

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 50

A Morning Thought

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Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend ;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,—
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some kind act to beast or man,
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

— Selected.

THIS and THAT

THE earthquake disturbances of September and October in southwestern Alaska have brought to the surface scores of gold-mines, which will add millions of dollars to the wealth of the people of the Territory.

ONE church-school teacher has secured a club of twenty INSTRUCTORS from her school. If all our teachers were as earnest in getting the INSTRUCTOR into the hands of the young people as the one referred to, the paper would have many more readers among our youth.

THE Anti-Saloon League holds a convention in Washington, D. C., December 13 and 14 of the present year, to consider the question of concerted action to secure the passage of the Miller-Curtis Interstate Liquor bill to regulate the interstate commerce shipment of liquor, allowing the seizure of such goods in prohibition territory.

FROM October 29 to November 2, one hundred two war-vessels were gathered in the Hudson River, opposite the city of New York. These battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines stretched in several lines from Fifty-seventh Street to Spuyten Duyvil, a distance of eight miles. The reason for this mobilization was that they might be inspected by George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, and reviewed by President Taft. This is said to be the second largest mobilization of modern sea power that the world has ever seen.

Missionary Volunteer Society Officers

EVERY Missionary Volunteer Society should have one or more copies of the "Missionary Idea." Several society lessons for next year are based upon this excellent book. The pages of this book are well filled with valuable suggestions for Missionary Volunteer Societies. Its missionary facts, incidents, biographies, its Bible readings, its poems and illustrations, make it an especially helpful and resourceful friend. If your society is not yet provided with copies, you should get some at once. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Order from Pacific Press, Mountain View, Cal.

"EACH day a man goes forth with bricks and hod,
His work to ply.
And one shall build a temple unto God,
And one a sty."

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short common-sense talk on "the breath of life," the man who is "too busy" or "too dead tired" to take exercise, also, on burning the "midnight oil." IS RABIES, OR HYDROPHOBIA, A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE? DOES ALCOHOL CAUSE INSANITY? THE CAUSE OF WARTS, and 64 other valuable articles and items on health topics. Buy this number, read it, and pass it on to others. Better still, send \$2 for 50 copies; sell 20 to get your money back; then sell or give away the other 30 copies in the interests of true health reform.

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A FEW ARTICLES

OUT-OF-DOORS IN WINTER, by Mary Alden Carver. (Five illustrations.) "There is too much of an inclination to seal up the doors and windows when cold weather comes, and sit huddled about a comfortable fire."

HOW TWO MOTHERS CARED FOR THEIR BABIES: WHY ONE SUCCEEDED AND THE OTHER FAILED, by Lauretta Kress, M. D., of the Loma Linda (Cal.) Sanitarium staff. (Three illustrations.)

THE OPIUM AND MORPHIN VICE, by D. H. Kress, M. D., of the Loma Linda (Cal.) Sanitarium. (Illustrated.) The facts concerning this terrible slave-making habit; the use of opium in patent medicines; and how to successfully abandon the use of the drug.

WHAT AND WHAT NOT TO EAT, by R. S. Ingersoll, M. D., M. R. C. S. (England). (Illustrated.) What are proper food combinations? Is it safe to say, "O, I can eat anything"? How to avoid sour stomach and a nervous disposition.

VENTILATION, EXERCISE, AND SLEEP, by G. H. Heald, M. D. A short common-sense talk on "the breath of life," the man who is "too busy" or "too dead tired" to take exercise, also, on burning the "midnight oil."

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 12, 1911

No. 50

The Hills O' Ca'liny—No. 4

The House of Rest

A. W. SPAULDING



BETH-SHAN, "The House of Rest," what a peculiarly soothing sense the old Hebrew name gives! Though why the town received its name, or how it could be appropriate to the gruesome sequel of Gilboa, I do not know. But one place there is which I have named "The House of Rest," of whose name I know at once the origin and the appropriateness. It lies on the outskirts of the country over which I ranged, a new, half-bungalow, altogether homelike place, with wide verandas and cheerful big brick fireplace; with host and hostess of wide-open hearts and hearty voices welcoming; with children who always shouted, "O, it's Uncle Arthur!" with a jolly ebony cook named Lily White, who knew what cooking meant; with Sorghum, the saddle-horse, and Kubelik, the terrier, and Billy Possum, the pig.

Perhaps you may think all that an incongruous mixture, but so my memory warms over the varying factors of a time of rest, when often, footsore and heart-sore, I fell, an unexpected but always welcome guest, out of the darkness into the cheer of Mr. George's arguments and Lily's tea-biscuits, Mis' Dosia's ringing laugh, and Son's enthusiastic tales of the superior acuteness of his Billy Possum.

It was often with a sort of terror that I looked forward to a night that must be spent among strangers, with wearied body and fagged mind put still to the stretch to entertain and teach; and when but a few miles intervened between me and The House of Rest, temptation more than once was yielded to, and I found myself ensconced before a leaping fire, with muscles and mind relaxed, and keen enjoyment usurping the place of disciplined care.

Mr. George could talk. He had his enthusiasms, and he had his antipathies: loose him on either, and it took only a judicious word, now and then, of encouragement or opposition to furnish an hour's profitable entertainment. His enthusiasms had a fairly wide range, from his prize potatoes to William Jennings Bryan; his antipathies were mainly the result of his enthusiasms.

For one thing, since the peerless leader had been thrice defeated, the country had almost gone to the dogs, but there was growing hope, through Democratic gains, that righteousness might yet revive. Turn the rascals out, and let good men come in!

But here I had also my enthusiasms, or rather my convictions. "You may legislate forever," I told him, "and put the best possible laws on the statute-book, but that will not make men good."

"Of course," he agreed, "so long as you keep such grafters in office as are there now. We've got to have good men, and it's your duty and mine to go to the polls and put them in."

"And when you have them in," said I, "the old world will jog along just about the same. At first,

the new broom may seem to sweep clean, but a broom can never sweep darkness out. You've got to go behind votes and laws and leaders to get regeneration."

"You're a pessimist!" cried Mr. George. "If everybody acted as you talk, where do you think this country would land? We'd have more and more rotten legislation and law enforcement, forever."

"That depends," I replied. "I'm not advocating no remedy, but I am repudiating the quack cure-all legislation. The fact is, I don't expect to see the whole world saved, but out of its ruin I expect to see honest, stalwart souls saved."

"You're a pessimist," iterated Mr. George, "a sure enough pessimist!"

I balanced the term on the point of my criticism. "A pessimist," I argued, "a pessimist is a man who sees only the evil and looks for no great betterment. If it's cloudy, he knows it's going to rain unless the wind changes; if he feels a tickling in his throat, he knows he's going to die of tuberculosis unless he gets a change of climate; if stocks are going down or the tariff is going up, he knows things are going to smash unless Champ Clark is elected Speaker. No; I'm not a pessimist. I've got a bigger remedy for all this graft and corruption than a presidential candidate. If I were attempting to get a good crop by scratching my land with a bull-tongued plow, should I blame you for refusing to employ the same method when you had a gang-plow and traction-engine at home?"

"If you've got a better remedy, it's time to trot it out," said Mr. George.

"I look to a more glorious reformation soon than Democrat or Republican ever hoped for," I continued. "I'm at work every day to help a little in bringing it about; and the reason I don't go into politics to make good men is because I'm too busy on this other plan."

"If you men don't stop talking politics," broke in the patient Mis' Dosia, "I'm going to take my work up-stairs, where you'll not be bothered with the click of my needle."

"What is your plan?" asked Mr. George.

"The plan of salvation through Jesus Christ," I answered; "the glorious news of his soon coming and of his present salvation. When the gospel of Jesus Christ gets into the heart, it does what no law and no officer of the law can do. The fact is, there is no other moral regeneration. And a further fact is, the larger the number of us who get to work in this campaign with heart and soul, the sooner will come the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, and all the good things you hope for, and more."

