

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

January 9, 1912

No. 2



LINCOLN MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS and THAT

PERU is the first nation to make aviation a part of a course in the public-school system, an order having recently created an aviation department in the school of arts and crafts at Lima.

CONGRESS has been asked to direct the Secretary of War to turn over all tools, dredges, steam-shovels, etc., used on the Panama Canal to the reclamation service as soon as the canal commission has finished using them.

THE completion of the Panama Canal will bring Yokohama, Japan, 2,000 miles nearer New York by water than the route through the Suez Canal, and Hongkong 350 miles nearer as compared to the same route.

THE best boy farmer in Oklahoma won the prize offered by United States Senator Gore, which included a trip to Washington and entertainment for several days at the home of the senator. The boy is fourteen years of age, and succeeded in raising ninety-four bushels of corn to the acre in the face of drought and other unfavorable conditions.

MORE than one million dollars' worth of raisins were exported from the United States in the last fiscal year, the quantity, 18,500,000 pounds, being far in excess of the total exported in any earlier year. The imports during the year amounted to only 2,500,000 pounds, against 10,000,000 pounds in 1900, and as high as 50,000,000 pounds in certain years prior to the development of production in the United States.

THE high cost of food in France, particularly of fowl and eggs, is even being felt by the motorists, as the farmers now demand \$25 when a hen is run down.

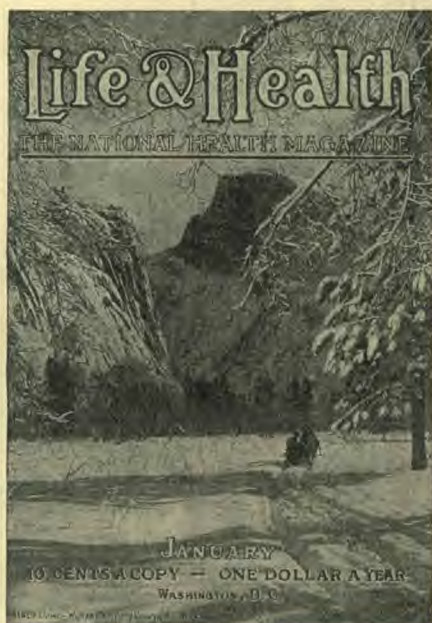
AMERICAN millions proved too large to be matched by British pride. The Englishmen declined to subscribe half a million dollars to prevent the sale of Rembrandt's "The Mill" to an American, and the painting is to come to this country.

It has been announced in the name of the king-emperor that the capital of India should be removed from Calcutta to Delhi. This announcement caused a great slump in Calcutta real estate. The transfer will be made as soon as possible and is expected to cost \$20,000,000.

ONE unfortunate effect of the Chinese revolution has been the revival of the opium trade. The edict against it is being disregarded like the other edicts, and revolutionary governments of the provinces of Yun-nan and Szechuen have permitted the planting of the poppy, which had been almost completely abandoned.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
Papuan Village Life	3
Are We Pushing Toward Our Aim?	4
The Workers and the Shirkers (poetry)	6
The Social Life of Seventh-day Adventists	8
Fun Which Changed to Faith	9
SELECTED ARTICLES	
Seven Ways of Giving	5
Number in Nature—No. 2	7
Who Owned the Thimble?—A Case of Circumstantial Evidence	10
The Tables Turned	12
In the Elevator	13
A Remarkable Incident	16



Cover Design Printed in Three Colors

Earn Your Own Subscription

By sending us two new subscriptions at \$1 each, you may earn your own yearly subscription, including the three extra numbers offered above. These three extra numbers will also be sent to your two subscribers.

Send \$2 for 50 copies; sell 20 to get your money back; then sell or give away the other 30 copies in the interests of true health reform.

PRICES

\$1.00 a Year, 10 Cents a Copy; 5 to 40 Copies, 5 Cents each; 50 or More Copies, 4 Cents Each.

The January Number of Life and Health IS SELLING FAST!

To see it is to know why. The beautiful snow scene on the cover, "Winter in Yosemite Valley," is a work of art, and well worth more than ten cents.

Until Jan. 15, 1912, all subscribers for one year will receive, in addition to the 12 numbers for 1912, the beautiful October, November, and December issues free of charge,—15 months for \$1.

New Department

In Questions and Answers, the editor will reply to all reasonable questions by subscribers. Subscribe now. Send \$3 for 5 years' subscription; \$2 for 3 years'; or \$1 for 15 months', as offered above.

We want you as our agent in your town. Send 10 cents for sample copy and particulars. Also induce your friends to become agents.

SOME FEATURES

Frontispiece—"Cathedral Spires," Yosemite Valley, Cal.

The Benediction of the Snow, by George Wharton James. (6 illustrations.) "It falls upon the just and the unjust, the beautiful and the ugly." Article written especially for this magazine.

What Is True Success? by F. W. Fitzpatrick. A great personal question. What notable dying people have said. A valuable analysis.

How Two Mothers Cared for Their Babies; Why One Succeeded and the Other Failed, by Lauretta Kress, M. D., of the Loma Linda (Cal.) Sanitarium staff. (5 illustrations.) The third and final article.

Health Work in Milwaukee, by Carl D. Thompson, city clerk. (7 illustrations.) What a socialist city government is doing to solve the problems of public health, wages, and the abolition of slums.

The Significance of Feeble-Mindedness, by Henry H. Goddard, M. D. (Chart showing feeble-minded family tree). A leading cause of crime, prostitution, and pauperism. How to prevent these terrible conditions.

Paper-Bag Cookery (illustrated), by Geo. E. Cornforth, chef New England Sanitarium. A revolution in modern cookery fully explained.

Questions and Answers. A new department of great value.

Chicago Vice Commission's Report Barred From the Mails.

Experiences of a Nurse in Uruguay.

Total Abstinence as a Business Proposition.

Report of Minneapolis Vice Commission.

Drink and Higher Education.

The Brewers' Show in Chicago, and 63 other articles.

Send All Orders Through Your Tract Society

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 9, 1912

No. 2

Papuan Village Life

BERTHA S. CHANEY

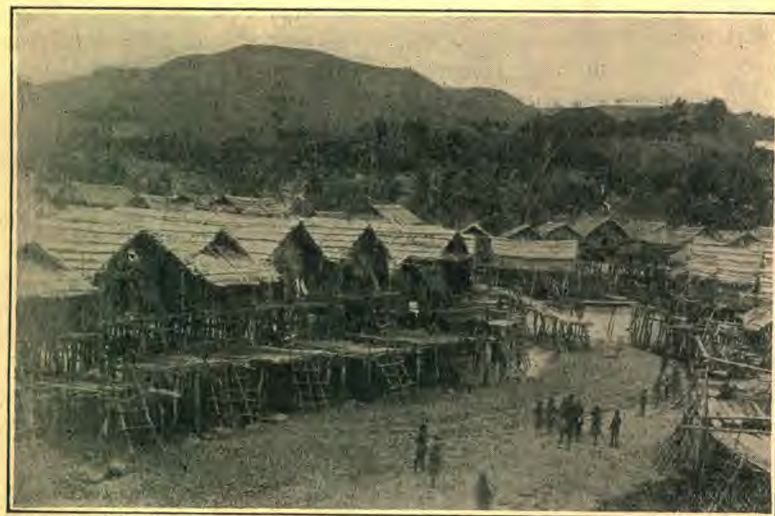


In many countries, inhabited by savage, or barbarous people, it is the custom to live in communities for the sake of protection. New Guinea is an excellent example of such a country, where an isolated dwelling-house is rarely found, but the homes are grouped close together, perched on an elevation if in the hilly, inland country,

Sabbath afternoon. Our way led along a native track, which kept pretty well up on the grass-covered hills, dipping once or twice into steep gullies, where swift streams flowed over the rocks. In the gullies grows the heavy dense tropical bush, so thick that it shuts out the sunshine from the damp, mossy ground. The undergrowth in this tropical forest is so close and so intertwined with creepers and tough vines, that one can scarcely make headway through it, except along native tracks. Even these become quickly overgrown unless they are often traveled.

At the end of a mile and a half's tramp we climbed the last slope and entered the village. The ground, beaten hard with the tread of many bare feet, was quite neatly swept and the place looked fairly clean, but the houses seemed old and decrepit. They stand high on poles, the sides and walls are thatched with long grass, the floor is laid with narrow strips of goru-palm, and each has a narrow front veranda roofed over with grass. The family fire is often built on this veranda; it may however be made on a layer of loose stones inside the house; sometimes it is built on the ground underneath. It is not usual to build a very hot fire, just a small one, so that the dry thatch is not endangered by high-leaping flames.

Most of the people were away working in their gardens, which were distant half a mile in a rich valley. Word was sent to them that the missionary had come to hold a meeting, and we walked on to some cliffs



A new coast village of Papua. The houses are built of poles and thatch, laced and tied together with strong vines, found in the bush.

or crowding out over the water if on the seacoast. Thus these people protect themselves by position and numbers from the attacks of hostile tribes which come to slaughter and destroy.

