The smallest cities and countries, the humblest and least powerful nations, became its strongholds. One of these was the city of Geneva, Switzerland, situated in the midst of mighty foes who were plotting her destruction.

The hero of the Genevan Reformation was John Calvin. He was born July 10, 1509, in the little episcopal city of Noyon in Picardy, about seventy miles northeast of Paris. His father, Gerard Calvin, was secretary to the bishop of Noyon, a position which placed the family in an honorable and well-to-do station. The mother was Jean La France, a good woman, but because of her early death she had little influence upon Calvin's life. The father was anxious that his son should have the best education that could be procured for him at that time. His first schooling was

obtained in the home of a rich nobleman, in company with the children of that home, and to this association and training he owed his culture and grace of manner, which many of the more humbly trained Reformers lacked.

He was intended by his parents for the priesthood, for which he seemed peculiarly fitted by his naturally austere disposition, adverse to every form of frivolity or sport. He was given an excellent training with that calling in view, but finally, at the command of his father, whose desires had undergone a change, he gave up his theological preparation and devoted himself to the study of law. Gifted with an extraordinary memory, rare insight, and an uncommonly keen reasoning faculty, he speedily distinguished himself in his new field, and a brilliant career was predicted for him by his teachers. His tastes, however, were more literary than legal.

Although he had apparently renounced forever all thoughts of a clerical profession, he retained even while engaged in the study of law, and in the more congenial study of literature, his early love for theology.

In 1532 he was converted to the Protestant faith, and threw in his fortunes with the little evangelical party of Paris. He found that, notwithstanding his youth, he was quickly regarded as a leader, and his counsel was sought by many who needed religious instruction.

This kind of work was of short duration; for he was obliged to flee from Paris. Among the places he visited was the court of Margaret of Navarre, the sister of the French king. She was more favorable to Protestantism than her brother, and her home many times sheltered those who were obliged to flee because of their faith. From here he went to Strasburg, and then to Basel, where were written the "Institutes," which were among the ablest doctrinal treatises that the Reformation produced.

In speaking of his beliefs, Calvin stood on the same general platform already attained by the other Reformers, but the corner-stone of this structure was the sovereignty of God, and all else depended upon this.

We may notice here some of his characteristics as a writer and a man. His influence was upon the higher, more cultured class of society. He was not fitted, like the German Reformer, to come home to the hearts and business of the common people; he had not the popular eloquence of Martin Luther, but he was a more exact and finished scholar.

In forming our estimate of him as a thinker, we must remember that he was a Frenchman and a lawyer. His nature and training both went to make him logical. The talent for organization which belongs to his countrymen as a national trait, belonged to him in particular. It was manifested in his manners and speeches not less than in his practical activity.

There are marked personal traits which exhibit themselves in his writings and in the course of his life. Instead of the kind, genial way, which was one of Luther's strong points, we find a harsh, severe manner.

He was reserved, and even bashful. He aspired to nothing higher either after or before his conversion than the opportunity to pursue his studies in retirement.

In 1536 he visited Italy and remained there a short time, but on his return home, the usual route having been obstructed, his journey led him through Geneva, Switzerland. Upon his arrival there — he had planned to stay but a single night — an event occurred which shaped his future life.

The principal leader of Protestantism there was William Farel, who, because of the trouble, both religious and governmental, that was then disturbing the city, besought Calvin to stay and help him with the work. Calvin declined, pleading his desire to pursue his studies in retirement; but when Farel, in forcible tones besought him in the name of God to stay, he was struck with terror, and decided to do as it seemed that God directed.

For nearly thirty years he labored at Geneva, first to establish there a church adhering to the morality of the Bible, and then for the advancement of the Reformation throughout Europe.

His course as a public leader was not faultless, nor were his doctrines free from error, but he played his part well by scattering the truths that were of especial importance at that time, in maintaining the principles of Protestantism and promoting simplicity and purity of life instead of the pride and corruption of the Romish Church.

From Geneva publications and teachers went out to all countries. It was to Geneva that people looked for counsel, instruction, and encouragement. The city of Calvin became a refuge for the hunted Reformers of all western Europe. Starving, sick, without homes, they came to its gates. Here they were warmly welcomed and cared for, and finding it a home indeed,

they blessed the city of their adoption by their skill, learning, and piety. Many, upon returning to their homes, carried from Geneva the torch of truth to lighten their native lands.

Calvin died May 27, 1564. At his own request, he was buried without pomp, and no monument marks his grave.

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### The Light That Gave Cheer

A DEAR old lady called on my mother one afternoon, her face beaming brightly, and said, "Ah, you can never know what a comfort you have been to me." As we had never been in her home, we did not understand the meaning of her words.

She then explained by saying, "Last winter when I was so lonely sitting by myself in the evening, I could always see your light burning brightly there by the side window; not once did it fail to shine and to cheer me."

Little did we know of the comfort this woman was receiving from our lamp. After her talk with mother, we always turned the light just a little higher, and were more careful to see that the shade was not drawn over the window.

These words from a lonely one caused me to think of how the world is looking to us for our spiritual light, the third angel's message, to cheer them.

Let us each be prayerful and careful that others may say of us, "Not once did their light fail to shine and to cheer us."

O, to be careful in the little things! for it is the little things that make the great,— little babies that make great men and women, little things that make this earth, little things that Jesus blesses,— little children, and cups of cold water in his name, little acts of kindness, little words, little deeds of love, little lights that shine through open windows.

DORA H. ARBELLE JOHNSON.

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### Life's Mistakes

THE following fourteen points have been given as the mistakes of life. Even though they may not include every error of which one may be guilty, they are sufficiently comprehensive to form a good working basis; for one who will avoid these fourteen mistakes will have achieved much toward reaching the ideal character.

"It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

"To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

"To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

"To look for judgment and experience in youth.

"To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

"Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

"To look for perfection in our own actions.

"To worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied.

"Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power.

"Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

"To consider everything impossible that we can not perform.

"To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

"To expect to be able to understand everything.

"The greatest mistake is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity."



# THE HOME CIRCLE

Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous.—Mrs. E. G. White.



## Furnish the Wings

THERE'S many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow  
Were we but willing to furnish the wings,  
But, sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

—Brooks.