"I don't doubt you are right," said Mr. George.

I had always regarded Mis' Dosia as a Shunammite, but it took longer to reveal the philanthropist in Mr. George. The revelation began, doubtless, with his tolerating, nay, his welcoming of myself; but it was

more noticeable to me in an exhibition of one of his pet aversions. Mr. George was a Tennessean, and his wrath sometimes overflowed upon the Tarheel. The native mountaineer, he declared, was proud without reason, and exacting without reliability; he would work only so long as he was starving and could not get credit; he would plight his oath to do a thing for you, and straightway forget or evade his promise; he was easily persuaded, and he as easily backslid.

"To tell you the truth," he said one evening in a burst of candor, "the reason I've dreaded to see you locate anywhere around us here is, I knew you could go down to the works and talk Bible to my men, and get two thirds of them to keep Saturday, and they'd leave me. You'd organize a flourishing church and Sabbath-school and missionary society. But you leave them for three months, and then come back to Sabbath-school, and you wouldn't find a one. They'd all be down in the pit blasting rock. Well" (in deference to my remonstrance), "maybe not the Sabbath-school superintendent, but he'd be standing around with his hands in his pockets, whistling, 'I Wish I Was One of the Boys Again.'" In fact, in Mr. George's opinion, the mountaineer was a great deal of a child, for whom none but a paternal government would ever answer. And despite his explosions of righteous indignation, that, I discovered, was the kind of government he was largely administering to his own men.

"There's that Zeb Bean," he confided one evening, "got a wife and six children; sick for two months this fall, and the company carried him along through it all. But when he gets well and earning again, what do you think he does?—Buys little gewgaws to hang round his children's necks when they're needing shoes, and runs an account at the company store for corn-meal and bacon, while, if he gets a dollar, he dives straight for a blind tiger. And I told him, 'Now, Zeb, you've got to let liquor alone, and you've got to walk straight if you don't want to get fired.' Comes Christmas, and Zeb pipes up for a dollar. 'What for?' I says. 'Want to celebrate,' he says. 'It's Christmas, and I got to celebrate, ain't I?' 'You'll celebrate by keeping sober and reducing your account,' I told him. But what does the fellow do? Somewhere or other he gets hold of a dime, buys that much black powder, and fills a wagon-skein with it. His slow match proves a fast one, and he blows two fingers off his right hand, and lays himself up for another six weeks. And now who's going to take care of him this time, I'd like to know."

"O, you are, of course!" said his wife, with a quiet little laugh. Mr. George's wrath collapsed into a mellow chuckle, that bespoke repentance for his indignation, indulgence for his erring employee. "I reckon I am," he said. For were not these the sheep, and he the shepherd?

Next morning, over the frozen ground, came to the door a barefooted little boy on some primary errand that I did not learn. But he was brought in to the fire, and warmed and fed and talked with, and laden for home with a basket packed by Mis' Dosia with substantial and delicacies.

"How's your papa, Son? Tell him to hurry up and get well. Tell him, 'Don't worry, everything will be all right,'" cooed the stern magnate of last evening. The barefooted boy was a son of Zeb.

In the roomy chamber where I always sleep there is tacked on the wall, among other numerous orna-

ments, a little message in antique type, before which I stop every night, ere I blow out the light, and I read it over and over again:—

"I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

"I can not find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you;
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than; God bless you!

"God bless you! So I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

"God bless you! So I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you.
For how can sorrow bring you harm
If 'tis God's way to bless you?"

Then I can never forbear a little journey around the room in my stocking feet, stopping here to read an inscription that speaks to the heart, and there to gaze again into the eyes that surely were endowed by something higher than the painter's brush. There is a Dutch boy in colors; there is a great medallion of a little boy and a little girl, both golden-haired; there is a quiet woodland scene, the subscription of which recalls, while its subject's serenity repudiates, its author,—"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

Just behind the shoulder of the north wall's projection, my eyes meet the Hebrew priest's benediction, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;" and not too far away is "The House Beautiful," which climbs its steps from faith to "Where there is God, there is no need." And sometimes I must lie upon my bed for a time before the light goes out, and take a more distant view. There, just opposite, the great emancipator broods in his rough armchair, with face and pose whose melancholy is more than relieved by their inspiration of settled will for duty. There are several pictures, beautiful, restful, of mother and babe. And there is the curious print that, close at hand, reveals a quiet fiord on the Swedish coast, with a steamer belching up a marvelous volume of black smoke that fades into whiteness toward the top; but the whole at a distance transforming itself into a tonsured monk, with agonized face uplifted in his devotions, or with his sheet of music crumpled before him, seeking inspiration at the organ.

At last I fall asleep in the murmur of my own thoughts, repeating the benediction framed on my table:—

"Sleep sweet within this quiet room;
Nor let, whoe'er thou art,
Rebuking thought of yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow mar thy rest
With thought of coming ill:
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light.
The stars are shining overhead!
Sleep sweet! Good night! Good night!"

I am sitting in my armchair, reading my morning chapter, when little Miss Sis Hopkins comes down. A shy "Good morning," and she circles around my chair, and finally ends at the center-table with her hands on a book of stories.

"Here's this same old book we had last night." And picking it up, she comes over to my chair. "Mama told me not to ask you to read another story, because you did read to us last night," she says, sug-

gestively, but adds, as an afterthought, "We can look at it, though," and snuggles up in my lap. "What's this?"

"Why, that's Boblets, the meadow-mouse."

"Uh huh!"

"Would you like to hear about him?"

"If you *want* to read, why, of course."

Good-by, dear House of Rest. Good-by, my friends who make its name. Outside I face again a bitter, biting wind. And my prayer for you is that in a brighter clime you may find waiting for you a more glorious Beth-shan.

Historical Sketches of the Advent Movement

WHERE will you find a boy who is not conscious of a feeling of pride at the mention of his country's history, or at the recounting of the tales of its illustrious heroes whose deeds of valor protected their homes and maintained the honor of their country? What heart does not thrill with emotion at the mention of Washington, Paul Jones, and Lincoln? Yes, we are not only proud of our statesmen and warriors, but of our authors, poets, orators, mechanics, and all others who have contributed to make our nation great.

To most boys and girls, the study of history is no task. Other studies may be irksome, but the history of one's beloved country is generally read with keen pleasure. Patriotism is a most admirable trait of character. In the individual in whom it is lacking, we may expect to see a small development of the qualities always characteristic of great and good men. True patriotism is elevating and ennobling, and never leads to false vanity, or to such sacrilege as the worship of either country or flag. One should honor the flag only as it stands for the principles of justice, equity, and the protection of the rights of humanity.

But, aside from the pleasure the study of our country's history affords, the lessons to be drawn from both its achievements and its mistakes are invaluable, and can always be studied with profit. Macaulay, the great historian, said, "We have no way of judging of the future except by the past." And Paul, the apostle, speaking of certain history, said, "All these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come."

This last quotation will serve as an introduction to our real subject, that of the history of the advent movement. Has it ever occurred to my reader that if secular history is important, sacred history is infinitely more so? It is also true that sacred history is just as readable, just as thrilling with adventure, as the most fascinating secular history. Do the lives of strong men who have braved death, overcome difficulties, and won victories in the face of great odds, appeal to you? Sacred history is replete with such incidents, more thrilling than any narrative that secular history affords. In sacred history are to be found names that will rank with Lincoln, Washington, and Grant.

But are there any thrilling stories incident to the history of the advent movement?—Available history shows that there are. But in relating these incidents, the writer does not wish to exalt man, the frail instrument used by God to carry on his work, but rather to show the mighty hand of God in this great movement from its inception down to the present. If the Lord has been leading in this movement, as he did in the

Exodus movement, then the profit of the study of its history is apparent.

