

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

January 2, 1912

No. 1

A New Year

I want a new year. New things are not patched.
So would I start my year all finely whole,
No gaps of dull omissions meanly closed
With poorly fitting fragments of despatch;
No mendings of ignoble afterthought,
But all one piece of steady warp and woof,
A year entire as all my years should be.

I want a new year. New things are not worn,
Not thin in places, ragged here and there,
And loose bits hanging down; no year all frayed
With fears and worries, bare before its time;
But firm and confident, a brave new year.

I want a new year. Do not new things shine?
Do they not shimmer in the dancing light?
Are they not smooth and gracious to the touch?
Is it not joy to take them from the box,
And shake them out in tumbling, happy folds,
And hold them up for all men to admire?
So, with a burst of joy, my glad new year.

I want a new year. Ah, but new things cost!
Well, I will pay the price of this new year:
The price of patience, and the price of time;
The price of prayers ascending to the God
Who was before all years began to be,
And will be through the new years as the old;
The price of partings from the lower aims,
Of stanch adhesion to the rugged best;
The price of life!

I can not pay the price.
Pay thou for me, O Christ, my brother Christ!
Be thou my patience, and be thou my prayer;
Be thou my strength of hard, laborious will.
From out thine endless ages with my God
Bring newness to this little year of mine.
So shall it be thy year and not mine own,
Yet doubly mine, as I shall dwell with thee;
Yes, doubly mine as through it I shall pass
To thine eternity forever new.

— Amos R. Wells, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



NINE tenths with God are worth far more than ten tenths without God.—*J. W. Bashford.*

THE final wheat crop report for 1911 indicates a shortage, as compared with 1910, of nearly 40,000,000 bushels. No other country produces so much wheat as the United States, which harvests approximately one fifth of all the wheat grown in the world. It is interesting to know that the first wheat ever grown in the New World came from seed accidentally brought with rice from Spain to Mexico, and found and planted by a Negro slave belonging to Cortez. Some varieties of wheat grains are so small that it requires 24,000 to weigh a pound.

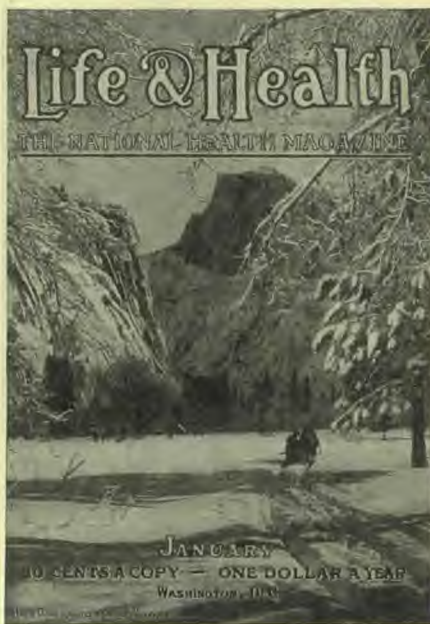
LAST year the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing printed ten billion postage-stamps. One postage-stamp measures approximately thirteen-sixteenths by thirty-one-thirty-seconds inch. These ten billion stamps, if placed end to end, would reach 9,687,500,000 inches, or 152,898 miles. If the average man tried to walk this distance, walking four miles an hour, ten hours a day, seven days a week, it would take him 546 weeks, or ten years and 26 days. Place these stamps side by side, and they would reach a distance of 8,125,000,000 inches, or 128,245 miles. Place them one upon another, and they would extend into the air a distance of 3,267,974 feet, or 5,888 times as high as the Washington Monument.

A WORD that has been said may sometimes be unsaid,—it is but air,—but when a deed is done, it can not be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the mischief that may follow.—*Longfellow.*

THE most faulty people find the most fault in others. The most faultless are always the most charitable. "Perfect love," not perfect profession, looks for the Jesus traits in others, admires them, and passes the rest by. The most faultless are the most devoted and the busiest in the Spirit, and hence, the most exposed to the public view. Brethren, remember the exhortation, "Love one another with a pure heart fervently."—*The Pentecost.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 2, 1912

NO. 1



Christian Endeavor World

The Arrival

THE little New Year slid in at the gate;
O, but he had to shiver and wait,
For some one was going; the hour was late,
And the minutes were speeding until the last;
And the glistening snow whirled by so fast
That we scarce could tell when the Old Year passed.

But we called good-by up the steeps of air
To the trackless way where the spirits fare,—
“Forgive us our lack of love and care.”
And naught we heard but the wind's low sigh,
And the clanging of bells through the midnight sky,
And a startled sparrow's wavering cry.

The little New Year slid in at the door,
Fairer than aught we had seen before;
And his dancing feet were light on the floor.
And we smiled through our tears, and forgot our moan,
For we could not leave him to feast alone,—
The little New Year who had come to his own.

—Emma A. Lente.

But if We Faint——?

“THOU therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.” Our lamented brother, Elder W. B. Hill, speaking on “Qualifications for Service,” said: “The Lord will not have many servants in the earth in the last days, but every one will be a trained soldier.” What could be more suggestive of strength and courage and loyalty and faithfulness, than a veteran brigade?

There is in a soldier's training no place for weakness or vacillation; neither is there provision made in the Christian warfare for “ups and downs.” An intermittent Christian is the most trying type of character ever dealt with. Outbreaking sins can be guarded against; habitual despondency can be reckoned with, and its effects counteracted with some degree of certainty; constitutional maladies of the soul may be regarded with pity, and may usually be overcome by proper treatment; but the treacherous undependability which leaves one in perpetual doubt—who can abide it?

In the structure of character, this trait is like the quicksand beneath foundation stones, and many strong hopes and gifted lives have gone down in ruin because of it. In the ordinary life of the home church, who that has responsibilities to bear or work to direct has not suffered from the prevalence of this “treacherous” malady?

A conscientious and hard-working leader of a large missionary society recently said to the writer: “I always have to go to the missionary meeting ‘padded’ with material to supply the places of those who fail to appear.” The church elder too often plods through storm and cold to confront rows of empty seats in the sanctuary. In every place it is the few who can *always be depended upon*. Thank God for even a few! for the churches are the recruiting-ground for the picket-line in front, and the brave companies in the “regions beyond.” And only to the “faithful in little” come the opportunities to be “faithful in much.” To those who *fill* the sphere of present duty, God's doors open outward to wider experiences; and “these doors can never be shut; for no power on earth is sufficient to keep a faithful man from doing larger duties every day.”

But “he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.” What a picture of instability and inconsistency! The sins of the “stubborn and rebellious generation” were summed up in this: Their “spirit was not steadfast with God.” By the law of influence, “none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” The faint-hearted spies communicated the “grasshopper spirit” to the whole camp of Israel; and they wandered in the wilderness for forty years.

Hezekiah failed in the crisis of his life, and a nation went into captivity; but Esther stepped “into the breach” with the immortal words, “If I perish, I perish,” and “the Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honor.”

The grand missionary to the Gentiles, who could boast above all others of lineage and of learning, of “labors more abundant,” of “stripes above measure,” of “prisons more frequent,” of “deaths oft;” who took “pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions,” had yet one crowning grace—the *gift of continuance*. And his own mighty life-principle moved his faithful fingers when he penned the words, “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.”

The giving of the gospel to the world in this generation can be accomplished only through those who will not “fall from their own steadfastness.” The exigencies of the work appeal to the heroic in us. “It can not be denied that the work is enormous. But its difficulties are its glory. ‘I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost,’ said Paul. ‘For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, *and* there are many adversaries.’ We should have said ‘but.’ But no such thought polluted Paul's spirit; ‘*and* adversaries;’ they constituted his opportunity, they did not qualify it. They made Ephesus a field of work which he could not resist.” Are our hearts toward “Ephesus” to-day? Are we filled with holy, humble longing for the “great

door . . . and adversaries"? or are we looking for an "easy place"?

In the army of the remnant, not one untried soul will be found. Every soldier must have tested the weapons of his warfare upon the citadel of sin in his own soul, and must have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of his testimony. Every one must have been weighed in the balances, and been "found faithful."

Dr. Meyer truly says: "The conflict throughout the universe between good and evil is one. The saints on earth are brothers in arms with Michael and his angels. Each soul, however lonely and obscure, plays an important part in the issue of the fight, just as sometimes an entire position may be gained or lost by the fidelity or otherwise of a single sentry at his post.

"Do not undervalue yourself. Do not underestimate the effect of your success or your failures. The position of every grain of sand affects to some extent the position of every other sand grain throughout the world. The weight of every asteroid reacts on the balance of the spheres. The addition of every drop of moisture is felt on every tide on every beach around the world. We can not be neutrals in the great fight. If we are not for Christ, we are against him; if we do not gather with him, we scatter abroad. It will make a real difference in bringing in the kingdom of God, whether we have fought a good fight and finished our course."

