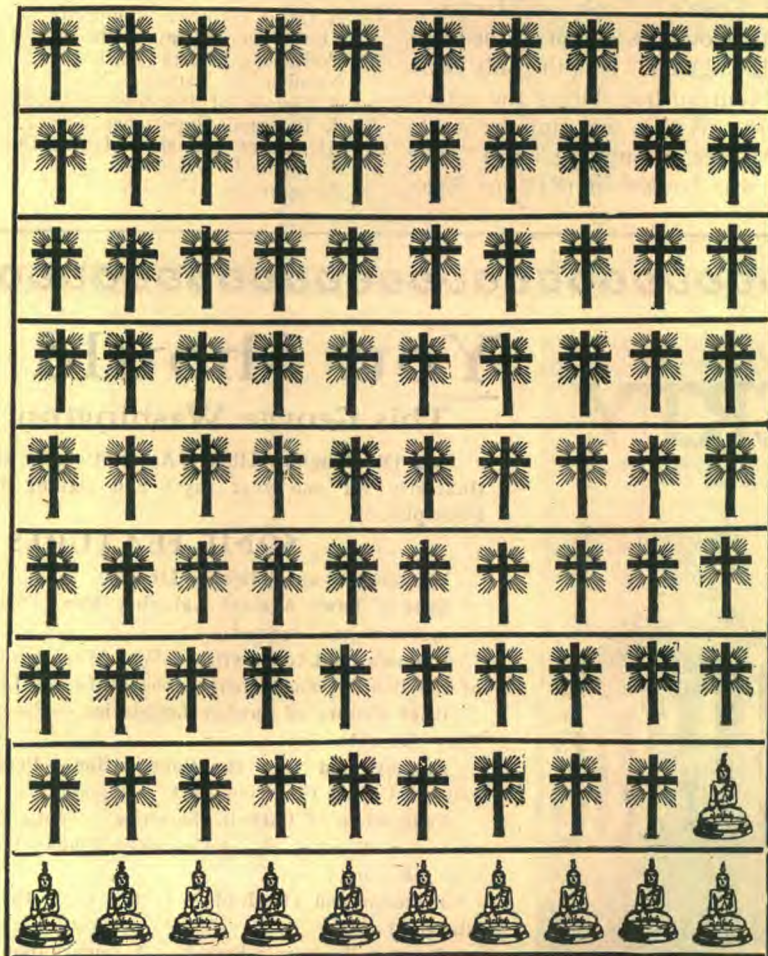


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

December 19, 1911

No. 51



SEVENTY-NINE IDOLS GONE

This means \$395 has been given to missions as the result of the Ingathering services held in various churches. Besides what has been previously reported the following schools are responsible for the amount: Hamilton, Mont., \$9.33; Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, \$5; Sebastopol, Cal., \$25; North Hatley, Quebec, \$5; Chicago West Side Church, \$8.46; Richmond, Maine, \$5; Feene, N. H., \$5.75; Canon City, Colo., \$11.07; Mankato, Minn., \$65.88; Stillwater, Minn., \$22.00; Austin, Minn., \$21.16; Roseau, Minn., \$5; South Lancaster, Mass., \$21; Colby, Wash., \$11.45; Bakersfield, Cal., \$6.85.



PORTO RICO's progress during the past year has been little short of phenomenal.

ACCORDING to statistics just issued by the London County council, Greater London has a population of 7,252,963, and an area of 693 square miles.

At the Bureau of Engraving at Washington, each separate postage-stamp is handled by more than two hundred persons before it comes into the purchaser's hands.

IN November Andrew Carnegie gave \$25,000,000 for the spread of knowledge among the people of the United States. This brings the total of his public gifts to \$223,000,000.

FOR sheep-shearing and for milking cows in New Zealand, electric power is utilized almost entirely. Here the development of the use of current in the home and on the farm has outstripped its adoption in the wider fields of mechanical power.

FIFTY thousand dollars is the valuation placed on John Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The volume is the most precious possession of the General Library, of Bedford, England. It is the only book besides the Bible which Bunyan had during the fifteen years of his imprisonment. Within that time he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding," and "The Holy City." The book was bought in 1841 for \$220.

RECENTLY the Nobel prize for chemistry has been awarded to Mrs. Curie, chief professor of science in the University of Paris. With her husband, now dead, she discovered radium and shared with him half of the Nobel prize for physics eight years ago. Mrs. Curie has recently produced a new element, polonium, whose radioactivity is superior to that of radium itself.

THERE is now under way at the Capitol at Washington the installation of a new ventilating and refrigerating system. The new system will perform a variety of functions, but the most important one is to afford better ventilation in the legislative chambers, which have no outside windows, but are lighted by skylights. By this system the air will be changed frequently without causing drafts.

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Washington on Religious Liberty.

Sunday Laws Against Laboring Men.—Shows why only laboring men are arrested.

France's Debt to America.—Why Washington received the key of the Bastille; and America, the Statue of Liberty.

Brief History of Sunday Legislation.—From A. D. 31 to 1911. Very valuable.

Putting God Into the Constitution.—Principles of the so-called "United Christian Party" exposed.

Federation of Catholic Societies.—Tenth Annual Convention of the A. F. of C. S., at Columbus, Ohio. Its meaning to civil and religious liberty.

Freedom and the Bible.—Is the Bible the source of human liberties?

Senator Heyburn's Speech.—A remarkable utterance on Sunday laws.

Prohibition and Personal Liberty.—Opinion of a California attorney.

Also twelve other articles and eighteen illustrations.

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 19, 1911

No. 51

The Master's Touch

My hands were filled with many things
That I did precious hold
As any treasure of a king's—
Silver, or gems, or gold.
The Master came and *touched* my hands
(The scars were in his own),
And at his feet my treasures sweet
Fell shattered, one by one.
"I must have empty hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil,
Defiled with dust of earth;
And I my work did oftentimes soil,
And render little worth.
The Master came and *touched* my hands
(And crimson were his own),
But when, amazed, on mine I gazed,
Lo! every stain was gone.
"I must have cleansed hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish
And cumbered with much care!
Trembling with haste and eagerness,
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came and *touched* my hands
(With healing in his own),
And calm and still to do his will
They grew—the fever gone.
"I must have quiet hands," said he,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were strong in fancied strength,
But not in power divine,
And bold to take up tasks at length
That were not his, but mine.
The Master came and *touched* my hands
(And might was in his own),
But mine since then have powerless been
Save his are laid thereon.
"And it is only thus," said he,
"That I can work my works through thee."

—Selected.

Prayer in the Work of God

C. M. SNOW



OD has called a small people to the accomplishment of a great work, and that at a time when the powers of evil are busy as never before. Now it is of the nature of an axiom that the greater or more difficult the work, the greater the preparation necessary to do it aright.

With the greatest work on our hands ever committed to mortals, we need the most perfect preparation and the strongest support that has ever been given to mortals for any work.

As this work is a finishing work, the preparation for it ought to be a finished preparation. As it is God's work, the preparation for it must be wholly of him. Every element of the human will be an element of weakness and a precursor of defeat; and defeat in this work means a loss that is an eternal one.

Jesus set the example in this matter. He began his work with a long-continued season of prayer. Though bound into the human family, with the weaknesses and desires of human flesh in his being, he was able to carry out his Father's purpose to perfection, and finally to open the very tomb itself, that they that followed him "should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the wilderness with the wild beasts, and tempted of the devil; in the market-place and the synagogue, where men thirsted for his blood; in the quiet mountain retreat after a day of exhausting toil; in the garden of Gethsemane after his betrayal to his foes; and finally on Calvary's cross, buying our salvation with his blood, our Saviour found his strength, his comfort, and his guidance, in prayer.

This was not the outgrowth of emotion, but the following of a settled purpose, with a definite aim in view, and was his design concerning his followers as well as himself. So we hear him speaking a certain "parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." It is the prayerless Christian that falters and faints and fails in the day of adversity. When the Christian's heart grows faint, it is

a certain indication that the soul is withering for lack of prayer.

Earnest prayer is a certain remedy for that kind of fainting. It is an essential if we would reap the reward of the righteous. The apostle Paul says: "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Failing in prayer, we have nothing to keep us from fainting; and if we faint, we have no assurance of the reward. Now there is One "who is able to keep us from falling," but even he can not accomplish that for us if we sever our connection with him through neglect of prayer.

To do the work God requires of us, we need wisdom that is more than mortal, strength that is more than human, and courage springing from a heart wholly consecrated to his service. Think of it! God is bringing to a close his great work for the human race. For thousands of years that work has been going on, with all the power and cunning of demons and deceived men against it; and we are seeing its climax. No soul will be won out of this world without a fierce battle with the adversary of souls. With our sin-blurred eyes, we can not hope to see our way out of the maze of Babylonish confusion. We can not hope to stand in our own strength against the power of the kingdom of darkness. We can not meet and overthrow the sophistries of Satan with only the wisdom of the human. Never did man need to utilize the power of prayer as now. We have a wily foe. He knows how to trap us whenever we are trusting in ourselves. But we have also a strong defender, one who has been tempted as we are tempted, one who knows our frame from having himself lived in human form, one who will not turn us empty away.