Recently the writer heard one of our own ministers state that the advent movement is the biggest thing in the world. This is evidently true, for the advent movement is world-wide in its scope. It is not circumscribed by national boundary lines, but embraces every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. That we might see at a glance the magnitude of this movement, it is only necessary to point to the fact that our missions have entered nearly as many foreign fields as all other denominations combined.

This being true, it would only be natural to conclude that great men, men of influence, wealth, and education, have been the promoters of this great movement; but to the contrary, it will be seen that the men who have been instrumental in building up this message were humble men, whose principal assets were the sterling qualities of faith, energy, and integrity. On a certain occasion a great Methodist bishop said, scornfully, to Elder James White, "How does it come that you people have no *great* men in your ranks, no world-renowned bishops like the Methodists?" To this Elder White rejoined, "The Methodists have the big *men* and the little truth, while the Adventists have the *great* truth and the *little men*."

When we stop to consider, we find that nearly all great and good movements of historic note were fostered and built up by men whom the world failed to recognize or appreciate until centuries after they had been interred, and all but the memory of their service forgotten. In this, the advent cause is no exception. As Christianity had for its apostles the humble but honest and industrious country folk of Palestine, so this latter-day movement was born amid poverty, and cradled in adversity. The men whom God chose to honor with the responsibility of first giving this message to a needy but thankless world, were men taken from the humble walks of life,—from the farm, the shop, and the country schoolhouse.

When the writer embraced the advent message, being a lover of history, especially that of our own country and people, an earnest desire was awakened to learn something of the history of the people whose spiritual kinship now made them nearer and dearer than blood relatives. Who were the pioneers in the message? what about their early struggles, adventures, and achievements? are questions that naturally suggest themselves to the mind of one who is in sympathy with God's cause.

But it was not such emotions as these, alone, that led the writer to inquire into the history of the rise and progress of this message, but it was the conviction that, if the Lord has been leading this people, a study of such history would not only strengthen faith in God, but would help to build better for the future.

If the third angel's message is indeed the biggest thing in the world, is it not even more important to understand its history than to be versed in the history of earthly governments, which history is principally made up of bloody battles and intriguing courts? Shall we not, then, endeavor to familiarize ourselves with the history of the advent people? Such a study will not only be valuable from a historical view-point, but will prove entertaining as well. For this purpose there will follow some biographies of our early pioneers, and some historical sketches of the rise and progress of the advent movement, the mightiest movement in all the history of the world.

WALTER CLAIR THOMPSON.

GOOD MANNERS

Three Manly Boys



LET me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough collegiate education. But if they had not worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it.

Her oldest boy, only fourteen, treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, waited on the table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do; and the two younger ones followed his example right along.

Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found great pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked but respected and admired them. They all married true and noble women, and to-day one of these boys is president of a college, goes to Europe almost every year, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant homes in Evans-ton, and is my own "beloved physician;" while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Colorado, and a member of the city council.—*Frances Willard.*

The Guests Who Are Welcome

LAST summer Mabel Braymer was the guest of friends who have a pleasant home on the shores of a beautiful lake, but it is doubtful whether she will be entertained at The Pines again very soon. If you were to ask Mabel about her visit there, she would tell you, with very evident sincerity, that she had "a perfectly lovely" time, but she left her friends in a state of uncertainty as to whether she had really enjoyed her visit with them; and this feeling of uncertainty is likely to discourage future invitations.

The trouble was that Mabel could not, or would not, get the better of the bad feelings that everybody is likely to have at times. One day when she had a headache, instead of excusing herself and going to her own room to lie down for a while, she moped about the living-room, silent and listless, a damper on the good cheer of the others. Another day she sat silent and indifferent throughout a delightful automobile ride, planned for her special pleasure, because her thoughts were centered on a bit of rather disagreeable news that she had found in one of her letters the day before. Her disappointment over the necessary postponement of a trip that all had been looking forward to was so marked that her friends could hardly help feeling un-

comfortable. And so, because she could not for the time being sink the disagreeable feelings that came to her as they do to other people, she made her hospitable friends uncomfortable, and robbed herself of other invitations to the same pleasant home.

Wherever we are, we owe it to other people to make the best of things, and to keep to ourselves as far as possible anything that would be likely to spoil their pleasure. Especially does this obligation rest on us if we are being entertained in the home of friends. If bodily aches and pains are too much for us, as they will be sometimes for the bravest, we should seek the refuge of our own room, and keep from others as far as we can the bad feelings that depress us. If some special pleasure has been planned, worries of all kinds should be resolutely pushed into the background of the mind, so that no shadow may be cast on the enjoyment of others in the party. If we think over the people whom we ourselves enjoy entertaining, we will find that they are the ones who are pleasant and appreciative, and who have learned to keep to themselves anything that might help to spoil the pleasure of others. We can be quite sure that the sort of people we like to entertain are the same that other people like to entertain, and if we wish to be counted among the guests who are always welcome, we can not do better than to recall to ourselves now and then the reasons why we find some of our friends especially attractive.—*The Girls' Companion.*

Canceling the Unkind Word

You have doubtless studied cancelation in school; but there is another kind of cancelation that can be used all through life. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy.

"He is so slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid at school," said the first boy.

"But he always studies hard," answered the second.

Thus you see every unkind word spoken by the first boy was canceled by a kind word from the second. Suppose the next time we hear an unkind word we try to cancel it by putting a kind one in its place.—*Selected.*

The Grumbler

"WHAT is that, father?" "That is a grumbler, my son."

"What is a grumbler, father?" "A grumbler, my son, is a person who is never satisfied with anything. He constantly looks for the disagreeable. He is never pleased except when he can find something to be displeased about."

"What is a grumbler good for?" "He is good to grumble." "Is he not good for anything else?" "No, he rarely succeeds at anything else. He proceeds on the principle of, 'This one thing I do.'"

"What does he grumble about?" "Everything. If he is on the farm, he grumbles at the rain or the

drought, the heat or the cold, the snow or the ice, the dust or the mud, the clouds or the sun. His wife, children, relatives, friends, neighbors, acquaintances, — each comes in for a share of his doleful notice. If he is a merchant, he complains of his wholesale dealer, his competitors, his clerks, his location, his town. If he is a student, he turns his propensity to faultfinding upon his teachers, his roommate, his fellow students, the rooms, the beds, the board, the course of study, or the general management."

"Can he do better than all the persons he grumbles about?" "No, the only thing he can do well is to grumble." "Does any one love him?" "Yes, the Lord loves him, even though he is a grumbler."

"Can the disease be cured?" "O, yes! it can be cured." "Will you please tell me how?" "Certainly. When the grumbler feels an attack coming on, he should immediately place two of the largest-sized marbles in his mouth, and hold them there constantly until all inclination to grumble has passed away. Repeat as often as necessary."

T. H. JEYS.

Try Not To

MAKE remarks about the food at dinner.

Say smart things which may hurt one's feelings.

Talk about things that may only interest yourself.

Contradict your friends when they are speaking.

Grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.

Speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

Be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.

Dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

Think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.

Refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.

Behave in a street-car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.—*Selected.*

For His Sake

A NOBLEMAN came to his estate on the death of his father. He was recalled from his studies in a foreign land to enter upon his property. He was almost unknown to his tenants, many of whom lived far from the mansion. Clustering around the colliery on the estate was a little village of cottages, occupied by the miners and their households.

His lordship was out one day hunting. He got separated from his companions, lost his way, and became mired in the swamps. Wet from head to foot and covered with mud, he went to the door of a cottage, and was rudely repulsed. No one knew him, and no one who shut the door in his face imagined that he was lord of the manor.