These clusters of houses are called "villages," but two things of the same name could not be at greater variance than an English or American village and a Papuan one. In the thickly populated districts along the coast of New Guinea the villages are large, and the people are crowded together in vast numbers. Instances of this are found in the great delta of the Purari River, and at the mouth of the wonderful Fly River, and at other places on the shores of the Gulf of Papua. These large villages are strong and fierce, and are "full of the habitations of cruelty." They war on their neighbors, and the *dubus*, or warrior's houses, have been found full of skulls—skulls of men, alligators, and pigs.

In the inland districts, the communities are much smaller. Three houses may constitute a village, but in the Sogeri district, where the Adventist Mission Station is located, from eight to twelve houses with a few smaller storerooms, is the average number. These inland tribes of the eastern part are less ferocious than their darker western neighbors.

To one of these collections of grass houses we accompanied the missionary and his wife, on a fair



A familiar village group. The grass *rami* worn by the women at the left is found in most parts of New Guinea. It swings gracefully as the woman walks. Note the love of beads and ornaments.

while waiting for them to assemble. As the natives came up the path leading from their gardens, the men carried the long knives with which they dig and plant, and each one carried one or two long spears

over his shoulder. With these weapons they kill the wallabies which abound in the grass country, and which form an important addition to their vegetables. They had made a kill that day of a big wallaby. Its hair had been singed off, the body torn apart, and it was carried into the village on the spears of two men. It looked anything but appetizing, but if eating a torn and smoke-blackened *magani* were the worst thing a Papuan ever did, his faults would indeed be few.

Swung from the heads of the women were great netted bags, full of the taro, bananas, sweet potatoes, or yams, which they had brought from the gardens to cook for their families. There were two or three brown babies perched on top of the heavily laden bags which the mother carried, the youngsters clinging with the instinct of a bat to the mother's head. Wonderingly, we watched a slender young girl hasten past with two long poles of green bamboo slanted over her shoulders. The presence of white people embarrassed her, and she tried to run, spilling water as she went; then we learned that these bamboo poles are the ordinary water-buckets.

The entire village population seated themselves on the ground, ready for the meeting. There were about thirty of them, besides the lean, mangy dogs, and the long-snouted, grunting pigs. A slight loin-cloth served the men for clothing; the women wore the grass skirt, or *rami*, used almost universally by Papuan women; and the children were garbed in the simple robe which mother nature supplies. The people gave good attention to Pastor Carr as he told them some of the simple truths of the gospel, so difficult for their darkened minds to comprehend. In the hymn sung in a native tongue, some joined, and all bowed their heads close to the ground as a fervent closing prayer was sent up to God.

As we looked about on the squalid homes, we could but marvel at the love which the native has for his village. It is the Papuan's little world,—all his interests are centered in it,—and his homesickness when far removed from it, is a genuine malady. A former governor of New Guinea, one thoroughly conversant with the native ways, writes: "The love of the Papuan for his own home is so intense that he is drawn toward it by irresistible attraction." He thinks the rest of the world is settled into brotherly communities, just as the people of his part of the earth are. A native will ask a white man concerning another white man, "Does he belong to your village?"

The history of the village that we visited pictures perfectly the life of dread and fear which is the heritage of the child of Papua. Seven years ago this people lived five miles farther back inland among the hills. Over a rough trail, known to but few and little used, came the fighting men of another tribe. Five days they had to travel before they reached the unsuspecting Ekiri people, and then, their savage yells echoing among the hills, they swept down by night on one of the villages. The horror of such a scene, who can paint? Only two escaped alive; these, with the people from the second village, fled into the friendly bush, never to go back again to their old home. They came to the place that we visited, and for over a year lived in tree-houses, built on platforms in the branches of great trees, with ladders of strong vines to give them entrance. We looked up forty feet, and saw the remaining poles and thatch of one of these houses, at the edge of their village, now fast falling into decay.

To this little village is now being carried the blessed gospel of "peace," so strange a word in this land of ceaseless strife.

Are We Pushing Toward Our Aim?

God never sounds a retreat! His plans for the evangelization of the world have been mapped out, and, generally speaking, there is no change in his program. How wonderfully he marshals men and events to ultimately fulfil his eternal purpose! His work will be done, and it will be done in his own appointed time. The dial of the ages shows that the sunset hour of earth's history has come, and soon the words "It is finished" will again rend the heavens. How carefully God has prepared the way for his work to be completed speedily! In every land bands of loyal workers are pressing forward; and the heavenly General is calling to every young man and woman not yet in the ranks, saying, "I have chosen you to be my helping hand in this closing conflict. Will you come?"

Steadily through the cycles of time, God has been getting all things ready for this final work. Often the church has failed to be his loyal handmaid, but somehow he has always found men and means for his cause. Look back through the mist of the last five centuries. Your eyes behold a disloyal church engrossed with worldly cares and pleasures. But God's work must go forward, so he raised up a great band of reformers at strategic centers both in Europe and America. There was Huss in Bohemia, Luther in Germany, John Calvin in Switzerland, Savonarola in Italy, John Wyclif, John Bunyan, John Wesley in England, John Knox in Scotland, and Jonathan Edwards in America. These are a few of the noble band of men who during the next four hundred years stirred the church to new piety and activity. But this was not enough. God brought other forces into line for service. Almost simultaneously with the period of Reformers and the revival of learning, dawned the age of inventions. The mariner's compass and steam solved the problem of world-wide navigation; the printing-press and paper made the wide circulation of God's Word possible.

Still after this awakening and with these facilities for the promulgation of the gospel, the church crossed the threshold of the eighteenth century without making any effort for missions. In fact, she not only neglected, but practically denied her debt to a dying world. Irreligion and infidelity abounded. For a time it seemed that the bright dawn of the Reformation would be followed by a new lapse into the midnight of the dark ages. But God was at the helm. The time had come for the cradle of world-wide missions to be rocked, and some hand must do it. God found a willing hand. Despite the corruption of the age, and regardless of the general apathy and even the antipathy toward missions, he had faithful followers, holding up the torch of truth, who were eager to carry the gospel light to those in heathen darkness. It was at this time that the Moravians, and a little later the Methodists and others, came forth to do the Master's bidding.

But when the nineteenth century began, the professed Christian world was not yet ready to indorse missions, and to cooperate with God in his divine plan for saving humanity. Although Carey had gone to India and a few other missionaries had also entered heathen lands, foreign missions were generally looked upon as hopeless, visionary, and foolish. But while

the church nursed that foolish idea, God kept moving his loyal hosts forward, unlocking with his own peculiar key the doors of heathen nations. He has continued this work until the borders of every nation have been crossed by some messenger of the gospel of peace. And as the fulness of time for the final warning message approached, he sent forth his word into the uttermost parts of the earth. In one year, 725 colporteurs employed abroad sold 1,500,000 copies of the Bible. All of the Bible or portions of it can now be obtained in 424 languages; and its saving truth is rapidly going to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

All this and much more has God done to prepare the highway in the nations for the heralds of the King of kings. Behold, all things are now ready for a speedy work, and just *at this supreme hour God calls you* to join him in closing up his great business on earth. His cause is bound to triumph. His plans can not fail, but O, how sublime the privilege of having fellowship with God in his great enterprise for saving humanity.

We have heard the call from heaven, and are coming into the ranks of Prince Emmanuel. We are organized for the purpose of giving the advent message to all the world in this generation; and, generally speaking, our Missionary Volunteers are pushing toward that aim. Look at the grand army of many thousand strong encircling the globe! From Europe, from Africa, from Australia, from the West Indies, from South America, and even from the Far East come messages of cheer telling of the progress of young people's work. The outlook in the home land is also inspiring. Almost everywhere local conventions and institutes are bringing better plans for missionary work into our societies. Gifts to missions are more liberal and more regular. The Reading Courses are doing splendidly. Last year one conference received more Reading Course certificates than were issued to all the conferences during the first year. The Standard of Attainment plan is steadily gaining members. The Morning Watch circle is increasing its membership with amazing rapidity. Every year a large number of Missionary Volunteers press into our schools to prepare for better service; and from our schools, sanitariums, and other institutions, bands of earnest, noble young men and women are steadily pressing toward the Macedonian fields.

We are beginning the new year with hearts full of courage; for our Missionary Volunteers are pushing toward our aim. This conflict of giving the last warning message is no sham battle. The lonely graves of missionaries in distant lands tell of its stern realities. Many of the pages of its history are stained with blood. Our ranks everywhere are advancing, and faithful workers are dropping in the heat of the battle. But God's work must go on. Some one must press into the thinning ranks at home and abroad. To do this will mean hardships, and it may mean giving up cherished plans. But we have enlisted for the purpose of giving this message. Then can we hold back and still be loyal? Was there a mental reservation in your consecration? Did you say, "Here am I, Lord; send me if it is an easy place, if I can draw a big salary, if I can have my own way about things"? The soldier who can be counted on during the pleasant marches and happy-go-lucky days in camp-life, but deserts when his regiment lines up for battle, is worse than useless. He is positively dangerous. Every sol-

dier must render implicit and prompt obedience to his captain, even at the risk of life. His own plans and pleasures receive only secondary consideration. So with you and me. God's call to service is unconditional, and our response should be the same.