## In Small Things, Liberty

**M**RS. TEMPLETON, after a day's shopping, hurried into the car just before the starting of the train, and sat down with a sigh of relief. Her daughter remonstrated: "O mother, the seats at the front are so much better; the bad air always goes to the back of the car."

"Very well, dear, I thought we were nearer our street if we left by the rear door."

After the train had started, Mrs. Templeton said: "Do you know, dear, you remind me of Aunt Hannah?"

"Why, mother, how can you! Aunt Hannah, indeed! Why, she's the most disagreeable—Don't you remember when she visited us? She always took the longest road to the post-office, and she wouldn't let us draw the couch in front of the fire, and I had to run away if I wanted to go without a hat——"

"She is very kind-hearted; you know when you were ill she was very helpful."

"Yes, she was good then; but she made me drink my gruel without salt and my lemonade without sugar. There isn't the smallest thing she doesn't have ideas about, and they are usually so foolish. Center Street is the shortest way to the post-office, and the couch is more artistic in front of the fire, and if everybody went without their—I mean her—hat we should be more healthy."

"Careful, dear, careful! You see you have some ideas, too."

"But mine are not so foolish."

"Not to you, of course. But this morning you insisted on taking the green car instead of the blue one, on our way to the dressmaker's——"

"But, mother, it was the better way ——"

"If I remember rightly, the conductor of the green car said it would have been better if we had taken the blue one. Then when we reached madame's, you demanded that she cut off the long sleeves and make them short, and change the hooks and eyes, although both madame and I thought ——"

"But, mother, it was my gown."

"Quite true, dear, but I fear it would have been the same if it had been mine. Then when we went to lunch, you made the people at the small table by the window most uncomfortable by sitting there, because the air was better—there was a draft directly on the back of my neck. Then you ordered salad because it was good for us, though I never did like it. After lunch we walked a block to Smith's because you heard their

gloves were better than Jones's, and we had to go to Jones's after all. And you insisted on my buying a green veil instead of a blue, though green makes me look ghastly ——"

"But green is more fashionable."

"Somehow I can't help thinking of the days when Aunt Hannah and I were girls and went shopping together. Perhaps if I had been more decided then, Aunt Hannah would be less so now; and I certainly don't want my dear daughter on my conscience. Really, these things are not important. It is a fallacy to think that there is only one right way to do a thing. In matters of principle, of course, we must stand firm; but to have ideas about every little thing, and to insist upon carrying them out, will make one as unlivable as Aunt Hannah, who has the best heart in the world, but who makes us all uncomfortable from morning till night."

After a moment the daughter asked: "Would you like to change your seat?"

Mrs. Templeton replied, "O, no, dear, since we get out at the next station."—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Good Rule

"I SAY, sis, take a stitch or two in this coat, will you? It's certainly queer how things break out on a fellow, isn't it?" and a laughing face behind the torn coat brought a smile to the face of the sister appealed to for help.

"Certainly I will, and certainly it is," was her laughing reply as she hunted up needle and thread. "And now, young man, suppose while I toil over this garment for you, you just run out and chop me an armful of wood, a good big one, too, mind. It will keep you warm while I have the coat, you know," and they both laughed merrily.

"I'm most happy to oblige you, respected miss," he answered readily, and betook himself to the wood-pile.

A chance visitor overheard the two requests and replies, and a look of deep satisfaction came into her face. Turning to the mother of the two young folks, she said approvingly: "Well, it is truly refreshing to hear them oblige each other so willingly. I see and hear a good bit of young people, and I am sorry to say that I have not heard anything so pleasant for some time. Do you know, it makes me think of the old saying reversed, 'It's a good rule that works both ways,'" and she nodded sagely.

It would not be a bad idea for the young folks generally to try reversing the old saying. This is a world of give and take. No one can live his life entirely alone, or without getting and giving help. Suppose we try to make it a world of willing, hearty helpfulness. The smile with the work goes a good way.—*Selected.*

### Discipline Must Be Preserved

GEN. NELSON A. MILES tells this story to illustrate the result of carrying military discipline too far. There was a certain colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all the men change their shirts at once.

"The order was duly carried out except in the case of one company, where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of his men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. When he reported this fact, the colonel hesitated a moment, then said, firmly:—

"Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with one another."—*Youth's Companion.*

### Some Conveniences for Travelers

THE girl who has invaded the toilet-room of a sleeping-car, to find it filled with travelers who, like herself, are hastening to complete preparations for an early stop, is often confronted by the dilemma of having no place to lay her toilet articles. Her comb and brush, tooth-brush, tooth-powder, mirror, soap, sponge, and the rest would require the surface of a dressing-table to accommodate them all, while here there is no place for them but the floor, where they would be in momentary danger of being tramped upon.

Some clever person has designed for such emergencies an apron made of heavy linen, preferably of some dark shade. In the grip this rolls up like any traveling case, but when unfolded, it displays two tapes, which can be tied around the waist. This unique apron is covered with pockets. There is a pocket for the comb and another for the brush, pockets lined with rubber or oiled silk for the sponge, soap, and tooth-brush, a pocket for a pincushion, in which, in addition to pins of all varieties, appear several threaded needles, a long, narrow pocket for the button-hook, a big square one for the mirror, and as many pockets as the particular traveler feels the need of. Thus equipped, one may, even in traveling, live up to the excellent counsel, "Have a place for everything, and everything in its place."

The girl who travels even a short distance, generally has the foresight to carry at least one clean shirt-waist in her suit case. But sometimes, on reaching her destination, she is disappointed to find that, brushing against the other articles in the suit case, it has become soiled and dingy. To avoid this, make for yourself a shirt-waist case, using an envelope for a pattern. Any kind of material will do. Cotton cloth bound with tape, will protect your belongings just as well as fine materials.

The parts represented by the flaps of the envelope should button together. It is well to make the case large enough to hold several shirt-waists, as, on a long trip, you might wish to carry two or three with you.—*The Girls' Companion.*

PUT grit in the place of a good chance.