In the poorest cottage in the cluster dwelt a widow, aged and in penury. He knocked at her door, and received the response, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." She placed a chair by her rude hearthstone, brought down some coarse clothing, the property of her only boy, lost at sea, and spread her table with the homely fare the cottage afforded. He wore away the dry clothing, and promised to send for his own.

The next day, a coroneted carriage, with outriders, stopped at her cabin door. The team was well known in the neighborhood, and known to belong to the heir of the old master. The poor widow was filled with astonishment and terror, when she saw descending

from the carriage her guest of the day before. It was the heir of the estate to whom she had proffered the coarse clothing of her lost son.

The young lord thanked her for the kindness she had shown him, when his rank and position were unknown, and presented her with a comfortable cottage and an annuity for life. "But how was it," he said, "that you welcomed me to your fireside when every other cottage was closed against me?"

"Well, I thought of my poor boy cast away at sea, and thought he might be needing a shelter. Then I thought of Him who for my sake had nowhere to lay his head, and for his sake I opened my door."—*Selected.*

Sometime

SOMETIME when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which we in our weak judgments spurned,
The thing o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night
As stars that shine in tints of deeper blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
O'er much sweets to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so!
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace;

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. So be content, poor heart.
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

—*Selected.*

Seed Thoughts

LOVE suffers reproach without reproaching in return. Hate gives word for word, blow for blow, and seeks only to get revenge.

Love returns only good for evil. Hate returns evil for evil, and very often returns evil for good.

True Christians invariably manifest the spirit of love. Professed Christians who do not manifest the spirit of love, are Christians only in name.

God is love; and those who manifest in their lives the spirit of love are born of God.

The disposition to hate has its source in Satan; and all who manifest the spirit of hatred are born of Satan.

Knowing the sources of love and hate, no one need be in doubt as to whose servant he is.

J. W. LOWE.

The Young Generation for Peace

GEO. H. HEALD

WHAT man is greater than he who plants a noble idea, and nurtures it until it bears good fruit? Many excellent ideas have failed to bear fruit, either because



SIR FRANCIS VANE

the soil—society—was unfavorable, or the time was not propitious, or the planting was unskilful, or the subsequent culture was neglected.

Rarely is one privileged to be the successful bearer of a living message to the world. It may even be truly asserted that one never successfully introduces an absolutely new idea. Before success is possible, the ground must be prepared by many previous failures; and he who finally succeeds has had his inspiration from the ideals of his predecessors who failed.

He who succeeds (to change the figure) in so molding the opinions of men as to produce lasting results for good, is a great benefactor. But men's minds are not clay to be molded at will, at least not the adult mind. The work of replacing old traditions and prejudices by new ideas is much more difficult than the planting of new ideas on virgin soil. It is much more difficult to mold plaster of Paris that has become partly set than it is to mold the freshly mixed plaster. It is the young minds, as yet unaffected by old traditions, that constitute the most receptive soil for new ideas. Many scientists and legislators who are now stanch friends of temperance look back with gratitude to the time when they learned their first temperance lessons in Bands of Hope. The temperance education of the young which is now in progress is destined to have a marked effect on the temperance legislation of the future.

At a recent peace congress, Sir Francis Vane spoke a number of times, the burden of his message being that the permanent peace of the world can be obtained only

by the proper education of the young who will one day be the rulers of the world. Sir Francis, who was himself a soldier, having won laurels in the Boer war, is now an earnest soldier in the peace movement, and persistently preaches the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He is at present working energetically to teach the young generation the principles of this universal brotherhood. But we must leave him for the time, in order to consider another movement.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the friend of animals, and a great favorite with the young, some years ago became convinced that boys could be, through an appropriate organization, taught brotherhood, self-reliance, bravery, kindness, and other manly virtues. He chose for his proposed organization the name "Indians," as appealing to a boy's love of the romantic. And sometimes, unfortunately, this name gave an unfavorable impression to those not acquainted with the principles and operations of the organization.

Later, General Baden-Powell organized the boys of England after a similar manner, calling his organization "The Boy Scouts." The movement spread with remarkable rapidity, and afterward Mr. Thompson Seton accepted the new name, calling his organization "The American Boy Scouts."

Sir Francis Vane saw in the Boy Scouts movement an opportunity to spread the gospel of peace; but as the military idea came into the parent organization, Sir Francis organized a Legion of World Scouts, of which the British Boy Scouts form one division. This organization, while in no way antagonistic to the original Boy Scouts, is organized so as to be entirely free from any military connection, or anything which might lead the boys' minds to militarism. To some this will seem



A RUSSIAN TEACHER ADDRESSING BOY SCOUTS

to be decidedly unpatriotic, but it is true patriotism. Sir Francis is a world patriot. He loves England, and Italy, and Turkey; and having himself experienced the horrors of war, and had a vision of the possibilities of universal peace, he is working to that end.

The principles of the Legion of World Scouts are

and war preparations are necessary is old fogysm, the relics of past generations, and he has strong hope that the boys of all nations can be educated to believe in universal brotherhood.

In a former paragraph it was said that one man never successfully introduces an absolutely new idea. The

Boy Scout idea, which is just beginning to bear a good crop of fruit, was planted more than four hundred years ago. Sir Francis Vane, who has a home in Florence, Italy, gives the bit of history regarding a former very noted inhabitant of his city:—

Down there below me in the city, a man I have mentioned in my notes, one Savonarola, somewhere about the year 1492, started the first company of Boy Scouts in the world, and it was largely from knowing this story that I realized what we Scouts could do. Savonarola was a patriot, priest, and reformer, who had a peculiar knowledge of the young. He found out that in one poor quarter of the city the boys had the inconvenient habit of stopping elderly and presumably rich gentlemen, and relieving them of their spare cash. This was extremely wrong, of course, but he knew at the same time that the rich men who were so shamefully treated were themselves generally very selfish, and had not done their share in helping the poor of their city.

Savonarola also knew that the majority of the boys who committed these crimes did not do this for the money they got by it,—they quite frankly held up the gentlemen,—but because they wished for adventure, and perhaps partly because they thought their victims could afford it.

Savonarola summoned the boys and talked to them, not as a stuffy old schoolmaster might, but as a friend; and he formed them into a company under a captain, and told them

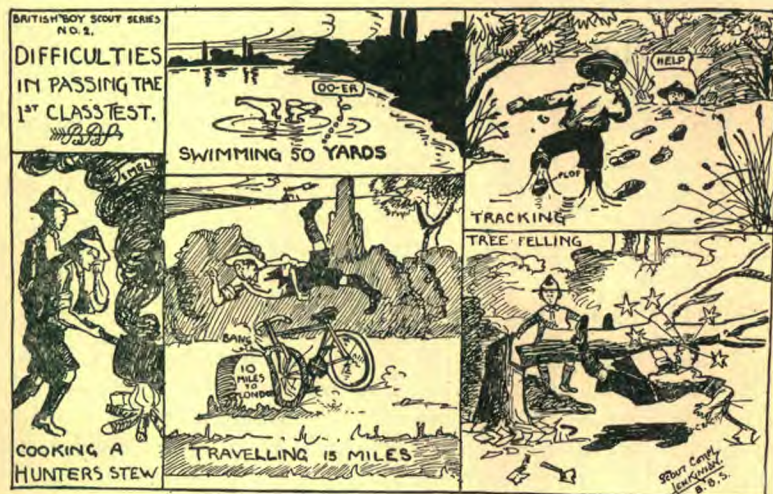
that they were to go out on certain fixed days and collect money from the very same old gentlemen, for the benefit of the poor of the town. The boys were delighted,—for what they wanted was the fun,—and became a most useful guard of honor to Savonarola afterward, and always behaved extremely well.

You see, therefore, my knowledge of what this priest had done four hundred odd years ago helped me to see what Scouts could do.