Whenever God's people have come to him in times of crisis, he has heard and answered. Israel was threatened with utter destruction at the hands of Sennacherib. The king of Israel sought God earnestly, and the Assyrians were turned again into their own country. Daniel sought God in behalf of his exiled

people, and the history of the world and the coming of the Messiah were opened up before him. In answer to prayer the prison gates flew open for imprisoned Peter. In answer to our prayer, God has forgiven our sins, strengthened us for duty, and put in our hearts courage for the conflict.

The crisis of the world is upon us. Heaven's last appeal to this world is now going into every part of the earth to witness to God's faithfulness in seeking the lost. That we may give that message, and that we ourselves may stand while giving it, we need a complete riddance of self, and a complete consecration to God, and a fervent continuance in effectual prayer. Through a people thus prepared individually, God can do a mighty work and a quick work in spreading a knowledge of this saving truth.

It has been said that prayer moves heaven. It would be better and truer to say that prayer puts us in a position and a condition where heaven can move us, and keep us moving in the path of victory. When the humble soul is reaching up in fervent, self-effacing prayer, the spiritual trolley is connected with the source of divine power and great things can be accomplished for God; but at the same time a great work is being carried on in the heart of the individual. There is a fitting up for the conflict that no other preparation can effect. The Christian often makes swifter progress on his knees than on his feet. It is better to go slowly in the right direction than to go ever so rapidly in any other direction; and the Christian who neglects prayer can never be sure which way he is traveling.

Thanksgiving Hymn

I AM so thankful, so thankful,
For the Saviour who keeps me from wrong,
For the peace that abides like a river,
For the power to endure and be strong,
The desire to follow the Master,
For the power of love that is given;
And I say to the seasons, "Roll faster;"
I soon shall be thankful in heaven.

I am so thankful, so thankful,
That Jesus knows just what is best,
And in the sweet joy of his presence
My soul finds an infinite rest;
I know that his dear hands will guide me,
And help when afflictions befall;
For angels that linger beside me
I'm thankful, so thankful for all.

I am so thankful, so thankful,
When I get to the end of the way,
Loved hands will accord me a welcome
Through the shadowless portals of day.
Christ's love shaped the wearisome journey;
And though the path sometimes is dim,
My life is in his tender keeping;
And O, I am thankful for him!

L. D., SANTEE.

A Good Name Dishonored

THE name of the Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, is one that the friends of good government have heretofore been glad to look up to, and speak of with some degree of national pride. But since he chose to accept the leadership of the International Brewers' Congress, by acting as their chairman at the recent convention in Chicago, it is needless to say that he has fallen irrevocably in the estimation of his best friends, and has tarnished a name which these friends would have been glad to crown with additional honor. Why any one who believes in constructive government, and increasing the valuation of farm and fireside, should affiliate himself with a class of men who, statistics everywhere go to show, are in a business that

depreciates the value of both man and his products, is hard to understand or to reconcile with consistency. Let the beer barrel have its way on the farm, and Secretary Wilson's vocation would be gone. The farm itself would be like the vineyard of the slothful. No man can link up with the beer barrel and the flour barrel and pronounce a blessing on the union. They are at war with each other, and it is the opinion of the writer that the office of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington has been signally and needlessly disgraced by this act of its responsible head.

And what he has done is no less offensive to Christian people throughout the nation than what he said as chairman of that convention. He possibly realized as he stood before those people that an apology was needed, or at least a justification of his act, which he must have felt as lowering him in the eyes of the nation that had honored him. He is reported by the daily press to have said of those who sought to prevent this dishonor, "They are honest, conscientious, well-meaning people, probably with the best of motives, but the great American government can not be run on the theories they hold." That is just where the Hon. James Wilson puts himself in opposition to the Christian theory of government, and to the principles enunciated in God's Word. The petitioners who objected to a cabinet officer's holding this degrading position were not a lot of fanatics, but the pastors of Christian churches and their most devoted members, the members of presbyteries, synods, and conferences of different Christian bodies, societies of various kinds, in fact, the sort of men that have made this "great American government" what it is. He spoke of his belief in the efficacy of prayer, but added that he did not believe that the Almighty would strike him down because he had agreed to do as he was then doing, a sneering remark which would no doubt call forth the laughter of his audience. We mistake very much the temper of the Christian people, and the trend of popular sentiment, if these prayers are not yet answered by causing our honored Secretary of Agriculture to feel the weight of a mighty disapproval of his conduct. These "honest, conscientious, well-meaning people" demand on the part of their public servants a degree of service that will at least be in line with national prosperity; but when cabinet officers align themselves with an institution that is productive of more evil than war, famine, and pestilence, it is high time for emphatic and indignant protest. Such behavior by men whom they have honored will not be permitted to pass unrebuked. If this is a Christian nation, and our Supreme Court has declared that it is, an officer of the government is certainly going outside the duties of his office to fraternize with men who are engaged in undermining everything that Christianity stands for. The sentiment of this nation still insists that managers of departments of public service shall, at least while in office, endeavor to advance the interests that look to progressive and not to retrogressive civilization.—*United Presbyterian, October 26, 1911.*

WHEN I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing,—how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truth from heaven,—I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Historical Sketches of the Advent Movement—No. 2

Brief Sketch of the Life of Elder James White

WALTER CLAIR THOMPSON



THE Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, commenting upon the progress and development of the United States, made the following striking and significant statement: "He [God] veiled the New World from the vision of the Old, until the Old had cultivated a seed worthy to plant the New." This worthy seed to which he referred was the Pilgrim Fathers, who came over in the "Mayflower." Many of the most illustrious names in history are directly traceable to these God-fearing Pilgrims, whose love of liberty led them to brave the perils of the New World's wilderness.

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoil of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine."

Elder James White, whose name, perhaps more than any other, is inseparably connected with the history of the rise and development of the advent message, was a direct descendant of the family named White that came over in the "Mayflower." In the famous painting "The Landing of the Pilgrims" can be seen the infant White who was the great grandfather of Elder James White.

While we do not attribute the success of the advent message to the wisdom of any one man or company of men, still, as God has chosen man as the instrument to carry on his work, it seems that coeval with the rise of the cause he always has in preparation the human instrument whose character is such as creditably to carry on his work. So it is not strange that the man upon whose shoulders must rest so heavily the responsibility of the advent movement, should be chosen from such worthy stock as came over in the "Mayflower."

This sterling ancestry were men, not only of physical and mental strength and activity, but of principle,—men in whose breasts throbbed noble impulses and lofty aspirations.

It is this good blood that flowed in Elder White's veins. To be brave, courageous, active, and as true as steel, seemed to be part of his very make-up, and his physical body was not inconsistent with such qualities. He was what would be called a large man, and possessed a vigorous mentality; in fact, he was a typical Puritan, who in no wise reflected discredit upon his illustrious ancestry.

Elder White was born in Palmyra, Maine, Aug. 4, 1821. His father, John White, was an industrious and hard-working farmer of great physical strength and active mind. With his own hands he felled the primeval forest, and hewed out a home, his enterprise obliging the reluctant New England soil to yield sufficient for the simple needs of his large family. Both parents were devout Christians, and both embraced the Seventh-day Adventist faith in 1860, remaining faithful until their death.

The first sixteen years of his life, James White was quite delicate in health. This denied to him the early advantages of school, but at the age of eighteen, his health had so improved that he found himself ahead of his years in size and strength. At this age he was so deficient in the common branches that he could not work the simplest problems in mathematics, and

knew nothing of grammar. This, of course, added greatly to his embarrassment as at the age of eighteen he entered the academy at St. Albans, Maine. Those who were solicitous for his welfare, advised him to turn his attention to farming, but his great thirst for knowledge impelled him on.

By diligent application to his studies for eighteen hours a day, he was, at the end of twelve weeks, issued a certificate qualifying him to teach the common branches. This gave the young man a new hope in life. Prior to this he had viewed his prospects as very unpromising. Now, no privation nor hardship could be an obstacle in his way. The following winter he taught his first school.

Even these early years gave marked evidence of the strenuous life. Young White's case was not an unusual one of ambition yoked up with poverty; but to him, poverty seemed only a spur to urge him on. Unlike many others in similar circumstances, he did not despairingly sink down with the plea of "no opportunity." To him, *life* was opportunity, and *time* a valuable asset. How many boys of to-day who profess to want an education, would be willing to live on plain bread alone while pursuing their studies among those whose position of influence gave them many advantages?

Speaking of these early experiences, Elder White said: "All I asked of my parents was three dollars to pay my tuition, and six days' rations of bread to take with me each week as I walked five miles to school. At Reedfield I wore old clothes while my classmates wore new, and lived three months on a few raw apples and corn-meal pudding prepared by myself, while they enjoyed the luxuries of the boarding-house." It is such records as these that should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of many to-day who offer as an excuse for their lack of education the plea of no opportunity.

