

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

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No. 48

## TIMELY DOING

HAST thou some heaven-sent task? with  
promptness choose it;  
Some little talent given? fail not to use it.  
Hast found some stream of truth? be quick  
to span it;  
Or spark of latent good? be swift to fan it.  
If Wisdom's pearl is yet unfound, then  
seek it;  
Is there some comfort-word unsaid? O,  
speak it!  
Is there a cry of woe uneased? then heed it;  
Some worthy cause unhelped by thee? go  
speed it.  
Behold life's rushing tide of ill, and stem it;  
Where wrong is blatant — undisturbed —  
condemn it.  
Though crime be skulking — well-concealed  
— yet find it;  
Go chase it from its secret lair and bind it.  
Are life-lines short? then thou the cords  
must lengthen;  
Where faith, hope, love, are weak — haste  
thou to strengthen.  
When tempted souls despairing falter, nerve  
them;  
Wherever human lives have need, there serve  
them.

— *Mrs. Frank A. Breck, in the Independent.*



A ONE-CENT piece costs the government one tenth of a cent.

CHINA is said to be the originator of the written test or examination.

THREE children of the Persian royal family are attending one of the public schools of Washington.

"CHARACTER is the most eloquent lesson of virtue and severest reproof of vice, while it contains an enduring source of the best kind of riches."

TWENTY-SEVEN new one-dollar bills weigh as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece; so the dollar bills "are worth almost their weight in gold."

THE United States customs produce a yearly revenue of many millions of dollars. Last year two hundred twenty million dollars was collected.

THE United States requires seven hundred billion matches annually to supply its demands. One match machine "turns out 177,926,400 matches in one day, boxed and labeled ready for shipment."

FOR the destruction of roaches and black ants strew borax mixed with corn-starch, in the proportion of a pound of the starch to a quarter of a pound of the borax, where the pests are most abundant.

"THE present emperor of Japan, whose office has been filled by members of his family for a period of twenty-five hundred years, is the one hundred twenty-second in the line. The first emperor of Japan sat on the throne about the time when Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing — that is, in 650 B. C."

"WHY is the government of Turkey called in diplomatic language 'the Sublime Porte'? The origin of the term lies in the Oriental custom of administering justice at the gates of the palace. In time the phrase became synonymous with the government itself. Mohammed II, founder of the present Ottoman empire and sultan from 1451 to 1481, styled his capital, 'The lofty gate of the royal tent.' Through French, the language of diplomacy, 'lofty gate' became 'Sublime Porte.'"

### Roman Stenographers

MOST of us are accustomed to think of the stenographer as a product of very modern conditions. As a matter of fact, however, the profession was followed as long ago as the days of the Roman empire. Poets, who are laughed at nowadays for having private stenographers, had them in the fourth century of our era, and Professor Cole, of Columbia University, in a paper on "Later Roman Education," now translates into English for the first time the very complimentary address of the poet Ausonius to his stenographic assistant. Ausonius says:—

"Slave, skilful master of swift notes, come hither. Open the double page of thy tablets, where a great number of words, each expressed by different points, is written like a single word. I go through great volumes; and like dense hail the words are hurled from

my noisy lips, but thine ears are not troubled, nor is thy page filled. Thy hand, scarcely moving, flies over the surface of the wax.

"I wish my mind had as swift a flight as thy right hand when it anticipates my words. Who, pray, has betrayed me? Who has told you what I was just meditating about saying? How does your winged right hand steal the secrets of my inmost thoughts?"

"If we remember that in the fourth century people wrote with sharp points on wax instead of with pens on paper, the picture suggested by Ausonius and his stenographer is surprisingly like that of the business man in his office dictating a letter. The greatest difference is that Ausonius's stenographer was a slave, and the modern stenographer an independent young woman who earns her own living."—*Youth's Companion*.

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### Is This Not a Good Plan?

THE time for making presents is here. While gift-making of the right kind is always opportune, yet at the Christmas-tide the spirit of good-will and giving is general. Rarely does any one who is able to do so fail at this season to give a present to some one or more of his friends or acquaintances. This pleasant custom has been greatly abused of late years, much money that is really needed to supply to some the necessities of life being worse than thrown away; yet this fact does not militate against the wise making of really useful gifts to those who will be benefited by them.

Would not the INSTRUCTOR be as valuable a gift as you could make to your friends for the sum of one dollar? It will bear to many during the year 1911 a message of salvation if it is given an opportunity. Then write some friend's name and address on the following coupon, place in an envelope with a one-dollar bill, and send to the Review and Herald Publishing Association:—

.....1910

**Review and Herald Publishing Association,**  
**Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.**

FRIENDS: Enclosed find one dollar, for which I wish the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR sent as a Christmas gift for one year to the following address:—

NAME .....

.....

SIGNED .....

.....

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 29, 1910

No. 48

## The Call of Duty

Tired! Well, what of that?  
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?  
Come! Rouse thee, work while it is called to-day!  
Coward, arise—go forth upon the way!

Lonely! And what of that?  
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall—  
To blend another life into its own;  
Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

No help! Nay; 'tis not so.  
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,  
Who feeds the ravens, hears his children cry.  
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,  
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.  
—British Weekly.

Dark! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?  
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;  
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,  
With lessons none to learn and naught but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task; conquer or die!  
It must be learned—learn it then patiently.

## Jottings From Fiji

G. B. THOMPSON

**E**ARLY in the morning, August 29, our ship entered through the deep-water entrance to Suva, Fiji, and in a short time the propellers, which had not ceased to revolve since we left Honolulu, stopped, the anchor rattled down, and the great heart of the ship was still at the wharf of Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands. There we remained for about two hours.

The chief attraction to the traveler is the woolly-headed and apparently good-natured Fijians who are seen in considerable numbers on the jetty, some waiting to be employed, others with fruit, coral, and some articles of native manufacture for sale. The Fijian presents a strange appearance, with his hair stiff and erect and spreading out like a mop above his dark face. They impressed me as being a people of good physique and intelligence.

The Fiji Islands are situated between 170° east and 178° west longitude, and between the fifteenth and twenty-first parallels south latitude. They were discovered by Tasman in 1643, and ceded to England in 1874. There are about two hundred islands in the group, some eighty of which are inhabited. They have an area of 7,451 square miles, and a population of about eighty-seven thousand Fijians, besides some forty thousand Indians, imported by the sugar company to work on the plantations.

These beautiful and fertile islands once contained a savage race. Up to within fifty years ago this was perhaps the worst cannibal country in the world. There are those still living who have sat at feasts of human flesh. But this is now changed, and life is as safe here as in most places. Through the work of faithful missionaries, the Fijians have yielded to the peaceful, gentle influences of the gospel, and have turned from these horrible practises and savage instincts to the true God. His blessed Word has been translated into their language, and its precepts have found a place in their hearts. Had it not been for this, none of us would have perhaps wished to leave the ship and wan-

der a mile or two into the country as we did. I heard one passenger on leaving Suva mocking and ridiculing the work of the gospel missionary; yet in the next breath he was commending certain things he saw while ashore, none of which would have been there to be commended had not some faithful Christians at the peril of their lives left home and loved ones, and gone to those inhospitable shores to tell the people of a God who loved sinners. Were it not for the gospel we would all be cannibals, or worse.

Suva, the capital of these islands, is situated on the



FIJIANS BUILDING A HOUSE

island of Viti Levu, the largest of the island group. It is, perhaps, the most important town in the South Pacific. It has several hundred inhabitants, and several business streets, in which are found some quite large shops where considerable business is done. As one enters the bay, it presents a beautiful appearance, with the green hills for a background. Suva has been the capital since 1882. Prior to that time it was at Levuka, on the island of Ovalau.

The government buildings, residence of the governor, etc., are all substantial buildings. Mr. Carnegie built a library there, also, which is well stocked with books. I saw the *Review and Herald*, YOUTH'S IN-

STRUCTOR, *Sabbath School Worker*, and the *Australasian Health Magazine* on the table.

Our own work has taken a firm hold there in these islands. There are more than three hundred who observe the Bible Sabbath. I was glad to meet some of our workers there, some of whom were native believers.

As our ship weighed anchor and once more steamed out into the trackless ocean toward Australia, I felt impressed that a graver danger than cannibalism is threatening the native sons and daughters of Fiji. The gospel has elevated them; but I am told that there are about forty thousand Asiatics already there, and numbers more coming. Hinduism and Mohammedanism! It is said that the Koran is being translated into Fijian. A gulf, more awful and bottomless, seems to be yawning for this poor people. Mohammedanism is founded on a great truth and a great lie. The great truth is, "There is one God." The great lie is, "And Mohammed is his prophet." The darkness of this old cry has enshrouded Arabia, India, and other Mohammedan countries for years, and is more difficult to deal with, and presents greater obstacles for missionary work, than cannibalism. Yet we must not despise the Asiatic. He, too, must hear the glorious news of the gospel, and the soon coming of the blessed Christ. We need scores and hundreds of faithful, consecrated young people to enter these dark fields with the light of the message.