The words spoken to Joshua are spoken to us today: "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

God counts upon our fidelity. And though our hair may whiten and our eyes grow dim, may our hearts never falter, nor our hands drop the blood-stained banner. On, just yonder, lies the reward; for the promise still remains,—the missionary's promise,— "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." But if we faint,—?

"Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For *him* no leadership to win,
No pillar fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin;
No smiting of the sea, no tears
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep,
No Nebo, with a God to keep
His burial! Only forty years
Of desert-watching with his sheep!"

MATILDA ERICKSON.

"He Ever Liveth"

IN Bremen, so it is said, there lived a watchmaker whose fame was universal, for his watches were the most perfect in the world. Attempts to discover the secret of his success were futile. At last sickness came to him, which resulted in his death, and little by little his watches stopped. He put all there was of himself into his work; and when he no longer existed, his work perished.

Not so with Jesus Christ. "He ever liveth," and one of the evidences of this cheering truth is that into thousands of lives he has placed his own personality. Because he lives, the believer in him lives—Christ manifest in the flesh, the life. No marble shaft is needed to honor the Lord of glory; he has a more enduring monument in the lives transformed by his own indwelling. Imitation of Christ?—No; some-

thing infinitely greater than this. It is repetition of Christ, for in every surrendered life he has promised to repeat his own life of purity, of righteousness. To accomplish this, the resources of the infinite are at his command. Jesus Christ is so desirous of manifesting himself to men and of revealing his eternal existence in them, that he literally thirsts to be recognized by those out of contact with him. Here is the difference between Christianity and every false religion: Christ is ever alive to impart his personality to his followers; the founders of every other system are dead, which accounts for the lack of the divine character in those who are blindly following them—not to the throne of eternal glory, as is the Christian, but to the pit of corruption. Are you revealing in your life the personality of the living and reigning Christ?

JOHN N. QUINN.

Power in Prayer

KIND Father in the heavens high
Who knowest all our care,
Deliver us in time of trial,
With us our burdens share.

We all are frail and helpless here,
Beset by Satan sore,
Who would destroy and curse us all;
So thee we would implore.

Thou art the mighty, mighty one
Who hears the sinner's plea;
Thou reachest down to lift us all
And set the sinner free.

We thank thee, Lord, for everything;
For life and health and peace,
For every favor great and small
Till life itself shall cease.

And then when earthly days are o'er,
We trust to worthy be,
To have a home with Christ our King
Throughout eternity.

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED.

London Traffic

CONSIDERING the crowded condition of the main thoroughfares and the rapidity with which the vehicles travel when they have opportunity, it is remarkable how few accidents occur, notwithstanding the fact that among the foot-passengers there are always strangers unacquainted with the ways of a great city.

The cab-driver and the bus-driver, whether by motor or horse, are particularly skilful, and to avoid accidents in these congested streets requires skill. In the first place, the "rule of the road" is scrupulously observed, carriages going to the *left* in meeting another vehicle, and to the *right* in passing another vehicle going the same way. The result is, each vehicle keeps as near the left sidewalk as possible and only turns out to pass some standing or slower-moving vehicle. The foot-passenger crossing a street need only look toward the right the first half of the crossing and toward the left the last half.

Another safety-device is the presence of small "islands," at the center of busy street crossings. These, raised the same height as the sidewalk, are places of refuge for the foot-passenger.

At the busiest corners there are policemen whose duty seems to be almost entirely to control the traffic. The smaller streets are not used for traffic, and there is little trouble at any crossings except those of the main thoroughfares. At such places it is necessary to hold up, say, the north and south traffic while the

east- and west-bound vehicles pass, and then the stream changes to north and south, this alternation continuing during the entire period of the traffic. The policeman standing on one of the "islands" or in the center of the foot-passenger crossing, raises his arm, and the carriages back of him stop until fifty or a hundred may be standing in line. There is no impatience and no fuming. Every one here expects such delays. At the time of the great railway strike, when the trains, subways, etc., were stopped for hours or even days, it was said that the only intended passengers who became excited and manifested impatience were Americans. Possibly this was only a newspaper story, told at the expense of Americans; but it shows that the English recognize nervousness as one of our national traits; and we may be pretty sure that if there were any considerable number of Americans disappointed in finding no trains running, some of them at least were calling loudly for the blood of the strikers.

So, when a policeman holds up a stream of carriages and buses, drivers and passengers take it as a matter of course, unless, perhaps, there is a tourist from over the waters who is expecting to "do" London in five hours, or who is planning to reach a certain train.

The over-the-water tourist will likely not fail to show his impatience, though it does not hurry matters a particle, and the natives smile.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

The London foot-passenger does not step aside on meeting another passenger. At least that is the impression one gets in traveling the streets. He goes straight on his course, depending on his *avoirdufois*, rather than his agility, in getting through a jam. Usually he is not in a hurry; but he has no time to go around. Whether he lacks confidence in his ability to dodge other travelers, or whether his overconsciousness ignores all other travelers, does not appear; but a person desiring to make time on a crowded street must plan to dodge everything he meets just as he would dodge through the trees in a forest.

A. GREENE HORNE.

The Privilege of Being Coworkers With God

To be selected as an ambassador from one great nation to another is considered a compliment of the highest character. With such an appointment there is connected all necessary prestige, power, and authority. For instance, it is a great privilege to be called to the position of ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, or vice versa, because these nations lead the world in civilization and progress. But for the most part, such honors are bestowed upon men who are especially fitted for them. An ambassador must have wealth, culture, practical knowledge of the history and resources of his own country, and some acquaintance at least with international affairs. He must know when to speak, what to speak about, and how to say it. He must have rare tactfulness, because he is to associate with other ambassadors.

There is, however, an ambassadorship open to all which is far transcending in importance, power, privilege, and distinction anything yet conceived by human ingenuity. The apostle Paul names the position which it is the privilege of every Christian to occupy, in this language: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." "For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building."

The Christian is granted the great privilege of being a coworker with the Lord in saving the lost. This

thought is beautifully expressed in "Ministry of Healing," page 105:—

"He who becomes a child of God should henceforth look upon himself as a link in the chain let down to save the world, one with Christ in his plan of mercy, going forth with him to seek and save the lost."

A greater distinction than is here accorded to the believer is beyond our conception.

In reviewing the calls to the Lord's servants, we are made acquainted with the way in which they were used, and the privileges freely granted to them.

To Abraham God said, "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

To Jeremiah was said, "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." It was said of Paul, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

John was on the isle of Patmos "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

Called to ambassadorship were the Reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Reformation was a gigantic undertaking to uncover and reveal God's Word from the hiding-place into which Rome had thrust it for centuries. But the full fruitage of the Reformation has been left to be accomplished in the last days. We learn from "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VI, page 402, that "the banner of truth and religious liberty which these Reformers held aloft, has in this last conflict been committed to us." This fact should inspire us to work worthy of the vocation unto which we have been called.

Ambassadorship includes the privilege of being a blessing to others. On one occasion at the close of a general meeting, Mrs. E. G. White said:—

"We have enjoyed a Pentecostal season; we have been warmed by the love of Jesus, invigorated by the clear, firm truths of the Word of God, and refreshed by the dews of divine grace, all for a purpose, that we may shed forth to the world a sweet fragrance from Eden. We have gathered rays of divine light that they may be reflected to others in good works."

In connection with the thought that the Lord's people are "the salt of the earth," "a dew from the Lord, . . . the showers upon the grass," we are told:—

"Many feel that it would be a great privilege to visit the scenes of Christ's life on earth, to walk where he trod, to look upon the lake beside which he loved to teach, and the hills and valleys on which his eyes so often rested. But we need not go to Nazareth, to Capernaum, or to Bethany, in order to walk in the steps of Jesus. We shall find his footprints beside the sick-bed, in the hovels of poverty, in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation."

Lastly, God's people are privileged to occupy such a position in this world of sin that it may be said of them, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

How great the privilege of being coworkers together with God! May the Holy Spirit keep us humble in the responsibility accompanying the privilege, by learning of Him who is meek and lowly of heart.

S. B. HORTON.

A Leaf Out of Life



BUSINESS man in Washington recently enjoyed a visit from an old college friend, who passed a good many hours in the office reading and writing letters. The visitor's wants were courteously attended to by a bright young clerk, whose obliging manners and evident affection for his employer attracted the guest's notice. After a few days the visitor asked his friend about the young man.

"I've been waiting for you to notice Jack," was the answer to the inquiry. "He's my 'man Friday,' and there never was a better one. I want you to know how I was lucky enough to find him.

"Two years ago I was over in West Virginia, fishing. I induced an old man and his wife, who live near the trout-stream, to take me in for a week. At first they hesitated; but when I happened to say something about coming all the way from Washington for a few days of quiet and rest, they gave me hearty welcome.