Dear Missionary Volunteer, are you pushing toward our aim? Some young men and women will answer these Macedonian calls. Will you? You are *one* in the great army of Missionary Volunteers. Can the Heavenly General count on you in the crucial moment? When it seems that to stand firm will mean losing all that is dear in life, can he count on your being true? Can he count on your being faithful just where you stand to-day in this conflict? We intend to be faithful. We mean that God shall have all there is of us, but again and again our deceitful hearts betray us into the hands of the enemy. Again and again Satan trips us on some little temptation. He persuades us to do certain things just *this once*, to neglect some known duty for just one time. Dear young friends, there is only one safe course. Keep close to God. Keep close to him by being faithful every day in prayer, in Bible study, and in Christian service. Never for even *one moment* let a known sin break your connection with heaven; for from heaven we must receive power to live victorious lives, and power to keep pushing toward our aim. While we are still in the morning hours of the new year, let us reconsecrate ourselves for service. Let us make the consecration unconditional and without any reservations. Will not every young man and woman say with Livingstone, "Anywhere provided it be forward"? May God indeed help each one to do this, that our large army of Missionary Volunteers may during 1912 advance in an unbroken line.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Seven Ways of Giving

1. The careless way,—to give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.
2. The impulsive way,—to give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.
3. The lazy way,—to make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.
4. The self-denying way,—to save the cost of luxuries and apply it to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacency.
5. The systematic way,—to lay aside, as an offering to God, a definite portion of our gains—one tenth, one fifth, one third, or one half. This is adapted to all, whether poor or rich; and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practised.
6. The equal way,—to give God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditures by our gifts.
7. The heroic way,—to limit our own expenditure to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income.—*Selected.*

EVERY man must patiently abide his time. He must wait; not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous defection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion.—*Longfellow.*

The Workers and the Shirkers

MAX HILL

WHEN the Sabbath bell is ringing, and the children gather in,
When the members all are waiting for the service to begin,
Every father, every mother, every child of every flock,
Is in place, and all attention, at the striking of the clock,—
With what joy the superintendent, standing ready in his place,
Greets the Sabbath-school before him, with a smile upon his face.

Happy such a superintendent, though his like may be but few!
Happy such a school as this one, with its members all so true!
For its members all are workers, and are blessed with goodly things,
For they know the joy of service and the happiness it brings.
But such schools are rare as blessed—would their number
might increase!
And increasing, all their members never let their ardor cease!

Do you ask the greatest worker in this school we see in dreams?—
For the light must be well tended that across its pathway gleams.
Is the superintendent faithful to the duties laid on him?
Does he make the school successful? Does he furnish all the vim?—
Some good spirit must impel him ever true and strong to be,
Else a Sabbath-school so pleasant we would surely never see.

Listen while I name the spirits that impel him thus to do
All the work they lay upon him, ever faithful, strong, and true.
You will see it is not his hand that alone leads on so well,
For behind him are the members; listen while their praise I tell.
This the principle that guides them, this their only simple rule:
'Tis the worker, not the shirker, that can make a Sabbath-school.

There's the teacher who is present every single Sabbath day;
Naught but sickness ever keeps him from the Sabbath-school away;
With his lesson always studied, with a helpful word for all,
Flavored rich with psalms of David, and with reference oft to Paul,
He has drawn from heavenly fountains, and his message cheers the heart;
For in humbleness he labors faithfully to do his part.

There's the secretary, early, with report all written out,
Getting envelopes and class-books and the papers passed about;
Not the same dry form of wording does she read each Sabbath day,
But a word of praise and sunshine, something new she has to say;
And she has her lesson studied, joins a class, and brings her gift;
Such a faithful secretary can the leader's burden lift.

Dear old deacons, how we love them; if they'll always work and pray
With a fervor that is cheering, how they drive our cares away!
And the singers—what a pity that so many stay behind!
But a few are always helping—in this dream school of our mind;
For they know 'tis not the shirker, but the worker always there,
Who is blessed with Heaven's blessing, so they come with song and prayer.

There's a class of kindergartners, hands so busy though so small;
Blessings on the gentle sister who will love and care for all!
Though to-day they be so trying, so intent on mischief's ways,
Ere we think that they are growing, ere we note the passing days,
They'll be sturdy youths and maidens full of energy and life,
And be sharing in our burdens, strong and loyal for the strife.

Don't forget the special teacher who is ready to supply,
Who will take, on briefest notice, classes others will not try;
He will take a class of ladies, or of youngsters full of fun;
He will greet a group of strangers, and make welcome every one;
O, that of his tribe and nation there were scores where now but few
May be counted in their places to their duty ever true!

Have you heard of teachers' meeting? Always look for workers there;
Be the season slack or busy, be the weather dark or fair.
When some burden must be lifted, does it seem too strange to you

That the overburdened toiler should be asked the work to do:
Well, the world is full of burdens, full of tasks that must be done;
And the workers, not the shirkers, bear the burdens, every one.

'Tis a dream that I am telling, 'tis too good to be all true,
And this school I am describing is a school I never knew;
But in part it is a picture that by thousands may be seen
Where are found God's faithful children who upon his strong arm lean;
For the true church at its study is the faithful little band
Who in loyal love are clinging to the Father's guiding hand.

Let us turn for but a moment to the shirkers of the school,
To the ones who are not living by the good old golden rule;
'Tis a picture not so pleasant, I admit it at the start,
For they seem so discontented, and they lack the cheerful heart;
They complain, however smoothly everything about them goes,
And the workers, not the shirkers, get the blessings God bestows.

They will never serve in office, though the need be e'er so great;
They will never help by teaching, and they're always coming late;
'Tis a thankless task to ask them just to come and offer prayer,
And at mention of the singing, they don't know a single air!
But if workers need advising how to make the school succeed,
They'd do well to ask the shirkers, who can tell them what they need!

There's another kind of shirker who deserves a mention here,
One who's nearly always present, but whose presence brings small cheer;
'Tis the one who reads his answers, if at all he deigns reply:
Often such a one the teacher is sore tempted to pass by.
And another shirker like him is the one who never knows,
Never has his lesson studied, and who very seldom goes.

But the work goes on without them,—goes in spite of all they say,—
For God's work can not be hindered, human hands can never stay;
And the weak ones grow the stronger as in faith they press along,
Bearing every burden bravely, meeting trial with a song;
For the boulders in the pathway may but serve to help us rise,
And the mountains we encounter bring us nearer to the skies.

Every one can not be a teacher, can not read, nor pray, nor sing;
But each one can be a helper, can a cheerful spirit bring;
And the faithful ones who study for approval from above,
With their hearts and minds uplifted for the Father's boundless love,
Are the helpers that are needed in the large schools and the small,
And the Father's richest blessings ever rest upon them all.

So take up with joy the burden that the Master gives to you,
Though with toil your arms be weary and the tasks so hard to do;
There is joy in faithful service where the path of duty lies;
There are comforts for the toiler, there are visions for the eyes;
And with all the battles ended, and the victories all won,
'Tis the worker, not the shirker, hears with joy the words,
"Well done."

A TAILOR whose firm has been continuously in business in Philadelphia for one hundred five years, has compiled from his books of measurements some interesting statistics. These statistics show that the American in the past century has grown taller, stronger, and slimmer,—greater in height and in chest girth, less in the girth of waist and hips. The average chest of 1795 was 36 inches. It is 38 inches now. The average height was 5 feet 7 inches. It is now 5 feet 8½ inches. The length of leg has increased in the same proportion. The shoulders and chest have greatly developed. The waist, on the other hand, has lost 2 inches.

Number in Nature—No. 2

[This series of articles, entitled "Number in Nature," which began in the INSTRUCTOR of Dec. 19, 1911, 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.]



LOOK also at the systems of numbers we discover in crystallography. When we come to deal with mineral substances, we are not handling mere unorganized lumps of dirt; we are looking upon objects as regular as geometry and mathematics can make them. As Sir Humphrey Davy says: "We are not dealing with pebbles of pretty shapes and tints, but with objects modeled by a divine hand; and every additional fact becomes to the mind a new revelation of His wisdom." We find, to use an expression of Plato, "God geometrizing."

In the mineral kingdom God builds up everything by systems of crystallization. We have found in a field a stone covered, it may be, with regular-shaped, diamond-like little bodies. These are quartz crystals. In Licking County, Ohio, there is a place called Flint Ridge, where all the stones are covered with quartz crystals; the farmers place them in their yards for ornaments. A heap of them in the morning sun is one of the most brilliant objects you can look upon. Now, if you were able to take apart any mineral substance whatever, you would find that God had put it together of a greater or less number of these regular, geometric-shaped bodies. And each kind of mineral has its own particular-shaped crystal. You will not find quartz-shaped crystals in iron. Iron has its own shape. So of every material. There are six great systems of crystallization. They have as their base or type six different geometrical figures, and each system is built of crystals of that figure. The remarkable thing is that these six different systems, while each has an almost infinite number of permutations and varieties in itself, never overlap, nor mix with, one another, any more than roses mix with pinks. God is not the author of confusion. Each system works within itself, combines with itself, and perpetuates itself in almost endless variety, but never crosses with another system any more than horses cross with cows.