### Found the Bright Spot

THERE is a story of a cobbler who discovered that there was one spot in his shop from which he could look out through a window and see the green fields. So he set his bench at that point, and always, as he worked he could lift up his eyes and catch a glimpse of the green and the garden beauty. It was easy to work after that. The glimpse of beauty brightened his dreary shop and made his dull task-work light. He who has learned the secret of prayer can lift his eyes anywhere, and see into heaven. Wherever he is, however heavy the task, God is always in sight, for he knows how to pray.—*Selected.*

### Doing Favors Cheerfully

SOME people, if they extend a favor, do it so grudgingly, and make the recipient feel so small and mean, so conscious of being helped and of being under an obligation, that he despises himself for appealing to them.

I know a man who sometimes lends money to those who are less fortunate. He always takes occasion to preach a sermon to the borrower, and to reprimand him for being obliged to be dependent on anybody. He likes to humble poor people, and to make the contrast between their condition and his own as great as possible. The result is that people who are helped by him look upon him as a Shylock, not as a friend.

It is a great art to confer favors cheerfully and gracefully. No one likes to be reminded that he is receiving a favor for which he ought to humble himself and be grateful. We get no gratitude for what we do ostentatiously, grudgingly.—*Success Magazine.*

### Fifteen Minutes Too Late

A YOUNG man was walking along the street of a Pennsylvania town when his attention was attracted by the singing of some gospel workers on the street. As the song rang out on the air, his heart was touched, and the tears came unbidden to his eyes. The workers noticed him, and when the service was over, they felt constrained to invite him to their indoor meeting. He refused by saying, "I will come some other time." With burdened hearts, they pleaded with him, knowing the danger of procrastination, but he still refused. And though they entreated him again and again, he would only say, "I will come some other time."

With a heavy heart, he started down the street, doubtless thinking of the invitation he had had, and longing to be free from the power of sin. He fully expected to go sometime and seek his soul's salvation, but little did he think that in fifteen minutes he would face eternity with its stern realities. A railroad track was just ahead. On he walked, never thinking of the approaching express, when lo! just as he stepped onto the track, the dashing train ran over him, hurling him into eternity. Fifteen minutes before, he heard his last gospel song and received his last gospel invitation! He thought he had "plenty of time." He intended, no doubt, to prepare for heaven, but he was just fifteen minutes too late.

My friend, "now is the accepted time," and "now is the day of salvation." The destiny of your soul hangs on the decision of your will. Decide now; tomorrow may be too late. "Acquaint now thyself with him [Jesus], and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee."—*Selected.*



Children of China.



Indian Child, Central America.



"The Little Helper," Japan.



Two Little Girls in New Guinea.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Outdoor School

(Used by courtesy of "Youth's Companion")



O, THE outdoor school is the best I know!  
It's held where the grasses and flowers grow;  
It's held when the other schools are done,  
And the work they give  
you seems just like  
fun.

You do not have to be-  
gin at nine,

It's only held when the day is fine,  
And nothing is done by rote or rule,  
In this queer and cheerful outdoor school.



They teach addition the loveliest way —  
You count the games that you like to play;  
You count the sheep and  
the cows that graze;  
You count the number of  
pleasant days;

You count the bars in the  
old rail fence,

But no pecks nor pints, no dollars and cents.  
There are no dull things in addition's rule  
In this fruitful and beautiful outdoor school.



You learn the songs of the different birds;  
You learn some poems with musical words;  
You learn how the chipmunk sits up to eat;  
You learn the smells of the wild flowers sweet.

You love to learn, and  
you love to stay,  
Which quite reverses the  
usual way,

For 'tis run on a most original rule,  
This lovely and lovable outdoor school.

— A. W. McCullough.



It was not very long afterward that this same Captain Jarvis awoke very early one morning, got up, dressed, and went down to the front door of his house. When he opened it, what was his surprise to find his groom standing there, with his horse saddled and bridled, ready for him to mount.

"I had a feeling that you would be wanting your horse, sir," he said, "so I could not stay longer in my bed, and just got it ready for you!"

The captain was astonished at first, and then mounted the horse and rode off. He did not direct his steed where to go, but just let him go wherever he chose. Down to the riverside they went, close to the spot where the ferry-boat took passengers across. What, then, was the captain's amazement when he saw the ferryman there, waiting with his boat to ferry him across — at that early hour.

"How are you here so early, my man?" he inquired at once.

"I couldn't rest in my bed, sir, for I had a feeling I was wanted to ferry some one across."

The captain and horse both got into the boat, and were safely conveyed to the other side.

Again the horse was given his own way as to where he should go. On and on they went, until at length they came to a large country town.

The captain asked a passer-by if there was anything of interest going on in the town.

"No, sir; nothing but the trial of a man for murder."

The captain rode to the place where the trial was going on, dismounted, and entered the building. As he walked in, he heard the judge say, addressing the prisoner: "Have you anything to say for yourself — anything at all?"

"I have nothing to say, sir, except that I am an innocent man, and that there is only one man in all the world who could prove my innocence; but I do not know his name, nor where he lives. Some weeks ago we stood together in the town of Plymouth when it was midnight, and we both heard the great town clock strike thirteen, instead of twelve, and remarked it to one another. If he were here, he could speak for me, but my case is hopeless, as I can not get him."

"I am here! I am here!" shouted the captain, from behind. "I was the man who stood at midnight beside the great Plymouth clock, and heard it strike thirteen, instead of twelve. What the prisoner says is absolutely true; I identify him as the man. On the night of the murder, at the very time it was committed, that man was with me, at Plymouth, and we

### The Clock That Struck Thirteen at Midnight

THE following thrilling narrative appeared recently in the *Southern Cross*, and is vouched for by the Rev. S. C. Kent, a veteran Victorian clergyman, who says that he heard the Rev. J. Bounsall, of Ottery, St. Mary, Devon, narrate the story at his own table, in the year 1844, as having occurred in Cornwall, where he had been resident.

When traveling in Palestine a few years ago, we drove from Nazareth to Tiberius, over a rough and rugged road. During the drive, one of the clergymen of the party told a story of the providential way that an innocent man had been delivered from the awful fate of a murderer.

