


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Hastening to the Judgment

E are all approaching that dread tribunal. However diversified our paths, they all converge toward that common center. The young, with their elastic tread, are striding to the judgment; the old, with their tottering limbs, are creeping to the judgment; the rich, in their splendid equipages, are driving to the judgment; the poor, in rags and barefooted, are walking to the judgment; the Christian, making God's statutes his song, is a pilgrim to the judgment; the sinner, treading upon the mercy of Jesus and trampling upon his blood, is hastening to the judgment. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."—*Richard Fuller.*



The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, December 28

SABBATH, December 28, is the time for the next thirteenth Sabbath offering to be taken in all our Sabbath-schools. At the last council of the General Conference Committee, held in September, the following action was taken:—

Voted, That we request the Sabbath-schools to devote the offerings for the thirteenth Sabbath of the last quarter of 1912 to the needs of the training-schools for missionary workers at Camarero, Argentina, and at Pua, Chile, aiming at \$10,000 for these enterprises on that day, the overflow above this amount to be devoted to the general missionary work of the South American Union among the Spanish and Indian missions.

A leaflet has been prepared and sent out to all our schools, setting forth the urgent needs of making better provision for the training of workers for this great Neglected Continent. Some special articles will also be found in the *Review* from Brother J. W. Westphal and from others in South America, concerning the dire straits in which they find themselves because of a lack of adequate facilities for their educational work. We hope these articles will be carefully read, also the leaflet; and that a most liberal offering will be made for our school work in that great and needy field.

South America is a continent of vast proportions, with a population of nearly fifty million. Here are found almost illimitable areas, where millions are fettered by the superstition and paganism of Roman Catholicism. Millions more are primitive pagans, or Indians, on whose ears the sound of the true gospel has not yet fallen. We have a message for all these millions, to be given in the remnant of time that remains before the Lord comes. The territory is almost twice as large as that of the United States. Steam and electric railroads are not so far advanced as in this country. Vast regions are covered by the Andés range of mountains, and whole republics must be explored by the evangel of the gospel on horseback.

Under such circumstances, it is a task of tremendous proportions to carry the message to the millions here. The workers must be educated on the ground. It is for this purpose that the offering is to be given in our Sabbath-schools, December 28. Can not each one do a little better than in any previous offering? By doing so we shall cheer the hearts of the faithful workers in that field, who are struggling against great obstacles, and give the work of God much needed help.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Traveling Drawing Exhibit for City Schools

It will soon be possible for any city school to have a drawing exhibit of national significance practically without cost. Dr. Henry Turner Bailey and Mr. Royal B. Farnum are preparing for the United States Bureau of Education an exhibit of the best examples of drawing and art work in the elementary, high, and normal schools of the United States, as well as one or two of the art schools. The exhibit is to be sent to any city desiring it, upon payment of the cost of transportation from the city last using it. The transportation charges will be small.

The exhibit is not to be a large one, but it is being selected with unusual care, so as to show the work that will be most suggestive to teachers, children, and school officers. It will be ready for shipment about January 1, but cities desiring it should make application at once to the Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C., in order that it may be despatched to as many localities as possible with the least expense to each of them.

Dr. Claxton believes that this small but choice exhibit of drawing work, compiled by two acknowledged leaders of art teaching in America, will do much to aid the cause of drawing and art in the public schools.

Health of the Child in School

Do you eat breakfast every day? Do you drink coffee or tea? Do you have your bedroom window open or shut at night? Do you own a tooth-brush?

These and other pertinent questions are to be answered by the children in the public schools of Minnesota. They form part of a "Health Grading Outline" prepared by Dr. Ernest B. Hoag, special director of school hygiene for the State, whereby teachers and school nurses may learn in the most direct manner possible the physical condition of the children entrusted to their care. "Rational conservation of the mental and physical health of our schoolchildren" is the ultimate ideal of this and other current health projects reported to the United States Bureau of Education.

The appointment of a special State director for school hygiene, and the institution of a searching but non-technical health survey by teachers and school nurses, are important contributions to the school hygiene movement that is now steadily making its way throughout the country.

Illegible Signatures

A WORD may be said as to the legibility of a signature. Dozens of persons write plainly and legibly until they reach the page where they sign their name. The signature trails off vaguely, vowels and consonants running into one another until the unfortunate individual who receives the letter is puzzled to ascertain from whom it has come. A woman who receives a great many letters from the outside public is sometimes compelled to paste the signature of a correspondent on the envelope that carries back her reply to an interesting letter. She has decided upon this plan as the only peaceable way of saving herself from misunderstanding, and of lessening the burdens of the officials in Washington who open and return dead letters.—*The Christian Herald*.

Five Hundred Dollars for a Smile

THE will of Alice Johns Hodges, of Chelmsford, England, was probated the other day, and was found to contain a bequest of \$500 to Mrs. Walker, the wife of a bank cashier, for simply smiling pleasantly at the testatrix as they left church together. Mrs. Walker explained, when told of the gift, that she remembers seeing Mrs. Hodges at church one morning, and that something in Mrs. Hodges's face attracted her, and she greeted Mrs. Hodges with a smile and a kind word, and chatted with her pleasantly at the church door.—*The Christian Herald*.

"TALK happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of these to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hur' by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain."

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 10, 1912

No. 50

Mexico, Ancient and Modern

(Concluded)

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES



IF modern Mexico City, we may say that it is a city of magnificent public buildings, of grand *paseos*, or boulevards, where a pageant of wealth and vainglory passes in crowds and masses so dense that one can scarcely go safely through. The mountain has been tunneled to drain the lakes, as well as to prevent inundations, to which the city was subject in the rainy season; so that now more than six hundred thousand people live in the ancient valley of Anahuac, over four hundred thousand of whom are within the city limits. There are also many broad acres of corn, and beautiful gardens, both of vegetables and of flowers, for the city markets; and the sight of the flower market is one never to be forgotten. These people certainly excel in their beautiful designs and arrangement of flowers, and thousands of dollars are expended in decorating the cemeteries on special days.

The presidential mansion stands upon the same great rock from which of old the proud Aztec rulers looked over their broad domain. It was for many years the home of the Spanish viceroys, and is called Chapultepec. Some of the very same old trees still stand which sheltered Montezuma from the fierce rays of the tropical sun. Close by is a little monument, erected in memory of the cadets who died defending the castle when it was captured by the Americans in 1847. The city also was taken, in what was pronounced by General Grant the most unholy and unjust war ever waged by a stronger nation against a weaker; but be it said to the credit of Uncle Sam, he acted the part of big brother, when, a little later, an effort was made by some of the European powers to again establish a monarchy here, and Maximilian and his wife Carlotta were crowned emperor and empress. Acting through Secretary Seward, Uncle Sam sent word to Napoleon, who was pushing the project, that when he had finished a little affair of his own, he would attend to his. The little affair referred to was our late civil war, but the threat was sufficient. Both the French and the Pope withdrew their support. Maximilian was shot, and poor Carlotta is ending her life in a roval château, having lost her reason as the result of their misfortunes. Their golden coach of state is kept in the museum, as one of the last relics of royalty.

But there is still an air of royalty surrounding the old castle; although at its foot, filthy, barefooted, and in squalid poverty, the Indian mother still carries her baby on her back, and great loads of market produce upon her head or shoulders, still dressed in the same fashion in which Cortes first saw her,—a piece of coarsely woven cloth drawn around below the waist, and a few rags around the shoulders; while the men of the same class still wear the tunic, or square cloth with a hole for the head, and some makeshift for lower garments, and down in the "hot country" they are often seen naked except for the loin-cloth. They are as truly heathen as they were in the days of Cortes,

the Catholic religion being simply a transfer of worship from the ugly stone images to the shrine of the "blessed virgin" and the crucifix, one religion tacked on over another. Where once was the old Indian market, and later the place for the burning of heretics, is now the alameda, a most beautiful park, filled with stately trees, fountains, and statues. From the band stand here, and also at the *zocalo*, or public square, the military band discourses fine music each evening, and on special occasions. These people love music, and are especially fond of flowers. They love pictures, and will stand and gaze upon a display of sacred pictures with a hungry, wistful, longing look, which can not fail to inspire within an observer the wish that they might be taught more of the loving Father, and of a living, loving Saviour, instead of a dead Mary, and a dead Saviour always upon the crucifix. Let us hope that some of them do see the blessed Christ instead of the "blessed virgin" in their devotions.

The streets in the city proper are kept scrupulously clean; and it is a sight never to be forgotten, when one alights from the electric car as it stops at the *zocalo*, to look out upon the great public square and see for the first time the thronging masses. Scores of beautiful electric cars are waiting their turn, or starting off with a fresh load; bright-colored automobiles, filled with gaily dressed people, are flying in every direction; stately coaches, and soldiers and gendarmes in gay trappings, are parading on every side; while everywhere the peons in their picturesque costumes are crying their wares, and the poor beggars in every form of misery and wretchedness are asking to be remembered. The people are kind-hearted, and many a penny or larger piece is dropped into the outstretched hand, while the giver receives in return a muttered blessing, accompanied by the sign of the cross. Among the laborers, the peon and his little burro are almost inseparable. The patient, docile little creature will carry loads that would seem to be entirely beyond its strength. Like its companion in labor, the poor *cagadore*, it is fearfully overloaded. These men, not large, will shoulder your trunk, no matter if it weighs two hundred pounds, and carry it anywhere you may wish. They are generally barefooted, and will carry anything, from a coffin to a wardrobe or dresser, wherever desired.