Elder White's religious experience began at the age of fifteen, when he was baptized and united with the Christian Church. But the spirit of study and a thirst for worldly advancement soon blinded his eyes to eternal interest, and he laid down the cross and buried himself in worldly pursuits. His ambition was to receive a college education, and fit himself for positions of influence. These worldly plans, however, were interrupted by his hearing and believing the stirring message of the Lord's soon coming, which was being widely preached at this time by William Miller and his associates.

Although having the deepest respect for religion, Elder White, on hearing the advent message, was at first disposed to discredit it, and even looked upon it as fanaticism. But as his pious mother, in whose judgment he had the utmost confidence, embraced the views preached by the Adventists, he was led carefully to examine the doctrine. Possessing a keen intellect and an honest heart, it did not take him long to see that the Adventist position was a sound one. Their teachings were certainly Biblical, and as the Bible was held to be the inspired Word of God, that the Adventists were clearly on the side of right was the logical conclusion to which he readily arrived. To an honest man, there was no escaping the conviction that the Lord's coming was imminent.

But to have all his earthly hopes and aspirations set aside by the adoption of such an unpopular religion as the Adventists professed, seemed too great a sacrifice for the aspiring youth. He had come to the parting of the ways. On the one side was the world, with jeweled hands beckoning him on to the rewards of fame and wealth which she lavishly bestows upon those of her children who are capable and willing to sacrifice at the altar of ambition. On the other side was truth, severely plain, possessing no attraction other than the unadorned garments of righteousness, and asking of those who follow in her path a life of toil, self-abnegation, and privation in this world, but in the life to come, giving all the joys of a rejuvenated world, with an eternity in which to enjoy them. The first seemed easily within his reach. He had already tasted a little of the joy of success, but he must make a choice. The ways do not lie parallel, but part, and follow into ever-widening separation.

For a time, however, worldly ambition asserted itself, and the young schoolmaster endeavored to drown his convictions by busying himself still deeper in his studies. But it was all of no avail. In vain he tried to pursue his books; it was useless. He seemed to lack the powers of application and concentration. After poring over his books for hours, he found it impossible to recall what he had read. To use his own words: "My mental confusion was complete; the Spirit of God had followed me into the schoolroom in mercy, notwithstanding my rebellion, and I could find no rest there."

During all this rebellion the Spirit of God had been suggesting to him to visit his former pupils and to pray with them, but it was a cross that he shrank from. He prayed earnestly for relief, but none came. The only answer that he could get was to go and pray with his students. Finally, he resolved to yield. As soon as he set out on this duty, the peace of God flooded his soul, and he was supremely happy in the consciousness of God's approval. As he walked along the country road to his former school, the young schoolmaster experienced the change that began to fit him for the important work with which he ever after identified himself.

This honest-hearted and courageous young man soon developed into a very earnest and powerful preacher of the advent truth. The energy and natural ability that he had previously given to the world, he now gave just as earnestly to the cause of God. Possessing the endowments of good judgment, keen perception, unflinching integrity, and deep piety, Elder White naturally gravitated to positions of responsibility; or perhaps more correctly stated, he seemed to be a chosen vessel for the service of the Lord.

When I think of this venerable soldier of the cross and his service, in adversity as well as in triumph, I can not refrain from saying, It is because the Lord loved Israel that he chose this beloved servant to lead out in the upbuilding of the message. And close by his side, sharing his toils, privations, joys, and sorrows, and counseling and encouraging him, has labored his faithful wife, who shares equally the honors in the esteem of those who love the appearing of our Lord.

When the Seventh-day Adventist General Conference was organized in 1863, Elder White was chosen the first president. In this capacity he served for many years, and his management was marked with sagacity, and his life was characterized with deep devotion to the cause of God, a tender love for his brethren, and a spirit of sacrifice seldom met with. Although he was

undoubtedly a natural leader, Elder White's success is principally attributed to the fact that he was a man of faith and prayer; and though he was a mighty man, almost to severity, against error, he was humble and so gentle as to be easily moved to tears in his love for sinners, or in sympathy for his brethren.

As great a service as was ever rendered by Elder White was his founding of the publishing work. He established and was the first editor of the *Review and Herald*, first known as *Present Truth*, and of the *Signs of the Times*, our pioneer paper. For many years he carried much of the burden of this important work and was the author of many valuable publications.

This faithful warrior, after a life of almost Herculean service in the cause of God, laid down the armor in death in the year 1881.

Well might it be said of him as of Dr. Adam Clarke, "In working for others, he burned out."

The Slave of Jesus Christ

It was in the city of Kyoto, and the time was the summer of 1875. Two men sat talking in a humble cottage that might have commanded the monthly rental of ten dollars at the most. It was specially modest for the two gentlemen who sat and talked therein, for one of them was Mr. (later Viscount) Tanaka, who was then the active head of the department of education of the newly formed imperial government, and the other was Dr. Niishima.

"I have come," Mr. Tanaka was saying, "to press a strong claim of our country upon you. You know as well as I through what a critical hour our country is passing at present. It is the one season in a thousand autumns. If every Nippon needed her sons to come to her rescue, now is the time. I need not 'preach to the Buddha;' you know all this. You know the West, and Western civilization and its institutions; your knowledge of them would be invaluable to the government. The country has need of you."

Viscount Tanaka sat with Niishima and talked for three days and two nights. To all the arguments of his friend, Dr. Niishima could only reply:—

"I have only one answer: My life is not my own; it belongs to Jesus Christ. Many years ago I solemnly swore to devote my entire time and effort to his cause. I can not take back my words and my heart. I can not do it."

As twilight was purpling on the historic hills of Kyoto, fragrant with the memory of a thousand years of culture, Viscount Tanaka arose. He had reached the end of his patience. He was a simple-hearted man; he was a patriot; he could not understand the language of the man of religion. How could he? Without the slightest hesitation he would have sacrificed all the Buddhas in the world, and his life as well, if they could but add even a trifle to the prestige and power of the state. He was disgusted with the attitude of Niishima. He was "mad, clean mad."

"Well, Niishima," he said, "I'm going. I am sorry. You are indeed the slave of Jesus Christ. Good-by."

And years ago, when I was a schoolboy in Tokio, I heard Prof. J. D. Davis say, telling this story, that it was "the proudest title ever given to man."

The cottage in which the two men talked became the foundation of the Doshisha University of to-day, the greatest Christian university in the Far East. And Dr. Niishima lived a Christian life. It stamped the age in which he lived; it colored the history of his country. — *Selected.*

GOOD MANNERS

"Politeness Effects Much"



BOB!" Lucille's peremptory tones came plainly to her father, reading beside the window. "How soon can you bring me a cake of chocolate? I *must* make some fudge this morning."

A reply followed in a hesitating masculine voice, and a minute later a figure passed the window, walking in a dejected, slipshod manner.

Presently Lucille's tones came in again; this time, however, they were girlishly sweet and full of laughter.

"Good morning, Mr. Marriott!" she said. "The sight of you reminds me that I have a book which belongs to your sister. I wonder if you will carry it to her."

Again a masculine voice answered, but this time there was no hint of hesitation nor lack of self-confidence; and the next minute another figure, swinging briskly, passed the window.

Mr. Carter observed the second figure closely, as he had the first; then, looking interested, he laid down his paper and called Lucille. When she came, a charming picture in her white shirt-waist suit, he pointed to the morris chair opposite him.

"Sit down a minute, little girl," he said, "and tell me why the twenty-eight-year-old man who first passed the window is 'Bob,' and why the twenty-year-old youth who next passed it is 'Mr. Marriott.' And why do you *order* 'Bob,' and *request* 'Mr. Marriott'?"

Lucille looked amazed.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "Bob is — why, Bob is —"

"Suppose," her father suggested, "you try to tell me about 'Mr. Marriott;' that may be easier."

"Mr. Marriott," Lucille said, not without some vexation in her tone, "is Belle Marriott's brother, of course. But as I've known him only during the week I've been back from school and have spoken to him only two or three times, I don't feel that I ought to call him 'Tom' just yet."

"I see," Mr. Carter said; "and you are perfectly right. And now, how long have you known 'Bob'?" And isn't he, too, the son of a neighbor — in fact, of Mrs. Williams, the very respectable old lady who lives in the tiny house up the road?"

Lucille's face flushed, and she honestly faced a situation which she anything but enjoyed.

"Yes, he is," she replied. "And he's been coming here from the grocery for just one week. But, father, everybody calls him 'Bob,' and everybody says he's shiftless. You wouldn't expect me to call him 'Mr. Williams' when he throws in everybody's wood and coal, and never has any real work — just does anything the neighborhood orders him to do! And his father's the same way!"

"In other words," said Mr. Carter, "Bob is 'Bob,' although he is ten years your senior, a stranger to you, and of a respectable family, because he and his father have never made good?"