I have frequently heard those who oppose the binding claims of the Bible Sabbath speak of the confusion which is caused by the crossing of the day line, and how it is impossible to observe the Sabbath on a round world, forgetting that the Lord made the Sabbath for people living on a round world, and that the observance of Sunday would be affected as much as the keeping of the Sabbath. On Saturday night just before arriving at Suva we crossed longitude 180°, or the day line, and Sunday was dropped from our reckoning. We had the experience of going to sleep Saturday night, and waking up Monday morning. We had the Sabbath all right, but *lost Sunday*. If those who talk so learnedly about the impossibility of keeping the Sabbath on a round world, many of whom have hardly crossed a State line, much less the international day line, had been with us, they would have had food for reflection.

All understand that it is not always Sunday that is dropped, but the day on which the 180th degree of longitude is crossed. In this instance it happened to be Sunday. Had we crossed the day line at the same time while traveling east instead of west, we would have had two Sundays. This might be confusing to those who advocate the keeping of the seventh part of time. But to those who believe in keeping holy the seventh day there is no confusion. God blessed the *seventh day*, and the day is measured by the sun, the great timepiece of the heavens. When it sets on Friday evening, no matter in what part of the world we may be, the Sabbath begins; when it sets again, the Sabbath ends.

### How a Newsboy Helped

LIKE a great many other people, this little newsboy helped very much when he least expected it.

The circumstances were these: I had missed a station, where I expected to connect with another train, and was thus compelled to spend the night in a large city, about sixty miles further on. Early in the morning I had set out to see if I could obtain a piece of mileage at a broker ticket office, to complete my journey occasioned by this sudden change in previous plans. The train I was to take left the city at quarter past eight. I had reached the broker's office a few minutes before seven, and had inquired of newsboys and hackmen, who were well acquainted with that portion of the city, at what time this particular office



FIJIAN WOMEN CALLING PEOPLE TO CHURCH

across the street opened. The answer had been, "Seven o'clock." But seven o'clock came and went without the least sign of a stir at this place. I began to be uneasy.

Crossing over the street, I stood on the steps watching every coming pedestrian who looked as if he knew how to run a ticket office, eyeing my watch, and thinking of that eight fifteen train, some little distance down street. I may have looked some of these thoughts; anyhow, just at this juncture, a barefooted, dirty little man of about eleven summers came cheerily down the street, calling out in his musical voice the name of the three or four city papers he had under his arm. Catching a glimpse of me, he swung out of his course enough to call out pleasantly, "Paper, sir?" with a rising inflection to the "sir" part of it. But before I had time to say yes or no, he added, "Open at half-past seven," and on he went.

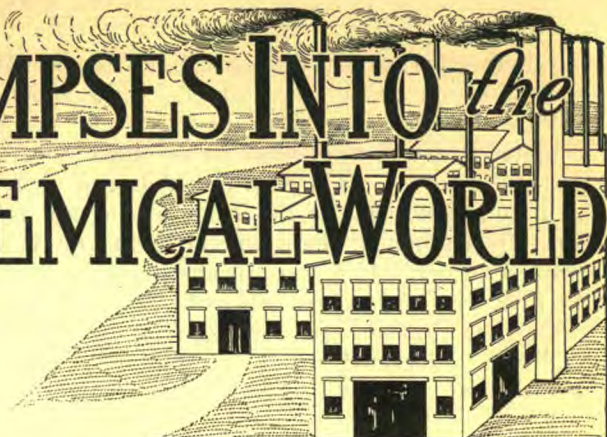
This was just the bit of information I wanted, and this newsboy knew it and passed it out to me. As I looked after the "little man," for it all was done in such a manly way, and quicker than it takes to tell about it, I thought: "There goes a fine little gentleman, even though he is dirty and barefooted; and some day he will be doing business on a larger scale if he continues that kind of helpfulness, and does not fall a victim to bad habits."

This was a small act of disinterested benevolence; but it was a cheery word to me just at that minute;

(Concluded on page six)



# GLIMPSES INTO *the* CHEMICAL WORLD



## Hydrogen — No. 4

**T**HE word hydrogen is from two Greek words, meaning *water former*. Since hydrogen is in all water, wherever or in whatever form that substance exists, its name is appropriate.

This eminently important gas was not isolated and described until 1766, eight years before oxygen revealed itself to the researches of Dr. Priestley. The Hon. Henry Cavendish, an English chemist, was its discoverer. Mr. Cavendish was so exceptionally careful and painstaking in his experimental work that he received from no less a scientist than Sir Humphry Davy the following compliment: "The accuracy and beauty of his earlier labors have remained unimpaired amid the progress of discovery, and their merits have been illustrated by discussion and exalted by time."

Mr. Cavendish was a man of simple habits of life, and of very few words. It is said that "he probably uttered fewer words in his life than any other man who ever lived to fourscore years, not at all excepting the monks of La Trappe, who were bound to perpetual silence except in case of absolute necessity."

Hydrogen gas is the lightest substance known; oxygen gas weighs sixteen times as much. Air is nearly fourteen and one-half times as heavy as hydrogen; water is eleven thousand one hundred sixty times as heavy; and a cubic inch of gold weighs more than two hundred thousand times as much as a cubic inch of hydrogen.

When soap-bubbles are filled with air, they fall to the floor unless carried upward by a temporary current; but soap-bubbles filled with hydrogen invariably rise with great rapidity. Because of the lightness of hydrogen, it was formerly used for inflating balloons; but now illuminating gas, though much heavier than hydrogen, is used on account of its cheapness.

Because of the lightness of the hydrogen atom, this gas is used as the standard of weights for gases. Its specific gravity is said to be one, and the weight of every other gas is expressed by comparing its weight with that of hydrogen.

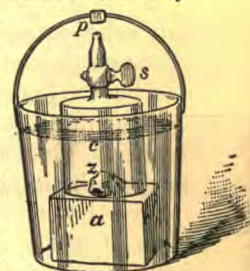
Hydrogen is usually found in combination with other elements. Rarely is it found free. It has been found free in meteors, in masses of rock salt, in the natural gas of Pennsylvania, and in the intestinal gases of animals. It is a product of decomposition, or decay. It sometimes issues with other gases from volcanoes and oil-wells; but it is thought, because of its lightness, to escape readily from our atmosphere into the upper regions. The spectroscope reveals the presence of hydrogen in the atmosphere of the sun and of the fixed stars.

In combination with other elements, as oxygen, it occurs as a constituent of all vegetable and animal

substances. It is also found in many minerals. It is a constituent of ammonia, coal-gas, and marsh-gas.

When pure, hydrogen is without color, odor, or taste. It has been converted by pressure and intense cold to both the liquid and solid forms. The liquid is the lightest of liquids, and the solid the lightest of solids.

Hydrogen has the very peculiar property of penetrating metals, as iron, platinum, and palladium, when they are raised to a red heat. A thin sheet of the firm white metal palladium, airtight to all appearances, allows hydrogen gas to pass through it as easily as a sieve does water. This metal also absorbs and condenses within itself from nine hundred to a thousand times its own volume of hydrogen. It is thought that the hydrogen combines with the metal to form an alloy. When the metal absorbs the hydrogen, sometimes sufficient heat is evolved to ignite the jet of hydrogen.



A CIGAR LIGHTER

"This property is taken advantage of in an automatic cigar lighter. As shown in the figure, a small glass cylinder has a cubical block, *a*, of porcelain in the bottom; upon this rests an inverted glass cylinder, *c*, with a tubular neck and stop-cock, *s*; above this jet is supported a platinum sponge, *p*; under the small cylinder upon the porcelain block is placed some zinc, *z*, and in the outer cylinder diluted sulphuric acid. As the acid and zinc react upon each other, hydrogen fills the inverted cylinder, forces out the acid, and the action ceases. If now the stop-cock is opened, the hydrogen flows out of the jet, the acid re-enters, and the generation of gas continues. As already seen, the hydrogen jet is quickly ignited by the platinum."

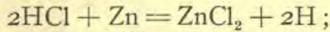
The most interesting chemical property of hydrogen is its affinity for oxygen. When it does so unite, all the phenomena of combustion appear.