Let me give you one illustration of this wonderful geometrizing of the Almighty. I went up one day to the department of mineralogy in the State university, and asked the curator to gather together for me all their specimens of the mineral called fluor-spar. When I began to study spar, I discovered some marvelous facts.

A perfect crystal of fluor-spar has one hundred fourteen different faces, or facets. Split it in any way you please, and you come upon some regular geometrical figure. Keep on splitting it, and you discover the figures that are called for in I know not how many demonstrations in Euclid. For example, cleave off in succession one hundred eight of its one hundred fourteen facets, and you come to a solid figure.—a regular cube, or perfectly square figure.

The boys who have studied geometry may recall that the first proposition in the fifteenth book of Euclid is, "How to inscribe a regular tetrahedron in a cube," and they may recollect the hours they spent in trying to do that thing. But you hold a cube of fluor-spar in your hand, and strike it a sharp blow on its edges with a knife held at exactly the proper angle, and your tetrahedron will come out. You will have a visible

demonstration right from the hand of God, of how to build a tetrahedron inside a cube.

Or perhaps you have cudgled your brains in vain over the third proposition of the fifteenth book of Euclid: "How to inscribe an octahedron in a cube." Just put back on your cube certain regular sections that you have removed by clipping, and you have it—the Divine Mathematician's demonstration of, "How to inscribe an octahedron in a cube." I do not know of anything anywhere from which I can get a better argument for the existence of a God than out of a piece of fluor-spar. Mind or chance had to contrive that, and chance never did it.

God carries out these systems of crystallization everywhere, in the very blood of all living creatures. Columbus has been made known throughout the learned world by its Professor Wormley. Were he speaking to you to-night, he would tell you that the great Creator has made even the blood of the guinea-pigs, which our boys keep in cages, to crystallize in tetrahedrons; that of the squirrels in the State-house yard, in six-sided plates; and that of the rats in our back yards, in octahedrons. God's law of crystallization enables the chemist to tell whether the blood on a knife is the blood of a beef or of a man, and thus, it may be, to detect a murder.

We will take from botany one more line of illustrations of number in nature.

"A pleasant writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to the phrase, 'God geometrizing.' He thought to himself, 'If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer.' Just then he saw a little 'Texas star' at his feet. He picked it up and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower's being brought into existence without the aid of the mind, and having in it these three fives. He found the chances against it were one hundred twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers having exactly this relation of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of those little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. So he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, and kissed it, exclaiming, 'Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me.'"

Consider the leaves of plants. They are not scattered over the stem at haphazard; they are arranged symmetrically. Take our Indian corn; it is always made so that the leaves come out opposite each other, as also in the honeysuckle. Then, the second set are made to come out over the intervals of the first; that is, if the first extend east and west, the second will extend north and south. The third set will be east

and west again. So there are two ranks of leaves up and down the stem. This is called the two-ranked arrangement. Corn and honeysuckles are always that way.

Now, suppose God is going to make a stalk of sedge. A leaf comes out on the east side; a little farther up, one third around the stem, the second; a little higher, two thirds around, the third; and still higher, three thirds around, or the whole way, the fourth leaf directly over the first. So the leaves of sedge go marching up the stem in three rows.

Now, take an apple-tree twig. How are the leaves set on? To make a long story short, it takes a succession of five leaves, each a little above the last, until the sixth leaf comes over the first; so that they go marching up in five ranks.

Then there is an eight-ranked arrangement, as in the common plantain, which is such a nuisance in our yards. And there is a thirteen-ranked arrangement, as in the houseleek. So they go on; next twenty-one rows; then thirty-four rows, as in the pines.

But what have I been saying to you?—Two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one, and thirty-four ranks. Do you detect the relations between those numbers? Each is made up of the sum of the two preceding. Two plus three equal five. Three plus five equal eight. Five plus eight equal thirteen. Eight plus thirteen equal twenty-one. Thirteen plus twenty-one equal thirty-four. This lets us into the law that one can always determine the number of ranks of leaves in any order of plants above the two-rank and three-rank arrangement, by taking the sum of the ranks in the two orders next below it.

Now, if you think these facts over, you will find that there is also a law by which God has determined how many leaves should be in each turn around the stem. The sum of the number of leaves in a turn around the stem of any two successive orders gives the number of leaves in a turn around the stem in the next higher order.

If you look still further, you will find that God determined the same law should give the number of turns around the stem in every order before one leaf should get above another.

Still further, you will see that the same law which he adopted, settled the angles at which the leaves should be set in the spiral line around the stem when compared with a line that ran horizontally around it.

Further still, you would notice that, considering that light and rain must come from above, since the plants are to stand closely together side by side, the number of leaves, the number of turns, and the width of the leaves, and the angles, are all mathematically correct, in order to give the plant the most light and rain. You will find this true, from the broad-leaved corn-plant, with its few leaves and turns and ranks and angles, to the pines with their narrow leaves, etc.

And you would find that the botanists had succeeded in summing up the mathematics of the plants in a wonderful series of fractions, in which we may think the thoughts of God after him; namely, one half, one third, two fifths, three eighths, five thirteenths, eight twenty-firsts, thirteen thirty-fourths, and so on—the sum of each two numerators giving the next higher numerator, and representing the number of turns around the stem; and the sum of each two successive denominators giving the sum of the succeeding denominator, and representing the number of leaves in each turn.

We may sum it all up, as Professor Gray has done in his botany:—

"So the place of every leaf on every plant is fixed beforehand by unerring mathematical rule. As the stem grows on, leaf after leaf appears in its predestined place, producing a perfect symmetry; a symmetry which manifests itself not in one single monotonous pattern for all plants, but in a definite number of forms, exhibited by different species, and arithmetically expressed by the series of fractions, one half, one third, two fifths, three eighths, five thirteenths, eight twenty-firsts, etc., according as the formative energy in its spiral course up the developing system lays down at corresponding intervals two, three, five, eight, thirteen, or twenty-one ranks of alternate leaves."—Page 75.

There is to me a still more amazing thing. If one goes down into the lowest orders of animate creation, as distinguished from plants, the polyps in the deep sea, which are so closely related to the plants that we can scarcely tell them from plants, the polyps, which God seems to have evolved from plants by putting just a spark of animate life into them; the polyps, which down in the deep sea depths get their living by waving their tentacles around in the food-laden water just as the plant waves its leaves around in the food-laden air,—you will find that the branches and tentacles of the polyps are set on according to the same great law that governs the plants.

Then in the great family of spined sea-creatures, the Echinodermata, that correspond to our cacti and other prickly plants below them, and to our porcupines above them, you find the spines around them according to the same law of regularity which governs the plants.

So, even in the spined fishes, which seem to be a higher evolution still,—one of which the boys call the "swell-doodle," for example, along the Atlantic coast, a ridiculous fish which when pursued by an enemy swells itself up into a creature many times its true size, with its "stickers" pointing out all over it,—you can trace the same mathematical laws that govern the plants of number in nature.

If "an undevout astronomer is mad," surely also is he bereft of reason who can look into all these examples of number in nature, and account for them in any other way than as the work of an intelligent, contriving mind.

The Social Life of Seventh-day Adventists

ONE of the first sentences in "Patriarchs and Prophets" is: "Man was not made to dwell in solitude; he was made to be a social being."—Page 46. "It is through the social relations that Christianity comes in contact with the world."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IV, page 555.

A Christian in the world is like a boat in water: there only can he be of use. But when the world gets into the Christian and the water into the boat, both sink. "Every church-member should feel it his special duty to labor for those living in his neighborhood. . . . The hours so often spent in amusement that refreshes neither body nor soul, should be spent in visiting the poor and the suffering, or in seeking to help some one who is in need."—*Id.*, Vol. VI, page 276.

Like their Master, Christ's followers are to live for one purpose—to bless others. "The one aim is to be to give the message of salvation."—*Id.*, Vol. IX, page 26. "Show that life with Christ is no failure." When people see us happy and satisfied without the

things for which they are striving and which occupy all their time and effort, they realize that heaven is indeed a reality, and that our treasure is there, and not in this world, which is so soon to pass away.

Young people need associates of their own age. How can our young people associate with worldly boys and girls, doing them good, and benefiting themselves as well? "You could live among the most corrupt, and remain unstained, unsullied, if God in his providence thus directed you. But it is dangerous for those who wish to honor God, to *find their pleasure and entertainment* with companions who fear him not."—*Id.*, Vol. II, page 222. "Let all who would form a right character choose associates who are of a serious, thoughtful turn of mind and who are religiously inclined."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, page 588. "Christ was not exclusive;" "he did not refuse social gatherings." But "he did not join in the frolics of the youth of Nazareth."—"Desire of Ages," page 94. "In whatever company he found himself, he presented a lesson that was appropriate to the time and circumstances."—*Id.*, page 96. "No lesson of Christ's fell fruitless. Every message from his lips came to some soul as the word of eternal life."—*Id.*, page 279. With Christ's love in the heart, with his words on the lips, and doing his work, mingle with your worldly neighbors. Meet them as far as possible on your own ground, not theirs. Invite them to join in your recreations, your social gatherings; but do not join in theirs. Invite few enough at a time so that you can direct the conversation and the employment of the hour.