"Nobody ever calls either one of them 'Mr. Williams,'" Lucille repeated with a stubbornness that was perfectly evident to her father.

"'Nobody' is a poor arbiter for you, Lucille," he said gravely. "And in proof of this statement I'm going to tell you a story. When I'm through, you may tell me whether 'Bob' or 'Mr. Williams' will deliver the order to-morrow. You may make your own decision, and with it we will consider the matter closed."

"The man who told me the story was no other than the hero himself! I shall begin in the good old way, because it is just a little girl I'm telling it to, after all."

"Once upon a time there was a boy whose name, strange to say, was Bob. Bob's father, for reasons known only to himself and One other, never attained to a more profitable calling than that of driving a wagon, and he never drove the same wagon very long at a time. For clothing and many other necessities, the large family depended upon the generosity of relatives and friends. "Bob the boy grew into a youth, and then into a man in an atmosphere of condescension. He was at the beck and call of the whole neighborhood. He ran errands, bailed out cellars when they filled with water (which they frequently did), and, in fact, did without question anything that he was told to do, and for a very small price. He was 'Bob' to everybody, even the smallest child."

"One day the owner of a newly rented house asked Bob to remove the water from the basement, which the rain had filled. Muddy and ragged and indifferent as usual, Bob was going up the cellar steps with a bucket in his hand, when a voice said softly:—

"'Is that your bucket or mine, Mr. Harvey?'"

"Bob dropped his bucket, and with it his old self. When he looked up, he beheld what he took to be a vision. But what he really saw, Lucille, was a girl of about your age — just a sweet little girl in a fresh white dress; probably there was nothing else extraordinary about her except the fine feeling that made the neighborhood's discourtesy impossible to her."

"Bob performed menial tasks around there all that afternoon; and it was always 'Mr. Harvey' who was *requested* to do this and that. He went home in a maze. He was then twenty-five years old, and for the first time in his life he had been called 'Mr. Harvey.'"

"It may have been Bob, tired and doubtful of himself, who pulled off his muddy boots in his bare room that night. But it was Mr. Harvey who rose the next morning, and made the first careful toilet of his experience. It couldn't have been Bob who sought and obtained a job that day; it must have been Mr. Harvey, because he didn't slouch. It was certainly Mr. Harvey who afterward attended night school. And 'Robert Harvey' is the name on the most impressive business structure in Bob's town."

Lucille drew a long breath.

"Of course, father," she said, "it is 'Mr. Williams' who will deliver the order to-morrow."— *Young People's Weekly*.

Helpfulness of the Boy Scouts

GEO. H. HEALD



CARRYING A BABY FOR A TIRED MOTHER

WE have given an article descriptive of the Boy Scouts movement headed by Sir Francis Vane, the apostle of peace who effected an organization of Boy Scouts entirely disconnected with anything of a military nature. The first Boy Scouts movement, started by General Baden-Powell, has the objectionable feature that it trains the boys to regard militarism as right. It continues the old idea that has smoldered in the human breast for centuries that man can not truly develop his manhood except by the exertion of brute force, or at least by the use of some means to get the better of his neighbors. Formerly, man's success on this old planet was determined by a test of plain brute force and agility; later, skill in the manufacture of weapons and armor became a factor. Now it is almost entirely a matching of skill in constructing armaments and defenses. But the same philosophy holds; namely, that our neigh-



SCATTERING SAND IN FRONT OF A CART ON A SLIPPERY ROAD

bors are savages, and we must be ready to keep them within bounds by the shedding of blood; and every nation thinks the same, and every one taxes itself to the utmost to get an army and navy superior to its neighbors, and must continue to teach its boys accordingly. That's the philosophy,—the obsession, I may call it,—and one generation passes it on undiluted to the next. But the Boy Scouts are taught some good things along with this war spirit, and it is to bring out this feature of the movement that this article is written; and I am giving that part of the story in picture form, the pictures being reproduced from a series of



PUTTING A STONE UNDER THE WHEEL OF A CART TO GIVE THE HORSE A REST

Boy Scouts. A mother with two helpless little ones going down the street, was spied by a youthful Scout, who saw his opportunity to render helpful service. Another Scout scattered sand before a cart which was descending a slippery hill. This was a kindness to both man and beast. A cart was being pulled up a long



WHEELING AN OLD MAN'S BARROW UP A HILL

steep hill when one of the Scouts, noting that the horse needed a rest, put a stone under the wheel, from time to time, to hold the weight of the cart. An elderly man with a loaded wheelbarrow came to a hill. A Scout on the lookout for an opportunity to help, respectfully offered his assistance, and handing his staff to the man, he cheerfully pushed the barrow up the hill. Two chaps, seeing a cottager gathering fagots, began to work with a will, and accomplished in a short time what it would have taken her much longer to do. She returned to her home blessing the Boy Scouts movement. Two Scouts out for a walk saw a farmer



CUTTING FIRE-WOOD FOR A COTTAGER

mending a fence, and decided that they could get as much exercise helping on the fence as in walking. In all these incidents it was not only the kind act, but the kindly spirit in which it was done, and the sympathetic words, that gave the recipients a new and more cheerful outlook on life. It



MENDING A FARMER'S FENCE

would be a great gain if all boys were taught that it is manly and noble to be helpful to the helpless and needy. More frequently bands of boys get the idea that it is "smart" to annoy some helpless and unfriendly person, or to poke fun at some one because of oddities. The Boy Scouts movement teaches that such behavior is little, and downright mean, and beneath any self-respecting boy.



Number in Nature — No. 1

[This series of articles, entitled "Number in Nature," which is now beginning in the INSTRUCTOR, consists of portions of two discourses preached by the Rev. J. C. Jackson, Sr., late editor of the *American Issue*. They now appear in book form as part of a collection of his lectures and sermons.]

Isa. 40:26: "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number."

THE prophet bids us look upward into the skies on a clear night and notice the order and proportion in the movement of the heavenly bodies for a proof of the existence of God. One of the chief agnostics of the present time advised those who believed in God to stick to the argument from design, as it was their best hold with men of common sense. In the spirit of Isaiah's injunction, I propose to speak of a few examples of number in nature as an evidence of creative wisdom and design. I believe it is easy to point out such remarkable mathematical proportions in the make-up of the commonest things about us that the impression upon the natural, healthy, unbiased mind will be irresistible that it is a divine Creator who has brought forth all by number.

God has indeed made all things by weight and measure. The waters, the air, the earth, the rocks, and the stars have all been combined by the infinite mind in definite proportions, as by a wise master builder. Let us see how this is so, and thus increase our sense of God's being and wisdom and order. The sacred writer declares that his eternal power and Godhead may be plainly seen from the things that are made.

Let us begin with chemistry. In nature there are some sixty or seventy so-called elementary substances. Out of these all the compound substances are built up. A compound substance is one that is made up of two or more elementary or simple substances. Salt, salt-peter, and water are compound substances.

Now all these elementary substances go into the compound substances in exact proportions. Just as a good cook in making bread takes the same proportion of flour, yeast, salt, and water every time, so does God in making anything. Thus water is always eight parts, by weight, of oxygen and one of hydrogen. This is what chemists call the law of constant proportion. In Kamchatka, in the tropics, on the summit of Chimborazo, water is always built up that way. And so of everything else,—always one way. With God there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

But there is another thing still more remarkable. It is the way he mixes two or more simple substances in different proportions to form a whole series of entirely different compound substances.

Thus he combines oxygen and nitrogen, and makes out of them nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas. Then he uses different proportions, and gives us nitric oxide; dipping in his hand again, and bringing out another combination, he gives us nitrous acid; another turn, and another proportion, hyponitric acid; and then, finally, by still another proportion, nitric acid, the powerful substance that will eat up almost any metal—the substance that Jewish pawnbrokers try gold with, and that one of the illustrated papers not long ago pictured a Jew pouring on the pavement of the New Jerusalem to see if it was really the precious metal.

Five substances out of the two, by different proportions! But now comes the marvelous thing. These five different substances are not made out of the two at haphazard or random, as if the Infinite Chemist should take three parts of one and three of the other to make the first thing, and five of one and six of the other to make the second thing, and seven of one and eight of the other to make the third thing. No; into every one goes fourteen parts of the first; then, of the second, he takes proportions that are obtained by different multiplications of eight. In the first combination it is fourteen and eight; in the second, it is fourteen and twice eight; in the third, it is fourteen and three times eight, or twenty-four; in the fourth, it is fourteen and four times eight, or thirty-two; in the fifth,—nitric acid,—it is fourteen and five times eight, or forty. This is the law of multiple proportions; that is, as God builds up the higher product of things, he always does so in proportions that are obtained by multiplying one or more of the lower elements. So we have, first, the law of constant proportions, according to which the ingredients of the different substances never vary; and, second, the law of multiple proportions, according to which the constant proportions go forward into the higher products by a series of exact multiplications of the lower ones.