It was about the midnight hour, in the town of Plymouth, many years ago, he said, when two men stood close to the great clock of the town. It struck the hour; both men heard it, and remarked to each other that it had struck thirteen times instead of twelve. One of these men was a gentleman by the name of Captain Jarvis.

remarked to each other how remarkable it was that the clock should strike thirteen at the midnight hour."

The condemned man was thus proved innocent, and was at once set free.

Who can fail to see the hand of a gracious God in this story? In the first place, who arranged that those two men should meet exactly at the same time that night? Who wakened the captain at that very early hour that summer morning? Who caused him to go down-stairs to the front door? Who wakened the groom and gave him no rest until he saddled his master's horse and took it to the front of his house? Who guided the horse, which his master would not guide, till they came to the river where the ferry-boat was? Who wakened the ferryman and sent him down to the river's side? And who guided man and horse to take the road that led to the town where the condemned man was being tried for murder, although perfectly innocent? And, lastly, who influenced the captain to go into the building and hear the trial at the very most opportune moment he could possibly have appeared?

It was the great, all-kind, all-merciful, all-powerful One, who knew the terrible straits that poor prisoner would be in, and prepared a wonderful deliverance!

We do not know the after-life of that man, but we can well believe that he would never after doubt the presence of his God, and his power and love.

[Without doubt some one who knew how to prevail with God in prayer was praying for the deliverance of this man, and the Lord was answering his faith by the remarkable incidents above related.—T. E. B.]

### The Horse's Prayer

Did anybody ever hear a horse pray? If you did, this is probably what you heard:—

"To thee, my master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

"Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly, and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up-hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

"Do not check me so that I can not have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I can not see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

"Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

"I can not tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease — the glanders. I can not tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun.

"I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, which I have often prayed might be of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

"And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen."—*The Lansing Journal*.

### A Brave Dog

I SHALL write about a brave dog. He still lives, and is honored by everybody in our village. Some years ago his master's house took fire, and it burned so fast that the flames reached the bedroom before the fire department could be summoned.

Now his master had a baby that "Bob" (for that



"THE LOW AND LOFTY TABLE MANNERS OF THE GIRAFFES AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK ENTERTAIN KEEPERS AND SPECTATORS ALIKE"

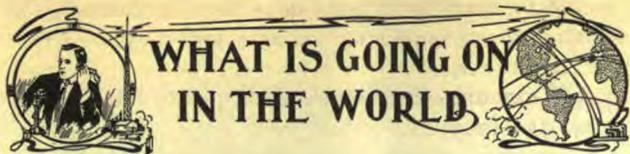
is the dog's name) was very fond of; and when the fire occurred, each of the parents, thinking that the baby was with the other, left the child in the burning house.

When the parents got out, and found that the baby was still in the house, they nearly went wild. They offered any man ten thousand dollars to rescue their child; but no one would undertake the perilous trip. It seemed impossible, for the fire was around every passage.

When every person had given up hope of ever seeing the baby again, Bob walked out of the house with the baby in his mouth. The crowd gave a cheer that could be heard for a mile, and just then the house fell with a crash.

Bob is now twenty-one years of age, but he is happy. If you should pass his master's house to-day, you would see a large kennel, painted bright red, standing in one corner of the yard. Don't you think he has earned this respect?—*Jebb H. Smith*.

THE noblest mind the best contentment has.—*Spenser*.



### European Royalty Turning Against Alcohol

**E**MPEROR WILLIAM, in addressing the German students recently, urged them to abolish beer-drinking bouts in their societies. On Sunday, June 25, the king of Belgium attended an anti-alcoholic manifestation, organized by the United Belgium Temperance Societies. He listened with attention to eloquent addresses by the Catholic primate of Belgium, Monseigneur Mercier, and the great French barrister, Monsieur Henry Robert. But by his own presence he did more for the popularization of teetotalism than the most eloquent speeches, as was remarked by Monsieur Robert.

Some days ago, the future king of Sweden, Prince Gustavus, was the chief speaker in a meeting organized by Swedish Good Templars. He was pleased to take the lead in the temperance cause, he declared; and with such royal patronage, it is easy to picture the rapid spread of the reform during the coming reign of this Scandinavian ruler.—*Associated Prohibition Press.*

### Secret Societies in Schools

IN many parts of the country opposition to the Greek-letter fraternities and sororities, and to other secret societies, in high schools, has been determined and effective. But wherever the matter has come up, there has been debate, and frequently organized opposition to adverse action, and no doubt many of the members of these societies are at a loss to know why their fraternities are placed under the ban.

The most serious objection to the secret society in a high school is that it is undemocratic. By setting up a fence, or dividing line, between itself and those outside, it establishes a false social standard, and thus tends to the encouraging of snobbishness. In one Massachusetts high school, the membership committee of a secret society reported against a girl who out of school hours acted as an assistant in a dry-goods store. "We do not believe the society wishes to encourage the presence of working girls," was the report.

The setting up of artificial standards of friendship is another objection. Any right-minded young man or woman prefers to choose his or her intimates, for personal reasons, and not because a membership committee has ordained it.

The secret oath which many of these societies exact—the feeling that a brother *Phi* or a sister *Tau* must be supported, and if necessary, shielded—is subversive both of good discipline and good morals. It makes for secretiveness and often for downright dishonesty, where all should be open as the day.

The frittering away of time that could be used to better advantage, the heartburnings among those who are not invited to membership, and the spending of money by many who can ill afford it, are other objections to the secret societies.

The *Companion* likes to think of the young people of America as frank, honest, judging each other by ability and deeds rather than by social circumstances, and reluctant to do injustice to any. It believes,

therefore, that in time they will see, as the wisest of their elders do, that the secret societies are un-American, and that the public schools are better off without them.—*Youth's Companion.*

### French School Reform

FRANCE was the first country to inculcate the ideal of cleanliness among schoolchildren. In France the children wash their hands on entering school and on leaving after the day's session. Certain reformers having declared that the children collect microbes while passing through the streets, the beginning of the school grind is devoted to instruction in hygiene. This now takes the place of the physical culture so long favored to the exclusion of more important considerations.