Two compounds are formed by the union of oxygen and hydrogen, water ( $H_2O$ ) and hydrogen dioxide ( $H_2O_2$ ). A weak aqueous solution of the latter is known as hydrogen peroxide. It is used by surgeons and dentists as a germicide. It is also used for changing dark hair to lighter shades.

A simple schoolroom or home experiment to show how hydrogen is produced, and how it may be made to unite with oxygen to produce water, is to place a few bits of zinc (granulated zinc is preferable) in a test-tube, then pour in water, and then add, little by little, hydrochloric acid. When the chemical action is well begun, as seen from the escaping bubbles of gas, turn another test-tube over the mouth of the one containing the acid and metal. Be sure the tubes fit

tightly together, so that the gas will not escape. When you think time enough has elapsed for the upper tube to fill with hydrogen, remove the lower tube, and place a lighted match at the bottom of the upper tube while it is still inverted. If it is full of hydrogen, there will be a loud explosion. If the inside of the tube is then carefully examined, there will be found on it small drops of water, which were produced by the union of the hydrogen and oxygen when the report was heard.

The chemical process, or reaction, by which the hydrogen is liberated, may be symbolized by the equation—



that is, the chlorine from two molecules of hydrochloric acid ( $\text{HCl}$ ) united with the zinc, making zinc chloride ( $\text{ZnCl}_2$ ), and setting two molecules of hydrogen free, which, under the influence of the heat from the lighted match, readily united with the one molecule of oxygen in the air, and formed water ( $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ ). Perhaps from the chemical view-point this common substance may prove of new interest to us.

For successful laboratory experiment, a more complex method must be used for collecting the gas.

Hydrogen produces more heat in its combustion than any other substance. It produces more than four times as much as coal, and fifteen times as much as sulphur.

The oxyhydrogen flame may be made to produce a temperature of three or four thousand degrees Fahrenheit. Only the electric furnace has surpassed the heat of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe flame, six thousand degrees having been reached by the electric arc. Water boils at  $212^\circ$ ; a heat thirty times as great as that of boiling water we can readily imagine few substances could resist.

F. D. C.

### Eggs That Keep for a Century

WHEN Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world, his commissariat carried with it a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the venerable ambassador's special use. Some of these eggs were exhibited in New York while he was staying here, and a few experts had the temerity to sample them. "They were not so bad after all," was the verdict of one American connoisseur, "although by their looks you would think they would come under the ban of the pure-food law."

The eggs were encased in clay, and when unpacked looked like pieces of pumice. They are preserved in this way by the Chinese for a century or more, and Li Hung Chang admitted that the hen which laid the eggs for his morning meal might have been decapitated anywhere from a quarter to half a century before he was born. The process of keeping is very primitive, but as effective as it is simple. The eggs are first boiled hard, and while hot they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away.

In this condition the Chinese claim they will keep forever, and not lose their flavor or wholesomeness. Indeed, they consider that age improves the flavor. Li Hung Chang's commissariat brought the eggs for his personal use in bags packed in rice husks, but as the clay was hard, there was not much danger of breaking them. When opened, the "white" was found to be almost black and the yolks green. The flavor, however, was preserved. The Chinese chop these preserved boiled eggs, and decorate most of their viands with them. They also enter largely into all their sauces.—*Selected.*

### How a Newsboy Helped

(Concluded from page four)

for it put me at rest about the leaving train, and was a much greater service than the little fellow possibly could have thought he was rendering.

How valuable are such little wayside ministries! And while they may cost us only a word, a passing thought, they may do much good to some passing stranger whom we may never meet again. Pass them on. Their value can not be weighed by gold. They enter another realm,—heart values.

T. E. BOWEN.

### A Volcano as Lighthouse

THE best lighthouse on the Pacific coast of Central America is a volcano. It is several miles inland from the port of Acajutla, in the republic of Salvador, and is so active that it serves as a perpetual beacon for vessels in that part of the ocean. The volcano is the property of the government and a fine source of revenue. The republic of Salvador collects lighthouse fees from every vessel that drops anchor at Acajutla, just as if it had established and was maintaining the volcano at great expense as a guide to mariners.

This great volcanic beacon can be seen far out at sea. The coast is dangerous, and if it were not for this huge, perpetual fire there would be many wrecks. An ordinary lighthouse would be of less service to the mariners. Despite all this, however, there is not a skipper among the many vessels plying along the west coast who does not grumble every time he pays the fee that the republic of Salvador exacts for its volcano lighthouse.—*Selected.*

### The Little Forget-me-nots

THERE is a fairy story that tells how once a traveler was wandering through a wood, when he came upon a clump of the little blue flowers that we call forget-me-nots. He bent over them surprised and delighted at their beauty, but wondered more when the little flowers began to speak to him. They told him that if he plucked a handful of them and carried them on through the forest, they would disclose to him untold treasure. He eagerly snatched some of the blossoms and went hurriedly on his way. Presently he came to a rocky defile, and there right in front of him opened a doorway that led him to a cave filled with all manner of gold and precious stones. When he saw the wonderful treasure that was within his reach, he rushed eagerly forward and threw away the now despised and seemingly worthless flowers, but in a moment the doorway closed before his eyes, and he had no spell wherewith to reopen it. Thus was he taught the sin of ingratitude and the shame of selfishness. Now, God's good gifts are like the little flowers in the forest, strewn plentifully at our feet, and if we take them with loving hands and humble hearts, remembering the good Giver, they will open to us ever new treasure-houses, and we shall become the richer in love, in friendship, and in what is best of all, the power to help.—*The Expositor.*

EACH year to ancient friendships adds a ring,  
As to an oak, and precious more and more,  
Without deservings or help of ours,  
They grow; and, silent, wider spread, each year,  
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.

—James Russell Lowell.



# 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.



## A Week That Meant Much

OLIVE SEVERS

**H**OW can I ever live here for a week!" muttered Dorris to herself as she shook with a chill of dread. She had just stepped from the train at the station, and stood watching the great waters of the ocean. "I knew I wouldn't like it, and I just won't—so there," she kept on saying to herself. Tossing her head in disgust, and smothering a feeling of dread, she deliberately wheeled around, sought a carriage, and was driven to the house where her board had been engaged.

The rest of the day she sulked in her room. The next morning she was very late at breakfast, and so was another girl at the same table. Thus thrown together, the two girls began talking. Dorris, full of her troubles, told the story of her visit to the seashore.

"Mother made me come," she began. "She said I was getting sulky, irritable, and narrow, and the ocean would do me good. I had never seen it, and so was rather curious to come, but, really, I despise it. Why, yesterday when I first saw it, a shudder ran all over me. I just know I can't stand it here for a whole week."

"I wish you would go down along the shore with me to-day, I'm sure you'd enjoy it if you only thought so," remarked her new acquaintance.

"No, I sha'n't go a step; it's bad enough around here, without going right down by the water. No, I can't go." And she didn't.

All day, however, there was a gnawing within her. The morrow came, and with it another invitation from Dorris's new-made friend, to take a stroll. Stubbornness was strong, but curiosity was stronger, so off Dorris went. This was the second time she saw the ocean. The effect was not so decided as at first, but still that creepy sensation came, and she wanted to get away.

The next day she went with no coaxing at all; the fourth day Dorris was the one to propose going to the beach. The two girls sat long by the water, watching the breakers heave and boil.

"I declare, there is something fascinating about the ocean," Dorris began on the way home; "but I could never rave over it as I've heard people do. Really, I don't believe any one ever did have such feelings as I have, anyway."

"But you must try to get away from yourself, Dorris, instead of continually dwelling on your misery," replied her companion; "plenty of other girls are just like you, and the trouble is you keep clinging to self, and won't let go." This set Dorris to thinking seriously.

The fifth day found the two girls sitting on the sand along the mighty deep. "I believe I do like the water," said Dorris slowly, "only it gives me a feeling of dread. It makes me shiver when I look 'way, 'way out and see nothing but water, water, water as far as the eye can reach."

The sixth morning came. Dorris wandered along the water's edge in search of pebbles. First she snatched a silvery white one from the clutches of a wavelet, then admired a perfectly smooth and glossy one, or held a pearly one in the sunlight. She almost forgot to think of herself; still, every little while, back would come the thought of her supposed unhappy and miserable condition.

