

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

December 24, 1912

No. 52

SANE COUNSEL



HERE is great need to beware of half-heartedness and slipshod work in the using of life's opportunities. Goethe's advice is full of wisdom, "Wherever you are, be all there." Every opportunity demands all of us, all of our powers, all of our care. Doubtless we should not be prodigal of our strength, but life's opportunities are not going to pour their wealth into our laps. If we gather what they offer us, we must not hesitate to expend our strength even to the uttermost if the occasion so requires. And always effort, even the feeblest or most strenuous, should be accompanied by carefulness. Heedless abundance of power may easily be as fruitless as an insufficiency of power. We may well seize life's opportunities with a strong hand, but that hand must ever be carefully controlled.—*W. E. Henry, in Service.*

THE National Railways of Cuba, a company which was recently incorporated in Delaware, with a capital of \$20,000,000, will build 250 miles of road in the provinces of Camaguey and Santa Clara. The company's president is Roland R. Conklin, a New York banker.

THE Post-office Department shows that if the mail matter franked last year for the departments and members of Congress had been carried at the usual rates, the receipts from this source would have been nearly \$20,000,000, and \$3,200,000 of this would have been paid for political documents.

AT Acambay, Mexico, more than one hundred persons were killed by a recent earthquake. Many of these were women, who were attending mass in a church whose walls fell on them. The priests also were killed. No house in Acambay was left standing. Several villages were destroyed. Some estimates made the entire number of those killed more than one thousand. At the capital only three lives were lost. One of the victims was crushed by a railway car as he dropped on his knees to pray when the shock was felt. Water-mains at the capital were broken, and a few brick walls fell.

Another Girdle Around the Globe

AN international conference on the subject of wireless telegraphy, in session in London, led to the disclosure of an agreement between the British government and the Marconi Company, whereby the government will supply the company with \$3,000,000 with which to build five great wireless stations; Australia will supply half a million dollars for another station, and the six, in connection with the station already established in Newfoundland, will form a wireless cir-

cuit around the earth independent of cables. One station is to be in England, one in Australia, one in India, one at Port Said, and the other two, it is presumed, in South Africa and at Hongkong. The advantages of such a system in the event of war are enormous. It has long been pointed out by naval experts, remarks the *Continent*, that in case of war the belligerents at once proceed to drag the ocean bed for cables landing in the enemy's country, as was done by this country during the Spanish-American war.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Little Sins

SOME years ago, in an exhibition in London could be seen a cable worm, a tiny creature that had pierced through the Atlantic telegraph-cable, and stopped all communication between two continents. So a small hidden sin or evil habit may stop our prayers, that band of union which, like a telegraph-cable, connects earth with heaven, and God's children with their eternal Father.—*Selected*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 24, 1912

No. 52

Louis Pasteur, His Life and Work—No. 2

EDMUND C. JAEGER



THE life of the population of certain departments of the south of France," says a writer, "hangs on the existence of silkworms. In each house there is nothing to be seen but hurdles, over which the worms crawl. They are placed even in kitchens, and often in well-to-do families they occupy the best rooms. . . . Great or small, the silkworm establishments exist everywhere. When people accost each other, instead of saying, 'How are you?' they say, 'How are the silkworms?'" The mulberry-tree, on which the worms feed, has been called the tree of gold.

Imagine, if you can, the anxiety which came when, after an exceptionally prosperous year, in 1848 a scourge of disease, which was to last seventeen years, began destroying almost the entire industry of sericulture not only in France but in almost every silk-producing country in Europe and the Orient. The French government had agreed to pay to the inventor of an alleged cure five hundred thousand francs if it should prove efficient; but nothing availed, and each year the crop grew smaller.

Finally the people turned to Pasteur for aid. M. Dumas, his old teacher, appealed in touching words. "I attach," said he, "an extreme value to fixing your attention upon the question that interests my country. Its misery is beyond anything you can imagine."

Pasteur, who ever thought with sorrow on the suffering of his people, agreed to help. He soon detected with his microscope minute corpuscles living in the cocoons, silkworms, and eggs, and declared that only those worms which were free from them should be allowed to live. New worms must be raised from healthy eggs. Stations were everywhere established for raising healthy worms, and after a number of years of detailed and exhaustive labor, Pasteur was rewarded by seeing the silk industry restored to its former prosperous condition.