This is a land of strange customs. Oftentimes one will be awakened in the early morning hours by the snapping of firecrackers and the explosion of torpedoes, and he is tempted at first to believe he is dreaming of an American fourth of July, but he soon learns that it is some religious day of the church, or possibly the dedication of a new church, or mayhap the opening of a new saloon. The Christmas *posados* is an eight-day festival, each day being one of noisy demonstration, until at last, at midnight of the twenty-fourth, the ringing of bells, the explosion of fireworks, and the hurraing of the crowds far exceed our fourth of

July. On Sunday morning the churches are filled with devout worshipers, while later in the day the same people are shouting themselves hoarse at the bull-fight, that barbarous relic of a Christian (?) nation.

But these people are loyal to their religion, gentle with one another, and exceedingly polite to strangers. They are impulsive, children of nature. They are our next-door neighbors, and we are debtors to them because we know a better way; and it would seem that just now is the time to show them a better way. There is a strong anti-Catholic sentiment coming in. Madero is not a Catholic; and in an anti-Catholic demonstration recently made in the city, it was estimated that fifteen thousand persons joined in the parade, while upon the banners displayed were the words, "Down with the clergy." Like the Catholic countries in the Old World, Mexico is in the throes of revolution, and seems to be making an effort to be free; and she must hear the warning message, "Babylon the great is fallen. . . . Come out of her, my people." The printed page is doing a good work, but where are the scores of Bible workers needed to go from house to house to carry the good news of a loving and soon-coming Saviour? "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." We must pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his vineyard.

Spending an hour or two at Dolores, the great general cemetery, I could but think of the lives that are going out in darkness. After the gates were opened at one o'clock, the funeral cars began to arrive, each bearing a coffin and a little group of mourners. While waiting, I counted six or seven of these cars; and on the way home I passed another gate, where were other groups who had brought their burdens on foot, being probably too poor to have the use of the funeral car. No minister nor priest accompanied these people, but silently the coffin was placed upon the shoulders of four men, and thus carried to its resting-place; but perhaps it was not its last resting-place, for if the grave is only a rented one, as soon as the rent is not forthcoming, the body is exhumed and burned in the common heap, the place thus left vacant being soon used for another occupant. Besides this great cemetery, there are several smaller ones, more select; but there is a long procession every day on the way to these cities of the dead. O, how these people need the gospel to light up the future! My soul cries out in an agony of sorrow as I think of these, and of those in other dark lands, who are "dying without God."

Every Life a Masterpiece

TAMPION was the most exquisite mechanic in London, perhaps in the world. His name on a timepiece was a satisfactory guaranty of its excellence. When once asked to repair a watch upon which his name had been fraudulently engraved, he smashed it with a hammer, and handing to the astonished customer one of his own matchless workmanship, said, "Sir, here is a watch of my making." He taught Graham his trade, and Graham made the clock for the Greenwich observatory, which has been running for more than one hundred fifty years, and yet needs regulating but once in fifteen months. Both men now lie in Westminster Abbey because of the excellence of their work.

Jonas Chickering, from the time that he began to work for a piano-maker, did everything with marked care. Time and labor were freely expended for the sake of knowledge and accuracy. Soon he was making pianos in a factory of his own, and had resolved

that every instrument should be better than the one that preceded it. To the end of his life he permitted no one to give the finishing touches to an instrument but himself. His name soon became such a power in the commercial world that another piano-maker had his name changed by the Massachusetts Legislature to Chickering, and put it on his pianos. But Jonas Chickering petitioned the legislature, and it was changed back.

It is asserted that not one of the violins made by Stradivarius was ever known to break or to come to pieces. He made them "for eternity." He needed no patent because no other violin-maker would pay such a price for excellence as he paid. Now every Stradivarius in existence "is worth from three to ten thousand dollars, or several times its weight in gold."

Did it pay these men to be at such cost of time and effort to make each instrument that went out of their hands a masterpiece? And if there is any possible justification of their enormous outlay of time and energy in making mechanical devices such masterpieces of workmanship, instruments so perfectly fitted to perform their intended function, how great is the obligation resting upon every man to make his life a masterpiece, an instrument perfectly fitted to perform the work God intended it to perform in the world! The obligation undoubtedly exists, and is strong far beyond any conviction we are likely to entertain concerning it. But that sternness which always characterizes duty is, in this case, touched with beauty. Each life a masterpiece,—my life a masterpiece,—there is so much that is genuinely heroic and beautiful in the end sought, and so much that is heroic in the effort required to attain the end, that the picture is remarkably attractive.

But if each life is to be made a masterpiece, we must go beyond the finding of a high and clear ideal. Every opportunity of approximating the ideal must be seized and fully used. Many lives seem "cribbed, cabined, and confined," but none is entirely lacking in opportunity. Henry Wilson, bound out until he was twenty-one for a yoke of oxen and six sheep, and working early and late as people used to work on a farm, with scarcely any school privileges, would seem to most to have had very limited opportunities for reading and culture; but before his time had expired, he had read one thousand good books. Still more might it well be thought that Frederick Douglass was without opportunities in life, for he was a slave on a plantation where it was almost a crime to teach a slave to read. But "from scraps of paper, posters on barns, and old almanacs" he learned the alphabet, and lifted himself into eminence. Limited opportunities are disgraceful to no one, but failure to seize and use opportunity is disgraceful to any one. Every opportunity fully used is a priceless jewel gained for all the future. Every opportunity lost is a permanent impoverishment of life.—*W. E. Henry, in Service.*

Do and Trust

NEVER mind whereabouts your work is. Never mind whether it is visible or not. Never mind whether your name is associated with it or not. You may never see the issue of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you can not see results here in the hot working-days, the cool evening hours are drawing near when you may rest from your labors, and then they may follow you. So do your duty, and trust God to give the seed you sow a body as it hath pleased him.—*Ian Maclaren.*

Ceremonies Connected With a Chinese Funeral

S. A. NAGEL



ABOUT two weeks ago the first wife of a very wealthy Chinese, living next door to us, died. Being rich, they were able to carry out to the letter all the heathen rites of burial.

Between their veranda and ours is only a thin sheet-iron partition, and since this was the first Chinese funeral we had seen, our heads have been around the side of the partition a good share of the time, though this was not very polite.

The Chinese fully act out their belief in the immortality of the soul; and the longer I live in China, the more fully am I convinced that a belief in this false doctrine is responsible for China's being in the condition she is to-day. Not only is this belief a great barrier to the advance of Christianity, but it has kept the people bound in the worst kind of superstition.

We were just arising when the wails of the hired mourners made us know for certain that some one had died next door. We have hardly been able to sleep since for their noise.

As soon as the woman died, several Buddhist nuns came to look after the ceremony. These nuns all had their heads shaved, and looked more like men than women, though they wore long dark-green robes.

The first thing done was to build a large two-story outdoor stairway of bamboo, up and down which to take the coffin. With the coffin came several baskets of finely torn paper, which was scattered all along the way.

As the dead woman was the first wife, all her jewelry, about three thousand dollars' worth, was put into the coffin with her. Some one will probably dig up the coffin later, and steal this jewelry. If so, so much the better; for when in two or three years the relatives dig up the coffin to put the bones into a jar, — called the golden jar, — they will suppose the woman is using it in the spirit world if they do not find it.

All that first day, these nuns beat drums and wailed for twenty or thirty minutes, then rested for fifteen minutes, and continued their beating and wailing.

Later in the evening thousands of dollars' worth of paper money was brought into the house and burned a little at a time in a small charcoal-stove on the porch. This was to give the deceased plenty of money in the spirit world. The smoke of this and of their incense sticks was often blown around into our room, and almost choked us at times. I finally asked them to move the pot to the other side of the veranda.

That same evening a small iron box about eight feet square was also brought, and in it all the woman's beautiful and costly clothing was burned, and thus sent on to her in the spirit world. It made my heart sick to watch piece after piece go into the fire; for I thought of the thousands of poor who will soon be needing just such garments when cold weather comes. Enough money is spent in these rites to send the gospel to all China. This iron box was in the street in front of our house.

The next morning the coffin was removed and carried down-town and stored, to be taken later to the family's native village. Many people in jinrikishas followed the foreign hearse. The best one in the city, costing \$250, was engaged to carry the body down-town. The jinrikishas cost one dollar apiece.