Finally, the seventh morning dawned. Things went as usual until evening. No one thought of Dorris, or wondered where she was. She was alone. She was walking and thinking. The little wavelets were lapping the sand at her feet and singing in an undertone a melody of their own. Far out, the great waves tossed their foaming heads high in the air, while the spray glistened, silvery in the moon's pale light. Beyond, the water was as dark as the sky above, except for the bright path which the moonlight made straight to Dorris. In this path lay a ship at anchor. Overhead shone the eternal stars. Dorris was unmindful of the crowds on the walks. Her mind was centered on something else. "I like it, and I don't like it," she mused. "I'm all in a tension, something draws me on, and something holds me back."

On, on she wandered, not caring where. "Something must give way," she said to herself. "I've been going on this way long enough, simply existing. Either I must give in—I must be filled with this grandeur, this power which is revealed in the great waters—or—" she stopped, and still clinging to herself, muttered, "but I can't give in; I've never had to yet." Then, after a pause, she continued, "or—or I must toss everything over, set down my foot, and drift with the masses, nobody knows where. But I said I just wouldn't like the ocean, nor see any beauty in it, and really now, you don't, do you, Dorris?" she asked herself. "Yes, but I do," the answer came back.

Just then a wave larger than the rest broke with a thunderous roar, and rolled in with a bound, almost catching Dorris in its ripples before she was aware.

The brooding spell was broken. Dorris threw open both arms, stopped pacing to and fro, and stood quietly alone in the moonlight. Then, as a smile of freedom and peace beamed on her face, she cried: "Yes, I do, old ocean; I love you, and I love Him who made both you and me! You almost captured me literally; but here—take my soul and fill it with your power and strength." Back rolled a response, as it were, from the great expanse of foaming sea before her.

The next day Dorris boarded a train for home. There was a longing for the ocean in her heart as when friend leaves friend.

Several days later Dorris's mother was speaking to a neighbor of the change in her daughter since her visit to the shore. "Why, she is a different girl," she was saying, "contented with everything, thought-

ful, earnest, has an interest in whatever is going on, and is truly a spring of cheerfulness."

Yes, Dorris was changed. She felt different and saw things in a new light. The same Power which ruled the deep had touched her soul, and found a response. The greatness, the beauty, the infinite obedience of the waters to their Creator, had given her a broader vision of life. Above all, she had learned to forget herself in the presence of the all-wonderful works of God.

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### "Lest We Forget"

WE are told that the chief value of the study of history is that it enables one to read the future. If this is true, there are some events of the past relating to the struggle for liberty of conscience which we must remember; for the history of the sixteenth century may repeat itself in the twentieth. But some of our friends say, "The deeds of the past were due to the 'times,' not to the church. Since then the times have changed." And this is true—the times have changed to the extent that Protestants have almost ceased to protest; but the Roman Church has not changed. "If Rome had ever repented of her crimes," says Walsh, "something might be said in favor of allowing the history of the past to be blotted out. But she has not repented. The persecuting principles which are responsible for her awful crimes are still hers to-day. The right to put heretics to death is taught by her priests with a zeal which her priests of the sixteenth century did not exceed. It is necessary, therefore, to remember the past."

"Hide not these horrors, lest the baneful night  
Which gave them birth return to quench our light.  
Recall the memory of the blessed dead,  
His martyrs whom the Lord hath comforted."

O, the suffering that has been caused by that vile fountain, that foul pool—Romish intolerance! In England, France, Spain,—wherever the Catholic Church has used the signet of the king or the power of the state,—we read the history of Protestants in letters of fire and blood. "There is not a rock in the Vaudois Valleys which may not be looked on as a monument of death, not a meadow but has been the scene of some execution, not a village but has its martyrs." The following is a brief record of some faithful witnesses: "Jordan Tertian was burned alive at Susa; Ugon Chiamps, of Fenestrelle, was taken at Susa, and conducted to Turin, where his bowels were torn out and flung into a basin, without his sufferings being terminated even by this frightful torture. Peter Geymonat, of Bobi, died at Lucerne, with a living cat in the interior of his body. Mary Romaine was burned alive at Roche-Plate. Madalene Fontaine suffered the same fate at St. John; Susanna Michelin, at Sarcena, was left in a dying state upon the snow. Bartholomew Frache, having been hacked with sabers, had his wounds filled with quicklime, and expired in this manner at Fenil. David Michelin had his tongue torn out at Bobi, for having praised God. Daniel Rével had his mouth filled with gunpowder, which was set on fire, the explosion of which tore his head in pieces. Paul Gariner was slowly mangled at Rosa, and Susanna Jaquin was cut in pieces at La Tour." In France women of gentle birth were hauled to the place of execution in a dung cart, and after their tongues were torn out to keep them from praising God, they were burned alive at the stake. At one time (1568) all the inhabitants of Holland were condemned to death

by the Inquisition, as recorded by Motley. Ten days after receiving a copy of this awful decree, Philip II, king of Spain, issued a proclamation, by which he ordered that it should at once be carried out, without regard to age, sex, or condition. The execution of this terrible decree was undertaken by what was termed the Blood Council, created by Philip II the previous year. Although it failed to carry out the order of the Papal Inquisition in its entirety, it was not through want of will, but want of power. The Blood Council was under that "wholesale butcher," the Duke of Alva, who went to work with a hearty good-will to carry out the orders of the Inquisition. After he had been at his murderous work for about two years he received a reward for his services to the Church of Rome, at the hands of Pope Pius V, now *Saint Pius*. A Dutch writer named Koornhert states that one who had searched most of the registers found that as early as 1566, when the troubles of the Reformers in that land were at their height, "upward of thirty-six thousand Protestants had been slaughtered in cold blood."

When word reached the Pope, Clement VIII, of the Edict of Nantes being issued by Henry IV (1598) for the protection of the Huguenots, he was furious, and, among other things, he said: "I see an edict, the most accursed that can be imagined, whereby liberty of conscience is granted to every one, which is the worst thing in the world." D'Aubigné states that the number of victims in France during April, May, and June, 1568, was over ten thousand. In the account of the St. Bartholomew Massacre Mr. White estimates that six thousand were murdered in Paris alone. When the news of the St. Bartholomew Massacre reached Rome, "the Pope, Gregory XIII, was so overjoyed that he went in procession to St. Peter's to thank God for the overthrow of the Huguenots." Modern Roman Catholics assert that he did not know at the time the full particulars of what had taken place; but if this were so, which is more than doubtful, it would have made no difference as to his rejoicing, for, long after the time when he must have known every detail of the crime, he struck a medal in honor of the event, and employed Vasari to paint on the walls of the Vatican three pictures representing the event which had afforded him such great joy.

No, Rome has not changed. She is simply biding her time. When the balance of power is hers again, the black clouds of persecution will break. Now is our opportunity to advance the work of the Lord in the earth.

WALTER L. FOSTER.

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### Pride

SOME gold coins do not "ring" when thrown upon a hard substance. This is due to the presence of an air bubble, which entered the coin when it was cast at the mint. The air bubble of pride prevents many a Christian from ringing true when thrown up against some distasteful and disagreeable duty.—*Selected*.

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### Mileage of Blood Circulation

THE mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing facts. It has just been calculated, for instance, that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 206 yards a minute, or nine miles an hour, 227 miles a day, and 80,000 miles a year. If a man eighty-four years old could have one single corpuscle flowing in his blood all his life, it would have traveled in that time nearly 7,000,000 miles.—*Chicago Tribune*.



## One of My Mistakes

**I** WAS born in the eastern part of the State of New York, where, at that time, few, if any, colored people lived. When I was about ten years old a colored man came into our immediate neighborhood. Naturally, he was a curiosity. Among other things that interested the boys was the fact that he stuttered. Several of us became acquainted with him, and visited him frequently. He seemed to enjoy our company. One day when he was not with us, I began to try to imitate his way of talking and stuttering, and to my surprise, I found I could do quite well at it. The boys laughed and cheered. This encouraged me, and I began to mimic and imitate other people, and other things. Clownish actions were soon added to my list of accomplishments in this line. Being encouraged, even by my own people, it became an aim of my life to make others laugh. In order to accomplish this, I sought to give everything that passed through my hands, a comical turn. In conversation, I tried to do this by using any words but the correct ones to express my thoughts.

When I was seventeen, my father engaged in the lumbering business, and I was thus placed for several years in the society of lumbermen. Then followed a period of time in the army. In both of these places a comical turn is at a premium, which so established the habit that it became the easier way for me to talk. Later, when teaching a district school, in order to sharpen the wits of the pupils and cause them to think for themselves, I would twist and pervert their lessons, especially the grammar lessons. This was a better drill for the students than for me.