The Legion of World Scouts pub-

lishes a paper called *The World Scout*, which contains in each issue many appeals to the better nature of the boy. Here is one on moral courage:—

(Concluded on page eleven)



stated most simply in the pledge that binds every member: (1) To do his duty to God, his king, and his country; (2) without fear or reward to protect the weak, defend the helpless, and assist his neighbors; and (3) to keep the Scout law.

Among the aims of the organization are: (1) The improvement of the health of every member by physical exercises, hygiene, etc., the boys being under competent physical instructors; (2) the development of manly self-reliance. To this end the boys are taught to swim, to make a fire, to cook, and to do various feats requiring skill; in fact, they are trained to do by doing. The boys are also taught to regard all boys, whether rich or poor, as their brothers and equals. They are taught to respect their elders, and to help them instead of ridiculing their infirmities. They are made to understand the difference between real kindness and the veneer of conventional politeness. They are trained to keep their eyes open for opportunities to help; in fact, the boys are encouraged to consider this a matter of daily discipline.

Social distinction is banished from the legion. Sir Francis will not admit that a boy is a real Scout who refuses to fraternize with a poor or an ill-dressed boy.

There is an atmosphere of sympathy between the Boy Scouts of England, France, and Italy, and other countries, which, as the boys grow older and the organization stronger, is destined to supplant the suspicion that now exists between nationalities. Sir Francis believes that the idea that war





My Friend

He hides among the rushes tall, he hurries through the grass;
He knows the birds and nodding flowers, and all the winds
that pass;
He runs across the daisy-fields, I can not make him stay,
Then down the hill, beneath the bridge, across the white
highway.

He whispers to the tasseled grass, and airy butterflies;
The far-off stars look down on him, the arching summer
skies;
He lives outdoors in sun and rain, and happy he must be,
My merry friend, the singing brook, so brown, so wild, and
free.

—Alix Thorn.

Friendly Words



GOPHER has been here at mischief," said Ralph as soon as we reached the garden. "How can you tell?" I asked, for I knew little about gardens and nothing about gophers.

"O," he said, "I can tell by the signs. He leaves his mark."

Then he showed me the little mound of fresh earth covering the place where the gopher had gone into the ground, and attempted to hide all traces of his entrance.

"Yes," Ralph continued, "he's pretty clever, but he can't hide his tracks after you once know him. The deer, rabbits, gophers, moles, and all creatures that destroy growing things do their best to cover up their tracks, but they can't do it. The worst of it is, while we can fence out the deer and we can shoot the coyote, these little fellows, the gopher, the mole, and the rabbit, not interesting to fight, very hard to catch, are altogether just miserable nuisances that destroy in a night the work of weeks in your garden. A whole row of radishes gone this morning!"

After Ralph had finished his work, I walked slowly through the garden looking for "traces." Now that my eyes were open I could see tiny footprints and mounds of fresh earth, and Ralph's words came back to me: "You can fence out the deer, shoot the coyote, but these *little fellows*"—I could hear his tone of disgust and the emphatic words with which he described the "little fellows," "not interesting to fight, very hard to catch," and yet destroying the beauty and worth of the garden.

I smiled as I thought what a very good sermon Ralph had been preaching to himself and to me that morning.

How true it is of sins, as of gophers, rabbits, and moles, that the little ones are the "miserable nuisances." More, for they destroy the strength and sweetness of character, and it is *they*, not the big faults, that often make life unhappy and homes uncomfortable.

Louise was speaking the other day of her cousin's home. "They have such a beautiful dining-room," she said, "and such fine service in every way, I ought to enjoy going there to dinner, but I do not. They all love each other and are good to each other, but at the table they always seem to quarrel. Not exactly that either, but the other day Madeline said that uncle met her at the book-store on Friday. Uncle said it was on Thursday. They talked about it ten minutes, every one of the family saying something on the side of either Thursday or Friday.

Junior and his father got really cross about it and Madeline pouted. Finally auntie said that she did not want it discussed any further, and that it made no difference anyway which day it was. Everybody felt uncomfortable, and a silence followed that made me wish I were at home. I was glad when the cream, which was perfect, was served and I could be excused. It seemed too bad! Each member of the family is usually too courteous to contradict and argue when among strangers, and yet I noticed the other day that Madeline did it with my mother, who had a friend with her whom she had hoped to interest in Madeline's voice. Why can't they stop it? It is such a little thing!"

Yes, that is just the trouble. Such a little thing, like the tiny mole that hides in his burrow, and gnaws at the roots of the garden vegetables and flowers. Yet that tiny thing, that miserable habit of questioning as to hour, minute, and exact place or day, can take away all pleasure from a meal, no matter how carefully prepared and perfectly served. And more than that, food, taken when people are fretted, irritated, almost angry, does not give nourishment to the body, for it can not be easily digested. This "little thing," happening day after day when the family meet at the table where there should be fun and stories and a good time, can become a habit which will leave ever-deepening traces on all their characters. I wonder if any of our readers have noticed the habit in others? If any one of you has noticed it in himself, let him dig it out or set a trap and capture it; fight persistently, for it is a robber of joy and the source of profitless talk. Make up your mind that you will not dispute nor contradict, even though you *know* you are right. Wait until you have absolute proof; then submit it courteously, and you will be surprised to see how quickly the other person will agree with you.

Another little "gopher" fault that brings much unhappiness and strain into schools, offices, and homes is the habit of impatiently demanding service from others.

The other night Franklin called to his sister to come down and play for a friend to sing. She replied from the head of the staircase that in five or ten minutes she would, that there was something that needed her attention just then.

Franklin called back, "O, well, never mind, if you don't want to," in a petulant voice, and went back to his guest. They waited a few moments, then Franklin said, "Well, come on out and take a walk. I guess Sis is cranky."

When Helen came down about ten minutes later, ready and glad to be accompanist for an hour, they had gone. She waited half an hour, then went back up-stairs to do some work on which her mother had asked help. When Franklin came home, he was still cross.

"You are accommodating I must say, not willing to give a fellow an hour once in a while. Wish I could play myself," he said.

Helen said nothing, but her mother spoke. "Franklin," she said, "your impatience has as usual made you unjust. Albert got a bad cut with the lawn-mower. I tried to wrap up his hand and felt faint. Helen did it for me. She could not leave when you called, and could not even stop to explain. And, Franklin," she said, "you might have been able to play yourself, you know, if you had had patience to practise."

Franklin is good-hearted, and he felt ashamed of his hasty judgment and impatience, especially when he learned how serious the cut was, and what Helen's prompt and efficient action had meant. Next day he brought her a box of candy. But boxes of candy and flowers do not make up for the friction, fret, and worry that come from an impatient spirit that can not wait a minute, and does not ask for explanation before giving judgment.

One of the finest, most encouraging things in life is to see young people fighting with courage and determination to conquer these petty little things that cause friction and fret. And there are thousands of them in young people's societies, in Sabbath-school classes and churches, who are doing their best day after day to overcome their little weaknesses and faults, and to live *now*, while they are young, such strong, true, unselfish lives that as they grow older, they shall prove a great blessing in the world.

I like to think of the host of them, north, south, east, and west, who, depending upon the Great Helper who understands, are keeping at it, doing their best to overcome, determined not to meet defeat even at the hand of the greatest enemy we have—"little things."—*Margaret Slattery, in the Wellspring.*

A Hallowe'en Profitably Spent

[The following article was written by one of the pupils of Mrs. Ida Fischer Carnahan, of Porto Rico.]

It was Hallowe'en, and the full moon smiled down upon a small group of boys, discussing in subdued tones their plans for the night. One of the boys, Ervie, did not favor so many two-edged jokes.

"It's all for fun," urged Hal.

"But," insisted Ervie, "it would not be doing unto others as we wish to be done by."

With an impatient retort, Joe, the leader, started down the road.

Just then the cottage door opened, and a girlish voice called out, "Won't you boys please go to Mrs. Nelson's with me?"