All that day and the next the nuns kept up their

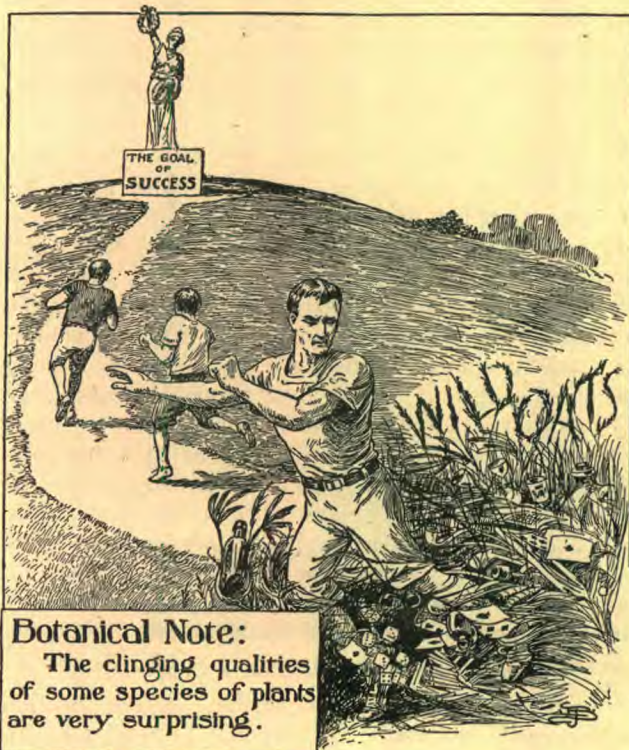
awful chanting, and then all stopped for a week. But every week for seven weeks they must come and go through all their ceremony.

The week after the woman's death, the iron box was again brought, and three paper women, life size, were burned. These three represented the second, third, and fourth wives, who must always serve the first. The second week's service is still in progress. While I am writing, the nuns are chanting their verses from books, and beating their drums, to be sure their friend's spirit gets safely into heaven.

Could you look into their room, you would see five large gilded idols sitting before the picture of the deceased. Hanging on the walls are many pictures. Before each idol stands a nun with shaved head, praying for a safe journey for the departed spirit. I hardly expected to see such things here in Hongkong, a city that has been in touch with Christianity so long. The people make us ashamed of ourselves by their faithfulness to their heathen devotions. God is blessing our efforts here, and some are breaking away from these things.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all is that on the veranda are all manner of paper animals, and down-stairs is a modern paper house, all furnished with the best blackwood furniture. I wish the readers of the INSTRUCTOR could look into it. There is also a paper garden with pots of paper flowers of all kinds in it. Then there is a stable with horses, chickens, etc., and last of all paper servants and an automobile and a jinrikisha. All these will soon be burned and sent on to the woman to be used at her pleasure in the spirit world. The paper house is about eight feet square.

Could you see these things, you would feel like doing your utmost to teach these people, for whom Christ died, the truth that makes us free. I am sending the *Review* a report of how God is helping us find some of them.



Christian Endeavor World



The Little Brown Creeper

ALTHOUGH I'm a bird, I give you my word
That seldom you'll know me to fly;
For I have a notion about locomotion.
The little Brown Creeper am I,
Dear little Brown Creeper am I.

Beginning below, I search as I go
The trunk and limbs of a tree
For a fly or a slug, a beetle or bug;
They're better than candy for me,
Far better than candy for me.

When people are nigh, I'm apt to be shy,
And say to myself, "I will hide;"
I continue my creeping, but carefully keeping
Away on the opposite side,
Well around on the opposite side.

Yet sometimes I peek while I play hide and seek;
If you're nice, I shall wish to see you:
I'll make a faint sound and come quite around
And creep like a mouse in full view,
Very much like a mouse in full view.

DR. GARRETT NEWKIRK.

A Page From Popular Mechanics

Shade-Trees Grown Upside Down



MAINE railroad company has solved the problem of growing good, even if small, shade-trees in a short time, the result of the method adopted being that after two years these trees give as much shade as could be provided by trees grown in the ordinary way first when they become from fifteen to twenty years old.

For the purpose small elm-tree saplings are preferably used. The sapling is dug out with all the roots, but is set out with the top part in the ground, and the roots in the air. This topsyturvy mode of planting does not seriously affect the growth. Roots soon form on what was before the top of the tree; and the original roots, that now take the place of the branches, begin to leaf out and form a complete blanket foliage, making a fine canopy. Trees so grown can be found at Waterville and Fairfield, Maine.

Milk Ice Blocks to Cool Milk

An unusual method of preparing milk for long-distance shipping has been adopted in the Brazilian province Minas Geraes, from which Rio de Janeiro draws most of its milk supply. Part of the fresh Pasteurized milk (one fourth to one third) is frozen into solid cubes, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds each, and a number of them are placed in cans, having insulated walls and holding about three hundred quarts. The cans are then filled with milk, hermetically closed, and the whole cooled to 39° F. It is said that milk shipped after such treatment will stand a journey of from fifteen to twenty days without injurious effect, and that, while the frozen milk of course slowly melts and mixes with the rest, the consistency of the milk upon arrival is perfectly homogeneous and in no way to be distinguished from the fresh product.

Dynamo That Could Rest on a Copper Cent

What is believed to be the smallest electric dynamo in the world, so small that it could be placed on an American penny and not occupy all the space, was re-

cently exhibited before the French Academy of Science. The instrument is a perfect miniature of a large machine, and though it is a practical model in all respects, working with a hum that sounds like the buzz of an insect, it weighs only one fifth of an ounce, and is but six tenths of an inch in height and length, being a little short of this in thickness. It can be used not only as a generator but also as a motor, consuming in the latter case two amperes of electric current at a pressure of 2.5 volts, and being easily operated by a small pocket battery. Every detail of the machine is accurately made.

Scarcity of Physicians in China

The number of physicians in the whole Chinese republic is scarcely more than three thousand, according to Dr. M. R. Edwards, head of the Shanghai branch of the Harvard Medical School. Of this number approximately two thousand are trained native physicians, and one thousand foreign physicians.

One of the important departments of the Shanghai branch of the Harvard Medical School is that of preventive medicine, and its purpose is to educate native public health officials. It is these officials who can best overcome the prejudices of the ignorant classes in time of pestilence and epidemics.

Radium Particle Saved From Ashes

An English firm of chemists that hires out radium to physicians went through an unusual operation recently in an attempt to recover a particle of this precious substance, the weight of which was about one thirteenth of a grain, valued at about \$500.

The radium particle, rented to a local doctor, was contained in a little holder known as the applicator, to which it was attached by strong varnish. After applying the radium to the body of the patient, the physician removed the applicator and the surgical dressing at the same time, and threw both into the grate fire. As the bandages flared up, the doctor realized his mistake, but it was too late to rescue the radium, as it had mingled with the cinders.

All the ashes in the fireplace were collected, placed in a cardboard box, and sent to the firm of chemists. The test applied showed the ashes to be radio-active and to contain nine tenths of the radium originally contained in the applicator, and this was recovered.

Candied Lumber Is the Best Preserved

Preserving wood in sugar, actually candying it as fruit and flowers are candied, is the newest process of treating timber, just taken from the forest, to prevent dry rot and to bring about rapid seasoning. The new method was discovered by an English chemist, and has since been tested with highly satisfactory results. Woods of all kinds and of all degrees of density have been subjected to test, and the sugar process has been found not only efficient but less expensive than many older methods for the same purpose. The wood is placed in tanks filled with a solution of sugar or saccharin products, the character of the solution differing for the various woods. The tanks are heated, and the wood is allowed to remain for a stated length of time, which also varies with the kind and size of timber treated. The whole process, including the drying, takes but a few days, and the cost, as stated, is very low.

In some lives the saccharin seems to predominate; but in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids.

To Find the Dog Star

SIRIUS is the brightest star, and can be located in the heavens by looking to the south for the constellation Orion, which can be detected by seven brilliant stars, four forming a quadrilateral, in the middle of which are three collinear stars known as Orion's Sword-girdle or Belt, and sometimes called the Three Kings. In a direct line with these three stars toward the southeast is the blazing Sirius, bluish white in color, lying in the constellation of the Great Dog. This constellation rises in the evening at the end of November, passes the meridian at midnight at the end of January, and disappears from our horizon toward the end of April. The next brightest star is Arcturus, in the constellation Boötes, which is in the form of a pentagon, and may be found by following with the eye the turn in the tail of the Dipper, or Great Bear. This constellation has only one star of the first magnitude, Arcturus, which can be readily distinguished by its beautiful golden yellow color.—*The Christian Herald*.

Famous Book Collections in American Libraries

ONE of the world's best collections of books on Turkey and the Balkan States is in an American library. It is the famous Riant collection now in Harvard University library, and is interestingly described in a bulletin just issued by the United States Bureau of Education. It was acquired by Harvard in 1899, and has since been added to, until to-day the section on the Ottoman empire comprises about 4,000 volumes.