A bill to make hand washing in the schools obligatory is about to be presented to parliament. The bill will contain a clause regulating the eating of cake and confectionery by schoolchildren. It is argued that no child, while in the charge of the public school, should be permitted to enter a cake or candy shop, or to buy, or to eat, confectionery or pastry when unattended by a teacher. Everything eaten by the pupil while in the care of the school, is to be inspected by the teacher. The bakeries and candy shops frequented by the children of the schools are to be placed by law under the surveillance of the board of health, and the board of education, and their agents.

The bill will cover the ethics of eating. The children will be taught table manners. The child of the people is to be shown how to consume his nourishment, not only with advantage to himself, but to the edification of the people who see him eat. He is to be taught also to recognize the nutritive as well as the toothsome and succulent qualities of his food.

Since its inception, the public school has failed to justify its existence, say some people. Before all else it ought to understand the problems that it has to face. Children destined by the accident of birth to a life of hard labor ought not to be forced to waste the scant time to be given to their schooling on subjects that are not to be of use to them in any practical way. They ought not to be forced to tax their minds with the intellectual labor demanded by the careers to be provided for the sons and daughters of moneyed men. The new law, as it is planned by the French schools, will make it a crime to force the child of the day laborer, the child destined to a life of labor, to wear out the strength of his ill-fed body in class athletics, to dull his brain and strain his nerves over algebra and compound interest, or to peer through the lenses of a magnifying-glass at entomological objects invisible to the naked eye. France plans to make it possible for the heir of the workman to use his school time in the study of something of practical use to the working man.

The supporters of the bill argue that the modern public school turns out its graduate a nervous wreck, material for the degeneracy—moral and physical—of the coming race. Serge, an authority on school matters, declares that "the school of to-day is the torment, if not the ruin, of the child of the average intelligence of the masses."—*Harper's Weekly.*

CHARACTER is bounded on the north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the south by industry, and on the west by gentleness.—*Frances E. Willard.*



M. E. KERN . . . . . Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . Corresponding Secretary

## Suggestive Programs for Missionary Volunteer Societies

### Program for Week Ending Aug. 27, 1910

BIBLE STUDY — Bible Doctrines — No. 32.  
Gems From *Christian Education*.  
Our Slogan.

### Program for Week Ending Sept. 3, 1910

Reading — "Why Are You Not in School?" Page 17.  
Five-Minute Talk — "Reasons for Attending Seventh-day Adventist Schools." Pages 14-16.  
Ten-Minute Paper — "Experiences of Those Who Have Worked Their Way Through School." Pages 4-12.  
Remarks by the leader, on Foreign Mission Seminary and the Correspondence School. Pages 25, 45.  
Five-Minute Talk — "A Call From the Regions Beyond." Page 23.  
Reading — "Not Quite Ready." Page 28.  
Two-Minute Talk — "There Shall Be No Alps!"  
Remarks by those who are determined to get a Christian education.

## Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

### XXXII — Education

SYNOPSIS.—The most important thing is wisdom, and we should apply ourselves to its acquirement. Destiny is determined by character, and hence the knowledge of God and how to relate ourselves to him and to our fellow men, is the object of education.

The great branches of knowledge for our study are God's providences, works, and Word. We should associate ourselves with those who will help us to obtain true wisdom, and should attend those schools which will aid us in obtaining a Christian education.

#### Questions

1. What does the Lord say is one of the essential things in life? *Prov. 4:7*.
2. How are we further exhorted to apply ourselves? *Prov. 23:12*.
3. What lies at the foundation of this essential wisdom? *Job 28:28*; *Prov. 9:10*.
4. What should all, especially the youth, be doing? *Prov. 1:5*; *Luke 2:52*.
5. What fields of knowledge are included in wisdom as shown by the experience of one who especially prayed for wisdom? *1 Kings 4:32, 33*.
6. What other subjects aside from things of earth, may be studied with profit? *Psa. 8:3, 4*.
7. What other branch of knowledge is commended to us for study? *1 Cor. 10:11*; *Rom. 15:4*.
8. What is the greatest educational text-book? *John 5:39*.
9. While we may study God's work in creation and his dealings with the people of the world, can we know him completely? *Isa. 40:28*; *Job 11:7-9*.

<sup>1</sup> Read carefully notice to Missionary Volunteer societies on the last page of this paper.

10. By what illustrations does the Lord teach that man's ideas are quickened by association with others? *Prov. 27:17, 19*.

11. What are we commanded not to do? *Prov. 22:24, 25*; *Ps. 1:1*.

12. In what schools, then, should we seek an education?

13. When we realize that we need an education, what should we do?

#### Notes

3. Character building is the great object of life, and hence to know God and depart from evil is the first object of education.

4. All young people should follow the example of Jesus, and be constantly adding to their knowledge. "God requires the training of the mental faculties. . . . The Lord bids us love him with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and with all the mind. This lays upon us the obligation of developing the intellect to its fullest capacity, that with all the mind we may know and love our Creator. . . . The Lord desires us to obtain all the education possible, with the object in view of imparting our knowledge to others."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 333.

7. "We need to study the working out of God's purpose in the history of nations and in the revelation of things to come, that we may estimate at their true value things seen and things unseen; that we may learn what is the true aim of life; that, viewing the things of time in the light of eternity, we may put them to their truest and noblest use. Thus, learning here the principles of his kingdom and becoming its subjects and citizens, we may be prepared at his coming to enter with him into its possession."—*Education*, page 184.

8. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth," the Saviour prayed. How shall students know the truth, except by a close, earnest, persevering study of the Word? Here is the grand stimulus, the hidden force, that quickens the mental and physical powers, and directs the life into right channels. Here is wisdom, poetry, history, biography, and the most profound philosophy. Here is a lesson book of heavenly origin, that will stimulate the mind into a vigorous and healthy life, and awaken it to the highest exercise. It is impossible to study the Word with a humble, teachable spirit, without developing and strengthening the intellect. Those who become best acquainted with the wisdom and purpose of God as revealed in his Word, become men and women of mental strength; and they may become efficient workers with the great educator, Jesus Christ."—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

12. "All the youth should be permitted to have the blessings and privileges of an education at our schools, that they may be inspired to become laborers together with God."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, page 197. Seventh-day Adventist young people should be in Seventh-day Adventist schools, because in these schools the Lord's plan of education is carried out.