And do you fear that God, who is so careful about fixing the particles of nitrogen and oxygen in just the right proportions, so that not one of them is too much or too little, will not care for you, O ye of little faith? Ye are of more value than a whole world full of nitric acid!

There is a third law, which to my mind is more wonderful still. It is a little harder to follow than the last, but by close attention, I think all can see it. It comes out in this way:—

Suppose God is going to make, by the hands of a chemist, some sulphurous acid. He takes sixteen parts of sulphur, by weight, and eight of oxygen. That gives us sulphurous acid—what all the bleaching establishments use to bleach straw, wool, silk, and the like, that would be injured by chlorine. So, our first fact is that sixteen parts of sulphur and eight of oxygen will combine exactly with each other into a useful substance.

But now suppose that some iron ore is to be made, —to be stored away in the earth for ages for the use of man,—twenty-seven parts of pure iron are mixed with eight of oxygen. This is fact No. 2.

Now for No. 3. We saw that eight parts of oxygen combined with sixteen of sulphur to make sulphurous acid, and eight of oxygen combined with twenty-seven of iron to make oxide of iron. Will the sixteen parts of sulphur and the twenty-seven of iron, each of which combines with the eight of oxygen, combine with each other? In other words, can we find something in chemistry that is like the law in mathematics, that two magnitudes that are each equal to a second magnitude are equal to each other? Will that principle hold good here?—It will. For the fourteen of sulphur and the twenty-seven of iron go together and make iron sulphide, which is the source of sulphureted hydrogen, of such great use in extracting metal from the ores. It is also the source of copperas, of use in dyeing.

Here, then, is what I may call a kind of triangular possibility of combination of substance, each useful in itself singly, and then affording new possibilities of usefulness when taken two and two—a permutation of contrivance and usefulness. And any good chemist can point out scores of these triangular arrangements,

and show that all chemistry is built up on the most exact laws of mathematics, and that these combine and recombine, and then make cross-combinations, until the finite mind is lost in the maze of calculations needed to follow the mathematics of the Almighty.

Here in chemistry, in nature, is a bible that no higher critics can change our ideas of. Its meaning is plain. It is as clear as mathematics and microscopes and eyes can make it. And it reveals intelligence, design, will, wisdom, in every line, with no subtractions to be made from admixture of human error.

Making Ice by Pressing Button

PRESS a button and get a temperature fifteen degrees below zero is the promise held out by a new plan of refrigeration now being tested in the heat laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The inventor uses carbon disulphide instead of the more common ammonia. The machine is self-contained, and needs no attendance, except to furnish water and to carry away the ice.

One little machine in the laboratory, which is about $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2 \times 3$ ft. in dimensions, uses about half a horse-power, and is able to make three hundred pounds of ice in a day. It would take care of a good-sized restaurant. It is expected that a smaller outfit will be made to accommodate ordinary ice-boxes in the home.

Prospector's Queer Find

WHAT is supposed to be an opalized snake has been discovered by a prospector at White Cliffs opal fields, South Australia, from whom it has been secured by an Adelaide resident named S. Saunders.

On what appeared to be a piece of ironstone, dark brown in color, and therefore making an excellent background to show off the precious stone, was embedded the form of a small snake or lizard of pure opal. The coiling body measured about two inches in length, and the head and eyes are to be plainly seen. Even the scales of the back can be discerned.

Before Mr. Saunders secured it, the specimen had been submitted for examination at the museum, and he was informed, on making the purchase, that it was a reptile of some kind ossified and then opalized.—*Adelaide Advertiser*.

Morning Watch Illustration: Wondrous Love

The Changeless Love

HE is going away to America. He is to make his fortune in that great land; and as soon as he gets a nest cozily and comfortably prepared, he is to send for her. "Never fear; I'll be true."

And he did set sail, and he did get on, and eyes—not fairer, indeed, than the eyes he had left behind—of an American girl were turned to him. He saw not her, but her purse; and he saw the chance of promotion. He would wed, not her, but the old father who had the business. He would marry the dollar, and bid the damsel to the marriage.

And so the letters homeward descended very rapidly from "Yours devotedly and eternally and forever and ever" at last to "Yours truly." And what was it in that morning paper, as she turned the leaves thereof, that made the lassie fall as a huddled heap at the feet of the mother? It was this: On such and such a date, in such and such a church in New York, So-and-so to So-and-so.

Poor lassie! go down to the grave now with a broken

heart. The parents can hear the drip, drip, drip of the heart's blood to the last. He is faithless; his promises are false. And this is human love. You can not ride the water on it, as we say in the North; you can not trust it very much. Blessed are ye if ye have a love in the human heart that ye can trust fully and unreservedly.

He says: A lover may be false, yet not I. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Can you sing it yet? Is it not a glorious love—deathless, faithful, abiding, unchanging amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds? The love of Christ will outlive the sun; the love of Christ will be strong in current when the stars, the last of them, pull a veil over their faces and die. The love of Christ is the one eternal, abiding, almighty force in the universe. Can you sing it? "Unto him that loved us" with a deathless, undying, unchanging, abiding, eternal love, to him "be glory and dominion forever and ever."

A Father's Love

At the close of a meeting in Joliet, Illinois, I sat down beside an honored evangelist, Rev. H. W. Brown, and among other things in his career he told me this story:—

A number of years before he had had a remarkable work of grace in the lake region of Wisconsin, in that town of the strange name Oconomowoc. After this work, he returned one day for a little visit; and as he stepped off the train, he saw at the station an old man named James Stewart. Knowing him well, he asked him why he was there. The old man replied that his boy had gone away from home, and had said to him, "Father, I will return some day, but I can not tell when," and, said he, "I am waiting for him to come back."

Strange as it may seem, thirteen years afterward he revisited that old town, and the first man he saw when getting off the train was this aged father, who met him saying: "Mr Brown, he hasn't come yet; but he will come, and I am waiting."

"Just then," said my friend, "I lifted up my eyes and saw one walking down the aisle of the car, and said to myself, 'If I were not sure that the boy is dead, I should say that that is the son.'"

But other eyes had seen him too, and with a great bound the father sprang to the steps of the car, and, when the boy reached the platform, in less time than I can tell it, he was in his father's arms. The aged father sobbed out, "O my son, thank God you've come, you've come!" and then, turning to my friend, he said, "Mr. Brown, I should have waited until I died."

Thus God waits and looks and yearns and loves. Thus Jesus Christ entreats us to look unto him and be saved, and in his name I bid you come.—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in "From Life to Life."*

Good Suggestions

To remove paint from window glass, rub well with hot, sharp vinegar.

Plants can be left on the window-sill at night in very cold weather, if a newspaper is placed between the window and the plants. The plants will not freeze if this is done.

When a large bottle of olives is opened, and only part of the contents used, the remainder, though left in the brine, become comparatively tasteless. If half an inch of olive-oil is poured on the top, and the bottle well corked, the olives will keep their flavor.—*Sunday Post Magazine*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Capricious Camel

THE camel is a curious beast;
He roams about all through the East.
He swiftly scours the desert plain,
And then he scours it back again.

The camel's legs are very slim,
And he lets people ride on him.
Across the sandy waste he flies,
And kicks the waste in people's eyes.

He kneels for people to get on,
Then pulls his legs up, one by one;
But here's what troubles them the worst,—
To know which leg he'll pull up first.

Sometimes, when he is feeling gay,
The camel likes to run away;
And, as he's just indulged that whim,
I can't write any more of him.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Youth's Companion*.

A Herald of Hardness



F ever there was a tired, disgusted, hopeless failure as a canvasser, it was Jasper Walcutt. For six weary hours he had tramped the streets with a ten-pound vacuum-cleaner on his shoulder. He had rung door-bells, rapped on screen doors, climbed stairways, smiled his canvasser's smile, and repeated his well-worn speech, but all his efforts were useless. Only twice had he been permitted to exhibit the machine and neither time presented even the hope of an order. Worse still, this day was almost a counterpart of every preceding one since he left the canvassers' school.

Success meant so much to him, too. His senior year in college was just ahead, and then the theological seminary; for his heart had heard the impelling call to become a herald of the King. What should he do if this summer failed to provide him with money for the next year of school?

A more vital question was also burning in his soul. Why could he not sell his machine? It was a good one, well worth the moderate price, and a real blessing to any housekeeper. Was the trouble in him? Was this a prophecy of failure in his real life-work? If he could not persuade people in a simple business matter, how could he hope to succeed in the infinitely harder task of constraining men to be reconciled to God?

With these thoughts crowding his brain, he finished his supper in a cheap boarding-house, and wandered up the sidewalk toward the flaring torch of a street vender. He listened carelessly to the songs and jokes that were being used to attract the crowd. When, however, the music stopped and selling began, he was filled with interest and growing astonishment. For two hours people almost fought for the privilege of buying "solid-metal" teaspoons, old-fashioned writing-paper, pink toilet soap, dull can-openers, iron scissors, and a poor grade of tinware at about the usual prices charged by any store for the same quality of goods.