American libraries have a very large number of valuable special collections. What is probably the most important Dante collection in existence is at Cornell, and the same institution has a collection on the French Revolution that experts say can hardly be surpassed even in France. The most remarkable set of Bibles in the world, comprising a large number of first editions and unique copies, is in the library of the General Theological Seminary in New York. New York City also has one of the most nearly complete collections of books on Hebrew subjects, that in the Jewish Theological Seminary, consisting of 33,000 volumes. One of the finest libraries of Japanese material to be found anywhere is at Yale University. It would be difficult to duplicate in Europe the great collection of works on mystic subjects in the Masonic Library at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or the similar collection of books on ritual and ceremonial in the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons at Boston.

For a great collection of works on German socialism the expert need not look to Germany; he can find it in the United States. At the Wisconsin State Historical Library, at Madison, is the Schlueter collection, containing many works not found even in the archives of the German Social Democracy in Berlin. In music the Newberry Public Library of Chicago has a conspicuous collection, especially rich in works on the history and theory of music by Italian authors. In the realm of science, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh contains about 40,000 volumes on the natural sciences and useful arts, and the Missouri Botanical Gardens at St. Louis is especially rich in monographs and floras.

These are but a few of the many collections of world-wide significance that are in American libraries. The modern tendency in library making, both among private and public collectors, is to concentrate on some one field or portion of a field, rather than to scatter.

For this reason a list by subjects, showing just where the material on certain topics may be found, is peculiarly valuable to the serious searcher after knowledge. The bulletin "Special Collections in Libraries in the United States" was compiled for the Bureau of Education by W. Dawson Johnson and Isadora G. Mudge, of Columbia University, and has been printed for free distribution.

Map of Precious Stones

THERE is exhibited in the Louvre one of the most extraordinary international gifts of which any record exists. It is a map of precious stones presented by Russia to France. This wonderful map is forty inches square, and composed entirely of gold and precious stones framed in slate-colored jasper. The gold is all Siberian, and every gem that stars the map came from the imperial Russian mines in the Urals.

This map was designed, with the personal approval of the emperor of Russia, by the famous Russian engineer, DeMostovinko, who superintended its production and completion. It was put together at the imperial factory at Ekaterinburg, a process that occupied a period of eight months. So pleased was the czar with DeMostovinko's achievement that he presented him with a decoration in honor thereof. In this jeweled map of France the sea is represented by a pale and precious marble, and portions of foreign countries necessarily included, such as England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, are in dark gray onyx. The whole of France is shown entirely in polished jasper, and each province, or department, has been cut from stone of a different color, although the whole blends without the slightest affront to the artistic eye.

Almost every mine in European and Asiatic Russia was ransacked for the necessary material, some of the gems being found only in mines appropriated by the emperor, and never figuring in commerce at all. The jasper employed is some of the most beautifully veined that ever has been found, while the polishing is a marvel to behold. So exquisitely do the lines of each section meet that they are invisible to the naked eye.

No fewer than one hundred six of the more important towns of France are given, their names being wrought in letters of gold, while the towns themselves are represented by lovely jewels. Thus Paris is represented by a ruby of enormous size and value. Havre boasts a superb emerald under its golden name; Rouen is a sapphire; Lille is a chrysoberyl; Lyons is a tourmalin; Nantes is a beryl; Bordeaux is an aquamarine; Marseilles is an emerald; Nice is a garnet; Cherbourg is an alexandrite from the Urals (green by day and reddish blue by artificial light). Twenty-one other towns are represented by amethysts, thirty-five by tourmalins, and thirty-eight by quartz crystals. The rivers are represented by sinuous bars of precious platinum sunk in the jasper. The course of the rivers had first to be cut in the stone and the platinum laid in afterward and then polished. The entire cost of the map was defrayed by the czar himself, and Parisian jewelers of the first rank estimate that not less than \$500,000 was expended in the production of this costly international compliment.—*New York Press*.

SOMEHOW I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else.—"*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*."



THE HOME CIRCLE



"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

Things Girls Should Know



HAT a substantial, common-school education is a good foundation for future training.

How to plan and cook a nourishing meal.

How to do the family marketing.

How to wash and iron clothes.

How to make their own dresses.

How to darn stockings and to sew on buttons.

How to make shirts.

How to make bread.

All the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor.

How to wear calico dresses with as much dignity as the more expensive ones.

That thick, warm shoes are sensible foot-wear in cold, damp weather.

That a good, round, rosy athletic girl is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

That paint and powder can not beautify.

The more one lives within one's income, the more one will save.

That the farther one lives beyond one's income, the nearer one will get to the poorhouse.

How to say No and mean it, and how to say Yes and stick to it.

That a good, steady, greasy mechanic is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in fine clothes.

How to regard the morals and not the money of young men.—*Selected.*

Waste in the Home Kitchen

As a nation we have practised extravagance from childhood; really a natural and logical sequence in a land of apparently inexhaustible resources, where valuable hardwood trees were burned to clear the land for cultivation, which same land later produced so bountifully that corn was often used as fuel because it was too cheap to sell. Those days have passed, it is true, — never to return again in the United States. But the condition named was only one of many incident to the growth of this country; and however justifiable such wastes may have been in their day, and while not practised at the present time, they nevertheless contributed to the growth of a spirit of reckless wastefulness, which has now pervaded all classes. Even the most thrifty immigrants, born and reared to exercise the most extreme economy, lose much of it after a few years in America, which throws away every day in the year enough food alone to feed, and feed much better than some are now fed, a nation of 15,000,000 souls; as, for instance, the combined population of European Turkey and Persia, or all of Manchuria. Perhaps we shall comprehend it better in terms of our own cities; that is, enough is wasted through carelessness or ignorance in preparation, or thrown away after cooking, to actually feed — though, perhaps not quite so well as they are fed, but to sufficiently feed — the combined population of the

following cities: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Omaha, Denver, Portland (Oregon), St. Paul, Minneapolis, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Kansas City (Missouri). This seems impossible, but the figures are underestimated rather than overestimated.

Just think of it; enough nourishing food absolutely wasted in this country every day to feed every man, woman, and child in eighteen of its largest cities! Part of this loss is due to ignorance and carelessness of servants, but a very large portion is waste for which the housewife is responsible. At only ten cents a meal, the above loss amounts to \$4,500,000 a day, or \$1,642,500,000 a year.

The only wonder is the "high cost of living" is so low.—*H. Windsor, in Popular Mechanics.*

Don't's for the Kitchen

Don't throw away the small ends of candles. They are excellent to add to boiled starch; or shaved, they will wax a floor.

Don't throw away the water in which unsalted rice has been boiled. It makes the best starch for lingerie waists.

Don't throw away the paraffin from jelly and marmalades. Wash each piece and save it. Boil the accumulation, and there will be clean paraffin for next jelly time.

Don't throw away the coarse, green leaves of celery. Dry them in the oven for flavoring soups and sauces.

Don't throw away lemon and orange peels. Dry and powder for flavoring, or cut into shreds and boil in a white sirup for a sweetmeat.

Don't throw away the water in which potatoes, peas, and beans have been boiled. This water contains the valuable vegetable salts, and to use it in soup is a healthful economy.

Don't throw away broken or dry pieces of bread. Larger pieces can be made into toast for poached eggs. Smaller pieces may be buttered, cut into cubes, and browned in the oven as croutons to serve with soups. They may be made into a bread or chocolate pudding.