13. "Let the youth who need an education set to work with a determination to obtain it. Do not wait for an opening; make one for yourselves."—*Christ's Object Lessons*.

#### Gems From "Christian Education"

THERE shall be no Alps! — *Napoleon*.

If I wanted to educate my boy for a blacksmith, I would first send him to college.—*Dr. Vincent*.

"Christian education gives the student an experience in those things he must meet in after-life."

"Twenty-five of the men who recently participated in the graduating exercises at Yale had worked their way entirely while taking their courses."

God can accept only those who will determine to aim high. He places every human agent under obligation to do his best.—*Mrs. E. G. White*.

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose, once fixed, and then death or victory.—*Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*.

"Keep two main facts in mind: This, first, that education chiefly depends on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that in the boy or girl it depends more on the will power than the brain power."

Weak men wait for opportunities; strong men make them.— *Marden*.

While we are considering when to begin, it is often too late to act.— *Quintilian*.

If it required no brains, no nerve, no energy, no work, there would be no glory in achievement.— *Bates*.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be.— *Pythagoras*.

Many whom God has qualified to do excellent work accomplish very little, because they attempt little.— *Mrs. E. G. White*.

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.— *Mark Twain*.

Let no one say, I can not redeem my defects of character. The impossibility lies in your own will. If you will not, then you can not overcome.— *Mrs. E. G. White*.

"Why are you not in school? It is because you do not have a clearly defined, irresistible purpose to acquire, at any cost, an education that will qualify you for efficient service in your high calling."

"Sixteen thousand Christian students, from the proudest and most secluded nation under heaven, are attending school in Tokyo, sitting at the feet of their conqueror to learn the secret of her greatness. Over six hundred are attending schools in America."

### Our Slogan

EVERY successful campaign in history has had its slogan. Every great movement in society has its watchword. Every individual life should have, and every life of achievement does have, its ruling, compelling genius, and its pivotal, decisive moments.

Patrick Henry gave the slogan to the American revolutionists: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

When David Livingstone, the missionary-explorer, plunged into the wilds of Africa, he wrote: "If you meet me down in the colony before eight years, you may shoot me."

When Lord Nelson boarded the "San Carlo" on the eve of a naval engagement, he cried, "Victory or Westminster Abbey [the sepulcher]."

It was Martin Luther who, in response to a message from his friend Spalatin not to enter Worms for fear of his life, replied to the messenger: "Go and tell your master that were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the roofs, I would enter."

Of Grant as a general, Lincoln once declared: "He's got the grip of a bulldog; when he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" during her spare moments as a busy house-keeper, said: "When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you until it seems as if you can not hold on a minute longer, never give up; for that is just the place and the time that the tide'll turn."

"Never despair," said Edmund Burke, the English orator of Revolutionary times, "but if you do, work on in despair."

When William Carey was a boy, he lost his footing when climbing a tree one day, fell, and broke his leg. On recovering, after several weeks' confinement in bed, the first thing he did was to go and climb that tree!

A friend of Professor Blackie's was climbing one of Scotland's famous bens. On reaching, near sunset,

what he supposed to be the summit, he discovered another higher point two miles farther on. It being too late to go on that day, he descended, but the next day he scaled the topmost point, and triumphantly ate his luncheon there, "in order," he said, "that the name of this most beautiful of the Highland bens might not be associated in my mind with bafflement and defeat."

When Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits, was told of the difficulties in the way of a trip to the Holy Land, "Never mind," he said, "if a vessel can not be found, I will go on a plank."

A typical Christian's slogan is that of the bold warrior against the hosts of Midian: "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*"—*a union of the divine and the human*.

At Naseby the mot of the royalists was: "God and Queen Mary."

The indomitable preacher, John Knox, cried: "Give me Scotland, or I die."

The missionary slogan of to-day is: "To the uttermost parts of the earth."

To the individual who sees a great work to be accomplished speedily, who is part of a world-wide movement, who groans under his educational deficiencies, yet who quails before the Alps of difficulty that block his way to school—let him cry the slogan, "There shall be no Alps!" and "every mountain and hill shall be made low." Let him say, in the fear of God, "I will arise, and slay the lion in the way." That is what Samson did; it is what David did; it is what you can do: for the God of Samson, and the God of David, and the God of Daniel is your God: and "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God."—*W. E. Howell, in Christian Education, July-August Number*.

### True Consolation

THE Friend who all our sorrows bore,—  
Sorrows tongue nor pen can show,—  
To-day stands waiting, as of yore,  
To lift the fallen here below.

He sheds a ray of cheerful hope  
Where clouds of darkness hang o'ercast,  
And bids the mourning hearts that grope  
Rise high above sin's stormy blast.

The wounded spirit he makes whole,  
And calms the throbbing, aching heart;  
Love's manna to the hungry soul  
He offers freely to impart.

No other name can quell our fears,  
Save that of Jesus crucified;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,—  
A sweeter sound there's not beside.

To-day his promises apply  
Just as made known in gospel word,—  
A balm of comfort, rich supply,  
Fulfilled through Christ, our coming Lord.

He sits enthroned 'mid radiant spheres;  
Ten thousand suns around him shine;  
Yet he beholds our falling tears,  
And dries their flow without repine.

When woes of life us overtake,  
And trials come we must endure,  
We have a Friend who'll ne'er forsake  
Though walls of darkness us immure.

And when our warfare here is o'er,  
And all life's threat'ning storms are past,  
On angel wings we'll heavenward soar  
And shout triumphant, "Home at last!"

AMOS E. FLINT.

Granger, Wash.



# THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## IX—Jesus Points Out the Traitor; the Lord's Supper Instituted; Dispersion and Denial Foretold

(August 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 13:18-38; Mark 14:22-31; Matt. 26:21-35; Luke 22:19-23, 31-38; I Cor. 11:23-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." I Cor. 11:26.

### The Lesson Story

1. After Jesus had washed the disciples' feet, "and as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

2. The passover feast, which pointed forward to the death of Christ, was to be observed no more, and the Saviour gave his people this memorial service instead. It was given to bring to mind the sufferings and death of Jesus on the cross in our behalf. It also points forward to his second advent, for we are to eat the bread and drink of the cup "till he come." Each time we attend this service we should remember how much Jesus suffered that we may eat bread with him in his kingdom.