It was Stella, Joe's sister, and the boys all liked her; but they were not quite willing to accompany her to-night, fearing it would interfere with their carefully laid plans.

"Would be glad to accommodate you, sister," said Joe, "but don't see how we can to-night."

Stella replied: "Father stopped there and found her sick, and the children cold and hungry. They must be helped immediately."

After some pleading, the boys consented to go with her; so, taking a basket of food, they started.

On the way, Stella asked them where they had intended to go, and they told her their plans. She simply said, "The secret of true happiness is to make others happy."

When they reached the widow's home, they found their services were greatly needed. The boys built a fire, and soon had the room warm. Then they sawed wood, while Stella prepared a good supper for the family.

Before they left, Mrs. Nelson said: "I can not express my thankfulness to you. I had dreaded this Hallowe'en, but the Lord has made it a blessing."

When the young folks reached their gate, Joe said: "Well, Stella, we boys have decided to follow the golden rule."

"You will always find it pays," she answered.

FAY FELTER.

Bathing Tigers

THE two Siberian tigers, which are now being shown at the Bronx Zoo in New York, exhibit a trait very unusual in cat animals, and that is a habit of going into water. The male of this really magnificent pair of great cats will not only stalk into the pool in their cage, but lie down in the water, drop his meat to the bottom of the tank, then "duck" for it. These animals are far less spectacular in their summer coats than during the winter, when they are covered with hair so long and fluffy it seems like a good imitation of wool. They give promise of attaining huge proportions. This northerly variety of the tiger attains the greatest size to be found among the big cat animals.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Young Generation for Peace

(Concluded from page nine)

I remember first seeing, about three years ago, a few little Boy Scouts in Whitechapel. They were being jeered at by all the hooligans in the streets, but they passed this furnace of vulgar ridicule as if they had not heard a word of it. They were intent on their job, and too proud of their calling to care for what people thought of them. When I saw this, I said, "This is a real thing, a great cause, because the test of a great cause is whether those who believe in it are capable of ignoring and despising ridicule on account of it."

I wonder if *our* boys can bear ridicule as well? Here is an appeal on world patriotism:—

We who are World Scouts, whether we are British Scouts, Italian Scouts, French or German, commence our work by first accepting the brotherhood of all. We commence it by the brotherhood of the young and the old, by preaching that only by the close intercourse of the young with the old can the young become wise, and the old become sympathetic, enthusiastic, and young in spirit.

Very little attempt is made to write sermons to the boys, for boys do not feed on sermons; but that which appeals to their chivalry, their manhood, their courage, reaches their hearts.

We believe thoroughly with Sir Francis that the idea that we must keep building bigger navies, and learning how to make destructive air-ships, and spending hundreds of millions of dollars in self-protection, is all nonsense. It is a spirit that the great gun-factories and ship-building plants want to keep alive. And perhaps those who have been raised to a military life might fear to lose a job if a different sentiment prevailed. Aside from these who are selfishly interested in keeping all governments on a military basis, there is no reason why a campaign for peace through the young should not eventually succeed.

Morning Watch: Giving

A METHODIST minister says that in one of his charges a good man every first day of the week gave five dollars for the support of the church. A widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents a week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister, and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him! My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."

You may have heard the story of the boy who lived in the most poverty-stricken section of a large city. Somehow he found his way into a mission Sunday-school, and became a Christian. One day not long after, some one tried to shake the child's faith, by asking: "If God really loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell some one to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm in winter?" The lad thought for a moment, then tears rushed into his eyes as he said, "I guess he does tell somebody, and somebody forgets." How often somebody forgets! Is it we who are forgetting to give?

M. E.

Delayed Rescue Resulted in Disaster

THE Washington *Post* recently told of the sinking of a barkantine one hundred forty miles northeast of Cape Cod, and the drowning of twelve men who composed the crew. Captain Goodwin, of the fishing schooner "Good Luck," reported the disaster on his arrival at Boston. A heavy northeasterly gale was encountered, and late in the afternoon the barkantine, which was water-logged and almost awash, ran past the "Good Luck," which was hove to, awaiting better weather. The barkantine was in a sinking condition, men were laboring at the pumps, distress-signals were in the rigging, and the life-boats had either been smashed or washed away by the boarding seas.

As the stricken vessel reeled into the wall of mist, her captain megaphoned, "We're sinking! take us off." In response to this plea, the "Good Luck's" crew put on sail and went in pursuit of the other craft, which was now hidden from sight. An hour later, the barkantine was discovered, helpless and unmanageable; but the sea ran so high it was impossible to launch a dory.

Captain Goodwin believed the barkantine would keep afloat until the storm subsided, and shouted, "We'll stand by till the sea smooths! Set a signal, so we won't separate during the night." A lantern was hoisted into the barkantine's rigging, and the "Good Luck" kept the light in sight as she hovered near. About nine o'clock the light made a wild flight—a rolling motion, as if the disabled vessel had been hurled on her side; it swept back slowly, shot upward, and descended so suddenly that the "Good Luck's" men, who had clambered into the rigging the better to see, felt that the light from the lantern would not again be seen.

The barkantine had foundered within a short dis-

tance of the fishing schooner that had been standing by, and although the "Good Luck" cruised all night in the vicinity, looking for possible survivors, at day-break nothing was to be seen but wreckage. Spars that had belonged to the battered barkantine, pieces of her deck, and fragments of deck structure were drifting over a wide area, but none of the crew was seen: the sea had claimed twelve more victims.

The spirit of helpfulness, of sympathy for the endangered vessel and its crew, existed in the hearts of all those on board the "Good Luck," yet the message, "We'll stand by till the sea smooths," meant disaster to the helpless, storm-driven barkantine and its crew.

Dark clouds are on the world's horizon, indicative of a coming storm that will sweep the world before it, and yet many are waiting for more favorable opportunities to save their fellow men from eternal destruction. We plan to rescue, yet we delay, delay in putting into execution our plans. We hope to be better fitted at some future time for gospel work; and when thus prepared, will seek to save the lost. Preparation is not to be neglected, but one of the best methods is to begin where we are, and just as we are; and whatever is lacking will be supplied by the Captain of the Lord's host of rescuers. It must have been a heart-rending experience when those on board the barkantine went down with the means of rescue so nigh them. "Go work to-day," is our Master's command; and he who obeys, refusing to delay because of inability, will receive God's blessing and grace, and will be made to rejoice in seeing some one saved from the destruction that will soon burst upon the world "as an overwhelming surprise."

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place.
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think, he has chosen you for it;
Work loyally."

JOHN N. QUINN.

The Home of the Saved

[Read this poem in connection with your study of the Morning Watch texts this week]

"We have heard from the bright, the holy land;
We have heard, and our hearts are glad;
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
And weary and worn and sad.
They tell us the saints have a dwelling there,—
No longer are homeless ones;
And we know that the goodly land is fair,
Where life's pure river runs.

"The King of that country, he is fair;
He's the joy and light of the place;
In his beauty we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face.
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while;
We'll join the pure and the blest;
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,
And forever be at rest."

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its pathway of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—
But what must it be to be there!

"Do thou, midst temptation and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus himself will be there."

— Selected.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, December 30

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

LEADER'S NOTE.—There is no suggestive program in this paper. Review Morning Watch texts for the week. If possible, let this program be given by the members of the Reading Courses, and consist of papers, talks, and select readings from the first book in the Junior Course and the first two books in the Senior. The educational secretary of your local society should have an inspiring report for this meeting. Emphasize the fact that nothing succeeds like purpose and perseverance, and that the Reading Courses afford an excellent opportunity for learning to persevere in a chosen course. It is not too late even now to enroll.