When I was thirty-eight years of age, a revival was held near my home, and I decided to try to live a better life. At this age one's habits are usually well established, and it is a difficult task to change them, as I have found to my sorrow. About one year after starting in the Christian life, I was invited to engage in public labor for the salvation of others. In time I received a license, went about eighteen miles from home, and engaged in a series of meetings. When I stood before the people to present the sacred Word of God, there came to me an earnest desire to use language befitting

such holy work. Then I began to realize what a mistake I had made, as I was reaping the fruit of all those years of seed sowing. Although nearly thirty years have passed, a complete victory has not yet been gained. The language I had been in the habit of using so long naturally came first to my mind, and was what

I had to use, for I could not think of my subject and of choosing proper words at the same time. Many an otherwise impressive talk has been made ineffective by an amusing expression creeping in at an inopportune time.

A celebrated physician said that the brain is made up of millions of cells, or pockets in which is stored what we learn from day to day. That which is stored in the mind, is what we will think of and talk about; and we naturally express ourselves in the way we have learned, for it is thus arranged in the brain-cells.

An illustration in my own case will show how true that is. Many years ago I read an account of a shipwreck. According to the record, one of those on board the ill-fated vessel was an Irishman. He was cast on a lonely, barren island. After removing the salt-water from his

eyes, he took a long, critical survey of the surroundings. Everything presented such a forbidding aspect that he said, "If there is a government on this island, I'm agin it."

That little word "agin" pleased me so much that wherever the word against should be used I would substitute "agin." I persisted in this until I used the word unconsciously. Although I have been trying ever since I started to live a better life to correct my speech, it is only a short time ago that a friend told me that I had used the word "agin" while speaking in public. This was very humiliating to me, for those who hear a person using such language naturally place him among the illiterate, and what he says has little weight with them. This experience shows how tenaciously the things learned in youth cling to us, and how hard it is to unlearn a thing that has become a habit. I sincerely hope that this confession may be a sufficient warning to all who read

this article to cause them to avoid making the same mistake; also that it may incite them to store their

(Concluded on page thirteen)



When he was little more than a baby, Dr. Ding, a well-known Chinese pedagogue, promised his dying mother that he would never cut three of his nails, and that they should be considered as dedicated, one to the Power of Heaven, another to the Power of the Earth, the third to Confucius. Not so very long ago an American collector offered the doctor one thousand dollars for his nails, but was refused.—Sketch.



This photograph was taken by Lord Linlithgow, who vouches for the fact that the fowl (an Orpington) was no nearer to the camera than the foal, and that the umbrella was one of ordinary size. The foal, which is the property of the Ladies Hope, of Hollenden Farm, Hildenborough, was twelve days old and about nineteen inches high.—Sketch.



## For the Instructor Band of Mercy

### Protect the Birds

[The following article is an excerpt from a leaflet published and widely distributed by the American Humane Education Society.]



IN the report of the American Ornithologists' Union, published some years ago, it was estimated that about five million birds were annually required to fill the demand for the ornamentation of the hats of American women. "The slaughter is not confined to song-birds; everything that wears feathers is a target for the bird butcher. The slaughter extends in greater or less degree throughout the country. The destruction of forty thousand terns in a single season on Cape Cod for exportation, a million rail and reedbirds (bobolinks) killed in a single month near Philadelphia, are facts that may well furnish food for reflection."

The aigrets, which have been used so much for millinery purposes, are the nuptial plumes of the white heron, donned only for the nesting season. Arrayed in these, "the bird is ruthlessly shot while endeavoring to protect its nest of young, and is more easily caught on that account, and after the plume is torn out, the dead body is thrown down in sight of the young ones, who are left to their miserable fate."

An American ornithologist, writing to the *Auk*, says: "Plume hunters have destroyed about all the Florida rookeries. I saw one whole wagon-load of scapular plumes of *Ardea wardi* at one point. It is a burning shame, and it would make your heart ache to hear the wails of the starving young birds whose parents have been killed."

Prof. Edward E. Fish, of Buffalo, in speaking of the great use of birds to man, says:—

"It is estimated that they save to agricultural purposes alone, annually, over one hundred million dollars in the United States. In many sections insect life is still so abundant as to make human life almost unendurable. In other sections it is only kept in check by birds, and there is no place in which, were this check removed, it would not greatly hold the balance of power. The number of flies, mosquitoes, gnats, and other small insects destroyed in one day in a small area by warblers, swallows, and flycatchers alone, is beyond computation."

Not only these birds are useful, but also some birds which are often considered injurious to agriculture, such as hawks, owls, crows, blackbirds, and jays. The

Department of Agriculture has proved that although some of these birds may now and then kill chickens, pull up the young corn, or rob a hen's nest, this is more than counterbalanced by the good they do in destroying grasshoppers, cutworms, and harmful insects, as well as field-mice and other injurious mammals.

The State of Pennsylvania a while ago offered a bounty for the heads of owls and hawks because farmers complained of the loss of their chickens. Such quantities of these birds were killed that the field-mice and other vermin which they had kept in check increased so rapidly that the State lost, through their depredations, upward of four million dollars in a year and a half. The law was quickly repealed, but it will be years before the balance can be restored.

"Not only humanitarians and lovers of nature, but naturalists and scientists also, have testified times without number to the useful services of owls in the cause of agriculture, owing to the great inroads they make among mice and moles. So much did our predecessors value them that in constructing their barns they invariably left an entrance for their particular use."

The *Crow Bulletin*, published by the Department of Agriculture, states that corn can be so treated with tar that the crows will not molest it, and it also proves that the eggs and poultry which they eat amounts to only a fraction of one per cent of their food, which is largely grasshoppers and grubs.

The much-accused cherry-bird has rescued whole villages from the elm-worm plague, and it is well argued that the birds have a right to a little fruit merely as wages for their work. It is true that our cows and horses consume our hay and grain, but we do not for that reason shoot them.

The Department of Agriculture suggests planting food for the birds that will draw them

from the berry patches and orchards—Juneberry as early food; mulberry for a little later; wild cherry, planted along roads and fences; and elder and viburnum for hedges and shrubberies. If little pans of water for the birds are placed in the orchard and vineyard, they will be less likely to disturb the fruit to quench their thirst.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, in an article on bird decoration, pertinently asks: "How can a thoughtful woman,

feeling some responsibility in the training of her children, reconcile her conscience to the constant object-lessons in cruelty which the wearing of murdered birds holds up before her children? How dare she thus indorse and tacitly approve cruelty and barbarity which she can not but know are a necessary part of this infamous trade?" In answer to the old argument that a bird exposed for sale has already been killed, so no harm is done in wearing it, Mrs. Miller points out the fact that "every woman who buys a bird this year insures the death of another next year."

There is much work to be done, but the first thing to do is for every woman who wears a feather on her hat or bonnet to take it off and put it in the fire. This may seem harsh, but what else can be done with it?



"Woman's Own Magazine"



"The McWanna's Hat"



Technical World Magazine

Certainly she should not give it away to be used by another. You may say that the bird is killed and the harm is done, and that you might as well enjoy it, but remember that so long as birds or feathers are worn, so long will it be the fashion to wear them, and there will be a demand for more. Even hen's feathers dyed, which so many think they can wear without doing harm, we beg of you to throw away also, for they keep up the fashion, and that is what we need to have changed. Moreover, if your bonnet is tasteful, other women who do not know all this, will wish to trim theirs in the same way, and will buy more feathers.

When you appear with a feather upon your bonnet, it is a sign to all intelligent, humane people, either that you have not considered this most important subject, or that you are heartless and careless of the suffering which must result to human beings as well as to birds, if this destruction goes on.

We hope you will encourage birds to build about you, by feeding them and putting up bird boxes for their nests; we hope you will also discourage, as far as possible, the destruction of birds for food, and try to teach the small boy, wherever and whenever you can reach him, that the air-gun is unmanly, that it is not fair play to steal a bird's eggs from her nest, and that a live bird is much more interesting to watch than a dead one; thus you will change his interest in birds from that of a savage to that of a naturalist.

**In the Heathen World**

THE perverse moral code of Mohammed makes it a sin to slay five animals — the horse, ass, cat, dog, and camel. When a horse has become utterly valueless — the last ounce of strength having been pressed from his poor body — he is sent to *Karokajan* (usually a dried bed of a brook), where he is left to starve without food or water. Strong horses which have perhaps broken a leg are subjected to the same fate, and after ten or twelve days of torture miserably expire. The cruelty of this prescription of the Moslem law has been illustrated in the recent clearing of Constantinople of pariah dogs. Instead of chloroforming or shooting them, the authorities have deported them by thousands to the island of Oxia, where the only water they can find to drink is sea water, and where there is no food save that thrown ashore from boats. The starving dogs fall on each other and horrible fights result. Clouds of flies now cover the island, threatening to carry pestilence from the putrefying carcasses to the neighboring towns.