"'You see,' said the old man, 'our son's in Washington, and it makes him seem kind o' nearer home to have somebody from the same place here with us.'

"'Is he in the government service?' I asked, with perfunctory interest.

"'Well, we don't rightly know just what he is working at. He doesn't write quite so often as we'd like, but I s'pose he's pretty busy.'

"Here the wife broke in. 'But we know he's doing well, and more'n likely he's working for the government, because he knows the President real well.'

"'He does?' I asked, genuinely interested.

"'Yes, just look at that,' answered my hostess, going to the shelf above the rude fireplace, and taking down a photo post-card which showed a frank-faced youth in the act of shaking hands with the smiling chief executive.

"'O!' I said, as I recognized one of those fake photographs which any one can have taken on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"'Our Jack was always a great hand to get acquainted easy, but mother and me was some surprised when we got this picture of Jack and the President. I suppose the President likes to know some of the rising young fellows round in the government, don't he?'

"'Very likely,' I answered weakly, thinking that perhaps I ought to enlighten the dear old innocents. But I couldn't, and during all my stay there the kindly old couple talked to me about their boy. Their only trouble seemed to be that he didn't write as often as he ought. They hadn't heard from him since he had sent the post-card, two months before.

"When I left they begged me to look him up, but as they hadn't his address it was a pretty hopeless task. After I had consulted the government register and found he was not on the pay-roll, I gave it up.

"Well, one night about six weeks later, as I was coming through Franklin Square, I saw a young fellow lying on a park bench. I thought at first that he was drunk, but I soon saw that he was sick, and I spoke to him.

"'Hungry,' he murmured, in answer to my question. Well, afterward, when he had had something to eat and a little color had come back into his face, it began to come to me that I had seen him before. There was something familiar in his face.

"Little by little I got his story. He had come to Washington hoping to get a government berth, had failed in the examination, and had lived, or rather starved on such odd jobs as he could get.

"'Why didn't you write home for help?' I asked.

"'O, the old people have hardly enough for themselves, and besides they're terribly proud to think I'm down here with the President.' He laughed feebly.

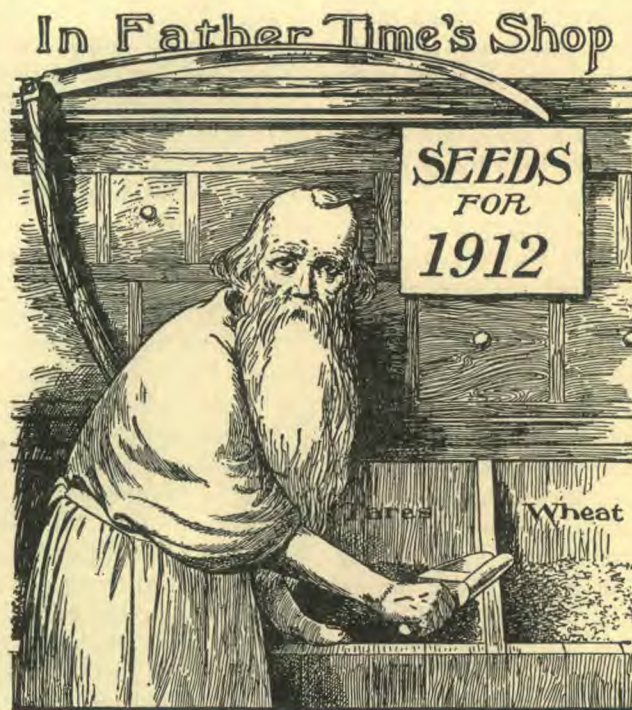
"'Jack Stabler!' I exclaimed.

"'That's my name,' he answered. 'How did you know?'

"I told him my part of the story, and the next day he went to work in my office. I don't know how I should get along without him now."

"That's just like you," said the visitor, heartily, grasping his friend's hand. "No wonder the boy loves you."

"The joke of it is," said his friend, "that Jack went to the White House with me a little while ago and made that photo post-card true by shaking hands with the President."—*Youth's Companion*.



FATHER TIME: "Wheat or tares, this year?"

L. J. Bridgman, in *Christian Endeavor World*

Reasons for Observing the Morning Watch

"At the very beginning of the day the soul is in its most receptive state. The mind has been refreshed by the rest of the night, and is also much less occupied than it will be at any subsequent hour of the day. Moreover, the outer conditions in the early morning are most favorable. The first hour is preeminently the still hour. The noises of yesterday have receded, and the din of the world of to-day has not yet broken in upon us. It is easier to say, 'My soul, be thou silent unto God.' It is easier to heed the command, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

"By having secret prayer and Bible study for spiritual growth the very first thing, we make certain of them. By assigning these important exercises to a

later hour in the day, we multiply the chances of their being abridged, interrupted, or crowded out entirely.

"The morning watch prepares us for the day's conflict with the forces of evil within us and around us. We do not wait until the enemy is upon us before we gird on the armor and grasp the sword. We fortify ourselves before any avenue is opened through which Satan might assail us; for example, before reading the morning paper, before entering into conversation with others, before turning our own thought currents upon the plans and work of the day. It is always wise to gain a march upon the enemy.

"The keeping of the morning watch is the secret of largest and most enduring achievement in life and in service.

"Without doubt our failure to prevail with man and against evil in the world during the day, is too often due to our more fundamental failure to prevail with God at the beginning of the day.

"Notwithstanding the great importance of the morning watch, there are Christians who say that they do not have time to devote a full half hour or more of every day to such a spiritual exercise. It is a striking fact that the busiest Christians, both among laymen and among those who are devoting their lives to direct Christian work, constitute the class who plead this excuse the least, and who most generally observe the morning watch.

"It may be questioned seriously whether there is any Christian who will not, after honestly and persistently following this plan for a month or two, become convinced that it is the best possible use of the time, and that it does not interfere with his regular work. He will find that the morning watch promotes the wisest economy of his time. It makes him more conscientious in the use of time. He learns to redeem it. It helps him to see things in true perspective. He enters the day well poised, under the control of the Spirit, not distracted; and thus he works without friction, strain, uncertainty, and waste."

How to Observe the Morning Watch

"To promote the most profitable observance of the morning watch, certain points should be borne in mind and incorporated into practise. First of all, form an inflexible resolution to keep the morning watch; then have some general plan to follow in this devotional hour.

"Make sure at the very outset of the devotional hour each morning that you are right with God. If there be any unconfessed sin, wrong motive, or spirit contrary to Christ, it must be made right before we can receive what God has in store for us for the day. Sin is a terrible thing. It completely insulates us from God. It is vain, then, to expect real spiritual help from Bible study and prayer unless we are willing to give up any known sin.

"Remember that the hour of the morning watch is the still hour. After praying, and during Bible study it is well to pause and listen to what the Lord will say. Too often we fill up the devotional hour with our own thoughts and prayers, and leave no still place for listening. Our actual attitude and practise might often be characterized better by the words, 'Hear, Lord; for thy servant speaketh,' than by the words, 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.'

"It is difficult to obey the command, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' After we shut out the voices of the world's turmoil, after we banish the suggestions of the tempter, after we cease to listen to the thoughts

about the morrow, after we silence the sound of our own cares, questions, and prayers,—then we hear that still, small voice which his true followers always know."

These reasons and suggestions from John R. Mott should help every young person to decide in favor of the morning watch.

Gifts for the King

THE wise may bring their learning
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth nor learning;
What shall we children bring?
We'll bring him hearts that love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

—Selected.

"A Happy New-Year!"

BUT what avails *my* wish? It is only God's loving care and mercy, guiding in the path of obedience, that can give you a happy New-year.

"To be good is to be happy," is a truth of the ages. To make others happy is Heaven's appointed way to insure our own happiness. And behold, a suffering world is spread out before us, calling for our help. Thus life's work is assigned us, and Heaven's blessing is assured to the faithful,—peace on earth, eternal joys beyond.

But we must not expect life to be all sunshine. Clouds may always linger—

Near the border of thy way,
And the shadows sometimes darken
The sunset of the brightest day.
The voice of love spoke forth the light;
Likewise in love he gave the night.
Then shrink not as thy days unfold
A life not all of peace and joy.
Behold, a needy, suffering world
Would all thy days and powers employ.
Then on to duty's noblest calling;
Relieve the poor, the sick, the sorrowing;
Bring heavenly hope to hearts despairing,
For heaven's reward thy soul preparing.

S. M. SPICER.

Take Time

TAKE time to read from God's word each day.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil and to use you for his glory.

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over most any child.

Take time to think about something besides pleasure, dress, and fashion. To adorn the body at the expense of dwarfing the soul is a fearful mistake.

Take time to choose your associates with care. There are other and higher things than outward appearance and pleasing address to be considered in the selection of an intimate friend.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity.—Selected.