A man shows his character by the way he spends his *leisure*, not his working hours. Amuse, in the original, means "to stand idle." "Whatever amuses, serves to kill time, to lull the faculties, and to banish reflection." Who can afford to spend time in such a manner? I know of nothing which will more strongly impress worldly youth than to see other young people finding genuine pleasure in helping others, and in improving their mental and physical powers for God's glory.

The question comes: "Are we to have no relaxation from ordinary duties?"—By all means we are; but it is to be by letting go, not by letting down. "We are required of God to use all our powers *at all times* to the best purpose."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IV, page 586. Real enjoyment comes to be not the throwing off of restraint, but the training of the faculties.

The pleasure found in social gatherings is, after all, the association with friends. It matters little what is done (as far as the pleasure of the association is concerned), except that it be a change from the ordinary work; or if common work be engaged in, that some needy person be helped by it. Excursions for flowers, wild fruit, nuts, etc., afford pleasant outdoor holidays. For a winter evening make collections of pictures or true stories for children's hospitals. Study the life of a hero, or a country prominent in the history of to-day. Holy angels will be present on such occasions, and will assist in making them a blessing to all who are present. There is one thing always to bear in mind. Time is almost ended; only a little longer can we work for the salvation of souls; so let every occasion draw us nearer to God, and thus give us a better preparation to win souls for his kingdom.

KATHERINE FRENCH.

Fun Which Changed to Faith

TIME lay heavy upon the hands of a few young men, and to relieve the monotony of things, one of them suggested that a visit be made to the barracks of the American Salvation Army, "where we can have some fun."

The suggestion met with a hearty response, and when the services of the evening began, the entire company was present. One of the young men was a Roman Catholic, and for the first time he found himself inside a Protestant place of worship. Scarcely had he taken his seat when his eyes became riveted upon a Scripture motto on the wall, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." He read and reread the life-giving word. It remained in his mind, and obtaining a Bible he began to read the Book for himself. Gradually the Spirit of truth won its way into the sin-blinded mind and heart, and one night the surrender to Christ was made, and at Calvary he found peace, later uniting with the Methodist Church.

This was only the beginning of his experience, for in a short time God's providence brought him in touch with Seventh-day Adventism. True to his first conviction, he followed on to know the Lord more fully, and again yielded to the teaching of that Word which completely delivers from error and sin's bondage. He bought the field, and became owner of the treasure which it contained. Great though his peace had been, it increased manyfold.

An incident similar in character occurred recently in the State of Texas. Jim R— was over six feet in height, a wild, reckless fellow, who when full of whisky, became a terror to the inhabitants of the town near which he lived. A gospel tent was pitched in the town, manned by two Seventh-day Adventist preachers. The truths proclaimed in that tent met with disapproval by some of the people. Jim appeared in town, barefooted, trousers rolled up to his knees—just to appear odd and tough. He was thus accosted by two opponents of the Word of God:—

"Jim, do you want whisky?"

"Have no money."

"Never mind, here's money; get full."

He got full, and then—

"Do you see the tent over on that lot? Go there and break up the meeting."

Into the tent he went, and placing his bare feet over the back of the seat in front of him, awaited developments. And the "developments" came. When the servant of God proclaimed the truth of the gospel, Jim's bare feet were removed from the seat and placed on the ground. In a moment Jim was a sober man, and he listened intently to the message. At the close of the service he walked up to the preachers, and asked:—

"Who are you, and what is this?"

He was told, and there great, rough, uncouth Jim was born again, and became a little child in Jesus Christ. The congregation melted to tears as it witnessed the blessed work of grace. A strong church was raised up in that place, and to-day Jim R— is one of the most successful book men in the ranks of Seventh-day Adventists.

Truly, nothing can be done against the truth as it is in Jesus Christ; and God can make the wrath of man to praise him.

JOHN N. QUINN.

To fill the hour, that is happiness.—Emerson.



When Mother Used the Shingle

THAT I was quite a wilful lad
With sorrow I confess;
And yet I was not really bad,
'Twas mostly thoughtlessness.
But thinking now of my wild ways,
Smiles with my tears do mingle,
As I recall the olden days
When mother used the shingle.

My sterner parent used the "cat;"
My! how it used to cut;
Yet, Spartan-like, I bowed to that
Without a whimper; but
When exercising a like art,
Though not a blow would tingle,
It used to almost break my heart
When mother used the shingle.

Ne'er was there anger in her eyes,
Nor e'er my father's fire;
Yet with each blow I'd hear the sighs
That kindled my desire
To try within the bounds to keep,
The right from wrong to single;
And as it was, I used to weep
When mother used the shingle.

Some future day, when poor me dies,
My friends will all drop in;
And I'll be lauded to the skies
As though a saint I'd been.
If then no crime they can deplore,
I pray let one truth jingle;
I owe it to the days of yore
When mother used the shingle.

—George Whitefield D'Vy.

Who Owned the Thimble?—A Case of Circumstantial Evidence



IN the little town of H—, where I spent a number of the years of my boyhood, lived two most excellent, amiable, and Christian women, Mrs. C and Mrs. E. They were both exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were, withal, intimate friends.

Had Mrs. C any great domestic or culinary trouble, the history of her sorrows was poured into the willing ears of her sympathizing friend, Mrs. E, who in turn made Mrs. C the confidential recipient of the story of all the wrongs and woes that cast their shadows across her connubial pathway. For many years the two good ladies had thus lived in the most amicable and neighborly manner, when a cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand, suddenly appeared on the horizon of their intimacy and friendship, and soon loomed up in such dark and ominous proportions as to threaten a storm of no ordinary magnitude and violence.

One morning a little daughter of Mrs. C came into the house of Mrs. E, having in her hand a common closed-top thimble, such as are sold for a few cents at all the stores in the country. Around the base of the thimble was the motto "Forget me not" in raised letters, and through the top, or closed end, a small hole had been punched with some square instrument. A little daughter of Mrs. E, seeing the thimble in the hand of her playmate, claimed it as her own. The two children were disputing about its ownership, when Mrs. E, hearing the controversy, and being appealed to by her child, proceeded to decide between the opposing claimants in a very summary manner. She took the thimble from Mrs. C's child, and gave it to her own, stating at the same time that it was one she had bought for her girl at M. B. L.'s store in the

village a few weeks before. Mrs. C's little girl entered a most indignant protest to this disposition of the case, and claimed most vehemently that the thimble was hers; that her mother had bought it at a neighboring village and given it to her for a birthday present; and that she would appeal to her mother for redress if it were not given back to her. Her claim being ignored by Mrs. E, the child departed in tears, and in a very short space of time her mother entered

an appearance for her, and demanded that the judgment in replevin entered against her by Mrs. E so summarily and without a hearing, should be opened and she let into the defense. She sustained the claim and statement of her child; said she had purchased the thimble, as her little girl had stated, at the store of Mr. P, in a neighboring village; that she knew it was her child's, knew how the square hole came to be made in the top, and she demanded immediate restitution of the property, with costs of suit in the shape of a most humble apology, which must be made immediately. Mrs. E, equally certain that it was her thimble, refused the motion to open the judgment she had entered against her neighbor; stated that she knew the thimble was hers; that she too knew how the square hole came to be made



MEMORY TEXT

in the top; and in her anger she intimated that the little daughter of Mrs. C was a thief, and that it looked as if her mother knew it, and sustained her child in the commission of a crime. This was too much for human (and particularly female) forbearance to endure; and after a few most cogent, emphatic, and positive remarks, Mrs. C left, shaking the dust off her feet at the threshold of the house of her friend, declaring she would never enter her door again.

For some time the matter stood thus, the two good ladies, each to her coterie of especial friends, relating the incident as they remembered it, yet colored by anger and self-interest. Accusations and grave charges were made by each against the other. Both were respect-

able, and had a large circle of friends and relatives who lent a too willing ear to the belligerent parties, until the breach thus made, threatened so to widen as to dismember the church, or at least divide it into two factions, and to destroy the peace and harmony of the neighborhood. At last, under the laws of "church discipline," a complaint was made before the church authorities by one of the good sisters against the other for "slandrous words spoken." For many days before the trial the case was the subject of general comment and conversation in the village. The question, "Whose thimble was it?" was frequently and most ably discussed.

At that time the State was building the P. & E. canal, reservoirs, and feeder. A number of engineers, contractors, and sporting men boarded in the village of H—, and among them many bets were offered and taken on the result of the coming trial. Like all great events, anxiously looked for, it came at last.

"The clans had gathered at the pibroch's sound." The friends and relatives of the belligerent ladies had assembled in great numbers. An august board of reverend men had taken their seats as arbiters. An able church dignitary presided. The church building was full to overflowing with amused and anxious spectators. The court was opened with prayer. All was solemn and impressive, as became the occasion, and it was plain to every observer that the proceedings were to be governed by the spirit enunciated so forcibly in the ancient decree, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" Yes, it was evident that justice was to be done though the heavens fell. The church might suffer and become the sport and byword of the irreverent; social harmony be destroyed by the tongue of busy scandal, yet the grave question, Who owned the thimble? *must* be settled.