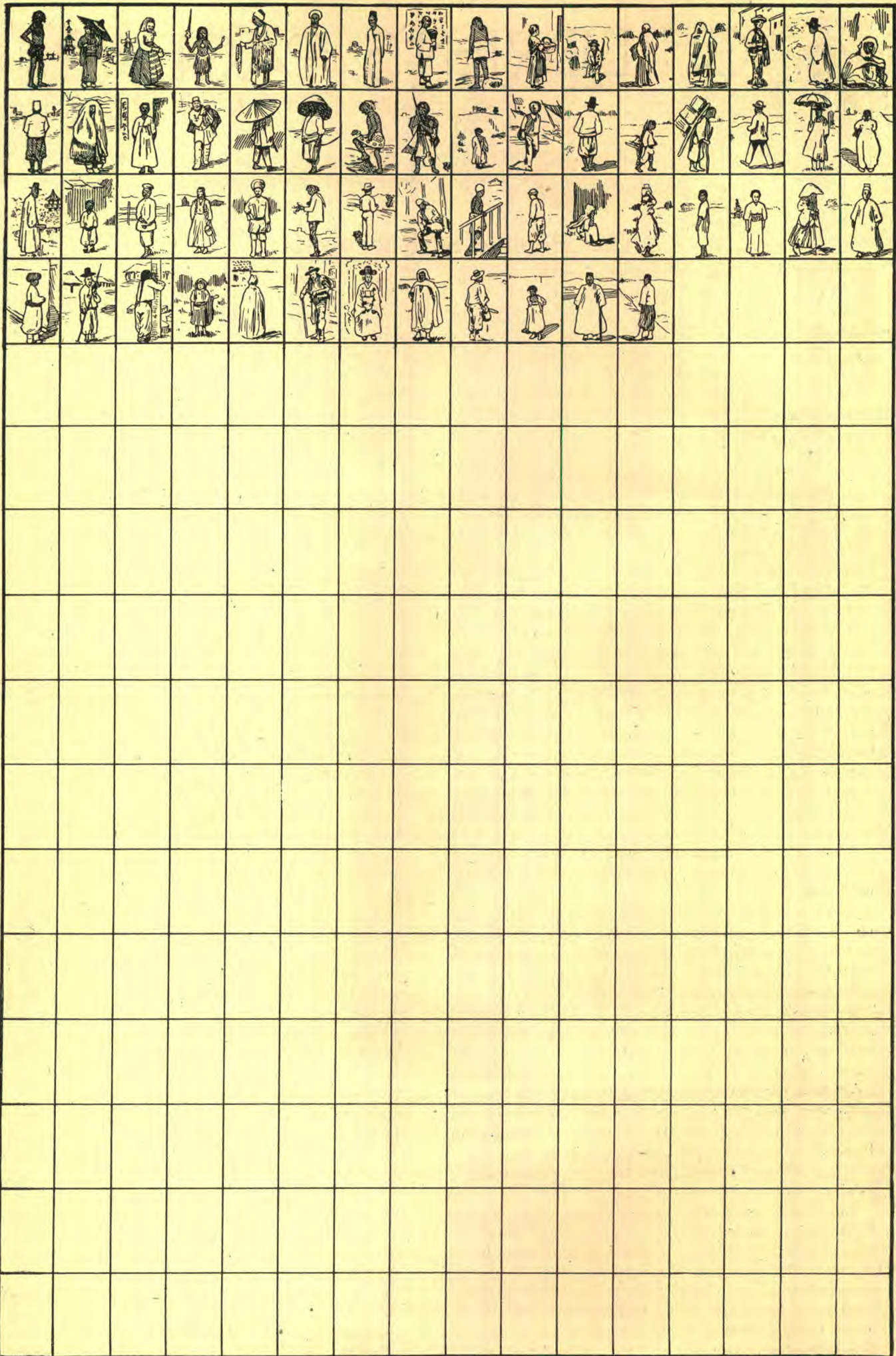
Don't throw away the few spoonfuls of various vegetables. They may be blended into an appetizing salad. There are few vegetables that do not mix well.

Don't throw away cold, baked potatoes. Peel and slice them, and make into a German potato salad.

Don't neglect your refrigerator. Clean it daily, and twice a week place in it a saucer containing charcoal. This is a great aid in keeping it sweet.

Don't fail to keep your pantry clean. Food lasts longer when kept in a clean place. This also applies to your cellar.

Don't let the inside of your teakettle become incrustated with lime. A clean clam- or oyster-shell kept in it collects this lime, and may be thrown away.—*Woman's Companion.*



SIXTY OF THE TWO HUNDRED FIFTY-SIX SPACES FILLED

The following churches have reported the amount of money received from their Ingathering services: Logansport, Indiana, \$15.15; Chicago (South Side, Forty-sixth St., church), \$30.70; Elgin, Illinois, \$15.23; Exira, Iowa, \$36.76; Warren, Pennsylvania, \$2.45; Beaver City, Nebraska, \$75; Chicago (West Side church), \$53.83; Pueblo, Colorado, \$26.38; Takoma Park, D. C., \$50.78.



The Heroine of Robbins Reef



WHO of us has done his or her duty unwaveringly for twenty-six years? Who has placed that duty before every lure of pleasure, every distraction of seemingly conflicting duty, for a year more than a quarter of a century? I know one such, a woman. She is a little woman, less than five feet in height, her shoulders slightly bent, her face considerably seamed with those characters that years, coupled with responsibilities, write ineffaceably upon the countenance of man or woman.

There is a good deal of silver in her smooth, dark-brown hair, but her cheeks have the fresh, fine tint of health, and her eyes are younger than her sixty-two years. They are eyes of the sort one remembers, gray and steady, with the quality of depth, and the hint of their owner's power of sweeping wide spaces, and gazing into the vista of immense distances. A plain little woman she is, with hands brown and enlarged by hard work, and a shy, constrained habit of fumbling with them in her lap in those brief times when idleness is enforced. We meet her apparent counterpart in every well-kept home of a good housewife. Yet it is in the setting of her home and in the performance of its duties that Mrs. Katie Walker is unique. For Mrs. Walker is at home under a roof most women accounted brave would shun. Her sister called upon her in this home, and so terrified was she that she would never repeat the visit.

Mrs. Walker's home is a post of duty furnished her by the government. Its exterior reminds those who have a keen appreciation of the pleasures of the table of a huge cake in alternate layers of brown and white. Like some cakes we have seen, and helped to eat, it is broad at the base and grows smaller at the top. It rises sheer out of New York Bay five miles south of Manhattan Island battery and one mile from the shore of Staten Island. It stands at the end of Robbins Reef, a jutting ledge of rocks, black and ugly and menacing as a shark's water-cutting back. To this ledge, in the remote days of the Knickerbocker governors, the younger generations paid visits to shoot seals with their blunderbusses. One-half mile east is the channel which all ships going to or returning from Europe follow. The channel has been nicknamed "The Path to Atlantic," and the sailors know Mrs. Walker's watery home as "Katie's Light."

For twenty-six years she has been keeper of the only lighthouse in the world surrounded by water in charge of a woman. When her husband died of pneumonia, contracted while filling this lonely post of duty, and the government sought a successor for keeper of Robbins Reef lighthouse, it could find none. For three years the government sought this successor. It sent for other lighthouse-keepers, and offered to transfer them to this post. All the appointees declined after a look at Robbins Reef.

"It's too dangerous," they all said. And some

added, "It's too responsible;" and not a few, "It's too lonely." Then the government inspector, while making his quarterly visit to see whether the great light burned brightly, asked the widow, who had tended the light pending the long search, "Will you accept the appointment?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Walker. She is a woman of no superfluous words.

"It's against the rules to put a woman in charge of a lighthouse out at sea," said the puzzled official, "but if no man will take it — well, we'll see."

Mrs. Walker received the appointment. And quietly, unfailingly, she has performed her duty while a new generation has been born and grown to its majority and assumed its place in the plan of the world's development.

In summer the room whence the great light shines steadily as an unsleeping giant's eye, is of nearly unendurable heat. In the winter it is desperately cold. These circumstances seem to affect but little the keeper at Robbins Reef.

"In the winter there's extra work because the frost gathers on the windows, and must be scraped off every little while to keep them clear. If I didn't, they couldn't see the light. The machinery that turns the lenses around has to be wound up every five hours," she explained on a visit I paid her.

"And you never fall asleep?"

Mrs. Walker looked at me. The gray, curiously steady, far-seeing eyes smiled. "I dare not," she answered. "Think of the ships, especially on a stormy night, that depend on the light. And this is a bad reef. I sleep part of the afternoon, but even then the light is never off my mind. I wake every hour, and get up and inspect it or ask how it is. Such a thing gets on your mind and stays there. Whatever happens, the light must be kept burning."

"And there has never been an accident? Has the light never gone out?"

"No," answered Katie Walker simply, as one who answered a commonplace question covering the happenings of a few moments.

Quite unconscious she seems of the vista of years of duty valiantly done. It is the Staten Island folk and the officials of the lighthouse department who tell proudly of those twenty-six years without one accident.

Storms sweep New York harbor, some leaving wreckage and floating bodies and grieving hearts. I spoke of these storms.

"You must be afraid."

"No," she answered. "I have never been afraid, but once I was worried a little about my family — my girl and my boy. It was ten years ago. The bay was covered with ice from here to the Jersey shore. When the ice began to break and piled up as high as the railing of the platform, I knew there was danger of the lighthouse being carried away. The noise of

the ice cracking and grinding against the lighthouse kept me awake. I did not sleep at all that week. I had everything packed and ready, and told my family to let the boat down and take to it if the lighthouse moved."

"And you?" I asked.

"I should have stayed with the light," she answered as simply as, a little later, she asked me to have some apple cake.

"And that awful week, the light —"

"O, it kept on burning," assured Katie Walker.

The light had kept on burning at a greater crisis in the little keeper's life. It turned its great eye out to sea, warning and guiding mariners, those long nights when Jacob Walker lay ill at the infirmary on the hill at West Brighton, on Staten Island. She thought as she sat alone, tending the light of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook and its former keeper. She had come a widow from Germany to live at Sandy Hook, and the keeper of the lighthouse had fallen in love with her and married her. She recalled how pleasant had seemed that post because it was on land, and "I had a garden and flowers and could keep chickens." Then had come the transfer to Robbins Reef. She smiled at memory of the mutinous bride who had declared she wouldn't live there because "the sight of nothing but water makes me lonely." Years had brought adaptation, which is a form of content.

With the years had come Mary, her little daughter, a child who was growing up calm of manner, and with deep eyes like her mother's that looked into far distances, with a voice that was low and pleasant because it had not measured itself against choruses of meaningless chatter, nor the clangor of rushing trains. Now the companion of those years, the sturdy keeper of the light, was dying because on the night he was taken ill the bay was full of ice, and it had been impossible to row ashore to bring the doctor.