"Postcarditis"

Do you have it? When you find a pleasing, interesting post-card, do you send it with a cheery message to a distant friend? Do you enjoy receiving such a card? Then you have postcarditis—you yourself know how seriously you are affected.

Many have branded the habit of sending post-cards as an evil one, and in some cases it may be. Evidently it is a waste of time and money to send worthless, silly cards. It is sad that there are so many which are not only silly and useless, but vile and low. But the self-respecting person need not buy such nor send them to others. The stores are well stocked with beautiful, sensible cards,—works of art, some of them.

But do not forget the message. Write something. Do not fill the space with foolishness or an unmeaning scrawl—write something. Tell a bit of news. Quote a helpful verse. Find space for an encouraging text. Make the written part as much appreciated as the picture. Then about the picture. O, don't send foolish ones, please don't! Do you live in a country famous for its scenery? Look for characteristic views. Are you writing to a friend who has removed from your locality? Send a view of some familiar scene. How I treasure the view of the depot and the flour-mill and the old school of the town of my boyhood! How glad I was to receive them from a friend still there!

Floral cards are often pretty, but not generally so pleasing as scenery and historical views. The latter are educational and may be of real value; the former are not, unless works of art. But whatever the card, remember the message: *write something*.

MAX HILL.

Bookkeeping of Virtue and Vice

CHINA is not without its popular books of ethics; indeed, the religion of Confucius and Loo-tse is mainly ethics. But there are popular Chinese books that tell us the relative values of virtues and vices, so that a man can reckon up exactly at night his merits and demerits of the day. We give a few items as gathered by Rev. J. W. Crofoot, and printed in the *Chinese Recorder*. To rebel against parents or to think them partial toward brothers is chargeable with 1,000 demerits, and infanticide has as many. To hate a brother because of property has 500 demerits, and so has arson. To utter counterfeit money gives 200 discredits; to open a gambling-place, 100; to complain of the weather, 50; to sacrifice to parents without honoring them, 50, but to the gods only 20; to talk too much or to complain of poverty, each 10; to throw away written paper, 5; to borrow and not to return, 5; to hate Buddhist or Tanist priests, 5; to turn leaves of a book with dirty hand, 3; to worry about the future, or to read classics in bed, or to revile a beggar, or to feel disgust because food is bad, each 1. We commend to our Occidental readers this method of cultivating virtue. Each one can make out for himself a scale of merits and demerits for his virtues and vices. It might be a wholesome amusement for a company of young people or old. One book tells of a man who laid up 3,000 merits and then 3,000 more. To add 10,000 more to these was difficult, but he did it by remitting the taxes of the people in his district. How he made account to his superiors we are not told. There are prizes in such a contest for merits: a certain number will make a man an earthly fairy, and five times as many a heavenly fairy.—*The Independent*.



Grass for Panama Canal



BY the time the Panama Canal is opened the ships may sail through terraced green lawns instead of bare, yellow earth slopes now in evidence. The reason is not simply a desire for beauty. It is believed by the government officials that seeding the sloping sides of the canal with a strong grass may prevent the slides now so frequent, and be instrumental in reducing the wearing-down effects of the tropical rains. H. Pittier, an expert botanist from the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has charge of the planting operations, and the Agricultural Department has sent to Panama several thousand pounds of grass seed.—*Selected*.

Radium

THIS element, the most powerful among the so-called radioactive substances, has been used tentatively in the treatment of disease for a number of years, but it is only within a comparatively recent time that it has attracted attention as a remedy of real value.

One reason why so little has been done with it is that it is extremely rare and expensive. A ton of pitchblende, the substance from which radium is derived, contains only four or five grains of radium. The search for the needle in the hay-stack is easy in comparison with the task of extracting radium, and a sufficient amount for any use in medicine costs many hundreds of dollars. Recently, in the larger cities of the world, so-called "radium institutes" have been established. These are institutions with money enough to buy radium in large quantity, that is, perhaps as much as twenty or thirty grains, with which to treat all who apply, and even to lend a few grains to physicians who may desire it for the treatment of their personal patients.

The action of radium is very similar to that of the X-ray, although it differs in some respects. Hitherto its chief use has been in the treatment of cancer, and by it some actual cures have been obtained. It is also used before and after operations for the removal of malignant tumors, to prevent their recurrence. Many skin diseases, such as eczema and lupus, have been successfully treated by exposure to radium.

The substance is used only in glass tubes or mixed with a varnish painted on metal applicators of various shapes. Water containing radioactive substances has been employed by giving it to a patient to drink, and has been applied in baths and hypodermic injections. In such cases the good effects are produced not by the radium itself, but by a gas given off from it—the so-called radium emanation. Water so impregnated is used to reduce high blood pressure, which is thought to be one of the causes of the hardening of the walls of the arteries, and in the treatment of rheumatism and of that disordered condition of the system commonly termed the uric-acid diathesis.

There are other conditions in which radium has been employed with apparent benefit, but the use of the remedy is still in an experimental stage.—*Youth's Companion*.



Grandmother's Story

MRS. J. B. HILL



OME, come, Nellie! you don't object to learning how to churn and wash butter!" said a sweet-faced, silvery-haired old lady as she saw her pretty granddaughter curl her lip when the servant asked if Miss Graham would help with the churning.

Nellie Graham was a city girl, and had not been in the country since she was a child. For some years she had been so busy with music-teachers, French masters, etc., that she had no time to visit her grandmother. Although Nellie knew little about housework, and was somewhat afraid of soiling her white hands, she was, nevertheless, a sensible, kind-hearted girl; and when her mother proposed that, now her education was finished, she should visit her grandmother and learn something of housekeeping, Nellie was not only willing but very glad to go.

Nellie dearly loved her gentle old grandmother; and country sights and sounds were charming to one who had been cooped up all her life in a crowded, dusty city. Nellie, so far, had been delighted with her visit. Every morning she rose early, and went out with the servant to milk the cows. She was a little afraid of old Brindle, and dared not use much liberty with Brownie; but in spite of her fears she was learning to milk. At the same time she enjoyed the unwonted sight of more than one beautiful sunrise; and the flowers were so fresh, so fragrant, ere the hot July sun withered them! O yes! Nellie did love the country; but this day she felt out of sorts — perhaps it was the heat. Anyway she felt disinclined for work. Although it was still morning, she sighed as she thought of her piano and new music; and when the servant called her to assist with the churning, she felt disposed to rebel.

Her answer, "What is the use of my learning to make butter? I won't need to do that, grandmother," brought no signs of yielding to the old lady's face. She only added to the opening sentence in this sketch:—

"Well, Nellie, if you assist Jessie with the butter, I will tell you a story that will convince you that I am right in wishing you to learn all that a good housekeeper should know."

Nellie went without further word, and when finished, washed her hands, folded away her large linen apron, and, drawing a stool to her grandmother's feet, sat down. The old lady smoothed the shining brown hair from her granddaughter's upturned brow, then, pushing up her spectacles,—always a sign of excitement with grandmother,—began.

"Then you have never heard of the history of my early trials, Nellie; but you could not, child, for I never told this before. If only it be a lesson to you, dearie, I will be repaid for any sad feeling the retrospect may cause.

"I was born and bred in a large town just as you have been; but unlike you, I had neither brothers nor sisters. Father and mother died when I was a very little girl, leaving me to the care of a widowed aunt. Poor aunt! but a few years a happy wife, when God took her husband. Shortly after, her child, a beautiful boy of two years, died. You may know how gladly I was welcomed to her sad, lonely home, and how much I was indulged. Petted and wilful I certainly was, but as aunt rarely told me nay, we lived very happily. Aunt was truly a godly woman, and from her I learned many a lesson of goodness. Kindness to the poor, self-sacrifice, that I might have more to give to charitable schemes,—all this I learned from her example.

"Aunt was not a rich woman, but the pension derived from her husband's office was ample enough to supply us with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Like you, I did not need to do housework. My aunt wished me to learn housekeeping, but I disliked it so much, and made such a fuss when



asked to soil my hands with cookery, that my indulgent aunt soon refrained from asking me to do anything but what I pleased. Time went on, and I met your grandfather. It was a case of pure love, Nellie, for William was young, and had little of this world's wealth. I had more than one good offer, but your grandfather's smile was more to me than the riches of all my other suitors. Aunt did not approve of our marriage. I was too young and inexperienced for a poor man's wife; but if I would marry him, we should wait until Mr. Elmslie could keep me in the position I had been accustomed to. Willie and I were young and inexperienced, truly. We thought William's salary quite sufficient for every comfort. William was sure I would make a thrifty wife, and I was sure I could do anything that love bade me do.