The first witness was called, John McM, a most worthy and truthful man. The thimble was shown him, and he testified as follows, to wit:—

"A few weeks before this difficulty commenced, I went to the house of Mr. C to borrow his gun to go a-hunting. Mrs. C brought me the gun from an adjoining room; she also brought with it the powder-horn and shot-pouch. There was no 'charger;' the string by which it was attached to the horn was broken, and it was lost. I saw this thimble on the window-sill, and taking from the breakfast table an old-fashioned iron fork, which had a square tine, with it punched a hole through the top of the thimble and tied it on to the powder-horn for a charger. I used it that day. I noticed the motto 'Forget me not' on it, and I know that it is the thimble I had, and through the top of which I punched a *square hole*."

The witness was cross-examined by the good brother who acted as attorney for the defendant, in a most able and lawyer-like manner, but it only seemed to make the testimony more conclusive and convincing.

Mrs. C looked triumphant, and her friends wore some such an expression of countenance as the backers of one party in a prize-fight might be expected to wear when their champion had drawn the first blood, while the clansmen of Mrs. E looked very much crest-fallen. On the outside of the church and in the gallery, bets were freely offered of ten to one in favor of the complainant, Mrs. C, but there were "no takers."

After proving the words spoken by Mrs. E, the complainant rested her case.

The defendant's counsel now called Esq. John G.

also a most worthy and truthful man, and he testified as follows, to wit:—

"A few weeks before this difficulty, a little child of Mrs. E's, the defendant, came into my shoe shop; she had something in her mouth, and fearing she might swallow it and choke herself, I took it from her, and found it was this thimble. I noticed the motto 'Forget me not' on it, and to prevent the child from either losing or swallowing it, I took my pegging-awl, which had a square prong, and punched a *square hole* in the top, and strung it on a wax-end, and hung it on the child's neck. I am confident this is the thimble, and that I made this hole in it with my pegging-awl."

The good brother, attorney for complainant, proceeded to cross-examine him, but, like the other witness, it only made his testimony more positive and certain.

The sporting men in the gallery now tried to "hedge their bets," but could not. Mrs. E and friends looked triumphant.

Here there was a pause in the proceedings — justice was at a deadlock. Neither of the clans seemed to be pleased with the evident fact that it was all a mistake; but the feelings of parties and partisans had become so deeply stirred that naught but the defeat and dishonor of the opposite side would satisfy either. At this point of the case the acting attorney for Mrs. E looked into the thimble and there saw a price-mark, scratched with some sharp-pointed instrument, on the surface of the metal. He had once been a clerk in the store of M. B. L., where his client stated she had purchased the thimble, and thought he knew the mark. This important fact was stated to the court, with a request that Mr. M. B. L. might be sent for. Accordingly a note was written, and I, being the nearest boy to "the bench," was directed to take it down to the store, and to request Mr. M. B. L.'s immediate attendance. I took the note and started. On the road I had some misgivings, for that morning I had stopped at the store, and while there had seen the proprietor return from "his job on the canal," in a very "fatigued" condition. I had heard that there had been some difficulty at the canal,—a riot and fight among the men,—and that M. B. L., who was a man of undoubted courage, had first taken a *drink* and then a pick-handle, and with the latter, inspired by the former, had broken several belligerent heads, and single-handed had quelled the riot. When this was done, he took another drink, and retired to his store, and at this time was fast asleep on a cot under the counter.

Now, M. B. L. was a man of wealth and position, respected by all, and beloved by many. He was generally a temperate man, and, as he afterward said, never got drunk unless there was either a riot or a church trial in his neighborhood. His wife, a most excellent and accomplished lady, was a member of the church, and at that time, with her little daughter, was attending the trial. She was idolized by her husband, to whom she, in turn, was very much attached. She was proud of his position and ability, and only had one sorrow—that on great occasions he would drink a little too much.

I entered the store, inquired for him, and was told that he was sleeping on the cot. I approached him with about the same feelings that the keeper of a menagerie experiences when with his baton of office he proceeds to stir up the sleeping animals in the cages, for the amusement of the visitors. When he was awakened, he inquired in a manner which I thought

at the time was unnecessarily emphatic, what I wanted. First looking to see that the outside door was open, and that the avenues for retreat were unobstructed, I gave him the summons, and told him my errand. He suddenly arose, gazed for a moment at my youthful form rapidly diminishing in the mild distance, and then—the last eruption of Vesuvius was a comparatively mild and placid phenomenon to what immediately occurred. It *almost* sobered him. Going to a show-case, he took from a box some two or three dozen thimbles similar to the one under controversy, and started toward the church. I had entered long before he arrived, and was safe, but I awaited coming events with breathless anxiety. He walked in with a very grave face, and slow and steady pace. He approached the seat of justice, and, with a look which seemed the very concentrated essence and spirit of contempt, faced both court and audience.

The attorney handed him the thimble, and asked him to look in it and see if that was his price-mark. He took it between his thumb and finger, looked at it for a moment, then extended his arm and apostrophized it as follows:—

"You are the thimble that has caused all this trouble! You are the apple of discord thrown by the spirit of mischief among the good sisters of this congregation! You have been the cause of all the vile gossip and slander that for the last few months have poisoned the social atmosphere of this community! You are the insignificant agent of the evil one that has nearly dismembered God's church in this place—turned friends into enemies and Christian women into slanderers and backbiters! You have brought all this large assembly of worthy people together to witness a scene most disgraceful in itself, disreputable to all engaged in it, and that will work a lasting injury to the church and the cause of religion! You contemptible, insensate thing, if you were not made of brass, you would blush at the shameful part you are playing in this most ridiculous and wicked farce! Your first cost was about two and one-quarter cents; yet you are deemed of sufficient value to convoke the powers of a great church to determine the question of your ownership. But you will do no more evil if I can prevent it."

With the concluding remark he thrust the offending thimble deep down in one pocket, and taking from another a handful of thimbles, he approached a good sister who sat at the end of a bench near him, and offering her a thimble, in the most bland and gentle of tones said, "Mother Smith, take a thimble." The next was his lady-like wife, who seemed covered with confusion and shame when he said, "My dear, take a thimble." "Why, Mr. L!" she answered in confusion. "Take a thimble," he repeated in no very amiable tone, and she took one, well knowing that there were times when her lord and master would be obeyed, and that his next remark might, regardless of the church, be in italics. He then proceeded deliberately to distribute all his thimbles among the amused and smiling sisters. When he came to the last one he turned to his little daughter, and handing her the thimble, said, "Here Ann, take this, and then come home with me; and never let me catch you in such a scrape again; and when you are gone, perhaps the rest of these fools and children will go home too."

With that, taking his little daughter's hand, he walked out of the house with the utmost nonchalance, leaving behind him an audience shamed into silence,

yet I believe well pleased with the merited rebuke. The presiding officer sat a moment, then arose and said, "Let us close this meeting with prayer."

By the by, I will remark that the officer was an uncle of M. B. L., and made of just such material, only softened and polished by conversion and grace. I always thought he was pleased with the rebuke administered to the church by his sinful nephew, and his prayer was well calculated to act like oil on the troubled waters. At the conclusion of the meeting, mutual friends interposed their services, and the two sisters became reconciled, and for long years after were firm friends and zealous workers for the good of the church.

Ten years elapsed. M. B. L. had become an ardent temperance advocate, and I heard him say in a public meeting that he had been on a great many drunks in his life, and he was heartily ashamed of all of them but one, and that was the one that gave him courage to "speak his mind in meeting," and save the church of H—from dismemberment and disgrace; that he should always be proud of that drunk, for aided by it he had quelled a riot on the canal and made a prominent church ashamed of a most disgraceful quarrel about a thimble. He said his drunken folly was administered on the homeopathic principle; that is, *similia similibus curantur*.—"Leaves From the Diary of an Old Lawyer."

"So many tender words and true
We meant to speak, dear heart, to you;
So many things we meant to do—
But we forgot.

"The busy days were full of care;
The long nights fell, and unaware
You passed beyond life's leading prayer—
While we forgot."

The Tables Turned

AMONG the many anecdotes told of Washington is one of how he escaped capture at the hands of a treacherous host, whom he afterward pardoned at the earnest pleading of the culprit's family.

The American army was encamped near West Point, when one day their commander was invited to visit a near-by mansion and dine with an old gentleman at precisely two o'clock. Having been accustomed to visit the family, he had at first trusted this old man, but whispers got about questioning his fidelity to the patriotic cause, which at last Washington resolved to put to a test. The host had been insistent as to the hour for dinner, and intimated that a guard would not be necessary. This somewhat aroused Washington's suspicion, so he decided to arrive at least an hour earlier than the appointed time. The host suggested a walk on the piazza, and by his nervousness soon made it evident to his guest that something was wrong. Washington brought the conversation around to the subject of traitors, and he wondered at the lack of principle that would cause native-born Americans to join the enemy for a little glittering gold. His fixed look, as he made these remarks, made the traitor quail; but now the sound of horses' hoofs were heard, and up rode a company of dragoons in scarlet coats.