But the strain he had undergone in doing his work had been too much for him, and the great, kind-hearted Pasteur, who had contributed so much to the wealth of France, was smitten, though but forty-five years of age, with paralysis, so that from then to the end of his life he limped like a wounded man. At the time of his stroke, thinking death imminent, his courage forsook him. "I regret to die," said he to his friend Sainte-Claire Deville, who had hastened to him. "I should have wished to render more service to my country." Had his life ended here, he would still have ranked among the notables of science. But the God who had helped in the past this conscientious, praying man, did not forsake him now in his trial. The future was to show that the past, brilliant as it had been, was only a preparation and a training for a more brilliant series of triumphs in the field of highest interest—the conquering of death-dealing diseases. Indeed, his work was already bearing fruit in the realm of medicine.

Joseph Lister, of England, interested in Pasteur's

conclusions concerning the bacterial origin of fermentation, had applied them to the cause of pus infection in wounds, with the result of bringing to the world his famous method of antiseptic surgery, which has practically revolutionized surgical science, . . . saved untold suffering and millions of lives. Before this time, hospitals were little more than death manufactories where septemia and erysipelas ran rampant; pin-pricks were open doors to death, and the danger of infection caused surgeons to hesitate before the least operations.

After a time the old spirit seemed to come back into the stricken man, and he returned to his studies, putting his heart even in greater share in his work. "His sorrows had only made him inclined the more toward the griefs of others. The memory of the children he had lost, the mourning he had witnessed, caused him passionately to desire that there might be fewer empty places in desolate homes, and that this might be due to the application of methods derived from his discoveries."

Work on Anthrax

About this time the sheep raisers of France were perplexed anew over the prevalence among their flocks of a virulent disease called splenic fever, or charbon. Each year the flocks of France were decimated by this plague. "At Provins, at Meaux, at Fontainebleau, some farms were called charbon farms; elsewhere, certain fields were looked upon as accursed, and an evil spell seemed to be thrown over flocks bold enough to enter those fields or ascend those hills. Animals stricken with this disease almost always died in a few hours; sheep were seen to lag behind the flock, with drooping head, shaking limbs, and gasping breath; and after rigor had set in and some sanguinolent evacuations, occurring also through the mouth and nostrils, death supervened, often before the shepherd had had time to notice the attack. The carcass rapidly became distended, and the least rent in the skin gave issue to a flow of black, thick, and viscid blood, hence the name anthrax, given to the disease."

The people again began to look to their beloved Pasteur for help. Their entreaties were not unheeded. The great scientist, of comprehensive faculties and discerning eye, immediately began a series of unique experiments by which he proved that anthrax was caused by the presence in the blood of certain rod-like bacilli. He further pursued the study of charbon until he had discovered and established the principle which was to be the crowning work of his life; namely, that the virulence of microbes can be reduced to a point at which inoculation with them will not kill, and will yet confer immunity against further attacks of the disease. With tears streaming from his eyes the great-souled man told of his success. He saw that sheep inoculated with these domesticated or weakened anthrax germs had a mild form of the disease, and could not contract later the deadly form. The announcement of the discovery was promptly followed by a challenge to a public test.

It was decided that twenty-five sheep should be vaccinated and twenty-five should not, and then that all should be exposed to anthrax. The first twenty-five sheep were promptly vaccinated.

Three weeks later a numerous crowd composed of agriculturists, physicians, apothecaries, and veterinary surgeons,—most of the latter full of skepticism,—was seen moving to the yards at Pouilly le Fort farm to see the animals inoculated with anthrax. They were exchanging jokes and looks of irony as they witnessed all the animals, vaccinated and unvaccinated, receive each an injection of germs at full strength. "We shall see what this Pasteur is trying to make us believe;" "They will all die alike," said they.

But two days later when the same crowd reassembled to observe the results, they wore a different look on their faces. Of the twenty-five sheep that had not been protected by vaccination, twenty-two were dead and three were dying; all the protected animals were in perfect health. Success was definitely confirmed, and Pasteur was now considered the author of an immortal discovery. The whole nation rose to do him honor. He was a prophet, as suggests a biographer, who was of honor in his own country.

Hydrophobia

The frequent occurrence of mad dogs, and the sight of persons dying in intense agonies from hydrophobia prompted in Pasteur's mind this query: "Is there not a way to immunize the persons bitten by mad dogs so that they shall not die? Is hydrophobia a germ disease?"

The history of hydrophobia goes back to earliest antiquity. Homer and Aristotle were familiar with it. Pliny, the Elder, recommended the livers of rabid dogs as a cure; Galen, who opposed this, had a no less singular recipe, a compound of cray-fish eyes. Hydrophobic persons or suspects, up to almost modern times, were often killed like wild beasts—shot, strangled, poisoned, or suffocated. As late as 1819 an unfortunate hydrophobic was smothered between two mattresses. No one had suspected the true cause of the disease.