She was sure that he was dying. That premonitory sense that, in woman's breast, is the lighthouse of her life's voyage, flashed its signal. But the light must keep on burning. She could not forsake it. The lonely little figure sat in the highest room of the sea-girt lighthouse watching the light that must not go out, and thinking of the man who lay fighting for his life in the hospital ward on land.

On the tenth night of this resolute watching another light threw its beam across that from the great lamp. There was the sound of a voice calling her name. With a glance over her shoulder at the giant lamp to see that all was well with it, she groped her way with unsteady feet down the narrow staircase, and leaned out of the darkness above the rusty iron ladder. A man's voice echoed up from below.

"Mrs. Walker, I'm sorry to tell you that Jake is worse."

"He's dead," said the small woman in her quiet voice, trying to keep still the hands that fluttered upon the railing.

"Yes, he's dead."

The lighthouse department sent a man to relieve her for the two days in which she arranged for the burial of her dead. Then she came back to the lighthouse at Robbins Reef, and there she has ever since remained.

Katie Walker has saved more than twenty-four lives. She does not know how many more, for she has kept no record of them.

"Besides, they don't give me their names. Most of

those who go ashore on the reef are in pleasure craft, and they don't like it to be known that they are bad sailors. They ask me not to tell about it, and I don't," she says.

Once she saved a party of fourteen at one time, a gay party from the Jersey shore, whose boat was crazily careening past the reef.

"It's going over." She spoke with a voice of prophecy, for a moment later a laugh at its climax changed to a shriek. The boat lay on its side, and flower-wreathed hats showed garishly above white, agonized faces among the waves in the summer dusk.

"Let down the boat," she called, and from the davits on the platform, which is the lighthouse veranda, the life-boat swung down, and the little lighthouse-keeper scrambled squirrel-like down the rusty iron ladder that is her front-door staircase, and took command of the rescue party, consisting of her son, who has been appointed assistant keeper, and herself. One by one she picked up the fourteen pleasure seekers, coaxed them up the terrifyingly steep and narrow ladder, prodded the fire in the little round living-room until the visitors steamed, then sent them home dry and chastened.

On Christmas she sends her son and daughter ashore to enjoy the holiday with their friends on land. She remains alone. For a quarter of a century she has spent Christmas in the lighthouse with the Christmas tree, the memories it summons, and the light.

Death has visited the lighthouse twice during her long tenancy. Her son married a girl he met ashore. Five babies have been born in the old lighthouse. One of these, the prettiest and her grandmother's favorite, became ill. While she lay upon her sick-bed, the little one showed, for the first time, terror of the treacherous element that surrounded them. Again and again she cried to her mother:—

"If I die, you won't throw me into the water?"

"No, dear, no," assured the mother.

"Then I'll be buried in the ground, with grass and flowers growing above me," sighed the little one, content; and talking of a hillside cemetery she had seen, where tree boughs waved above green graves, the child died. The next day she was carried in a little casket down the rusty ladder to the waiting boat, which took her to Staten Island for the kind of burial of her craving.

The years, punctuated by these two great griefs, have marched their slow way. Katie Walker seldom goes ashore, never unless on some business connected with her duties—a report to the department or the ordering of some supplies—demanding the journey. She had not been ashore for seven months when I visited her. She never remains on land more than five or six hours, and these are hours of unrest.

"I am always anxious to get back to the light," she says. "Boys," looking at her bronzed thirty-two-year-old son, "are only boys. You can't depend upon them."

"I don't mind the life for myself," she said, "but," with a look at her daughter, "it is a hard life for young people. My daughter is too quiet for a girl of her age. Girls in town are livelier. They talk and enjoy themselves more. Sometimes I wish I had a little chicken farm on land—for Mary's sake."

"But I am perfectly contented, mother," says the girl who was born on Robbins Reef. "The books are company."

There is a traveling lighthouse library that has made

the rounds of all the other lighthouses on the coast, and that tarries with each lighthouse-keeper for a year. The record of places which the collection of books of fiction, philosophy, and poetry has visited includes the grim title, "Execution Rock."

But the chicken farm on land is not a probability, only a dream of Mary's welfare. Tending the light is Katie Walker's portion. At sixty-two she is as brave and sturdy a soldier as ever enlisted in the world's army of those who do.—*Ada Patterson, in the Continent.*

The Morning Watch — A Symposium¹

By observing the Morning Watch, we invite Jesus into our homes as a welcome guest. The world is full of sin, and Satan is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Unless we live a life of constant faith and prayer, we are in danger of falling into many temptations; but if we commit ourselves to God the first thing in the morning, it will help us when tempted during the day to avoid saying cross words or doing unkind things. It will also help us to bear all our burdens cheerfully. WINIFRED DAVIS.

Who can tell the value of a few quiet moments in reading and meditation in the early morning hours, when the mind is fresh and the body rested, and before the day's duties begin? This is not always an easy thing to do. "Life is so full, the cares of this world so often choke the good intentions, that one must needs watch and pray to acquire this habit of early commitment of the day to God." Our Saviour recognized the need of constant communion with the Father; for he sometimes spent all night in prayer, getting strength for another day's work. And his life was full of busy toil. "There were nearly always 'many coming and going' about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray." DAISY O. PRESCOTT.

A true follower of Christ will never undertake any of his daily duties without first communing with the One who so tenderly cared for him during the silent hours of the night, and permitted him to see a new day. The morning is the best time in all the day in which to open one's heart to God as to a friend, because then we are the brightest, and God deserves the best we can give to him. Therefore —

"A moment in the morning — a moment, if no more —
Is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er."

IRMA B. GERHART.

How pleasant it is to arise with a song in our heart and study the Word of God, be it only for a little while, in the quietness of the early dawn before the trials of the day begin!

These moments in the morning are the dew from heaven that revive our hearts when we are scorched by the heat of trial and sorrow. "Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Ps. 30: 5. He who neglects this period of refreshing will find only after it is too late that his soul has withered and died for lack of the living water.

"So in the blush of morning take the offered hand of love,
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness thereof."

A. F. ARKEBAUER.

In Matt. 26: 41, the instruction is given to "Watch and pray." These words were spoken by our Saviour

¹ By students in the beginning rhetoric class of the Foreign Mission Seminary.

while passing through one of his hardest experiences here on earth. If he resorted to prayer for help to overcome the enemy, how much more should we!

The Morning Watch has been organized as an answer to this exhortation by Jesus. A few moments are set aside each morning for individual prayer and study. One verse of Scripture is taken daily as a subject for meditation. This coming as it does in the morning before we are influenced by the cares and perplexities of the day, our minds are the more drawn toward God. We receive courage to fight bravely the battles of the day. And they are battles indeed. We are in the midst of a great strife which has been going on for over five thousand years. There is no neutral ground. Every soul is engaged in fighting for or against the right. Those on the side of right have a weapon to use, which is the Word of God. To fight successfully, they must become expert in its use.

F. A. WYMAN.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, December 28

Plans for the New Year

LEADER'S NOTE.—Have your society plans for the coming year ready for discussion at this meeting. Other suggestions appear in this issue.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6—Lesson 10: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 1-5

1. WHAT is the nature of God? Upon what depends the happiness of all intelligent beings? Why?
2. Explain the origin of sin; the plans of the arch-rebel to gain allegiance to himself; tell of the effect in heaven; the attempts to dissuade him; God's forbearance; Lucifer's final rejection of the Creator's authority.
3. Why was not Satan immediately destroyed?
4. Describe the beauty of the completed creation. What was God's purpose in instituting the Sabbath?
5. Why was not man created without the power to transgress? In the surroundings of Adam and Eve, what lesson is taught? In what were they instructed?
6. What warning of danger was given them? How was their fall accomplished?
7. What were the results of their disobedience?
8. Explain the plan of redemption as laid in heaven and afterward opened up to the guilty pair.
9. Show that besides man's salvation, it included a broader and deeper purpose.
10. Define the difference between the offerings of Cain and Abel. What two classes do these brothers represent? In sparing the life of the first murderer, what did God demonstrate to the universe?

Junior No. 5—Lesson 10: "Pilgrim's Progress," Pages 5-25

1. SKETCH the life of John Bunyan.
2. In his "Apology," how does he explain the origin of "Pilgrim's Progress"? What does he say this

book shows concerning "the man that seeks the everlasting prize"?

3. What picture is given of the man seeking relief from sin? The rags represent what? the burden upon his back? the book? How did he endeavor to obtain relief from his distress?

4. As he read, what question did he ask? How was it answered? What directions did Evangelist give him? What hindrances did his neighbors set in his way? Give the substance of the conversation between him and Obstinate and Pliable.

5. Tell of the further information which Christian gave Pliable from the book, as they walked together. What obstacle was soon encountered? Contrast its effect upon the two men. Do you draw any lesson from this?

6. How was Christian enabled to reach dry ground? What explanation did Help give for the existence of the Slough of Despond?

7. On reaching his home, what awaited the man who had turned back? At first, what was its effect upon him? Growing bold at last, he and his neighbors did what?