"What cavalry are these?" exclaimed Washington. "What does this mean?"

"A party of British light-horse sent for my protection," answered his host.

"British horse—to protect you while I am your guest! What does this mean, sir?"

The troops now dismounting, came toward the piazza, and the old man getting close to his guest, said, "General, you are my prisoner!"

"I believe not," said Washington, "but, sir, I know that you are mine! Arrest this traitor, officer!"

Not knowing what to make of this turn of affairs, the hypocrite looked from Washington to the troopers, and then saw that they were American cavalymen whom Washington had disguised in British uniforms, and who arrived promptly at a quarter before two, in order to protect their general and aid him to test the truth or falseness of his host.

Being conducted, a prisoner, to the camp, the false friend afterward confessed that he had been bribed to deliver Washington to a squadron of the enemy at two o'clock on the day when the American commander was his visitor.—*Selected.*

In the Elevator

I HAVE watched the elevator boys many times, some of them reading frequently a newspaper, quite frequently a story after the type of "Diamond Dick, the Pirate Chieftain's Brother."

But I have seen several elevator boys who were of a different type.

One of them was a Japanese. I had to look twice when I glanced at the title of the book he was reading. It was a text-book on physics. The Japanese boys are generally doing something of the kind. There is nothing in the world that will hold them down. There is nothing in the world that will hold down a boy or girl who is eager to learn.

Go to graded schools until you have mastered what they can teach you, says Elizabeth Towne.

Go to college if you can.

Go to technical schools and industrial schools.

Go to Y. M. C. A. classes.

Go to correspondence schools.

Go to school to the bright and wise people you are able to meet.

Go to school to good books.

Go to school to biology, geology, astronomy, anthropology, sociology, history, arts, and crafts; get all the knowledge you can get.

Learn something about everything on earth.

And learn everything possible about some one thing on earth.

And with all the getting, pray to God for wisdom to understand, to correlate, to coordinate, to direct this knowledge into channels of useful work for the advancement of the world.

The world advances only by extra achievement of the individual who understands.

You are the individual.—*The Healthy Home.*

A Correction

By mistake the article "But if We Faint——?" in the INSTRUCTOR of January 2 was credited to me, instead of to Mrs. A. E. Ellis. It is found in her excellent book "Missionary Idea." If you have not a copy of that book already, get one at once. Every society should have at least one copy. M. E.

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



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, January 27

Helps for Every-Day Life, No. 1—The Beatitudes

LEADER'S NOTE.—This program is based on "Mount of Blessing," pages 15-71, and the first of a series which we trust will indeed be a help in the every-day life of every Volunteer. We suggest that you have it given by eleven persons, each taking one of the subdivisions of the chapter on "The Beatitudes." Let some be readings, some talks, and others, papers. See that you have appropriate music interspersed among the numbers. This should be an intensely interesting program, well filled with practical suggestions for every-day life.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5—Lesson 14: "Ministry of Healing,"

Pages 139-182

NOTE.—There will be no written review required on the "Passion for Men." Read it again some time soon. The Reading Courses are doing better than ever before. Did you know that during the last year one conference drew more Reading Course certificates than were sent to all our conferences during the first year? How rapidly our circle of persevering young people is growing! I hope you are in it to stay.

1. Show that in the disciples' work, teaching and healing were not separated. What is God's plan for our work? Why was there need of the gospel when Christ sent out the disciples? Why is it needed to-day?

2. What was our Example's method of reaching the people? State the object of medical missionary effort. Mention opportunities which come to the missionary nurse. Why should gospel workers be able to instruct in healthful living?

3. Why is individual effort necessary? As Christians take up their appointed work, what blessings will result? How should the church fulfil its responsibility as a training-school? Consecrated intellect benefits the laborer in what ways? How may consecrated men of limited education be used of God?

4. Why is self-sacrificing effort necessary to the Christian? Slighting daily opportunities results in what? To self-supporting missionaries what fields of usefulness are open?

5. Name some traits that reformers should possess, and tell why these are necessary. Show the necessity for the "word in season." Tell of the blessings which will come to those who are consecrated entirely to God's service.

6. From Christ's example, what may we learn concerning service for the tempted? By what are we to discern his estimate of the soul's value? Show the need of compassion. Through what means will success be gained in working for the lost?

7. State the need of tenderness in dealing with the erring. Of holding out hope to them. Give reasons why care should be exercised in pointing out errors.

8. When should we cease efforts for a soul? What should we take into consideration? What changes are possible even in those whose minds are most debased?

9. How should Christian laborers relate themselves to temperance reform? Why is there need of such reform? In helping the intemperate, what is often first necessary? What should be remembered, what

attitude be taken toward them, and what encouragement be given? Why must constant watch be kept over the victims of evil habits?

10. What should they be shown concerning putting forth efforts for themselves? The power of the will? The laws of health? Self-support? What disappointments will the reformer meet?

11. What should the truly converted be encouraged to do for others? Why do they understand the science of soul-saving? In what lies the only hope for sinners? Explain why Christ took humanity upon himself. What was his weapon for resisting evil? What three things will give us a living contact with Christ?

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 14: "Early Writings," Old Edition, Supplement to "Experience and Views,"

Pages 12-40; New Edition, Pages 97-127

1. MORE than ever before, why is there now need of order in giving the world the gospel? What harmful results follow the work of self-sent teachers?

2. Mention some of the qualifications which those who teach the truth should have.

3. As error increases, how should we relate ourselves to God and his cause? What will Satan aim to do? What is the cause of difficulties in the church?

4. What is the condition of many who profess to be looking for Christ's soon coming? How does his life while on earth contrast with their lives? What is the "hope" of the church?

5. If we believe with the heart that the last message of warning is now being given, what will follow in our lives? What is said of amusements? of thought? of dress? of conversation? By what are our guardian angels often grieved?

6. If remembered, what words of Scripture will help us in time of temptation? Why? In what will the true Christian find joy and amusement? How will he be weaned from the world?

7. What is written in the book of remembrance? Give reasons why we should bear witness in social meeting. A sense of what would put words of thanksgiving and praise into our mouths?

8. When the humble Bible way is followed, what will be the result?

9. In the chapter "To the Inexperienced," what solemn appeal does the angel make? Where is the sin in dwelling upon little trials? In what will self-exaltation result?

10. What does it mean to sacrifice? In what way should God's name be used?

11. How will God's displeasure be shown at the course of the false shepherds? What danger is there in attending the meetings of those who are constantly absorbing errors?

12. Describe the scene in heaven following the fall of our first parents. Why could not an angel have redeemed sinners by his death?

God's Way

WHEN a panorama is to pass before an audience, the artist darkens the room in which they sit, so that the picture may be more fully seen; so God darkens our place on earth, puts out this light and that light and the other light, that then he may pass before our souls the splendors and glories of the better land. The darkness here augments the light there.

—Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage.



III — The Coming of the Lord

(January 20)

LESSON HELPS: "Great Controversy," chapters 17, 40, 41; the *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: John 14:3.

Questions

1. Having announced his return to his Father, with what cheering promise did Jesus comfort the hearts of his disciples? John 14:1-3.

2. With what promise did Paul comfort those who mourned for their loved ones who had fallen asleep? 1 Thess. 4:13-15, 18.

3. For what great event did Enoch look? Jude 14; note 1.

4. What blessed hope comforted Job in his affliction? Job 19:23-27.

5. What description does the psalmist give of the second coming of Christ? Ps. 50:3-6.

6. To what event did Isaiah refer to encourage the weak and fearful? Isa. 35:3, 4.

7. What glorious hope cheered the heart of Paul when in the dungeon near the close of his life? 2 Tim. 4:6-8; note 2.

8. In what manner will Christ return the second time? Acts 1:9-11. Compare Rev. 1:7; note 3.

9. By whom will he be attended? What glory will be seen? Matt. 16:27; Luke 9:26.

10. How will the glory which surrounds the Saviour when he returns affect the wicked? Rev. 6:15-17; 2 Thess. 1:7-9; 2:8; note 4.

11. What does the coming of Jesus mean to the righteous dead? 1 Cor. 15:22, 23, 51-54.

12. What does it mean to the righteous who are living? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

13. What desire expressed in the prayer of Jesus will thus be fulfilled? John 17:24.

14. How will the earth itself be affected by the coming of the Lord? Isa. 13:13; 24:1, 18-20; note 5.

15. What description of its utter desolation is given by another prophet? Jer. 4:23-27.

16. What will be the hope of God's people at this time? Ps. 46:1, 2; 91:1, 2, 8, 9; Isa. 25:9.

Notes

1. "Enoch was troubled in regard to the dead. It seemed to him that the righteous and the wicked would go to the dust together, and that would be their end. He could not clearly see the life of the just beyond the grave. In prophetic vision he was instructed in regard to the Son of God, who was to die man's sacrifice, and was shown the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven, attended by the angelic host, to give life to the righteous dead, and ransom them from their graves. He also saw the corrupt state of the world at the time when Christ should appear the second time—that there would be a boastful, presumptuous, self-willed generation arrayed in rebellion against the law of God, and denying the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and trampling upon his blood, and despising his atonement. He saw the righteous crowned with glory and honor, while the wicked were separated from the presence of the Lord and consumed with fire."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. I, pages 61, 62.