Strange to say, many of the buyers were the very people who had told Jasper they were all out of money or must save every cent to meet some pressing bill. One woman, whose plea of poverty he particularly remembered, crowded past him, her arms fairly overflowing with second-grade tin treasures.

When the sale closed for the night, young Walcutt followed the successful salesman to the hotel; and, finding him very approachable, poured into his ears the story of the week's failure.

"Well, young man," this new friend remarked with twinkling eyes, "you ain't told me nothing new. I've heard that same howl before, and I've been there myself. The trouble ain't with you nor your dust-sucker. It's the whole system that's wrong."

"Why," exclaimed the poor fellow in surprise, "they told us at the canvassers' school that we had the best system of salesmanship in the world!"

"Sure!" replied the veteran; "they make it sound fine, and their drill is just about as good as any of 'em; but human nature is human nature, and folks can't help fighting shy of stuff that's out hunting for a buyer. You've got to make folks hunt the goods. Why, I couldn't sell spoons and soap from door to door! Everybody would think I had some kind of game up my sleeve. But, when I get people to come up-town to my wagon, I can't take their money fast enough to suit 'em."

At first this did not seem to help any in selling vacuum-cleaners, but this good Samaritan of the business world showed Jasper how to adapt the principle to his line, and even offered to lend him money to start the "game," as he called it.

The plan looked like a desperate venture. If it failed, Jasper would have scarcely money enough to reach the next town. But something must be done. After long hesitation the decision was made.

Jasper Walcutt transferred his lodgings from the cheap boarding-house to the leading hotel, and the daily papers announced his arrival. He hired a vacant store building, curtained off the back end, and fitted up the front part as a drawing-room with elegant (rented) furniture. A gilt sign on the window called the place a "demonstration parlor," and a big advertisement in the papers invited ladies to visit the parlor any afternoon that week from two until five o'clock. The announcement promised an hourly demonstration of the wonderful hand-power vacuum-cleaner, and a dainty luncheon served free. An added line said, "Only twenty orders will be received in any one day."

It was a rash venture, and the college student felt like the captain of a sinking ship when he unlocked the doors of the demonstration parlor for the first afternoon. He counted what little money he had left, and realized in terror what it would mean if this plan did not succeed.

But human nature can be trusted if you only understand her. In the midst of his final preparations the first visitors began to arrive, and by three o'clock the

parlor was filled with well-dressed, eager, optimistic women. They had come for a good time, and were ready to enjoy everything.

The demonstrations were interesting and convincing. The orangeade and wafers served by two waitresses from the hotel were delicious. The afternoon was a social triumph; and, when it closed, twenty orders were on the book, with many more compelled to wait until the next day.

That night a very happy but somewhat dazed young man tried to collect his wits in his room at the hotel. He was like an explorer who, after pressing through weeks of dangers and hardships, at last hears the welcome cry, "Land!" The only question now is how he may best take possession of this new country in the name of his King. Many an hour that summer did Jasper Walcutt ponder how to apply this newly discovered principle in winning men to the service of the Master.

To know how he is finding the answer you will have to hear him preach in the little church of which he is now the student pastor. Even then you may not discover how it is done. You will only notice that discipleship is presented, not as a flowery bed of ease, but rather as a heroic crusade, demanding the utmost of effort and sacrifice. There is no begging men to accept salvation. Rather there is a trumpet-call for courageous volunteers in the service of the King of kings. And they respond nobly, often pressing forward with shining eyes, eager to be enrolled in Christ's army and to be entrusted with some hard task.

If you ask him about it, he will probably reply; "Yes, I learned some time ago not to make the way too easy for people. We value anything by the sacrifice it demands."—*Rev. William O. Rogers, in Christian Endeavor World.*

A Personal Experience

I WAS a medical student in 1893, in Cincinnati, Ohio. I had no financial resources except what I could earn at nursing; but as I had promised the Lord that if he would help me to get through I would dedicate my life to his service as a medical missionary, I had a right to expect that he would at least give me work. In this I was not disappointed.

Once, however, my faith was put severely to the test. I had a wife and two small children, and in spite of my best endeavors I could not make quite enough to support them and pay all my bills at the university. A time came when our clothing began to give out; and we were brought keenly to realize our situation when my wife was obliged to stay at home from church one Sabbath, having no shoes fit to wear in public.

We naturally felt sad at this state of our finances; but had we not had proof after proof of God's tender, guiding hand in our affairs? With a prayer to him who hears in secret, we lay down and slept the Friday night following these events, feeling assured that in some way the Lord would provide. That night I dreamed that some one came to me, and said: "If you go to the house of Sister —, in Winton Place, you will find the help you need." After relating this extraordinary experience to my wife, I decided to visit this sister the next Sunday in obedience to the dream. Yet I could not quite believe that the dream was different from other dreams. My faith, however, was amply rewarded.

I arrived at the sister's home, and found her enjoying a visit from her brother. I related to the friends

my purpose in life, and told them how well I was getting along, and how I had been working at my studies and at my profession, but purposely avoided any intimation of my needs; so that I might know of a certainty if the Lord had sent the dream.

The gentleman mentioned left the room before I did, but without bidding me good-by. I rose also, and left the house to return home, saying to myself that, after all, my dream was like all others. I got outside the gate, when the servant came running after me, asking me to come back, telling me that the brother of Sister — wished to see me.

I went back, wondering what would happen. The gentleman led me into a room, and showed me a heap of clothing that he had selected for me, just what I needed to replenish my depleted wardrobe. I stammered out my thanks, but I still kept thinking of those needed shoes. Then, after satisfying himself that the clothing would fit well, my helper took out his purse, and laid a five-dollar bill on the pile, saying: "I was impressed to help you because you said you wanted to be a missionary, and it has been my practise for several years to help young men of that stamp." And he added, as he gave me the money, "This will not come amiss."

The reader can judge of my feelings. I hurried home with my heart filled with praises to God, and especially thankful that he had not withheld his mercies at my lack of faith, and wondering at the good measure that he gave. Then and there I took courage, and in a day or two had a new case to nurse, and so finished my course. To God be all the praise!—*Dr. P. A. DeForest.*

Alexander and the African Chief

COLERIDGE relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest.

Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was like this:—

The one had bought a piece of ground that, after the purchase, was found to contain treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties, and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country? does the rain fall there? are there cattle that feed upon the herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the green grass to grow in your country."—*Selected.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, January 6

Into All the World, No. 1—"Missionary Idea"

LEADER'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of twenty-four lessons on missions. The first four will be introductory to studies on definite fields. The mission studies will come twice a month. Fearing that some may not have the book "Missionary Idea," we are printing a portion of the selections from that book used in this first program. For the symposium, let all who have the book copy and distribute the questions found on page 17, and request the persons to answer them briefly and in order. For Faith and Service let four individuals read selections from Hebrews. We suggest these selections: Heb. 11:1-8; 11:17-31; 11:32-38; 11:39 to 12:2. Those who so desire may substitute for these verses the Bible reading found on page 137 of "Missionary Idea."

Shall God's thought be realized in us? Let the leader put this question before the society for discussion. You have again been reminded of the world's need and of God's plan. Urge all to express themselves briefly. This should be a good consecration service. The missionary idea is grounded in service. Have some good, stirring songs on missions and service.

Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (Morning Watch texts).

"So Send I You" (five-minute talk). See below.

Symposium. See note.

Faith and Service (four readings).

The Master's Touch (recitation). See page 3.

Outlook in Mission Fields for 1912 (reading). See

INSTRUCTOR for December 26.

Shall God's Thought Be Realized in Us? See note.

Two Books for Missionary Volunteer Societies

THE "Missionary Idea" is filled with splendid missionary fuel. Its biographies, statistics, and incidents will help to increase the flame of your interest in missions. Its valuable suggestions concerning missionary work can be used to good advantage by your committees.

Some one has said, "Let the mind of the Master be the master of your mind." How better could this be accomplished than by imbibing some of the thoughts which he expressed, and which are very practically put forth in "Mount of Blessing"?

Several society lessons for next year are based upon both of these books, and every society should have one or more copies of each at once. Order of your tract society.

Society Programs for 1912

AFTER studying the many good suggestions from the field regarding society programs for 1912, the following plan was adopted by the Missionary Volunteer Department Committee:—

Twenty-four programs on missions, two each month; twelve programs on Missionary Volunteer work, one each month; and eleven programs on helps for every-day life. Of these, two are on the Holy Spirit, five on various subjects, which will be based on the "Mount of Blessing;" and four on Christian etiquette. Those on Christian etiquette will be prepared by one who has made a thorough study of the subject, and will furnish some very excellent practical studies. The few remaining programs for the year are on miscellaneous subjects.

Some of our leading workers are helping to make the society programs for 1912 better than any we have ever had. Will not your society take hold of these programs enthusiastically, and draw from them valuable information, the practical help, and the earnest appeals put into them expressly for you?