"We married, and for a short time were very happy. I had a very young servant; but then aunt's old domestic came over every day and helped with the dinner, so I had no responsibility. A few months after our marriage, aunt died. I could not afford to keep aunt's servant; besides she had to go home to nurse her mother, who was old and infirm. I can scarcely tell you how William gradually found out what a useless wife he had. The dinner was spoiled every day. If

we had a roast, it was either underdone or overdone; the toast burned; potatoes either boiled to a jelly, or were like a stone at the heart. My husband rarely had a good meal. Sometimes he would rise from the table having eaten scarcely anything; or he would say, 'Really, Nellie, I can not eat meat cooked like that. Mother always had everything so nice.'

"I told you before that I was petted; so, of course, I did not take even such gentle rebukes quietly. Sometimes I would pout, sometimes cry, and by degrees thought your grandfather one of the hardest of men to deal with. Instead of that, I saw afterward how very patient he was — always giving in to me, and hoping I would improve in time. But no, indulged as I had been, I could not make up my mind to try what I disliked so much to do, and soon the faultfinding came oftener,— at least I thought so,— and I brooded over my trials till I thought myself one of the most miserable women alive, wishing I had never seen your grandfather; for I was sure he did not love me, or he would be better pleased with my housekeeping.

"You see, Nellie, I knew little of the Bible precepts to be not easily provoked; to forgive and bear with one another. I knew the letter of them; but the spirit was a sealed book to me.

"Well do I remember this sad day I am about to tell you of. Your grandfather had invited an old friend to dinner, and I was told to have a good one, although I should order it all at the cook-shop. Determined to try for once, I set about making a good dinner; but I knew nothing of cooking, and my girl as little. However, the turkey looked very well, and I was hoping my husband would be pleased.

"I may say, Nellie, the whole dinner was a failure. The turkey was pretty well roasted, but the stuffing was tasteless — I had forgotten the seasonings; the plum pudding wasn't over half-boiled, and I suppose the vegetables were little better. Well, I had tried my best, and this was the result! A frown upon my husband's brow, such as I had never seen, and before a stranger, too, was more than I could bear; but I was proud, and kept up until William and he went out; then I shut myself up in my bedroom, and wept — O, such bitter tears! An hour afterward William came in, and sat down by the fire, looking pleasant enough, although he never spoke, doubtless expecting me to

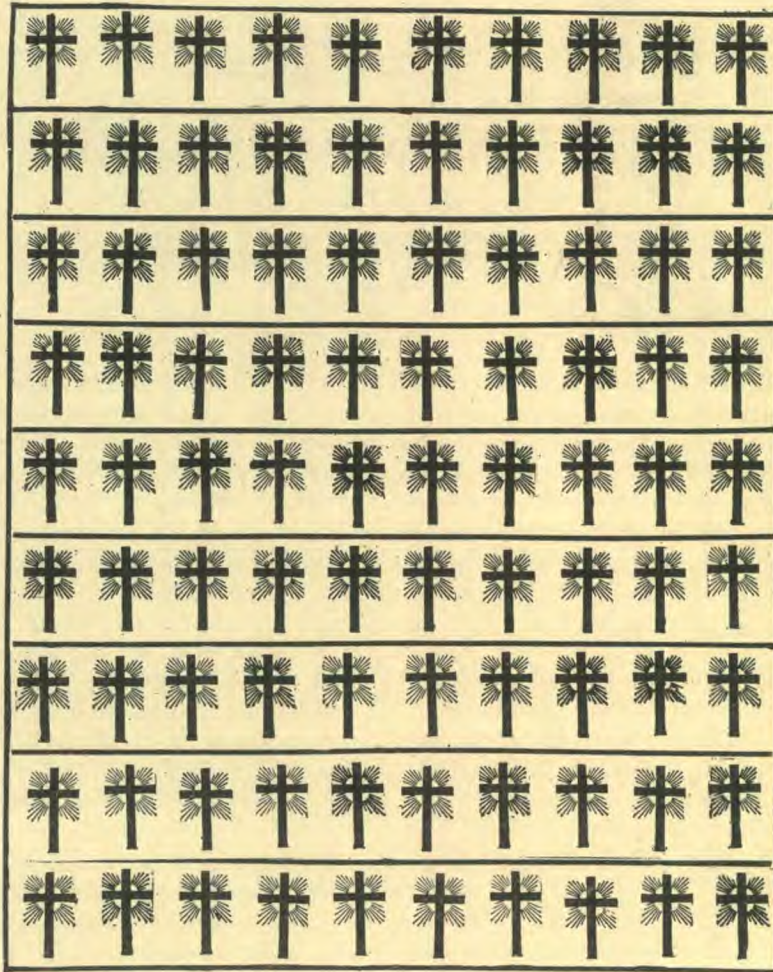
apologize for the poor dinner. Feeling aggrieved, I determined I would not own my failure; so I kept my face buried in the sofa cushion, thinking hard thoughts of my husband, and planning what was to be to both the heaviest trial we had known. Yes, Nellie, thinking I was ill-used, and had lost my husband's love, I planned to leave him on the morrow; and when he was asleep, I wrote a note telling him I was going where he need not look for me, and that I would prove to him yet that I was not altogether the useless woman he thought me; I concluded with saying that as he no longer loved me, it was better that we should part.

"I slept none all night; but next morning I was as determined as ever, and I was too proud to speak, although my heart felt like breaking. Well, I nearly confessed all; for, just as your grandfather was going out of the door, he turned, and, catching sight of my tear-stained face, put both his hands on it, saying, with a sad look, 'My poor, proud, little wife!' but he did not kiss me, so, repressing the longing to throw myself into his arms, I let him go without a word. Then I set about packing, taking only a few of my plainest things. When this was completed, I took a sad, farewell look at the dear old rooms.

"When I reached the station, I did not know where I should go; but a train just about to start northward, reminded me of my aunt's former servant, who lived north in a village some two hundred miles away. I pass over old Sarah's surprise, her sympathy with, and her kindness to, me. I was lonely that first night

from home, memory was busy, and the still, small voice of conscience whispered that I had done wrong. I remembered when too late how patient and forbearing my husband had been; I remembered, too, that I had never really set myself to please him. Now, I thought, I have estranged my husband's love forever; for William was proud, and he would be very sensitive to the remarks made about his wife's leaving him.

"Sarah tried to comfort me, telling me that doubtless the Lord had a good purpose in this trial; that, perhaps, through it I should be brought to know him, and the future might have more happiness for me than the past.



Missionary Herald

NOT AN IDOL LEFT

This and the accompanying cut show that \$475 have been given to missions as the result of the Ingathering services. Besides what has been previously reported the following schools are responsible for the amount: Hull, England, \$5; Pueblo, Colo., \$11.76; Mountain View, Cal., \$21; New London, Conn., \$10; Minneapolis, Minn., \$20; Brainerd, Minn., \$15; St. Paul, Minn., \$10; Owatonna and Sherburn, Minn., \$5; St. Cloud,

"Alas! the sin against my Heavenly Father had hitherto seemed a secondary thing; now in the quiet, lonely days I passed I thought much of my sinful conduct. Yes, I felt myself exceedingly sinful, and could find no peace. Added to this, the misery my husband would be enduring at my desertion haunted me ever. If I went for a walk when the sun was gilding the hilltops with a crown of gold, the brightness seemed to mock me, my spirit was so dark; if I went in the twilight, when the hush of evening was over the village, the peace and quiet which reigned around reminded me that I had not only mocked my own peace, but that of another much nobler than myself.

"The Sabbath came, and although I had wept and prayed for forgiveness, I was still as unhappy as ever. Sarah persuaded me to go to church. I shall never forget that village church; it was a sacred, holy place to me, for it was there I found the 'pearl of great price.' I know not whether there were many or few people there, for until I heard the footsteps of the minister on the pulpit stair I never raised my head; when I did, it was to see a reverently bowed head in prayer. A noble, kindly face had the minister; and I remember the softened light of the sun through the frosted window threw a sort of halo round the silvered head, reminding me of the pictures I had seen in childhood of the patriarch Abraham. That beautiful hymn 'Just as I Am' was given out; I knew the hymn long before, but never had it seemed so suited to my need. My softened heart could do nothing but weep. An earnest prayer followed; then the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel was read, and the twenty-seventh verse chosen for the text. I need not tell you how he spoke first to those who had not yet found it. I only know that I realized that this peace was offered to me; hungering and thirsting as I was for peace, my soul received the blessed truth with gladness, and a sweet peace filled my heart—even that peace which the world can not give, and thanks to God, can never take away. When the last hymn was sung, the choir and organ seemed to sing triumphantly, Peace, peace; yea, I even thought I heard a sweeter, softer music than that of earth, even the angelic host taking up the echo, and add-