2. "The Captain of our salvation has prepared his servant for the last great conflict. Ransomed by the sacrifice of Christ, washed from sin in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness, Paul has the witness in himself that his soul is precious in the sight of his Redeemer. His life is hid with Christ in God, and he is persuaded that he who has conquered death is able to keep that which is committed to his trust. His mind grasps the Saviour's promise, 'I will raise him up at the last day.' His thoughts and hopes are centered

in the second advent of his Lord. And as the sword of the executioner descends, and the shadows of death gather about the martyr's soul, his latest thought springs forward, as will his earliest thought in the great awakening, to meet the Life-giver, who shall welcome him to the joy of the blest."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 333.

3. "Soon there appears in the east a small black cloud, about half the size of a man's hand. It is the cloud which surrounds the Saviour, and which seems in the distance to be shrouded in darkness. The people of God know this to be the sign of the Son of man. In solemn silence they gaze upon it as it draws nearer the earth, becoming lighter and more glorious, until it is a great white cloud, its base a glory like consuming fire, and above it the rainbow of the covenant."—*Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan*, pages 640, 641.

4. No pen can picture nor heart fully conceive of the glory and power which will attend the return of Jesus to receive to himself the fruition of the travail of his soul. The glory which attended one angel who descended to resurrect the sleeping Saviour struck the strong Roman guard to the ground. But when Jesus returns as King of kings, he will be attended by all the armies in heaven. He will come in all the glory of the Father, in all his own glory, and in the glory of all the holy angels. Those in whom sin reigns, who are of choice identified with sin, will be slain by the brightness of his appearing.

5. "The captives brought up from the graves at the time of the resurrection of Jesus were his trophies as a conquering prince. Thus he attested his victory over death and the grave; thus he gave a pledge and an earnest of the resurrection of all the righteous dead. Those who were called from their graves went into the city, and appeared unto many in their resurrected forms, and testified that Jesus had indeed risen from the dead, and that they had risen with him. The voice that cried, 'It is finished,' was heard among the dead. It pierced the walls of sepulchres, and summoned the sleepers to arise. Thus shall it be when God's voice shall be heard shaking the heavens and earth. That voice will penetrate the graves and unbar the tombs. A mighty earthquake will then cause the world to reel to and fro like a drunkard. Then Christ, the King of glory, shall appear, attended by all the heavenly angels. The trumpet shall sound, and the Life-giver shall call forth the righteous dead to immortal life."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, page 223.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — The Coming of the Lord

(January 20)

Read "Great Controversy," chapter 40.

MEMORY VERSE: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." John 14:3.

Questions

1. Why were the disciples not to be troubled when Jesus left them? John 14:1, 2. Repeat the promise he gave to comfort them. Verse 3.

2. When Jesus had gone to heaven, who appeared to the disciples? Acts 1:10. Who were these beings? What question did they ask? What promise did they make? Verse 11; note 1.

3. How early did God's servants begin to speak of the second coming of Jesus? Jude 14, 15. While Enoch thought and prophesied concerning this great event, what did God do for him? Heb. 11:5. Was not Enoch, then, a Seventh-day Adventist preacher? Why might he properly be so called? To whom will crowns of glory be given? 2 Tim. 4:8.

4. What hid Jesus from sight as he ascended to his Father? Acts 1:9. What will be seen first when he comes again? Note 2.

5. What testimony did the angels bear concerning the manner of his returning? Acts 1:11. What did John afterward say on this point? Rev. 1:7. How many will see him when he comes?

6. Who will descend with Jesus as he returns to earth? Matt. 25:31. How many angels did Daniel see? Dan. 7:10. What command will be given them at the time of Christ's coming? Ps. 50:5.

7. What will be seen in the heavens as Jesus appears? Ps. 50:3. How will his presence affect heaven and earth? Rev. 6:14. How will the wicked try to escape? Verse 15, last part. Will the rich and great find a shelter in that time? Verse 15, first part. For what do they pray? Verse 16. What do they say? Verses 16, 17; note 3.

8. What will take place when Jesus comes? Rev. 16:18, 20. What will fall from heaven upon men? Verse 21; note 4.

9. What will the righteous ones say as they see Jesus coming? Isa. 25:9. How will they be changed? 1 Cor. 15:51-53. Who will come from their graves at that time? 1 Thess. 4:16. What will they say? 1 Cor. 15:55.

10. Where will the living and resurrected ones meet the Lord? 1 Thess. 4:17; note 5.

11. Since such a day is set before us, what should we do? Isa. 55:6, 7; Zeph. 2:3.

Notes

1. "While the disciples were still gazing upward, voices addressed them which sounded like richest music. They turned, and saw two angels in the form of men, who spoke to them. . . . These angels were of the company that had been waiting in a shining cloud to escort Jesus to his heavenly home."—*Desire of Ages* (trade edition), pages 997, 998.

2. "Soon appeared the great white cloud, upon which sat the Son of man. When it first appeared in the distance, this cloud looked very small. The angel said that it was the sign of the Son of man. As it drew nearer the earth, we could behold the excellent glory and majesty of Jesus as he rode forth to conquer. A retinue of holy angels, with bright, glittering crowns upon their heads, escorted him on his way. No language can describe the glory of the scene. The living cloud of majesty and unsurpassed glory came still nearer, and we could clearly behold the lovely person of Jesus. He did not wear a crown of thorns; but a crown of glory rested upon his holy brow. Upon his vesture and thigh was a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords. His countenance was as bright as the noonday sun, his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet had the appearance of fine brass. His voice sounded like many musical instruments. The earth trembled before him, the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places."—*Early Writings*, old edition, part 3, pages 146, 147.

3. "Naught now is heard but the voice of prayer and the sound of weeping and lamentation. The cry bursts forth from lips so lately scoffing, 'The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?' The wicked pray to be buried beneath the rocks of the mountains, rather than meet the face of him whom they have despised and rejected."—*Great Controversy*, page 642.

4. "'Every stone about the weight of a talent.' A talent, according to various authorities, as a weight, is about fifty-seven pounds avoirdupois. What could withstand the force of stones of such enormous weight falling from heaven? But mankind, at this time, will have no shelter. The cities have fallen in the mighty earthquake, the islands have fled away, and the mountains are not found. Again the wicked give vent to their woe in blasphemy; for the plague of hail is 'exceeding great.'"—*Thoughts on the Revelation*, page 720.

5. "Amid the reeling of the earth, the flash of lightning, and the roar of thunder, the voice of the Son of God calls forth the sleeping saints. He looks upon the graves of the righteous, then raising his hands to heaven he cries, 'Awake, awake, ye that sleep in the dust, and arise!' Throughout the length and breadth of the earth, the dead shall hear that voice; and they that hear shall live. And the whole earth shall ring with the tread of the exceeding great army of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. From the prison-house of death they come, clothed with immortal glory, crying, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' And the living righteous and the risen saints unite their voices in a long, glad shout of victory. . . .

"The living righteous are changed 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' At the voice of God they were glorified; now they are made immortal, and with the risen saints are caught up to meet their Lord in the air. Angels 'gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.'"—*Great Controversy*, pages 644, 645.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - -	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	- - -	.50
CLUB RATES		
5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	- - -	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	- - -	.40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	- - -	.20

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Consecration

I AM willing to receive what thou givest;
I am willing to lack what thou withholdest;
I am willing to relinquish what thou takest;
I am willing to suffer what thou inflictest;
I am willing to be what thou requirest.

—Selected.

A Remarkable Incident

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, with folded arms against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance that made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with the man, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down-stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors opening upon the landing, saying, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:—

"Tell me, O tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which was stretched the wasted form of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her question:—

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime of iniquity seemed to crush her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came to the door of a church and I went in; I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. O, and if I could but hear it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the first epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more!"

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage man had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest; and blessing came not alone to the mother, for the remarkable change wrought in the son also testified to the saving power of God's grace.

On the day of her funeral he beckoned the visitor to one side as they were filling up her grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I would so much like as to tell others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."—Selected.

A Prayer

"ANOTHER year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be
Another year of service,
Another year for thee."

Things to Remember

No one is free who is not master of himself.—*Shakespeare.*

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*William Penn.*

It is better to be alone than in bad company.—*Washington.*

THEY that know God will be humble; they that know themselves can not be proud.—*John Flavel.*

NOTHING brings such quick returns as kindness, gentleness, cheerfulness, and lending a helping hand.—*Hunter.*

SIMPLE friendship is the most helpful expression of any man's religion. He is most like God who most loves man. Religion at its best is doing deeds of kindness, showing friendship in plain, every-day ways. It is the laying down of life for men; not by dying, but by daily living for them. By thoughtfulness, gentle consideration, practical helpfulness, by doing whatever the Friend of sinners would do for them, it proves itself born from above.—*Henry F. Cope.*