There are three things your society should get at once: "Mount of Blessing," "Missionary Idea," and the leaflet containing the programs for 1912. "Missionary Idea," cloth, \$1; paper 50 cents; "Mount of Blessing," cloth, 75 cents; and the leaflet, 5 cents. Order from your tract society.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5—Lesson 11: "Ministry of Healing," Pages 51-72

NOTE.—We hope your answers to the review questions have already reached your Missionary Volunteer secretary's desk, and that you are well started on your next book. After you have read "Ministry of Healing," you will begin to see why it was that a busy woman once sold thirty copies of that book merely by reading selections from it to her friends. A thousand or more other young people are reading it with you. Keep on. Keep up. You will never regret it.

1. In what has Christ revealed to us the secret of the power in his life? Spiritually and physically, of what was he an example?

2. Why did he so often teach amid the scenes of nature?

3. What place did prayer occupy in the life of our Example?

4. On returning from their first missionary tour, what severe trial of faith did the disciples receive? How did the Master manifest his feelings toward them in this trying hour? With what result?

5. Relate the circumstances of the healing of the woman who touched the hem of his garment. What question did Jesus ask immediately following the cure? Why?

6. In all the throng, why did none except this woman receive new life? What is necessary for soul-healing?

7. Concerning the part that will be played by faith in the restoration of the sick, what statement is made?

8. Under what conditions occurred the healing of the centurion's servant? What on the part of the centurion made this cure possible?

9. What made necessary Christ's entrance into this world? How can we claim redemption from sin? How can we be strengthened in the fight against evil?

10. Tell of the great faith exercised by the leper who determined to reach Jesus.

11. In what ways may leprosy be likened to sin? Why was the appeal for healing from leprosy answered immediately by Christ?

12. What is the heaviest burden we have to bear? How may it be lifted from us?

Junior No. 4—Lesson 11: "Early Writings," Old Edition, "Experience and Views," Pages 7-31, 68-70; New Edition, Pages 11-38, 78-81

NOTE.—The questions on this lesson will appear next week.

"So Send I You"

"As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." The Father's sending, coupled with the Son's perfect willingness to be sent, gave to the world a Saviour. Through the perils of childhood, through the storms

of temptation and trial that beat upon his mature years, through heart-break and struggle and cruel death under the sins of the whole world, he never faltered,—never forgot his mission, nor the souls he came to save.

In the humble home in Bethany, or on the mount of transfiguration; traveling with his disciples the dusty road from village to village, or walking in majesty upon the stormy sea; comforting the poor woman who was a "sinner," or reasoning with the doctors of the law,—he was ever the same steadfast, unshaken soul; working out your salvation and mine, opening the way to the eternal glory.

"*So send I you*"—grand commission and promise to every believing and consecrated soul.

The power that sent the world a Saviour sends also saints; not to stumble and fall, not to waver and faint, but with divine courage and eternal energy to continue his life and his work in the world.

We read in the Gospels of what Christ *began* to do and to teach. In the Acts is continued the narrative of what he still did in the person of his disciples; and "this book runs on throughout the centuries, and is still being written by angels in the chronicles of eternity."

"*All power is given unto me. . . . Go ye therefore.*" This continuation of the Christ-life is not entrusted to human weakness, but to the divine power graciously manifested in every renewed heart.

The disciples of old were so filled with their own narrow thought that they could not grasp Christ's idea of his own work and theirs. They said, "Lord, wilt thou at this time again restore the kingdom to Israel?" doubtless hoping, as before his crucifixion, that they might hold places of honor therein. The Lord answered them, "*Ye shall receive power*, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." No doubt they pondered these words while they tarried in Jerusalem. "To them this was a new and startling idea. The Messiah had come and gone. He had told them that he had done all that he came to do. They expected him to do everything. 'Wilt thou?' was their idea; his thought was, 'Ye shall,' and it was perplexing beyond all conception. We do this thing, we act for thee? We, *we* take thy place?"

With all our light, we are asking the same questions to-day. We are still slow to realize that Christ is waiting for us to *finish the work*. Theoretically, we believe it; but the millions who have never heard of Jesus are a denial of the genuineness of our faith.

Those who have stood on the heights above Naples tell us that all the sound coming up from that gay and populous city as it reaches the upper air, meets and mingles on the minor key. "There are voices of traffic and voices of command, the voices of affection and of rebuke; the shouts of the sailors, and the cries of the itinerant venders in the streets, and the chatter and laugh of childhood; but they all come up into this indistinguishable moan in the air. That is the voice of the world as it reaches the throne of God; that is the cry of the world for help." And Christ, who poured out his soul unto death that the world might be saved, hears the cry, and waits with unutterable longing for souls to bear his message,—for channels through which his divine love can flow to *every part of this land of death*.

Kingdoms rise and fall. The grand purposes of God are being wrought out by the fingers of time and destiny: but the hope of the world is in Christ's trum-



XIII — Offerings

(December 30)

MEMORY VERSE: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Matt. 6: 20.

Questions

1. From whom does every good thing we have to enjoy come? James 1: 17; Acts 17: 24, 25.
2. What is the greatest gift that our Heavenly Father has given to us? John 3: 16; Rom. 8: 32.
3. Could God in any other way have shown greater love for us? Besides heavenly beings, whom did God love with infinite tenderness? What did Luther call John 3: 16? What is said of this verse by another writer? Note 1.
4. Since God has opened all heaven to us in his gift, how does he ask us to give? Matt. 10: 8, last clause.
5. On what principle does the Lord expect more from one than from another? Luke 12: 48, last part; 2 Cor. 8: 12-14; note 2.
6. Relate an incident showing how a small offering, given in sincerity and love, is regarded. Mark 12: 41-44.
7. How does God look upon large gifts if the spirit of love and charity is lacking? 1 Cor. 13: 3.
8. How, then, should every one give? What kind of giver does the Lord love? 2 Cor. 9: 7.
9. In the day of the Lord what will those who have made an idol of their money do with it? Isa. 2: 20, 21; note 3.
10. What do those lack who hoard their money for fear they will need it for themselves?—Faith. How necessary is faith? Heb. 11: 6.
11. What has God promised? Matt. 6: 31-33.
12. What is covetousness? Col. 3: 5, last part.
13. What will the covetous man not have? Eph. 5: 5.
14. What great work must the people of God do in the last days? Matt. 24: 14; Rev. 14: 6.
15. Trace the steps by which the heathen who know not God may hear of him. Rom. 10: 13-15.
16. How may each one do his part in carrying the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth? Note 4.

Notes

1. In no way could God show greater love for us than by the gift of Jesus, his only begotten Son. He not only loved heavenly beings, but this poor, sinful, unworthy world. Luther calls John 3: 16 "the little gospel," for the whole gospel is in these few words. The verse is said by another to be "the best thing ever put in human speech."
2. "Some can bring large gifts to the Lord's treasury, others can bring only mites; but every gift brought in sincerity is accepted by the Lord."—Mrs. E. G. White.
3. When the Lord comes, all money that has selfishly been kept back from use in the Lord's work will be a curse to the one who has it.
4. "Not all can go as missionaries to foreign lands, but all can give of their means for the carrying forward of foreign missions."—Mrs. E. G. White.

pet call, "*So send I you*," and in the loyal response of every child of his, "*Here am I, send me.*" The pierced hands are needed in the world to-day. A universal sorrow cries out for the tender heart that was broken on the cross. Shall God's thought be realized in us?—Mrs. A. E. Ellis, in "*Missionary Idea.*"

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII — Offerings

(December 30)

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 6: 20.

Questions

1. To whom are we indebted for every good thing we enjoy? James 1: 17; Acts 17: 24, 25.
2. What gift, infinitely greater than all these temporal blessings has God presented to the world? John 3: 16; Rom. 8: 32.
3. Through Christ Jesus what is promised to his children? Phil. 4: 19.
4. Having provided for us so freely in both spiritual and temporal things, what does God expect of us? 1 Peter 4: 10; Rom. 12: 6-8.
5. What special danger attends temporal prosperity? Deut. 8: 13, 14; note 1.
6. Upon what just basis does God expect gifts from all his people? Luke 12: 48; 2 Cor. 8: 12-14.
7. What kind of givers does the Lord love? 2 Cor. 9: 7; note 2.
8. With cheerfulness and love lacking, are even large gifts of great value in God's sight? 1 Cor. 13: 3. With these qualities of heart mingled with them, how valuable do even small offerings of the poor become? Mark 12: 42-44; note 3.
9. What relationship should exist between receiving blessings and dispensing them? Matt. 10: 8; Isa. 32: 8; Prov. 11: 24.
10. What is God able to do for those who through love render to him his own in tithes and offerings? 2 Cor. 9: 8, 11.