In driving asses, a large needle is commonly used as a spur. This is thrust deep into the neck, which is often covered with wounds as a consequence. They are spotted with saddle galls, and often so heavily overloaded that their legs actually bend.

Dogs and cats are not fed. Though it is a sin to kill them, it is no sin to beat them. They are covered with sores from blows. Sometimes one sees dogs paralyzed in the hind legs from blows on the back-bone. Woe to the Christian who puts them out of misery! A case of arrest has been recently chronicled of an Armenian merchant for hanging fly-paper in his shop. The Turkish policeman declared it a breach of Moslem law, but the judge had more sense of humor, and dismissed the case.

The whole creation groaneth in pain in the lands of the False Prophet.— *Record of Christian Work.*



M. E. KERN Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON Corresponding Secretary

**Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society**

LEADER'S NOTE.— Let the study for this week, as it appears in the INSTRUCTOR, be made the basis of three short talks. Have some one recite the poem, "Is It Nothing to You?" who will put the spirit of consecration into it.

We would suggest that, as leader, you introduce the Morning Watch Calendar at this meeting. You know its value, I hope, and set before the other members the good example of faithfully observing the Morning Watch. Call the attention of your societies to the advertisements of the calendar from time to time. Do not relinquish your effort till all your young people are supplied.

There will be no society lesson next week. Why not have "Echoes From the Week of Prayer" at that time? Ask everybody who attends your meetings to bring from one to ten sentences or short selections from the week-of-prayer readings which have been especially helpful to them. Invite them at the meeting to state briefly why the selections were helpful. This can be made a very profitable meeting.

**Are You Doing Your Best?  
Work for You**

ABOUT forty years ago, James G. Bennett, the owner of the New York *Herald*, sent a telegram to Henry M. Stanley. The former was in Paris; the latter in Gibraltar. Stanley reached Paris at midnight, and asked Mr. Bennett what was wanted. "Find Livingstone," was the blunt reply. "How much money do you place at my disposal?" asked Stanley. "Never mind about the money, draw all that you need; but find Livingstone." Stanley went; it took him two years to get ready,— that remarkable campaign needed careful planning and thorough preparation,—but he obeyed Mr. Bennett's command, and he found Livingstone.

God has sent a message to every young man or woman who knows the simple gospel story. He has written it in a Book, and he is constantly sending wireless messages concerning it to the hearts of Christian youth: "Find my lost world, and bring it back. Never mind about the expense in time, money, or in lives; for 'all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. . . . And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Young men, young women, go find my world, and bring it back." The Saviour bids us go; the needs of the world cry, "Come;" and is it nothing to you?

**Is It Nothing to You?**

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That millions of beings to-day  
In the heathen darkness of China  
Are rapidly passing away?  
They have never heard of the story  
Of the loving Lord who saves;  
And "fourteen hundred every hour  
Are sinking to Christless graves."

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That in India's far-away land  
There are thousands of people pleading  
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?  
They are groping and trying to find him,  
And, although he is ready to save,  
Eight hundred precious souls each hour  
Sink into a Christless grave.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That Africa walks in night,  
That Christians at home deny them  
The blessed gospel light?  
The cry goes up this evening  
From a heart-broken race of slaves,  
And seven hundred every hour  
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
 Will you pass by and say,  
 "It is nothing; we can not save them?"  
 You can give, or go, or pray,—  
 You can save your soul from blood-guiltiness,—  
 For in lands you never trod  
 The heathen are dying every day,  
 And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
 Dare you say you have naught to do?  
 All over the world they wait for the light;  
 And is it nothing to you?

—Selected.

#### Answering the Call

The love of Christ that has come into our hearts constrains us to say that the need of the world is something to us. We have heard the great commission. We pray for the heathen in the regions beyond, and pity the sinner at home. We do more. But have we given ourselves as unreservedly to the work of soul-winning as Stanley gave himself to the search for Livingstone? At the risk of his life, he abandoned all other plans, and devoted his time to seeking the lost man. When Jerry McAuley became a Christian, he spent his life in saving other drunkards; so also did Francis Murphy and John B. Gough. The love of Christ constrained Carey and Duff to go to India. It sent Judson to Burma, Moffat to Africa, and Hudson Taylor into the interior of China. That same love filled the heart of Fidelia Fiske when she drove thirty miles through the snow to get her mother's permission to go to work for the women and girls of Persia. That love is the impelling power of every life devoted to unselfish service for others; and it is also the magnetic power which draws the sinner to Christ. Truly,—

"Thy Master has a work for thee,  
 Which needs thy heart with his own beating,  
 And true equipment always lies  
 Just where these two are meeting."

#### Getting the Needed Power

Power in soul-winning depends upon three things. Each of them is dependent upon a close communion with heaven. You must have a clear understanding of the gospel. You need that in laying siege to the sinner's heart. Then you must embody your message; that is, you must live it; for the message takes on the quality of the life of the messenger. Thirdly, you must let the Holy Spirit control your life in all things.

And now how shall you get this power? Listen to the words of S. D. Gordon: "There needs to be daily quiet times, alone with the Master, with the door shut, the Book open, the knee bent, the will bent too, to a right angle, the mind quiet and open, the inner spirit unhurried; broad, thoughtful reading; keen, clear, quiet meditation; the rigorous squaring of the life up to the standard of the Book; the cultivation of the Spirit's presence and friendship; and these habits steadily followed until they become second nature. Then will be fulfilled the promise, 'Out of his inner being shall flow rivers of water of life.' And men have always been drawn irresistibly to the rivers."

Bishop Bashford, of China, recently said, "A habit of personal, daily Bible study, formed in Ohio Wesleyan University thirty years ago, was the most important decision in my life during the last quarter of a century."

Another missionary in China, in speaking to some candidates for Christian missions, said, "You may speak fluently the Chinese language; you may live in a Chinese house; you may learn to eat with chopsticks, and even wear a queue; but without a daily

habit of Bible study and prayer, you will be a failure as a foreign missionary." Since it requires the same gospel to save men in America as in China, let us add that, without daily personal communion with heaven, each of you will be a failure as a missionary in your home, in your church, and in your neighborhood.

None of you wish to fail, but are you willing to pay the price of success in soul-winning? Martin Luther, when his struggle with the Pope was most severe, said that he could not get along with less than two hours daily for private devotion. Jesus prayed. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Shall we not follow our great Example in his habits of devotion, that his success may follow our efforts in service?

"A moment in the morning, ere the cares of day begin,  
 Ere the heart's wide door is open for the world to enter in;  
 Ah, then alone with Jesus, in the silence of the morn,  
 In heavenly, sweet communion let your duty day be born.  
 In the quietude that blesses with a prelude of repose,  
 Let your soul be soothed and softened, as the dew revives the  
 rose."

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 4—Lesson 9: "Successful Careers," Chapters 39-42

NOTE.—"Abraham Lincoln early formed the habit of writing out a synopsis of every book he read, so as to fix the contents in his memory. . . . 'I am going to my bank to draw a draft,' laughingly said a young fellow to a friend who had asked him where he was going. Knowing him to be very poor, the friend watched him. He went to the public library."

#### Test Questions

1. What experiences led Alexander Stewart into the mercantile business? What business principles did he adopt?
2. Give two evidences of his success in the mercantile business aside from the vast fortune he acquired.
3. How did his wealth prove a blessing to Ireland? France? Chicago?
4. What gave Leigh Hunt a desire to obey Ps. 90:12?
5. Notice three things which he put away before his life became a blessing to others.
6. Characterize Mr. Hunt as a writer. What proves his optimism?
7. How did sorrow prove a blessing to Helen Hunt Jackson? Read Isa. 48:10.
8. To what worthy cause did she devote her later years? What regrets came to her as she looked back over her life? (Notice poem on page 337.)
9. How does her life recommend God's power to change the human heart?
10. What was Benjamin West's first picture? How did the Indians help him to become an artist?
11. What experience led to his invention of the camera obscura?

#### Notes

TWEED RING.—William Marcy Tweed was by trade a chair-maker; gradually he gained a political foothold, and in 1856 was appointed deputy street commissioner in New York. From his appointment to this office the power of the famous Tweed (or Tammany) Ring really begins. With the support of unscrupulous political friends his power increased, and in 1870 the Tweed Ring controlled practically every department of municipal expenditure. He greatly increased the city pay-roll, giving to political allies high-salaried sinecure positions. His largest scheme for robbing the city was the erection of the county court-house. It was planned that this was to cost two hundred fifty thousand dollars, but eight million dollars was squandered and still the building was unfinished. In 1870 the power of auditing all city accounts was

placed in the hands of Mr. Tweed and his friends. The plunder gained amounted to millions. A secret account of these deprivations was kept by one of the officials, and in 1871 the items were copied by a clerk and printed in the *New York Times*. This resulted in the downfall of the Tweed Ring.