Missionary Volunteer Lessons for 1913

So many secretaries and leaders have expressed the desire to have the weekly Missionary Volunteer Society lesson outlines published in leaflet form for their use, and also in the INSTRUCTOR, that this will be done another year.

It seems apparent that for various reasons many societies have not made a regular use of these outlines. While it may not be absolutely essential, yet all may be able to see that there would be decided advantages gained by all our young people's adopting the same general plan, and pursuing systematically the same general outlines of study.

We have given careful consideration to this matter, and really hope that the program suggested and lessons outlined for the coming year may be arranged to meet the needs and circumstances of all our societies everywhere, except of course in far-distant lands where local provision is made. The uniform lessons in all our Sabbath-schools are a strong unifying element, and we are anxious to bring this same element into our Missionary Volunteer Department.

We realize that this is expecting much, and we can not hope for success unless all our society leaders and officers cooperate heartily with the conference and general secretaries by giving the plan a fair trial. This we earnestly urge all societies to do.

We shall give a brief explanation of the plan, and shall have the lessons ready for distribution in leaflet form as soon as possible.

General Exercises

The general plan proposes a meeting of about one hour in length, divided into four fifteen-minute periods. This gives fifteen minutes for opening and closing exercises, including the usual song, prayer, reading of minutes, and whatever other exercises are desired, as report of work, special music, review of Morning Watch texts for the week, contribution, etc.

Bible Study

We are coming to recognize more and more clearly that it is not elaborate programs and entertainments that really advance our work, and give it permanence and stability. A short Bible study is certainly one of the *essentials* in a successful society meeting, and may be made most fascinating both to our own young

people and to those who may be visiting our meetings. The manner of preparation and presentation of the study may be varied to suit all conditions. We merely suggest topics and methods for those who feel the need of assistance. One study a month has been prepared from "Great Controversy."

Mission Study

Next to the Bible the study of missions is certainly the most important to us. This furnishes a field of inexhaustible resources and unfailing interest to the young. In addition to our general mission study, we have the special feature of one study a month on the details of one of our mission stations. This matter will be supplied by a missionary who is right in the field.

Social Meeting

Years of experience and observation have taught us that the very life of our societies centers around the social service. Leaving out the prayer and testimony meeting, we extinguish the vital spark most conducive to permanence and growth. We can not too earnestly urge that a little time be given at every regular meeting for this purpose.

Special Days

We shall vary the outlines as required for special programs appropriate for Temperance, Educational, Thanksgiving, Religious Liberty, Morning Watch, Reading Course, Missionary Volunteer, and other special days. Also days for the study of local needs.

For the sake of our young people's work as a whole, will you not do your best to make this plan a success?

MEADE MACGUIRE.

Personal Devotion

NOTHING can take the place of personal devotion to our Heavenly Father. If we do not take time to be holy ourselves, it is an impossibility for us to help another one to "higher ground." There is no amount of so-called missionary work, or any other form of outward display, that can make up for our neglect of personal devotion. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. . . . And if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." But how can we have love for our fellow men if we have not a supreme love for our God? Just as surely as we permit any earthly interest to intrude between us and our dear Saviour's face, we lose ground spiritually. We know how useless it is to expect a third party to interpret satisfactorily our deep, devoted love for an earthly object: we do not use proxies under such circumstances; we wish to talk face to face, and pour out our heart's devotion, not only in words, but by every act of endearment known to the human mind. O, how much more earnest and single-hearted should be our worship of the Matchless One, who wore the crown of thorns for us! If we fail to pray in secret, and to dig deep for the hidden treasures of God's Holy Word, we soon find ourselves on the "sinking sands." We stammer and halt when asked to pray or speak in public. We are not familiar with the language of the heavenly country, and can not give utterance to words suitable for the occasion.

I wish to ask at this point if there has ever been offered us anything so helpful to personal devotion as our little Morning Watch Calendar? Who can fail to appreciate anything so full of gems as this little calendar? But, dear friends, are we profiting by

this as we should? I fear not. Too often we listen to the tempter, who says, "Wait until after breakfast; or noon will do. You will have more time after school or in the evening." But now is the accepted time; and if we do not bid the enemy, "Get thee hence," and resolutely turn to our Morning Watch, we lose one of the sweetest blessings in store for us. It is sad to think that we permit anything to rob us of this precious privilege; for it is we who are robbed, not the Lord, though we dishonor him by our neglect.

Prayer is the Christian's life. It is the heart's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed; it is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend; and while it does not bring God down to us, it does lift us up to him. Prayer is the key that not only unlocks the heavenly storehouse for us, but it also unlocks hard hearts and forbidding natures. It is the sweetness of life and the solder of all Christian endeavor. By it, through faith, we can obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword, from weakness become strong, and realize all the other precious possibilities of Hebrews 11.

In taking part in the Morning Watch, it is indeed an incentive to know that so many are at the same time pleading with the Lord for the same blessing. This is especially comforting when the suggestion is to pray for unconverted friends. Of course each pleader murmurs a special name, but all feel strengthened by the knowledge that the dear Morning Watch band is united in this petition; or perhaps we are to pray for our missionaries in some particular field, and perhaps we have a dear one there; then it is such a comfort to know that our entire Watch prays just then for our loved one.

But those who would be most benefited by faithful adherence to the plan are our dear young people, individually and as societies. I wonder how many are faithful to the Watch. Let us not neglect this pleasing means of grace. Let us renew our allegiance to that silent but faithful little monitor to personal devotion, our insistent Morning Watch Calendar. How much thought, time, and effort have been expended in the preparation of this dainty little booklet! Let us be more mindful of its mute appeals as it often lies unheeded upon our dressing-tables, or reposes for long periods between the leaves of our seldom-used Bibles.

The study of the calendar brings us close to our Saviour in the early morning hours, ere the fret and fume of the often exceedingly trying day is upon us. It is a little haven of refuge, into which we can flee for a few moments, and there be shielded from the enemy's fiery darts, and receive grace and strength for the day.

Let all drink deep of this precious fountain, and grow up into the full stature that can be ours by righteousness through faith. It is so sweet to remember that Jesus knows all about our struggles, and will help till the day is done.

"God hath not promised skies ever blue,
Flower-strewn pathways always for you.
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain;
But God hath promised strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

O come and let us seek it, humbly bowing at his feet in personal devotion, using as a help our little calendar, the Morning Watch. [The Morning Watch Calendar for 1913 contains three hundred sixty-five precious Bible promises. Do not miss learning them.]

BERTHA E. DART.



XII—The Missionary Spirit of the Gospel

(December 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "Arise, shine." Isa. 60: 1.

Questions

1. What does Jesus say of his followers? John 17: 16.
2. What warning does he give? 1 John 2: 15, 16.
3. To what does he compare them? Matt. 5: 14-16; note 1.
4. To what else are they likened? Verse 13; note 2.
5. Before he went to heaven, what work did Jesus commit to his disciples? Matt. 28: 19, 20; note 3.
6. Is this command still in force? To how many does it extend? Mark 13: 34; note 4.
7. What does the wise man say of him that winneth souls? Prov. 11: 30.
8. How broad is the field given us in which to labor? Mark 16: 15.
9. When should our work begin? Matt. 21: 28; 2 Cor. 6: 2; note 5.
10. When did Jesus say is the time to work for God? What warning follows? John 9: 4.
11. What words of Solomon teach that we should labor continually? Eccl. 11: 6.
12. What should be our motive? 2 Cor. 5: 14.
13. Who will be our helper? 2 Cor. 12: 9; note 6.
14. What will be our reward in this life? Mark 10: 30; note 7.
15. What will it be in the life to come? 2 Tim. 4: 8; Matt. 25: 23.
16. How zealously should we work? Why? Eccl. 9: 10; note 8.

Notes

1. The beautiful moon, which pours forth its glory to lighten the night, is but a reflector of the sun's light. So may we reflect to this sin-darkened world the light of the Son of God. "Lamp" is really meant in this scripture, since oil was used in Palestine. "The common lamps among the Greeks and Romans were made of clay, the more costly ones of bronze, and even sometimes of gold. Some of these were very beautiful. Most of the lamps were oval in shape and flat on top, on which there were often figures in relief. A wick floated in the oil or passed through holes in the lamp. The lamps received different names, according to the number of holes which they had for the wicks."

2. "Salt produced by the evaporation of sea-water in hot countries is said sometimes to lose its saline properties. The same result is also sometimes seen in impure rock salt that has long been exposed to the air. When such is the case, there can nothing be done with it but to throw it out into the highway, where men and beasts trample it down. Dr. Thompson tells of some salt which was brought from the marshes of Cyprus by a merchant of Sidon, and stored in small houses with earthen floors. 'The salt next the ground in a few years entirely spoiled. I saw large quantities of it literally thrown into the street, to be trodden underfoot of men and beasts. It was good for nothing.'—*The Land and the Book*, Vol. II, page 43.

3. Though the disciples had for years daily enjoyed close companionship with the Saviour, they could not engage in his sacred service without the power of the Holy Spirit. Did the command to tarry at Jerusalem until they received the Father's promise mean a simple waiting? or did it mean a searching of heart, a close study and review of the life and words of Jesus as they had been daily exemplified to them? Though commissioned to wait, it was not an idle waiting, but an earnest, prayerful waiting.