3. Judas ate the bread and drank of the wine with the other disciples. But Jesus was troubled in spirit as they sat and did eat, and he said, "Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with me shall betray me." "Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake."

4. "And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I? And he answered and said unto them, It is one of the twelve, that dippeth with me in the dish. The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born."

5. "And they began to inquire among themselves, which it was of them that should do this thing." "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples [John], whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake. He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto him, Lord, who is it? Jesus answered, He it is, to whom I shall give a sop [or morsel], when I have dipped it." To draw the attention of the disciples from himself, Judas also asked, "Master, is it I? He saith unto him, Thou hast said," meaning, You have spoken the truth. You are the man. "And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly.

6. "Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him. For some of them

thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor. He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night."

7. Jesus had done all he could to save Judas. Even after he had sold his Lord he might have repented, but he would not. Jesus told the other disciples what Judas was about to do that they might more fully believe in him as the Messiah. They could also see how kind and loving and patient he is toward the worst of men.

8. "Therefore, when he was gone out, Jesus said, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him. . . . Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye can not come; so now I say to you. A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, That ye also love one another. . . . By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

9. "And saith Jesus unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But after that I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." "Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards. Peter said unto him, Lord, why can not I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake. Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied me thrice."

10. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death. And he said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." "But he spake the more vehemently, If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise. Likewise also said they all."

### Questions

1. While the disciples were eating, what did Jesus do? What did he say? What did he do next? How many were to drink of the wine? What did it represent? What promise did he give them?

2. What feast of the Jews now came to an end? What was now instituted? What should the Lord's supper bring to mind? To what does it point forward? How long are we to partake of it? What should we remember on such occasions?

3. Who ate and drank with the other disciples? How did Jesus feel as they were eating? What surprising statement did he make? What scripture did he repeat? See Matt. 26:31.

4. What did the disciples then feel? What did they begin to ask Jesus one by one? What was his answer? What did he say concerning himself? What did he say of the one who should betray him?

5. What did the disciples begin to inquire among themselves? Who was leaning on the bosom of Jesus? What did Simon Peter then do? What question did John ask the Lord? In what way did Jesus say he might know who the traitor was? What question did

- Judas ask, to draw attention from himself? What reply did Jesus give him? To whom was the morsel given? Who then entered into Judas and controlled him? What did Jesus say to him?

6. What did no man at the table know? What did some think? What did Judas immediately do? What time was it?

7. In what ways had Jesus tried to save Judas? What might he have done even after he had sold his Saviour? Why did Jesus tell the other disciples what Judas would do? What could they also see?

8. When Judas had gone, what did Jesus say? By what name did he address the disciples? Do we ever become too old to be God's "little children"? What did Jesus tell them? What command did he give them? How may men know that we are disciples of Jesus?

9. What did Jesus say all his disciples would do that night? What prophecy was to be fulfilled? What question did Peter ask? What reply was given him? What question did Peter next ask? What did he say he would do? What did Jesus say he would do instead of giving his life for his Lord?

10. What did the Saviour say Satan had desired to do with Peter? For what had Jesus prayed? What did he tell Peter to do when he was converted? What more did Peter say he was willing to do for the Lord? Who knew best what Peter would do? Then what should he have done when warned? What did Jesus say he would do that day? Did Peter believe what Jesus said to him? What did all the disciples say?

wine which he had blessed? Mark 14:22-24; Matt. 26:26-28; note 3.

6. What important statement did he make with reference to his eating of the fruit of the vine? Matt. 26:29; note 4.

7. When Judas saw that he was known as a traitor, what did he do? John 13:30; note 5.

8. When Judas had departed, what did Jesus say? Verses 31-35.

9. In what respect was the commandment to love one another new? Verse 34; note 6.

10. When this new Christ-love is seen in the believer, what is the result? Verses 35.

#### Dispersion and Denial Foretold

11. What startling statement did Jesus make regarding the eleven? Matt. 26:31.

12. Why did he tell beforehand what was to take place? John 13:19; note 7.

13. How did Peter declare his loyalty to his Master? Matt. 26:33.

14. What did Jesus tell Peter he surely would do before morning? Verse 34; Luke 22:34.

15. With what words did Peter deny this charge? What position did the rest of the disciples take? What did Jesus say he had done for Peter? Matt. 26:35; Luke 22:31, 32; note 8.

16. What lesson may we learn from this experience of the disciples?

#### Notes

1. "As they realized the full import of his words and remembered how true his sayings were, a sudden fear and self-distrust seized them. They began to examine their own hearts to ascertain if one thought against their Master found lodgment there. With the most painful feelings, one after another inquired, 'Lord, is it I?' But Judas sat silent."—*"Great Controversy," Vol. III, pages 85, 86.*

2. "John in deep distress at last inquired, 'Lord, who is it?' And Jesus answered, 'He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born.' The disciples had searched one another's faces closely as they asked, 'Lord, is it I?' And now the silence of Judas drew all eyes to him. Amid the confusion of questions and expressions of astonishment, Judas had not heard the words of Jesus in answer to John's question. But now, to escape the scrutiny of the disciples, he asked, as they had done, 'Master, is it I?' Jesus solemnly replied, 'Thou hast said.'"—*"Desire of Ages," page 654.*

3. "Though Jesus knew Judas from the beginning, he washed his feet. And the betrayer was privileged to unite with Christ in partaking of the sacrament. . . . This example is for us. When we suppose one to be in error and sin, we are not to divorce ourselves from him. . . . Christ's example forbids exclusiveness at the Lord's supper. It is true that open sin excludes the guilty. This the Holy Spirit plainly teaches. 1 Cor. 5:11. But beyond this none are to pass judgment."—*"Desire of Ages," pages 655, 656.*

4. Instead of to an earthly kingdom, Jesus directed their minds to that time when they should be with him again in the kingdom of God. He also connected the important events of his death with his second coming—a hope that was to cheer the believer until the close of time. 1 Cor. 11:26.