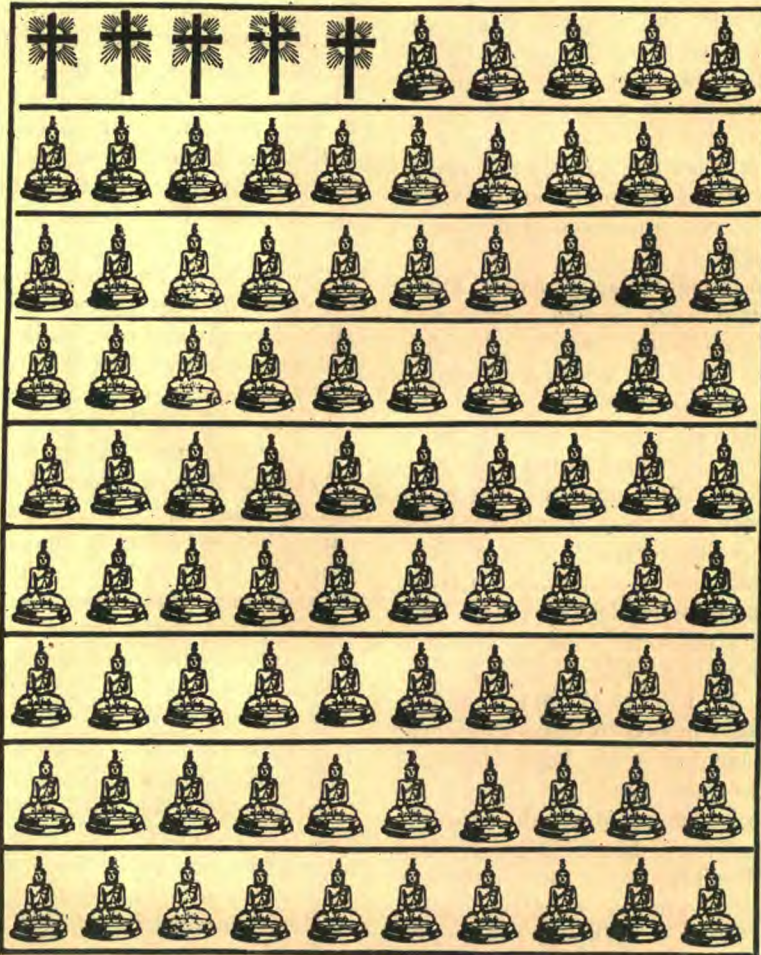
ing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"Soon after this I told the minister my history, and added that I could not think of going home until I would make a better wife, but if he thought it right, I would write to my husband and beg his forgiveness. The minister urged me to write, but said if I did not wish my husband to find me, he would get a friend in the same town to post the letter there. The letter was therefore sent under cover to this friend, and my husband could get no clue to my hiding-place. This kind minister sought scholars for me, and I soon had a large school which I taught for twelve months. Morning, noon, and night were spent mostly in assisting Sarah in her household duties. As she was a thoroughly clever woman, I soon became quite a good housekeeper; so good at some kinds of cookery that she declared her bread and biscuits nowhere beside mine. Love made labor light; for I thought if my husband would ever receive me home, I would surprise him with my housewifely qualities.

"All this year I would have been very happy (for I was usefully employed, and I had the peace of God in my heart), but ever and anon the thought of my husband's lonely home would intrude, banishing any happy feeling I had.

"I had been in the village a year when with the concurrence of the minister I wrote to my husband confessing all my faults, and asking him if he still loved me to come to the village of N—, where I had taught school during the past year. I was hap-

pier than I had been for a twelvemonth after my letter was despatched; but when three days had gone by and no letter came, I was almost sick from excitement. The fourth day gone, and now in the evening I had given up all hope of forgiveness. Filled with my burden of sorrow, I wandered back and forth and at last into the parlor, almost dark in the fast setting in of night. Feeling my burden greater than I could bear alone, I knelt down by the side of the window, praying for strength to bear this crushing sorrow, when lo! as I prayed, a footstep I knew well drew near; but so paralyzed was I that I could not stir from my kneeling posture. The door quietly closed. Two strong hands lifted me from the



Missionary Herald

FIVE MORE IDOLS GONE

Minn., \$5.05; scattered ones, Minnesota, \$7.15. In the preceding report there were more idols removed than should have been, owing to a mistake in addition of \$13.91. There are still other schools to report, so it may be that many more idols can be removed from the second cut.

floor to a better resting-place, and I knew from my husband's kind words and caresses that I was both loved and forgiven. When I attempted to confess my many faults, he silenced me, saying:—

"Nellie, my darling wife, you have as much to forgive as I; we have both been to blame, but if God spares us, in the future we will try so to live as to atone for the past."

"Not caring to hear the remarks of old friends, William bought and removed to this farm; here were all my family born, and here William and I spent twenty as happy years as any two could spend on earth. Then came the dark messenger for my loved one; but he was ready, and smiled his good-by as he bade me be ready, for in a little while we should meet again, nevermore to part. I hope," continued the old lady, "that when God calls, my granddaughter will join us in that home prepared for those who love the Lord."

Nellie's tears had fallen fast as she listened to grandmother's touching story; and when it was finished, Nellie's tender kiss promised as much as her words that never again would she refuse to do any kind of useful work; and she never forgot the lesson.

The Story the River Told

[The following story was written by one of Mrs. Carnahan's church-school pupils in Porto Rico.]

THIS is a beautiful country through which I am traveling, but I have seen something far more beautiful.

I started from a spring which was formed by many little raindrops. They had all been so discontented down under the ground that they decided to get out and see the world once more.

They formed a society, and chose the word spring for their name. The spring was not satisfied to stay in one place, so it moved on to meet others.

On its way it saw many beautiful rocks and flowers. Very often it bubbled over beds of gold and silver. It was so anxious to have some companions that it traveled by both day and night.

Soon dawned the so-thought happy day. Many springs had come together, and seemed very happy to think that there was such a large crowd. But they would have had a better time had there not been so many. Very often they quarreled and crowded. The many springs saw the need of a name, so they had a day set apart to choose one. Several names were suggested, but no one thought that any of them were proper. Then the largest and most dignified of all, stood up and said, "Let's call it a river." "That's it!" they all shouted. And that is why I am called a river.

I have had many ups and downs; but at present I am very happy. Did I not send some of my water into ditches to make things grow? Did I not give the horses and cattle plenty to drink? Wasn't I kind to go over the mill-wheel that helped to grind the wheat and corn? And how I laughed at the boys who were swimming and having so much fun!

Yes, I have reason to be happy, although my grave is in the ocean, and even now I hear it roaring. But when I reach it, I shall die knowing that I did my duty, and that one is always happy when one makes others so.

INA J. FISCHER.

HE who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world can not do without him is still more mistaken.—*La Robhefougauld*.

The Place Where We Are

THE business man read over carefully the letter of application that had just come to his desk, then read it through the second time, and shook his head. It was written in a clear, legible hand, was well worded and correctly spelled.

"It looks like a good letter," suggested the business man's secretary.

"Look at this," and the business man pointed to a sentence which read, "Have you any work in your office for a teacher who would gladly forsake her present profession if she thought she could make good at something else?" "I may be mistaken in my judgment," he went on, "but that sentence suggests to me that the girl who wrote the letter is a misfit teacher who has an idea that she can do better at something else, even if she has had no training for it. That's not the sort of help I'm looking for. I want the kind of people who've made good where they are."

That was one reason for the disappointing reply which the applicant received. She did not realize that between the lines of her letter the shrewd man of business had read the confession that she was not an especially successful teacher, and that she was casting about for something, *anything* else, though with only a vague idea of the kind of work she wanted.

There are many letters of application which unconsciously tell the same story, in which may be read the confession, "I'm not a success in the place where I am, but I'm sure that I could be successful if I could get a chance at something else." Such letters seldom bring a favorable response; the business man who is looking for competent help hesitates to try the applicant who unconsciously admits that he has not filled the place he is occupying.

In schools where there is a choice of studies, teachers hear the same story over and over. "I can't do anything at Latin! I believe I'd better drop it and take chemistry." It is true that some boys and girls take more readily to science than they do to the study of languages, and get better results and higher marks in the one than they could possibly do in the other. But very often the desire to change comes simply because they are not succeeding in the one study, and they have a vague idea that perhaps they will do better in something else. They seek a change without making a really determined effort to master the study that they find hard and baffling.

"If I had lots of money, I'd do so many nice things for other people," says one girl, who fails to see how many chances come to her every day to do "nice things for other people." She is not making the most of the chances that come to her now, she is not filling the place that she is in, yet she is constantly wishing for a bigger place and more chances.