In the sale of Reading Course books, this promises to be the banner year, the books having gone out with amazing rapidity. We can not yet tell how large the enrolment is, nor what conferences have done best; but if all your members are enrolled, you have done as well as some other societies, and none have done better, except those who have done this, and have also persuaded young people of other denominations to join one of the Courses.

How many copies of the little book "Passion for Men" has your society? Has every one a copy? If not, why not? It costs only twenty cents in paper, and forty cents in cloth. Did you ever see a better book on personal work? Why not send some friend a copy? I believe that the Holy Spirit guided the author's pen, and that they who read the little book under the guidance of the same Spirit will find that it lays upon their own hearts a greater burden for souls, and a longing for a closer walk with God.

What One Missionary Volunteer Society Is Doing

[The society referred to in this letter has procured a full set of both the Senior and the Junior Reading Course books, and these are kept in the sanitarium, where the patients, as well as the Missionary Volunteers, may enjoy them. It is also helping to educate a young man in China. Who will send us an equally good report?—M. E.]

We have a society of about twenty-one members. It has been organized a little over six months. We carry out the programs in the INSTRUCTOR, and have found them interesting and helpful.

We divided our society into committees as suggested. We have four,—the executive, Bible workers', personal workers', and missionary correspondence committees,—each member of the executive committee being a chairman of one of the other committees. The Bible workers' band holds Bible readings with the patients of our sanitarium and at the jail. They are having good success. The personal workers talk with people about their salvation, visit the poor, invite people to the meetings, remind the members to study their Morning Watch verses, and try to get all to take the Reading Courses and prepare for the Standard of Attainment. My ambition is to get all my friends and the members of the society to take next year's courses.

The missionary correspondence committee is sending off fourteen sets of the Present Truth series of the *Signs of the Times*, and accompanying them with letters. These papers are paid for by the society. I think that the society has brought four persons into the truth so far—perhaps more.

We have about nine dollars in the treasury, which I think ought to be used in starting a library, by buying the books of the Reading Courses for next year.

Our leader reviews our Morning Watch verses every week. Do you not think it is a good idea at the end of each month to review the verses for that month?

THEODORA STEARNS.

Formosa, Fla.

Gleanings From the Field

ONE item of the West Michigan Conference is of especial interest. Fifty baskets of food were given to families in need. This must have meant that cheer was brought to some homes; and now that winter is coming on, more of this good work could be done.

Besides the items mentioned in the report from the Northern California-Nevada Conference, we note that two barrels of clothing have been given away.

One important line of missionary work seems to be receiving attention in the British Columbia Conference: they have reading-racks, and evidently keep them well supplied with our literature; for during the quarter ending June 30, they were filled forty-eight times.

The real object of our Missionary Volunteer Societies is being realized, to some extent at least, in the New South Wales (Australia) Conference, where, in a number of the societies, outside young people are attending, one of these already having taken his stand for the Sabbath.

The Queensland Conference young people are doing much active missionary work by visiting hospitals, etc., and are devoting their energies to raising means for the advancement of the cause in different ways.

Truly the South Australian Missionary Volunteer Society members are scattering the pages containing our truth as the leaves of autumn, as will be seen by their report of over 27,000 papers and 56,000 tracts disposed of.

The home conferences that did the best in giving to missions during the second quarter are Minnesota, Northern California-Nevada, and Western New York. The young people in Minnesota averaged over one dollar each to missions. In the other two conferences the average was over two dollars each. Have you noticed that the young people in New Zealand, during the quarter ending in March, gave more than one dollar each to missions?

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5—Lesson 9: "Ministry of Healing,"
Pages 17-50

NOTE.—Still there seem to be a few who think that answers to the questions in the weekly assignments should be sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. This is not the plan. These questions are printed simply to help you to rivet the most important points in your mind. Use them for that purpose. It is the reviews, appearing about three times in each Course, that demand written answers for the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

1. WHAT was the mission of our Saviour to this earth? What was the burden of his soul? Why?

2. What was his daily life? Why did it bring so much joy to others?

3. Why did Christ do so much Christian Help work?

4. Why do you think people enjoyed hearing his sermons?

5. How does the section on "Brotherly Love" prove Jesus to be the sinner's friend? Draw from this section several helpful suggestions for the Christian worker.

6. How did Jesus improve his opportunities for missionary work? Whom will he still instruct?

7. State the result of healing the mother of Peter's wife.

8. Show how Christ's life differed from the lives of the Pharisees.

9. What are Christ's followers to be? To what extent can we be used in his work?

10. How may we hinder children from accepting Christ? How may we help them to do so?

11. Draw as many lessons as possible from the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

12. In this week's assignment, what have you learned of Christ's methods of working for the rich? his habits of prayer? his attitude toward worldly homage? his attention to little things?

Junior No. 4 — Review: "Uganda's White Man of Work"

NOTE.—The book may be used in answering these questions. Send your answers to your Missionary Volunteer secretary at once. Remember the next book in the Course is "Early Writings." Get your copy and begin on time.

1. ON an outline map of Africa locate Uganda.
2. Relate the story of how missionary interest in Uganda was first aroused.
3. Describe the journey of the missionaries from England to Uganda, including preparations made at Zanzibar for the portion from there inland.
4. Tell something of the different methods by which the missionaries sought to instruct Mutesa in regard to the true God.
5. Give your opinion of the character of Mutesa, and mention some of the changes that took place in his attitude toward the various religions.
6. Do you consider that Mr. Mackay did wisely in devoting so much time and attention to manual labor? Give reasons for your opinion.
7. Give instances to show that genuine conversions had taken place in Uganda.
8. Where did Mr. Mackay find a retreat when exiled from Uganda? How did he still continue in missionary effort?
9. Prepare a brief sketch of Mr. Mackay's life and work.
10. Compare Uganda as the missionaries found it with the condition about thirty years later.

The Morning Watch Calendar

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher in Pennsylvania writes: "Once more you will find an order for Morning Watch Calendars from me for my class. They have all been faithful in using their calendars since receiving them, and all wish to continue using them during the year to come. They are quite enthusiastic. I have just to mention the Morning Watch, and I have their individual attention. Since using them, they are all more interested in their Sabbath-school lessons, more reverent in God's house, more loving to one another, and more earnest in trying to overcome their besetting sins, and have gained some interesting victories. In order to find out these things, I organized what we call a Morning Watch experience class. We meet once a month, talk about the past month's subjects, ask different questions, try to make things clear that are not quite comprehended, and commit to memory the month's poetry. Each one gets a chance to tell what the Morning Watch has done for him during the month."

How many copies of the Morning Watch Calendar for 1912 can you use? The calendar is five cents. Order from your tract society.

M. E.

EDUCATION should give a person the ability to say, "I can."



XII — Review

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21: 1 to 28: 31.

MEMORY VERSE: Review memory verses for the quarter.