5. "In surprise and confusion at the exposure of his purpose, Judas rose hastily to leave the room. 'Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.' Night it was to the traitor as he turned away from Christ into the outer darkness. Until this step was taken, Judas had not passed beyond the possibility of repentance. But when he left the presence of his Lord and his fellow disciples, the final decision had been made. He had passed the boundary line."—*"Desire of Ages," page 654.*

6. To love one another was not a new precept. But never before had the world witnessed such love as the love of Jesus. The new feature of this command was that ye love one another "as I have loved you." John 13:1; Rom. 5:5.

7. "Had Jesus remained silent, in apparent ignorance of that which was to come upon him, an impression might have been left on the minds of his disciples that their Master had not divine foresight."—*"Great Controversy," Vol. III.*

8. "Over and over again, on the very verge of ruin, Peter's words of boasting brought him nearer and still nearer to the brink. Over and over again was given him the warning, 'Thou shalt . . . deny that thou knowest me.'"—*"Education."*

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### IX—Jesus Points Out the Traitor; the Lord's Supper Instituted; Dispersion and Denial Foretold

(August 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: John 13:18-38; Mark 14:22-31.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 26:21-35; Luke 22:19-23, 31-38; 1 Cor. 11:23-26.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 72 and 76; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACE: Jerusalem, in the guest-chamber at the passover feast.

TIME: The night preceding the crucifixion day.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Cor. 11:26.

#### Questions

##### Points Out the Traitor

1. After the ordinance of humility, what did Jesus say? Matt. 26:21; John 13:18-21.
2. What was the effect upon the disciples of this statement from their Master? What question did they ask? Matt. 26:22; note 1.
3. What further question did John ask? What reply did Jesus make? John 13:23-25; Matt. 26:23, 24.
4. What question did Judas then ask? What did Jesus say to him? Matt. 26:25; note 2.

##### The Lord's Supper Instituted

5. As they ate the passover meal, what did Jesus do? What did he say concerning the bread and the

# The Youth's Instructor

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TWERE better to send a cheap bouquet  
To a living friend this very day  
Than a bushel of roses, white and red,  
To lay on his coffin when he is dead.

—Holland.

## Is There Nothing for You to Do?

ABSOLUTELY correct statistics can not be given; but Mr. Flaix, in the *Missionary Review of the World*, gives the following figures showing the number of persons still without the saving gospel of Christ:—

Hinduism, 190,000,000; Buddhism, 147,000,000; Confucianism, 256,000,000; Shintoism, 24,000,000; Judaism, 7,186,000; Taoism, 43,000,000; Moham-  
medanism, 175,000,000; Polytheism, 117,618,669.

## What True Education Is

A TRUE education is awakening a love for truth; giving a just sense of duty; opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life. It is not teaching to be honest because "honesty is the best policy," but because it is right. It is teaching the individual to love the good for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action, because so in heart; to love and serve God supremely, not from fear, but from delight in his perfect character.—*Selected.*

## Notice to Missionary Volunteer Societies

IN this paper are given two suggestive programs for weeks ending August 27 and September 3. These two programs are closely related. Let the first be a good introduction, and the second a strong educational rally. Begin at once to prepare for both of these.

Order copies of the campaign number of *Christian Education* from your tract society immediately if you are not already supplied. Assign parts at once. Do not wait for the arrival of the magazine. Do not feel that you must necessarily use every number on the suggestive programs. Copy the "Gems from *Christian Education*," and have them read by different individuals, preferably those who have no other parts on the program. Insist on thorough preparation of all parts, and urge every one to bring his paper or talk within the specified time. It is concentrated sun rays that kindle a flame. It is condensed ideas that burn deeply into the soul. Be sure that your program is not

too long. Extend an invitation to parents and older church-members to meet with you on this occasion.

Aim to impress every one present with the importance of Christian education, and to plant in the bosom of every young person who hears the program an unconquerable determination to obtain such a preparation for service. Pray, plan, and work to this end. Do not let a long meeting, lack of preparation, or poor singing defeat your aim.

The figures after topics in programs indicate pages in the campaign number of *Christian Education* where readings will be found, or where special help on papers or talks may be obtained. The INSTRUCTOR for next week will contain ten good reasons for attending our schools.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

## Caleb Cobweb's Black List

You said to the man who had done you a favor, "Please *accept* of my hearty thanks." That was polite, but not grammatical. Why "of"? Why was it not enough for him to *accept* your thanks?

Do you *abbreviate* a speech, or do you *abridge* it? That depends. You abbreviate it if you cut parts out of it, omit the introduction or the peroration, we will say. You abridge it if you condense it, leaving in the essentials of the whole, but putting it all, introduction, peroration, and all between, in fewer words,—a salutary process. These two words are often confused.

If any word in our language should be pronounced strongly and forcibly, it is *strength*. But notice how often it is weakly pronounced merely *strenth*, as if the poor enunciator really had no strength for that g.

I read the other day that two men had agreed that they would *mutually help each other*. It would be interesting to see the process. It would be still more interesting to see two men help each other and *not* do it "mutually."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

## The Increase of Earthquakes

NOT only is nation to rise up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, but there are to be earthquakes in divers places. How literally is being fulfilled before our eyes this prophecy of Christ! The prophecy says there shall be earthquakes in divers places. From 1,700 years before Christ to A. D. 96—1,796 years—there is recorded an average of one earthquake in every 112 years. From A. D. 96 to 1850 there were 204 earthquakes, or an average of one earthquake in eight years during the period of 1,754 years. From 1850 to 1865, a period of fifteen years, there are recorded fifteen earthquakes, or an average of one earthquake each year. From 1865 to 1868—three years—there are recorded fifteen earthquakes, or an average of five in one year; while in 1907 there were recorded throughout the world, by seismograph, over 5,000 distinct earthquake shocks.

Think of the destructive upheavals of St. Pierre, Formosa, San Francisco, southern Mexico, Kingston (Jamaica), Calabria, then, Dec. 28, 1908, that awful catastrophe at Messina, destroying, according to conservative statistics, not less than 250,000 lives, besides countless thousands of pounds' worth of property. If these frequent earthquakes, with their awful destruction of life and property, are not a direct fulfilment of the prophecy uttered by Christ, we wonder what the earth will come to when that prophecy is fulfilled.—*Selected.*