**FAMINE IN IRELAND.**—In 1846 the potato crop failed, and soon the whole country was in the clutches of the famine. Entire families perished. "Men were like living skeletons, children cried with the pains of hunger, and the women were often too weak to stand." Relief-work was started and all Europe contributed; but somehow mismanagement caused all plans to be thwarted, and in the course of two years it is said that over two hundred thousand people perished from the famine alone. It is believed that three times that number were permanently disabled by the effects of this scourge.

**FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.**—The real cause of this war was French jealousy of the growing power of Prussia. The government of France was in no condition for this conflict, being really honeycombed with corruption and inefficiency. Regiments lacked men and discipline, and supplies of all kinds were wanting. On the other hand, Prussia had been preparing for the long-foreseen conflict, and her campaign was carefully planned. A few days after the French declared war, the great German host was gathered. Three immense armies swept over the frontier, carrying everything before them, and after the battle of Sedan, in which Napoleon was taken prisoner, they passed on and laid siege to Paris. The French made a heroic struggle for defense, raising army after army from her almost-exhausted resources. But in the end it became apparent that the iron grasp of the German armies, with their perfect organization, could not be broken. The great population of Paris began to suffer the horrors of famine, and on Jan. 28, 1871, the French surrendered. "The terms of the treaty that followed were that France should surrender to Germany the Rhenish province of Alsace and one half of Lorraine, paying an indemnity of one billion dollars. Never before was such a ransom paid by a nation."

**THE CAMERA OBSCURA** ("dark chamber"), in its simplest form, consists of a darkened place into which no light is permitted to enter, except through one small hole. A picture of objects opposite the hole will be seen on a screen, so placed as to receive the light coming through the opening. Images become clearer as the hole is made smaller. The arising difficulty of a loss of light is overcome by use of a lens. The images seen are inverted.

### Junior No. 3—Lesson 9: "How the World Is Clothed," Pages 219-240

#### Test Questions

1. What countries help to supply the United States with hats?
2. Of what are the cheap straw braids made? From what places do the finest straws come?
3. What is the lightest hat on the market? What is the most expensive? How is a Manibi hat made?
4. For what is the plumage of the ostrich used? the marabou? the egret? the bird of paradise? the lyre-bird? the eider? How is the plumage obtained? Do the birds suffer?
5. To what parts of the world would you go to find ostrich-farms? Which country has the most?
6. What kind of weapon would you want to carry, should you visit an ostrich-farm? Why?
7. What do ostrich eggs look like? How long would it take to boil one?
8. How are the young ostriches hatched? How old do these birds sometimes get?
9. Does the plucking hurt the ostrich? How many feathers does it yield at one time? How often is the plucking done?
10. What has to be done to the ostrich-feathers before they are ready to wear?

THE only cure for shams is at the cross. No counterfeited can live at Calvary. There the hypocrisy is pierced, the mask falls off, and all is revealed. But there also we find forgiveness; there all the wild and bitter past is blotted out; there we learn to love; there we begin to live.—*Atkins*.

### Two Book Reviews

THIS week appears the first of a series of book reviews, which will be of special interest to young people who are searching for reading-matter worth while. A list of the books which will be sketched is given in the leaflet, "From Which Fountain?" published by the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. Price, two cents.

#### "George Muller, of Bristol," by Arthur T. Pierson

Is the age of miracles past? Does the God of Abraham and Elijah still live? Does he answer prayer to-day in that direct, convincing way of which we read in the Bible? These questions are answered in the life of George Müller, of Bristol, written by Arthur T. Pierson. This book brings to view a personality of unique interest, for, however judged, George Müller was no ordinary man. His strength of character shows itself most clearly in the real, tangible, literal way in which he was accustomed to take God at his word. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," was to him better justification for founding his large orphan asylum than would a million-dollar endowment be to others. And his faith was honored. Never did his family of two thousand and more boys and girls lack the necessities of life, yet no one was ever asked to give. Only to the bountiful Heavenly Father were requests made and by him as promptly granted. The story of Müller's childhood and youth as told by Mr. Pierson is also of deep interest, and well illustrates the saying that "God doeth not as man chooseth." A liar, a thief, a confirmed gambler—such is the record of his early youth. But he was converted by the simple instrumentality of a prayer-meeting, and his later record is but the story of a consecrated life. Order from the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

#### "Boy Wanted," by Nixon Waterman

This is a charming little book of one hundred thirty-four pages. It deals in a very practical way with the underlying principles of success. "There is plenty of room at the top." How to reach it is the question. This query is answered by Mr. Waterman in direct, forceful language which can not help but inspire every boy who reads it to make the most of his opportunities. Self-reliance, patience, and perseverance are essential qualities for the successful man. Attention to trifles is important. Have an aim in life and then "stick" like the postage-stamp. "Stick till you get there." The price of this book is \$1.25. It may be obtained from the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

#### Happiness

"WOULDEST thou be happy? Take an easy way: Think of those round thee—live for them all day; Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care; All that they have to do, or feel, or bear. Think of their pleasure, or their good, their gain: Think of those round thee—it will not be vain."

#### One of My Mistakes

(Concluded from page nine)

brain-cells with such things as will be of material benefit to them in life's journey. Instead of following in my footsteps, let them adopt the example of Abraham Lincoln, who, when asked how it was that he always had at his command just the words to fit the occasion, replied, "When I was a boy, a neighbor called on my father one day on business. His language was so crude and awkward that it set me to thinking of a better way to express what he was saying. I have continued to study." By doing that, the best mode of expression that he could obtain was stored in his mind, and when speaking in public or otherwise, it naturally came first. This habit, combined with a noble character, gave him the victory in his debates with Douglas and others in those memorable days, and placed him at the head of his country to guide the affairs of state successfully through one of the darkest periods recorded in the annals of history. It has also caused his name to be recorded on the tablets of the minds of many, as the immortal Abraham Lincoln.

R. I. F.



# THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## XI — Jesus Seen at Jerusalem; He Joins Two Disciples Going to Emmaus; Appears to the Apostles

(December 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 24:13-43; John 20:19-25; Mark 16:12-14; 1 Cor. 15:3-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." Luke 24:36.

### The Lesson Story

1. The first day of the week when Jesus rose from the dead two of his followers "went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

2. "And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

3. "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulcher; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulcher, and found it even so as the women had said; but him they saw not.

4. "Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

5. "And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them." Jesus never forces himself upon any one. He waits for an invitation to enter our homes and our hearts, and is willing to abide in the most humble place where his disciples dwell.

6. The simple evening meal was soon prepared, for the disciples were hungry after their long walk, and Jesus sat down with them to eat. "And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them." The guest blessed the food just as the disciples had so often seen their Master do. "And their eyes were opened, and

they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

7. "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

8. "And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." The disciples had met together for fear of the Jews, for they supposed that the priests and Pharisees would seek to put them to death also. The doors were tightly closed when Jesus suddenly stood before them, and said the familiar words of peace he so often had spoken to them. "But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit.

9. "And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet." "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."

10. "And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them."

11. "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Jesus wished his disciples to understand that they could do nothing at all except the Holy Spirit gave them power.

12. "But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Thomas lost a great blessing by not believing the testimony of his brethren.

### Questions

1. On what day of the week did Jesus rise from the dead? On the same day, where did two of his followers go? How far was this village from Jerusalem? — About eight miles. What did these men talk about by the way? While they were talking and reasoning, who drew near and went with them? Did they know their companion? Why did they not know him?

2. What question did Jesus ask? Who answered him? What question did he ask Jesus? What reply did the Saviour make? What did the disciples say about Jesus?

3. What did these men say they had trusted Jesus would do? How long did they say it was since he was crucified? What had astonished them? Who did they say had found that what the women said was true? Whom had they not seen?

4. To what did Jesus then direct the thoughts of the two men? What questions did he ask them? What part of the Scriptures did he explain to them? Concerning what did he teach them?

5. As they came near Emmaus, what was Jesus about to do? What did the men constrain him to do? What reason did they give for his tarrying with them? Did Jesus accept their invitation? What does he never do? For what does he always wait? Where is he willing to abide?

6. What was soon prepared to refresh them after their long walk? Who sat down to eat? What did Jesus do? What caused the two men to know that their guest was Jesus? Did he remain with them?