HOARDED TREASURE

11. What fate awaits the hoarded treasures of earth? Isa. 2: 20, 21; James 5: 2, 3; note 4.
12. Why is the hoarding of earthly treasure so offensive in the sight of God? Heb. 11: 6; Luke 9: 16, 17; note 5.
13. What are the terrible results to the possessor who selfishly holds his earthly treasures? Matt. 19: 16, 20-23; note 6.
14. What is covetousness? Col. 3: 5. While seen in the world, where should it not be found? Eph. 5: 3. What is denied every covetous person? Verse 5.
15. How extensively must the followers of Jesus witness for him? Acts 1: 8. What is involved in reaching the uttermost parts of the earth with the gospel? Rom. 10: 13-15; note 7.

Notes

1. Just before Moses went up into the mountain near Jordan to view the promised land and die before the Lord, he rehearsed in the ears of all the people the great things God had done for them in Egypt and since their deliverance. He looked forward to the time when they should be settled in their goodly land, "flowing with milk and honey," and pointed out their greatest danger. They would be very likely to forget the Lord their God and become lifted up, thinking that it was by their own thrift and industry they had acquired riches in increased flocks and herds and silver and gold. Human hearts are the same in all ages. The people of God, in our time just before entering the heavenly Canaan, are apt to fail in this same particular. Thus we should be admonished by this same lesson.

2. Selfishness ever stands with outstretched arms to receive and keep. Love receives only to impart. Cheerfulness in giving is therefore a sure test of pure, unselfish love. It is a test of character, and men and women are saved solely upon the worth of character. The poor widow with the two mites is a type of the cheerful givers whom God especially

loves, and who reap special blessings. To such, "giving is living, and living is giving." Cheerful giving is the spontaneous outburst of a converted heart that appreciates the value of Heaven's great Gift to us, and stands forth amid the covetousness and greed of the world as a living example of one truly converted to, and blessed of, God. To such "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

3. "Not all can make large offerings, not all can do great works, magnificent deeds; but all can practise self-denial, all can reveal the unselfishness of the Saviour. Some can bring large gifts to the Lord's treasury; others can bring only mites; but every gift brought in sincerity is accepted by the Lord." — *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, pages 54, 55.

4. It is the rust of the money that witnesses against its possessor. This betrays its nature — hoarded treasure. The money thrown to the moles and bats was one time trusted in to purchase every desirable thing. It has no such power in the day when the Lord Jesus is revealed in flaming fire from heaven. These treasures were potent with great blessing had they been used in feeding the poor, and in sending the gospel to the perishing millions of earth. But it is now too late. The halo and charm have forever departed from these treasures of silver and gold, once so precious in the eyes of those possessing them.

5. We have for our God the Creator of the heavens and the earth. In him we have all. He who could take five small loaves and two fishes, and by his own blessing upon them feed five thousand people and more, can he not provide for his children anywhere, at any time? Did the vast multitude of Israel lack for food, for water, for clothes, during their sojourn in the wilderness for forty long years? Can he not provide for us? To hoard up money and trust in this is a direct insult to God, who delights in continuously working to supply the needs of his children. Matt. 16: 5-10; Luke 12: 6, 7.

6. Here is an instance where a rich man was directly instructed to go and sell all that he had, and was at the same time invited to come and associate with Jesus in his work. There is no question as to this young man's duty on that day. Had he obeyed Jesus implicitly, Christ could have made of him a valued servant. Jesus loved him, but the young man loved his great possessions more than he did his Lord and the precious privilege of being personally connected with him in his ministry of saving souls. Jesus did not direct everybody to sell all they had, and come and follow him. He even told some to stay at home. But in this young man he saw qualities he could use in his work. The young man turned sorrowfully away. No wonder; for he turned away from the path of duty, away from his God, away from the light, and went, as did Judas, out where it was dark.

7. "My brethren and sisters, do not plead for retrenchment in evangelical work. So long as there are souls to save, our interest in the work of soul-saving is to know no abating. The church can not abridge her task without denying her Master. Not all can go as missionaries to foreign lands, but all can give of their means for the carrying forward of foreign missions." — *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, pages 55, 56.

Starting an Avalanche

A FIRST deceit may be a small thing — probably is; but so is the first bit of dirt that, losing its hold upon Alpine heights, drops slowly downward. But what power that small "first slide" gathers to itself as the avalanche goes whirling down and down, increasing in strength and in momentum till at the last thousands of tons of wrecked debris lie at the bottom of the ravine! It has been the case, time and again in the history of the world, that some little deceit — some little throwing down of truth toward the depths of falsehood — has in the end carried with it just as weighty ruin and wide-spread devastation. Be careful how you with thoughtlessness start the fearful slide, and loosen your stronghold upon truth and uprightness. — *Selected*.

Resources and Heroism

A CONFEDERATE prisoner in the North once said to his federal guard who had been a prisoner in the South: "Had we dreamed of the vast resources you Northerners have, we would not have fought you."

"And so," said the federal, "had we known the hardships, starvation, and losses you would heroically endure, and the courage you would display, we would not have undertaken to fight you." — *Selected*.

The Youth's Instructor

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"WHAT I ought to do I must do;
What I must do I can do."

The Morning Watch

BEGIN the day right. Begin it with God. Gaze into his face before you look into the faces of your own household. "The first hour of the morning," says Beecher, "is the rudder of the day." How important that God's hand should have full control of the rudder! We would avert most of our heartaches and worries if we were faithful in spending our waking moments with the Master. Remember that prevention is better than cure, and that some things that can be prevented can never be cured.

Do not offer the foolish excuse that you haven't time. Moses found time for morning prayer. He was alone with God in the mount, and he knew him face to face. Isaiah says that God awakened him morning by morning. Jeremiah declares that God's mercies were new to him every morning. David writes: "In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch;" and he also says, "it is a good thing . . . to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning." Of our Saviour's earthly experience we read: "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

What a wonderful thing the morning prayer is! Look where you will, and, I think, you will find that the heroes of the cross have always tried to begin each day with unhurried communion with God. Think of Wesley, Whitefield, David Brainerd, Henry Martyn, George Müller, Hudson Taylor, and others. Some one has said of Joseph Alleine, a wonderful preacher of the seventeenth century, that he devoted the time between four and eight every morning to prayer and Bible study, and that if he heard a blacksmith at work before he began his morning watch, he would exclaim, "How that noise shames me! Doth not my Master deserve more than theirs?"

Will you not observe the morning watch faithfully during 1912? You can not always give the desired time, but remember, "A moment in the morning, a moment if no more, it is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er." You must plan very definitely for this appointment. Satan will try in every way possible to crowd it out. He will try to make you feel too busy, try to fill your mind with selfish plans, and make you forget the morning appointment. He knows

that if prayer is neglected, you'll slip down, down where he can get a good grip on you. But God will help you to remember your appointments if you ask him to do so.

Thousands of young people around the world have joined the circle using the Morning Watch Calendar in the morning devotion. Will you not join the circle also? The calendar is only five cents. Get one from your tract society, and then keep it where it will each morning remind you of the pathway to spiritual power.

M. E.

Antagonism to Truth

THERE is a story of an African queen who was uncomely to look upon, but had always been told by her flattering subjects that she was the most beautiful of women. One day a traveling merchant showed her a mirror which he claimed would truthfully reflect her likeness. The queen looked into the mirror, and, being startled by the hideous reflection, asked her subjects if the vision was true. They immediately assured her it was false, and the queen, in hot anger, broke the mirror into fragments, and ordered the merchant beaten and banished from her dominion—a small punishment for one who would slander so beautiful a queen!

Truth is always unpleasant to those who are enamored with false ideals and evil customs, and who do not desire to correct their ignorance by comparison with the perfection of God. Like Jeremiah, the preacher and the missionary are often called upon to proclaim unpleasant truths, and men's characters are shown by their attitude toward the revelation. It is an unpleasant truth that heathen religions are dying and their faiths are founded on falsehood. It is an unwelcome fact to multitudes that non-Christian standards of morality are ruinous to true happiness and progress. Many church-members do not like to be told that their pride and extravagance are displeasing to God, and that insincerity and selfishness are sins. Even Christians often rebel at the suggestion that they are disloyal in failing to help forward missionary work, and are responsible for keeping their children out of Christian life and service.

Many a missionary has endangered his life by proclaiming unwelcome truth. Ramon Lull, the first missionary to the Moslems, so powerfully refuted his antagonists, and so clearly proved that they did not know or worship God aright, that the sultan of Tunis cast him into a dungeon. Later he paid for his fidelity with his life. Savonarola had a similar experience in denouncing the evils in Florence.

Taking down the danger-signals does not remove the danger. Men realize this in the physical realm, but many ignore it in moral and spiritual experience. Men decry as pessimism what is often only wholesome but unpleasant truth. All progress is made by first recognizing the evil and then by discovering and applying the remedy.—*Delavan Leonard Pierson, in Sunday School Times.*

Bible Mottoes

THE Emmanuel Children's Home, of Mountain View, Missouri, has added a self-supporting department, and will gladly send you a catalogue showing over one hundred eighty beautiful Scriptural Text Mottoes. Price, from five to twenty-five cents each. Proceeds go to aid homeless children. Send your address at once before the holidays.