Somebody has said that "our right to any other place comes only when we have filled the one we are in." If we are blind to the opportunities for growth of character and helpfulness to others in the place we are in now, we can hardly hope that a greater place, with wider opportunities, will open to us. If we can not master the study that is hard for us in school, our success in an easier study will be of little value in developing mind strength. If we show small ability in the work we are doing now, the shrewd man of business who is looking for competent helpers is not likely to want us in his line. Unless we are making good in the place where we are, we are handicapped in reaching out to something better. Determined efforts and good hard work will do wonders toward gaining suc-

cess even in the place that we do not like, and it is worth while to remember that the chance for something bigger and better is more likely to come to the one who is too big for a small place than to the one who is too small for a big place.—*John Gordon Wright.*

The Inquiry Department

THE Washington (D. C.) *Times* conducts an Inquiry department for its readers who wish to ask questions upon any subject whatever. The following questions and answers appeared in a recent number of that paper:—

“Please advise me as to what presents I should give three boys who have been calling on me lately. I have already selected A’s present, but am at a loss what to give to the other two. I wish to know of something appropriate in jewelry, not too expensive. The boys are going to give me jewelry.”

BLANCHE.

“In the first place, Blanche, it is not customary to either give or receive jewelry from a man unless you are engaged to him. Consequently, if you want to do the proper and conventional thing, you must not receive jewelry from your boy friends. I should think, if you wish to give a present, and it is by no means necessary to give presents to boys you know, even if they are friends, why not give them a good book, an article in brass for their desks, a school pennant, or a pillow top worked in a school design. Presents like these would be much more appropriate and in better taste than pieces of jewelry, and infinitely more proper.

“Kindly tell me of a few nice ways for a girl of sixteen to entertain a gentleman friend.”

A. S.

“A girl of sixteen is too young to think of entertaining a man. That difficult task is reserved for the more mature. Do not worry, however, because probably anything you do or say will be amusing or entertaining to the man who desires to call on you. But if you want some wholesome advice, do not bother about having men call upon you until you are older.”

Jericho

EACH day, with solemn tread and slow,
Around the walls of Jericho,
I see the Hebrew children go.

And once each day their horns they sound,
While Jericho looks proudly on,
Unmindful that the God of love
Still ruleth all, below, above,
And ere another week has gone,
Shall dash them swiftly to the ground.

So day by day, with solemn rounds,
They compass all the city’s bounds,
And still the warning trumpet sounds.

O Jericho, that warning heed!
Our God is not a God of wrath;
But he who yields to Heaven his will,
Shall find a God of mercy still,
And walk an ever-shining path;
But those who walk in sin shall bleed.

And now has passed full seven morns.
I hear the sound of seven horns!
I see the fall of her who scorns!

O proud and boastful Jericho,
Thy walls in scattered ruins lie!
And evermore, where men shall dwell,
A story will their children tell,
How those who set themselves on high,
Like sands are scattered to and fro.

R. A. GILSTRAP.

LET me invoke your adoration of the light — God’s first-born.—*Joaquin Miller.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, January 20

Missionary Volunteer Work, No. 1 — Our Aim and Motto

LEADER’S NOTE.—Let the talk on the first number in the program magnify our aim in the eyes of our young people. Show that we could have no higher aim. This is heaven’s great enterprise on earth. Show also that the world needs this message. Think what the gospel means to the sinner, and what a privilege it is to give this saving message to a dying world. The speaker on “Our Motto” should dwell on Christ’s wonderful love, and show that our love is best measured by our service. In the general ten-minute exercise let all take part. Introduce the exercise by reading extracts from “Missionary Idea,” pages 105-107.

Suggestive Program

- Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).
- The Advent Message to All the World in this Generation (ten-minute talk).
- Are We Pushing Toward Our Aim? (reading). See INSTRUCTOR of January 9.
- One Hundred Thousand Every Day (recitation). See page 15.
- Our Motto (five- or eight-minute talk).
- “God Helping Me, I Will” (recitation). See “Missionary Idea,” page 156.
- What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do? (general ten-minute exercise).
- Reports of work:

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5 — Lesson 13: “Ministry of Healing,” Pages 111-136

1. STATE how the physician may be a coworker with Christ. What is his part in the restoration to health? How are we kept alive?
2. How should the medical missionary teach his patients the relation of sin to disease? To what example of health laws should attention be called? Where are to be found the principles of life?
3. Explain how man is enabled to obey the laws of God. Give a Scriptural prescription for the healing of physical, mental, and spiritual ills. Of what value to the medical missionary is a thorough qualification?
4. Why is it important that he be under the control of the divine Physician? In what ways will his close fellowship with Christ bring benefit to the patient?
5. What high trust is committed to him? In the sick-room, how may he avail himself of opportunities to fulfil this trust?
6. Why should he familiarize himself with the promises of God’s Word? Quote some promises that will be a consolation to the suffering.
7. What is the true physician’s responsibility to the community in which he lives? Why is this responsibility greater now than ever before?
8. State why the use of poisonous drugs is so prevalent. What evils follow their use? What education should be given regarding their use? Name the true remedies. What is said concerning a knowledge of these, and of their use?

9. What is the duty of every person in regard to the laws of health? Why?

10. Upon what basis rests true reform? Why does the evil one seek to enfeeble the physical powers? What truth concerning the powers of mind and body must be impressed upon men and women? How only can we be enabled to resist temptations and stand conquerors?

11. What instruction should be given in the home? In what ways may the physician aid by his example?

12. Why should he rise above discouragements? Why should he himself regard physical law? Wherein is his only safety?

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 13: "Early Writings," Old Edition, "Experience and Views," Pages 49-67; New Edition, Pages 58-78

1. In reality, what is the mysterious rapping, or Spiritualism? To what extent will it be manifested? What is the purpose of its author in its great signs and wonders? How may we be kept amid these manifestations?

2. What is the duty of God's messengers? What will be their reward?

3. How can they accomplish the most good? In what way will the evil one seek to hinder them? As they put their trust in God, what will he do for them?

4. To know how to escape the seven last plagues, what must we do? Upon whom will the plagues fall? What is the "mark of the beast"? How has a breach been made in God's holy law?

5. What instruction is given as to the preparation necessary for deliverance from the plagues and for entrance into heaven?

6. The object of those who so strongly oppose the Sabbath, was shown to be what?

7. Through what experience did the author of this book pass which impressed upon her some sense of the greatness and terribleness of God?

8. Those who receive the seal of the living God and are protected in the time of trouble, must reflect what? How full a victory must they obtain over sin?

9. Of what two privileges have the children of the Lord been shown to be neglectful? How is the promised blessing received? Why is secret prayer necessary to the Christian? Why do God's people not have more faith and exert a greater power?

10. As God is gathering together his remnant people, how great must be the efforts put forth for the salvation of souls?

11. By what was Mrs. White governed in writing this book? In what way was she caused to realize the danger of softening the messages given? To what are we pointed as the rule for the Christian life? What place do visions hold in the last days?

"THERE are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary."

"LIFE without an eternity to follow is like a half-finished sentence, which has no meaning until the other half is added."

"Is the world all wrong? Reform yourself!"



II — The Earth Lost; Its Restoration

(January 13)

READ chapters three and four in "Patriarchs and Prophets."

MEMORY VERSE: "FOR God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

Questions

1. What home did God make for the man he had created? Describe this garden. Gen. 2:8-14. What work was given to man? Verse 15; note 1.

2. Of what trees was he permitted to eat? Gen. 2:16. What part of the garden did the Lord reserve for himself? What would be the result of eating the fruit of this forbidden tree? Verse 17; note 2.

3. What is said of the serpent? Gen. 3:1. See Rev. 12:9. What did he say to the woman? What reply did she make? Then what did the serpent say? Verses 4, 5. Did he tell the truth? John 8:44. What is impossible for God to do? Heb. 6:18.

4. Did the woman believe God or the serpent? What did she and her husband do? Gen. 3:6. After this, when they heard God's voice, what did they do? Why? Verse 10. What makes us afraid? Note 3.

5. What was cursed on account of sin? Gen. 3:14, 17, 18. What came to all men because of sin? Verse 19; Rom. 5:12; 6:23; note 4.

6. What did God promise after Adam and Eve had sinned? Gen. 3:15. Who was meant by the "seed"? Gal. 3:16, last part. For what purpose did Jesus come to this world? Matt. 1:21.

7. What did Adam lose on account of sin? Note 5.

8. What did Jesus come to seek and to save? Luke 19:10. What will the Lord give his children in place of the earth that was lost? Isa. 65:17; Rev. 21:1, 5.

9. How will the earth be made new? 2 Peter 3:10-13; note 6.

10. What did John see coming down from heaven to the new earth? Rev. 21:2. What is the shape of the city, and what is its size? Verse 16. How high are the walls? Verse 17. Of what are they built? Of what is the city? Verse 18.

11. With what are the walls adorned? Verses 19, 20. How many gates were seen? Of what are they made? Describe the street of the city. Verse 21.

12. How will the New Jerusalem be lighted? Verse 23; Rev. 22:5. When will the gates be closed? Rev. 21:25. Who can not enter there? Verse 27.

13. What proceeds from the throne of God? Rev. 22:1. What grows on both sides of the river? What fruit does it bear? Verse 2. What will not be found there? Verse 3. Who will have a right to enter the gates of pearl? Verse 14.