4. To work for the Master requires a special preparation. All pride and selfish ambition must be cast out of the heart. A new life must be born in us, and the Holy Spirit enter and take possession and control. Let us before God solemnly ask ourselves these questions: Have we this new life? Does our behavior show it? Does the Holy Spirit witness in all

that we do? If we have not this Spirit, when do we expect to receive it? Are we seeking for it?

5. "Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will;

Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and health may not always last,—
The mill will never grind again with the water that has passed."

6. In committing to our stewardship souls for whom he laid down his own life, Christ admits us to partnership with him. He gives all the power, all the wisdom, and all the strength; we, only our own worthless selves. He will not work with one who is restless, boastful, or self-confident. But with a contrite, humble, self-denying spirit he is well pleased. "There is nothing so offensive to God, or so dangerous to the human soul, as pride and self-sufficiency. Of all sins it is the most hopeless, the most incurable."

7. He who labors in any capacity for others rejoices in their success. That is his best reward. But a roused intellect may slumber again, while "he who touches the heart sets in motion a wave that will roll on through the generations till it reaches the shores of the eternal world."

8. Charles Dickens said of himself: "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. In great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest." If we should be thoroughly in earnest in earthly pursuits, how much more so in heavenly!

14. What did Andrew do when he had found the Saviour? John 1:40, 41.

15. When Philip began to follow Jesus, what did he do? Verse 45.

16. How earnest should we be in the work given us? Why? Eccl. 9:10.

Notes

1. A traveler to the Euphrates relates that when he came to the Valley of Salt he broke off a piece that had been exposed to the rain, sun, and air, and found that, though it had all the sparkle and other qualities of salt, it had lost its savor. This is so with many professed Christians. If we desire to salt the world, we must begin with ourselves. We must be good if we wish to do good. Salt has preserving qualities; but before its work can be effective in helping the world, it must be brought into close contact with the world.

2. It is said that on the coast of Scotland there is a dangerous rock too small for a lighthouse to be built upon it, but a glass prism set on it with iron stanchions catches the beams from a lighthouse on shore, and throws them along the ship's course. In like manner we are to reflect to the world the light of Jesus. It is God's light, and not our own, that we are to give.

3. "The very soul of our religion is missionary, progressive, world-embracing; it would cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary, if it disregarded the parting words of its Founder, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,' etc. The spirit of truth is the lifspring of all religion; and where it exists, it must manifest itself, it must plead, it must persuade, it must convince and convert. There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times also when silence is death, and speech is life,—the very life of Pentecost. Look at the religions in which the missionary spirit has been at work, and compare them with those in which any attempt to convince others by argument, to save souls, to bear witness to the truth, is treated with pity or scorn. *The former are alive; the latter are dying or dead.*"—Max Müller.

4. This experience in the life of Hezekiah contains a very practical lesson. In answer to prayer Hezekiah had been healed, and fifteen years added to his life. Besides, the Lord had wrought a great miracle: a wonder had been seen in the heavens. Curious to understand concerning this, an embassy was despatched from Babylon to Jerusalem to make inquiry. A great opportunity was thus given Hezekiah to make known the true God to these representatives of a kingdom. He could bring before them this personal experience, and how in answer to his earnest request God's power had been made manifest in his restoration to health. Before him was an opportunity to make a personal appeal to the members of this embassy in behalf of the true God, and lead them to worship the One who had power over the bodies of men, as well as over the planetary system. Instead of this, however, he showed them, doubtless with more or less pride, the increase of his riches, his kingly treasures, his storehouses, his flocks, and his herds in abundance, and impressed them with the might of his kingdom. No doubt the profusion of wealth and princely establishments created a desire to possess this wealth, which resulted later in a conquest of Jerusalem being projected, and Daniel and others being taken to Babylon, where in captivity the true God was made known.

Let us not make a like mistake when meeting persons in our homes and elsewhere, of spending all our time talking about our own business and secular plans and the commonplace things of the world, and neglecting to bring before them the goodness and power of God, and the special work now being done in the world. Have we done this? If so, let the experience of Hezekiah serve as a warning.

5. From this example of Jesus we see how a single soul, though the poorest and most obscure, is worthy of our efforts. We should have scarcely expected a revival of godliness to come to Sychar through such an unlikely instrument. But this woman first had a face-to-face talk with Jesus. This changed her entire life, and she then began personal work for those near at hand.

"In the words spoken to the woman at the well, good seed had been sown, and how quickly the harvest was reaped. The Samaritans came and heard Jesus, and believed on him. Crowding about him at the well, they plied him with questions, and eagerly received his explanations of many things that had been obscure to them. As they listened, their perplexity began to clear away. They were like a people in great darkness tracing up a sudden ray of light till they had found the day. But they were not satisfied with this short conference. They were anxious to hear more, and to have their friends also listen to this wonderful teacher. They invited him to their city, and begged him to remain with them. For two days he tarried in Samaria, and many more believed on him."—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 192.

"AFTER the sermon is over, get home as speedily as you can, and spend a few moments on your knees in private prayer."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII—The Missionary Spirit of the Gospel

(December 21)

LESSON HELPS: "Great Controversy," chapters 4, 7, 8, 18; *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isa. 60:1.

Questions

1. In what instruction does the Lord set forth the position of his people in the world? Matt. 5:13; note 1.

2. By what other illustration is the high calling of God's people emphasized? Verses 14-16; note 2.

3. Before Jesus ascended to heaven, what commission did he give to his followers? Matt. 28:18-20; note 3.

4. To how many has Jesus given a work? Mark 13:34.

5. What was the mission of Jesus into this world? Luke 19:10. Compare John 20:21, 22.

6. Where and when are we to sow the seeds of gospel truth? Eccl. 11:1, 6.

7. What cheering promise is given to those who do this work faithfully? Ps. 126:5, 6.

8. When the Lord healed Hezekiah of a fatal sickness, what wonder was wrought as a sign? Isa. 38:7, 8.

9. Who sent to inquire concerning this miracle? Isa. 39:1; 2 Chron. 32:31.

10. Instead of telling these ambassadors and princes about the true God, and what he had done for him, what did Hezekiah do? Isa. 39:2.

11. What were the results of his failure to reveal the true God to the representatives from Babylon? Verses 3-7; note 4.

12. When the woman of Samaria found Jesus as her Saviour, what did she do? John 4:28, 29.

13. What were the results of her work? Verse 39; note 5.

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Saved to Serve

[Dedicated to Mrs. E. G. White, whose days have been filled with deeds of devotion, and whose life, at eighty-five, is like the setting sun reflecting the radiance and splendor of the coming day.]

JOHN FRANCIS OLMSTED

THE tide of years has lapped the crags
Along the shores of time,
But they remain like watchmen true
To mark the danger-line.
The winds of strife still moan and mourn,
And sigh, "The end is near;"
But few there are who warning heed,
And walk with conscience clear.

A faithful servant thou hast been
To do the Master's will,
To warn the world of coming doom
And help the wayward still;
And God has blessed thy life with years
Which have devoted been
To help the church of Christ to shun
The curse of secret sin.

Thy life has been a source of strength
To many pilgrims here,
Who've learned to walk in Christian love,
With Christ their leader near.
May all thy days be greatly blessed,
Reflecting heaven's ways;
For heaven has been near to thee,
And left its peace and praise.

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Our Best Friend's Prayers

THAT Christ himself is praying for us, and believing for us, is a surer ground for our hope than our own best prayers or those of consecrated friends. And Christ *does* pray for you and me. "Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." The comfort and assurance of all that this means is suggested in Charlotte Elliott's hymn:—

"When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

"When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

"When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead, for me!"

Jesus' prayers are the reason why we have not let go of the cross. Jesus' prayers are going to let him lead us in triumph into the full glory of the revealing of the sons of God. Let us yield ourselves to the joyous receiving of all that *he* is asking God to give us.

Fake Cures

ALCOLA is the name of a fake cure for drunkenness. It is sold by the Physicians' Cooperative Association of Chicago. It contains, according to the analysis of the American Medical Association, strychnine, caffeine, boric acid, talc, starch, milk-sugar, gypsum, tartar emetic, gum, and coloring matter. Alcola is not only useless as a cure for drunkenness, but has been known through the poisons it contains to prove fatal.

Marjorie Hamilton's obesity cure is also pronounced by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* to be an absolute humbug.

Sanatogen is a substance that has been widely advertised even in reputable journals. While the manufacturers of sanatogen claim that it contains *seven hundred* per cent more tissue-building nourishment than wheat flour, it is a matter of fact that *five cents'* worth of wheat flour contains as much as one dollar's worth of sanatogen. This widely advertised nerve-tissue builder is practically nothing but cottage-cheese. A quart of milk will make a much larger amount of cheese than a dollar's worth of sanatogen. The only sane thing to do, then, is to buy milk and make your own cheese.

"Eyes they have, but see not. Ears they have, but hear not."