Questions

1. Trace Paul's route from Miletus to Cæsarea. As Paul was nearing Jerusalem at the close of his third missionary trip, what prophecy was made concerning his future? What did Paul declare he was ready to do? How was he received at Jerusalem? Acts 21: 1-17. Memory verse, verse 13.
2. What had the Jews at Jerusalem heard concerning Paul's teachings? What plan did his friends propose by which to convince the Jews that Paul was loyal to Jewish customs? When the Jews of Asia saw Paul in the temple, what did they do? How was Paul protected from the violence of the Jews? Acts 21: 21-40. Memory verse, Matt. 5: 10.
3. Describe the circumstances which led Paul to preach a sermon on the castle stairs? What portion of his life did he first relate? What great experience did he review? To what people did he say the Lord had specially sent him? Acts 22: 1-21. Memory verse, verse 14.
4. When Paul referred to the Gentiles in his address, what did the Jews do? What punishment did they start to inflict upon Paul? Why did they not carry out their plans? Before whom was Paul called to speak? What question caused dissension? What message of courage did Paul receive? Acts 22: 23 to 23: 11. Memory verse, John 16: 33.
5. What plot was entered into by forty of the Jews? How was this found out? How was the plan defeated? To what place was Paul taken? Who was the governor? How was Paul's case presented to him? When would the governor hear his case? Acts 23: 12-35. Memory verse, Ps. 46: 1.
6. Who journeyed from Jerusalem to Cæsarea to accuse Paul? Who presented the accusation? What three charges were made? How did Paul meet these charges? What was the decision of Felix? Acts 24: 1-23. Memory verse, Matt 5: 11.
7. What opportunity did Paul have to present the word of God to Felix? After two years who was appointed to succeed Felix? What occurred when Festus visited Jerusalem? When the Jews accused Paul before Festus, what were their charges? How did Paul reply to them? To whom did Paul appeal? Who visited Festus at that time? What desire did Agrippa express? Acts 24: 24 to 25: 22. Memory verse, 2 Cor. 6: 2.
8. Who were present at Paul's hearing before Agrippa? Why did Festus desire to get an opinion from Agrippa regarding Paul's case? What portions of his life did Paul review? What special work did he show that God had given him to do? Acts 25: 23 to 26: 23. Memory verse, Matt. 10: 20.
9. How did Festus interrupt Paul's speech before Agrippa? What evidence did Agrippa give of being affected by Paul's words? What was concluded concerning Paul? Nevertheless, because he had appealed to Cæsar, where must he be sent? Who was in charge

of the prisoners embarking at Cæsarea for Rome? Where did the company change vessels? What serious trouble did they encounter? What assurance was given to Paul? Acts 26:24 to 27:26. Memory verse, Ps. 145:18.

10. After fourteen days of drifting, where did the ship's crew find themselves? How did Paul prevent the desertion of the sailors? What effort did they make to get the ship safely ashore? With what result? How were the ship's passengers saved? Upon what island were they cast? What incident caused attention to be centered upon Paul? Acts 27:27 to 28:6. Memory verse, Ps. 34:7.

11. What help did Paul give the inhabitants of Melita? How long did the ship's company remain there? Trace their route from there to Rome. What special privileges were granted to Paul? How did he spend his time? How long did he remain there? Acts 28:7-31. Memory verse, John 6:47.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII — Review

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:1 to 28:31.

Review Outline

CHIEF PLACES	CHIEF PERSONS	CHIEF FACTS
I. Cæsarea, Jerusalem	Paul, Philip, Agabus	A great missionary journey ended
II. Jerusalem	Paul, James, chief captains	A great mob
III. Jerusalem	Paul and the mob	A great address
IV. Jerusalem	Paul and the Sanhedrin	A great council
V. Jerusalem, Cæsarea	Paul, the conspirators, Felix	A great conspiracy
VI. Cæsarea	Paul, Felix, Tertullus	A great defense
VII. Cæsarea	Paul, Felix, Festus, and Agrippa	A great avowal
VIII. Cæsarea	Paul, Agrippa, and Bernice	A great conversion
IX. Cæsarea, the sea	Agrippa, Festus, prisoners, and crew	A great storm
X. The Mediterranean Sea	Paul and companions on the ship	A great shipwreck
XI. Rome	Paul and the brethren	A great preacher

Questions

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George Selwyn

GEORGE SELWYN was the first bishop of New Zealand. He was a great oarsman at college in England, and a famous athlete in other ways. When he went to New Zealand, his first tour of the island was made on foot—seven hundred sixty-two miles. On the way out he had learned the native language, so that he could preach in it as soon as he arrived. He also learned navigation, and made long voyages among the islands. During the last years of his life Selwyn was a bishop in England, leaving seven bishops in the Pacific field, where he had entered upon the work alone.

Confess Christ

WHEN Nelson was asked by his friend Hardy, to put on a cloak to hide his stars, which made him a mark for the French sharpshooters, who were huddled in the rigging of the man-of-war, he answered: "No; in honor I got them, in honor I will wear them, in honor I will die with them, if need be." And the sun glittered on those stars, and Nelson became a mark for the foe. Duty to Christ is the way to glory. Do not fling on the cloak of compromise, and in a sneaking way hide the uniform that you wear as a child of God. Let it be seen by men, by angels, by devils. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Let him be your uniform, your livery, your lodestar that will lead you home.

The Youth's Instructor

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"Look inward through the depths of thine own soul:
How is it with thee? art thou sound and whole?"

Prevailing Prayer

THE river that runs slowly and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels.

So is a man's prayer. If it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every obstacle it meets, and can not arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits.—*Selected.*

American Faults

IF we analyze the worst among the characteristics that I call American, we find hypocrisy, sentimentality, cruelty, and boastfulness; and they are all qualities that in the individual are characteristic of immaturity. And America is, in truth, very like a child at the awkward age, exhibiting her faults very patently, and hiding her virtues. If one accepts this as the explanation of many of these defects, they do not appear so very formidable after all. Childishness, so long as it does not outlive its proper time, is not a fault, it is a condition; and perhaps it would show a more just discrimination to regard these defects that I have mentioned as symptoms rather than as qualities. The Americans are childish in everything, in their simplicity of heart, in the gusto with which they address themselves to life, in their adherence to artificial and imposed standards of conduct, in their tendency to talk too much, and too much about themselves, in their profound and admirable curiosity, in their whole-hearted desire to imitate or acquire what they admire in other people, and at the same time, in their innate distrust of people who do not think exactly as they do.—*"American Traits," by Filson Young, in the December Metropolitan Magazine.*

Dilute It

LIKE those who concentrate their religion into forty-five passive minutes on Sunday, there exist some, in a slightly imperfect world, who squeeze their benevolence into being human only at the joyous, in a manner of speaking, Yule-tide season. Without going too deeply into the metaphysics of the question, might it not be as well to spread the Christmas honey a bit thinner, so as to have a little left for the rest of the year? The Christmas spirit is an excellent tonic, and guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act of Long, Long Ago, but occasionally it is oversacchariferous. Sweet spirits of Christmas should be diluted so as to have twelve months' supply around the house for emergencies, which, by the way, occur daily.—*Franklin P. Adams, in the December Metropolitan Magazine.*

The "Medical Evangelist"

You should be a reader of this magazine for these reasons:—

It is the only periodical among us devoted to medical evangelistic work,—the work that has been urged upon us so repeatedly by the spirit of prophecy.

It will keep you informed of the progress and work of our only medical school.

We are endeavoring to work out, and to keep in touch with those who are working out the problem of securing entrance to our large cities in the best way. The *Medical Evangelist* will keep you informed regarding progress in this line.

The *Medical Evangelist* will contain reports of our missionaries in foreign lands, and thus act as a medium of exchange between our missionaries.

Last, but not least, you can thus help the medical evangelistic movement.

The double number just going to press will be on "Sectarian Medicine." Single copies of this special number will be 10 cents, unless included in a year's subscription. 50 cents a year; 5 cents a copy. Address the Medical Evangelist, Loma Linda, Cal.

Life in New York City

EVERY second four visitors arrive in New York.

Every 42 seconds an immigrant arrives.

Every 42 seconds a passenger-train arrives.

Every 3 minutes some one is arrested.

Every 6 minutes a child is born.

Every 7 minutes there is a funeral.

Every 13 minutes there is a wedding.

Every 42 minutes a new business firm starts up.

Every 48 minutes a building catches fire.

Every 48 minutes a ship leaves the harbor.

Every 51 minutes a new building is erected.

Every 1¾ hours some one is killed by accident.

Every 8½ hours some pair is divorced.

Every 10 hours some one commits suicide.

Every night \$1,250,000 is spent in restaurants for dinner.

Every day 350 new citizens go to New York to live.—*Washington Herald.*

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

IF you don't scale the mountain, you can't view the plain.—*Chinese Proverb.*