Notes

1. "Although everything God had made was in the perfection of beauty, and there seemed nothing wanting upon the earth which God had created to make Adam and Eve happy, yet he manifested his great love to them by planting a garden especially for them. A portion of their time was to be occupied in the happy employment of dressing the garden, and a portion in receiving the visits of angels, listening to their instruction, and in happy meditation. Their labor was not wearisome, but pleasant and invigorating. This beautiful gar-

den was to be their home, their special residence."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. I, page 25.*

2. "In the midst of the garden, near the tree of life, stood the tree of knowledge of good and evil. This tree was especially designed of God to be the pledge of their obedience, faith, and love to him. Of this tree the Lord commanded our first parents not to eat, neither to touch it, lest they die."—*Id., page 27.*

3. "Satan commenced his work with Eve, to cause her to disobey. She first erred in wandering from her husband, next in lingering around the forbidden tree, and next in listening to the voice of the tempter, and even daring to doubt what God had said, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' She thought that perhaps the Lord did not mean just what he said, and venturing, she put forth her hand, took of the fruit and ate."—*"Early Writings," old edition, part 3, page 19; new edition, page 147.*

4. "God cursed the ground because of their sin in eating of the tree of knowledge, and declared, 'In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.' He had apportioned them the good, but withheld the evil. Now God declares that they shall eat of it, that is, they should be acquainted with evil all the days of their life."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. I, page 43.*

5. Adam lost his innocence, his home, and his life. "The garden of Eden remained upon the earth long after man had become an outcast from its pleasant paths. The fallen race were long permitted to gaze upon the home of innocence, their entrance barred only by the watching angels. At the cherubim-guarded gate of paradise the divine glory was revealed. Hither came Adam and his sons to worship God."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 62.*

6. The fire that destroys the wicked will melt the earth, and all the works of sin will be burned up. Then God will make new heavens and a new earth, far more beautiful than those that he at first created.

15. What description is given of the earth in its renewed state? Isa. 35; 65: 17-25.

16. What city will be the capital of the saints' inheritance? Rev. 21: 1-4.

17. What is said of its size? Verse 16.

18. How are the wall and gates described? Verses 18-21.

19. Who will enter the city? Rev. 22: 14.

Notes

1. See "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 46, 47.
2. See note 2 of Intermediate lesson.

3. "While Satan claimed to have received great good by eating of the forbidden tree, he did not let it appear that by transgression he had become an outcast from heaven. Here was falsehood, so concealed under a covering of apparent truth that Eve, infatuated, flattered, beguiled, did not discern the deception. She coveted what God had forbidden; she distrusted his wisdom. She cast away faith, the key of knowledge."—*"Education" (Mrs. E. G. White), page 24.*

4. "Man lost all because he chose to listen to the deceiver rather than to him who is truth, who alone has understanding. By the mingling of evil with good, his mind had become confused, his mental and spiritual powers benumbed. No longer could he appreciate the good that God had so freely bestowed."—*Id., page 25.*

5. "In order to possess an endless existence, man must continue to partake of the tree of life. Deprived of this, his vitality would gradually diminish until life should become extinct. It was Satan's plan that Adam and Eve should by disobedience incur God's displeasure; and then, if they failed to obtain forgiveness, he hoped that they would eat of the tree of life, and thus perpetuate an existence of sin and misery. But after man's fall, holy angels were immediately commissioned to guard the tree of life. Around these angels flashed beams of light having the appearance of a glittering sword. None of the family of Adam were permitted to pass that barrier to partake of the life-giving fruit; hence there is not an immortal sinner."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 60.*

6. "Then joy, inexpressible joy, filled heaven. And the heavenly host sang a song of praise and adoration. They touched their harps and sang a note higher than they had done before, for the great mercy and condescension of God in yielding up his dearly Beloved to die for a race of rebels. Praise and adoration were poured forth for the self-denial and sacrifice of Jesus; that he would consent to leave the bosom of his Father, and choose a life of suffering and anguish, and die an ignominious death to give his life for others. "Said the angel, Think ye that the Father yielded up his dearly beloved Son without a struggle?—No, no. It was even a struggle with the God of heaven whether to let guilty man perish, or to give his beloved Son to die for them. Angels were so interested for man's salvation that there could be found among them those who would yield their glory, and give their life for perishing man. But, said my accompanying angel, that would avail nothing. The transgression was so great that an angel's life would not pay the debt. Nothing but the death and intercessions of his Son would pay the debt, and save lost man from hopeless sorrow and misery."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. I, pages 47, 48.*

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II — The Earth Lost; Its Restoration

(January 13)

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," chapters 3 and 4; "Early Writings," old edition, part 3, pages 19-24; new edition, pages 147-153; the *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: John 3: 16.

Questions

1. What dominion was given to man in the beginning? Ps. 8: 4-8; Gen. 1: 26-28.

2. What home was prepared and given to him by the Lord? Gen. 2: 8-15; note 1.

3. What prohibition was placed upon man? What was the penalty for transgression? Verses 16, 17; note 2.

4. What enemy came to man in Eden? What conversation took place between the woman and the serpent? Gen. 3: 1-5; note 3.

5. What did the woman do? What was the result? Verses 6, 7; note 4.

6. Because of man's transgression what did the Lord do? Verses 22-24; note 5.

7. What promise of a redeemer was given to fallen man? Verse 15; note 6.

8. How complete was to be man's redemption through Christ? Matt. 1: 21; Luke 19: 10.

9. To whom will the lost dominion come? Micah 4: 8.

10. What will the redeemed, through Christ, inherit? Matt. 5: 5; Ps. 37: 9-11.

11. What promise was once made to Abraham? Gen. 13: 14-17; 17: 5-8.

12. What did this promise include? Rom. 4: 13.

13. Who are the heirs of this promise? Gal. 3: 16, 27-29.

14. How will the earth be renewed? 2 Peter 3: 10-13.

One Hundred Thousand Every Day

A HUNDRED thousand souls a day
Are passing one by one away,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom.

The Master's coming draweth near,
The Son of man will soon appear,
His kingdom is at hand.
But ere that glorious day can be,
This gospel of the kingdom we
Must preach in every land.

O, let us then his coming haste!
O, let us end this awful waste
Of souls that daily die!
A thousand million still are lost,
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,
O, hear their dying cry!

They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
O church of Christ! what wilt thou say
When in the awful judgment-day,
They charge thee with their doom?

— Selected.

The Youth's Instructor

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Friendly Counsel

"FROM strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day."

An Experience

LATE in the afternoon of a very warm day I was canvassing along a dusty country road. It was several hours since I had taken an order, and I had just been warned not to stop at the next house, as an infidel lived there, and I would receive only abuse for my pains. The prospect was discouraging; but as I made it a practise to call at every home, I could not conscientiously pass this one by.

When I introduced myself at the door of the "infidel," I received a cordial invitation to enter. After a few remarks, I took out my prospectus and began a canvass. When the infidel saw the title he said deliberately, "'Daniel and the Revelation!'—written by Uriah Smith?" I answered that it was. "What are your prices?" I told him, and he said, "Put my name down for one of those marble bindings."

The experience was so unusual that I asked him to tell me why he had given his order so readily. The story he related was somewhat as follows: Several years ago my brother and I were clearing out an attic in a house to which we were moving. A great many old books and pamphlets were scattered about in the rubbish, and looked as if they had not been in use for years. Among them was a little book which I picked up and began to read. It fascinated me strangely. I put it in my pocket and took it home that evening, intending to read it all. I read for several evenings, and my brother also picked it up at every opportunity. After a few days he was called away, and took the book with him. I have been wanting that little book ever since. The name of it is "Thoughts on Daniel."

From our conversation I learned that this man was in no sense an infidel, but was considered such by his neighbors because he believed much as we do concerning the state of the dead, eternal punishment, etc. He told me that his brother who carried away the book had later become a Seventh-day Adventist; and it is my hope that he too may accept the message of "Daniel and the Revelation" for which he had so long been waiting.—*Clarence V. Leach.*

The Two Roads

It was New-year's eve. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Next he cast his eyes on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now move on toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but remorse and errors. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet music; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance of life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappearing. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in the darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered upon life with himself, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-year's eve.

The clock in the high church tower struck twelve, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers offered in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared not longer look toward that heaven where his Heavenly Father dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but was free to tread the road leading to that peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"—*Selected.*

THE question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had the means, time, influence, and educational advantages; the question is what he will do with the things he has. The moment a young man ceases to dream or to bemoan his lack of opportunities, and resolutely looks his conditions in the face, and resolves to change them, he lays the corner-stone of a solid and honorable success.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

It is the highest of folly to throw up attempting because you have failed. Failures are wonderful elements in developing the character.—*Max Muller.*