7. How did the men say they had felt as Jesus talked to them by the way? What did they do that same hour? Whom did they find gathered together? What were they saying? What experience did the two men then relate?

8. While they were talking, who stood before them all? What did he say? Why had the disciples met together? What did they suppose the priests and rulers would seek to do? How did they feel as Jesus appeared so suddenly to them? What did they think they saw?

9. What question did Jesus ask his terrified disciples? What did he tell them to behold? What did he tell them to do that would convince them that he was really their Master? When he had thus spoken, what did he show them? How did the disciples then feel?

10. Why did they hardly believe it was Jesus who was once more with them? What did Jesus ask them? What did they give him? What did he then do?

11. What words did Jesus again repeat? What does his presence always bring? Can there be peace in the heart without him? How did he say he would send them to do his work? When he had said this what did he do and say? What did he wish them to understand?

12. Who was absent when Jesus met with the disciples? What did they tell him? What did Thomas say he must see before he believed? What did he lose on account of his unbelief?

5. What reply did Jesus make? Verses 25, 26.

6. How did he proceed to open their understanding? Verse 27; note 4.

7. As they came near to Emmaus, what did Jesus do? What request did the two disciples make of him? Verses 28, 29; note 5.

8. How was Jesus finally revealed unto them? What did he then do? What did they say? Verses 30-32.

9. Where did the two disciples immediately go? Whom did they find? What was the topic of conversation? What did the two disciples tell the eleven? Verses 33-35.

10. How did the eleven receive their story? Mark 16: 12, 13.

11. As they were talking concerning the matter, who appeared to them? Verse 14.

12. Under what conditions were they assembled? With what words of greeting did Jesus salute them? Luke 24: 36; John 20: 19.

13. How did his appearance affect them? Luke 24: 37.

14. How did he reprove them for their unbelief? How did he seek to convince them of the reality of his presence? Mark 16: 14; Luke 24: 38-40.

15. What further proof did he give? Verses 41-43.

16. After these evidences of his presence among them, how did the apostles feel? John 20: 20.

17. What message of comfort did he again give them? What did he breathe upon them? What authority did he give unto them? Verses 21-23.

18. Which of the disciples was absent when Jesus met with them? Verse 24.

19. What did Thomas say when the disciples told him they had seen the Lord? Verse 25.

#### Notes

1. The name "Emmaus" means "warm springs." It was a little town about seven and one-half miles from Jerusalem. Its location is not now identified with certainty. It was doubtless in the afternoon when the disciples left Jerusalem, for the day was far spent when they reached Emmaus. These two disciples were not of the twelve, but of "the rest." Luke 24: 9.

2. "But their eyes were holden," with disappointed hopes, and sad and troubled at the perplexing tidings they had received concerning the empty tomb and the absent body. So in our perplexity and trials the blessed Master is near to us, but our eyes are often holden through unbelief, and we do not behold him.

3. They rehearsed the events of the last three days, the betrayal and trials of Jesus, their own disappointment, the visit to the sepulcher, the half-believed story of his resurrection. Note that the three days in which all these things happened is "the third day," thus showing how elastic is the term over which many are led into controversy. The three days so often mentioned in connection with the Saviour's sufferings include parts of two days and the whole of one.

4. Jesus might have easily convinced them of his resurrection by showing them his wounded hands, or revealing his power in some supernatural way. But he desired that their belief in him should rest, not on sight, or some miraculous revelation, but on the Scriptures. In like manner he desires that we believe in him, not because we see some miracles performed, but on the plain statement of the Scriptures themselves.

5. Do we desire the Lord's presence sufficiently to urge that he abide with us? We often urge the coming or tarrying of a friend. Would not Christ be oftener our companion in the common things of life if we but urged or "constrained" him more?

It is one thing to see your road, another to cut it.  
— *George Eliot.*

BEHIND the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel; behind the mill is the wheat-field; on the wheat-field rests the sunlight; above the sunlight is God.— *Lowell.*

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XI — Jesus Seen at Jerusalem; He Joins Two Disciples Going to Emmaus; Appears to the Apostles

(December 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Luke 24: 13-43; John 20: 19-25; Mark 16: 12-14; 1 Cor. 15: 3-8.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 83, 84; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, chapters 15, 16; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Jerusalem, Emmaus.

PERSONS: Our Lord and his disciples.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 24: 36.

#### Questions

1. Where did two disciples go on the day of the resurrection? Of what did they talk? Luke 24: 13, 14; note 1.

2. Who joined them on the way to Emmaus? Why did they not know him? Verses 15, 16; note 2.

3. What question did he ask? What reply did Cleopas make? Verses 17, 18.

4. To Jesus' further question, what did they say? Verses 20-24; note 3.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Solitude and Its Value

THE story is told of a man who on his death-bed became extremely solicitous for the eternal welfare of his wayward son. He called the boy to him, and made one request, which was, that he spend twenty minutes by himself every day. The young man thought that would not be a difficult thing, so readily promised to do it.

At first his thoughts during the silent period were not seriously directed toward his manner of life; but later he began to think of his past course, and knew that it had not been what it should have been. Finally he began to read his Bible, to pray, and later decided to walk in the Christian pathway.

Unless we make time for meditation in the hurry and bustle of life, we seldom take time. A few minutes, not hurried ones, but calm and undisturbed, alone with our God when we can talk heart to heart with him, and confide to him our plans for the day, are of inestimable value to us.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first working thoughts into the bosom of God. *The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.*"

David, although a man chosen of God, showed that he was conscious of the need of beginning the day with prayer, by these words:—

"O Jehovah, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice;  
In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch!"

After we have become engrossed with the cares of the day, we seldom think of going aside for prayer. The routine of work, work, work holds us in its grip.

At times one may feel tempted to become discouraged; it may be the lesson is hard to understand, the heart heavy, and the brain weary. Then is when it is well to remember that there is one who "was in all," not one or two, but all, "points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

It is in seasons of solitude and meditation that we see our insufficiency and weakness, and learn to lean more fully on him who spent much time in prayer. I like the sentiment expressed by the poet,—

"Take time to be holy,  
Speak oft with thy Lord;"  
"Spend much time in secret  
With Jesus alone."

Alone with God one can talk, plan, and counsel with him, and then go forth better prepared for the duties

of the day. There will be that peace and trust in the heart which can not be destroyed nor disturbed. It was in solitude and loneliness that John the Revelator wrote words of encouragement; it was in the solitude of the dungeon that Joseph was fitted to be the ruler of Egypt. It has also been in solitude that many flowers of our literature have blossomed.

Although we do spend many solitary hours, yet our reflections and thoughts may not be such as God would have them. Through good books and worthy associates we should cultivate a desire for the beautiful, pure, and true. Then our meditations will be of a character to strengthen us for higher service.

OLIVE LEONARD.

## Read This

THE Morning Watch Calendar for 1911 has just come from the publishers, and already more than two thousand copies have been sent to Australia. Order yours early. The calendar will help you to get a more comprehensive view of the Sabbath-school lessons, for the texts in the calendar each week are based upon some part of the Sabbath-school lesson for that week.

An interesting and useful feature of the calendar for next year is the sunset table. By means of this table the time of sunset for Fridays can be computed quite easily for all places in the United States and southern Canada.

You need this little daily reminder. Would you have power with men? Then learn to wrestle with God in prayer. No prayer, no power; little prayer, little power; much prayer, much power. Your best life is dependent upon an uninterrupted communion with heaven. Do not rob yourself of the ability to do good work by neglecting to pray. Procure one of the little Morning Watch Calendars from your tract society. It is only five cents. Place it where it will each morning remind you of your need. Then let it point you to the path that leads to spiritual power.

M. E.

## Right Always Wins

RIGHT is the force that is meant to rule the world. Wrong things stand out, boldly, perhaps, at times, seeming to overshadow the right things. The right, however, is working along quietly, but surely, all the time. Many men live honest, useful, upright lives, for the one who goes far astray. Crime makes a big noise; but the right, no matter how quietly it is done, makes the biggest and most lasting impression. Right wins in the long run. One wants to keep that fact in plain sight every day of life. Better yet, one wants to step into its ranks; to march side by side with its forces; to bear a glorious part in its battles and its victories, and to help in every way possible this rule of right.

Beauty of achievement, whether in overcoming a hasty temper, a habit of exaggeration, in exploring a continent with Stanley, or guiding well the ship of state with Gladstone, is always fascinating, and, whether known in a circle as large as the equator or only in the family circle at home, those who are in this fashion beautiful are never desolate.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow and wax strong; we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.

—Canon Westcott.