Pasteur began a series of control experiments on rabid dogs, which brought to light the fact that this disease is caused by germs, and that the attack is principally on the central nervous system. "Why can not we attenuate or weaken the poisonous spinal serum taken from the rabid animals?" said Pasteur. "We can then train the system of the patient to take care of these weakened toxins, then of stronger and yet stronger ones, until finally it can resist the most virulent hydrophobic poisons." He was looking in the right direction. Soon he rejoiced to see his hopes fulfilled, and his antirabic treatment proved successful.

So far, all the experiments had been on dogs. Would the treatment be successful with humans? The solution to this question was rather forced upon him. A little nine-year-old boy, Joseph Meister, while going to school alone, had been attacked by a furious dog, thrown to the ground, and severely bitten about the head. The parents, full of anxiety, took the boy to their village physician, who directed them to Pasteur as the only source of help. Fearful, but yet hopeful, Pasteur began at once a series of inoculations identical with those on dogs. Aside from a little tingling at the point of inoculation the boy felt no pain, and continued in perfect health; the dread time passed, and the disease did not set in. Pasteur's joy was now unbounded. Hydrophobia had been conquered; but

not until many cases had been successfully treated did he announce it to the world. Pasteur would rather be patient and sure before he gave a discovery to the public.

The news of Pasteur's success spread everywhere, and people bitten by mad dogs began to arrive from all directions at the laboratory. Soon three hundred fifty persons had been treated, and only one death occurred. Pasteur took a personal interest in every patient, and their confidence in him was unflinching. Children, especially, inspired him with a loving solicitude; his kindness was like a living flame.

Such devotion always inspires acts of generosity in others, and soon a public subscription was opened to provide for a building where hydrophobic patients might more effectively be cared for. From every part of Europe gifts began to pour in. The contagion of generosity spread to every quarter of the globe; millionaires, kings, queens, poor workmen, students, women, and children gave. Among the gifts that awakened most grateful emotion in Pasteur was one from little Joseph Meister himself. Soon a fund of 2,586,680 francs was raised, and the Pasteur Institute began to be reared.

When the institute was dedicated, Pasteur, now nearing the end of his life and weakened by disease, was so overcome with feeling that he could scarcely speak, and had to ask his son to read the paper which he had prepared. In it he pathetically stated: "Alas, mine is the bitter grief that I enter it a man vanquished by time, deprived of my masters and the companions of my struggles! . . . I have at least the consolation of believing that all we have worked for will not perish." His words were prophetic. His students have since entered country after country to rob disease of its terror, and immortalize his fame through further brilliant discovery.

Pasteur died Sept. 28, 1895.

God's greatest gifts to us are noble men.

Riverside, California.

The Drunkards' Ranks

THE drunkards' ranks go stumbling on,
And staggering, they fall away;
Forgotten, lost, soon down and gone:
And who will fill their ranks each day?

O easily the liquor men
The broken ranks will quickly fill;
For all the way from home to den
The demons paint with fiendish skill!

Our noble boys are gathered in,
Enticed from homes of love and cheer;
By sights and sounds of glittering sin
Unwary feet are guided near.

One step they take,—the path leads down,—
And easily is conscience stilled;
The poison cup its voice can drown:
'Tis thus the drunkards' ranks are filled.

O shall we idly stand and see
Our hope and pride sink in the wave;
Lost in rum's current strong, while we
Move not our hands our boys to save?

Shame on the men whose votes consign
Their own pure boys to drunkards' shame!
O temperance hosts, fall into line,
And clear the highway, in God's name!

MAX HILL.

"To him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God." Ps. 50:23.

A Human Sandwich

JOHN N. QUINN



YOUNG Swede, awkward and illiterate, was converted in one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and immediately presented himself to the evangelist for service. What could he do for Christ?

"How should you like to be a sandwich?" was the question asked him.

"Anything, anything, for Jesus," was the quick reply.

Two boards were strapped together on his shoulders, on one of which was printed in full John 3:16, and on the other a notice of the meetings being held. He was sent out to do something for Jesus.

Soon he became a target for mischievous boys, who pelted his boards with mud and stones; but the Swede was indifferent to abuse and insult: was not he doing something for Christ?

A traveling man's attention was attracted by the scene. He stopped, read the words on the boards, attended the meetings, and was converted to God. The traveling man had a magnificent voice, and made it his mission to sing at evangelistic services in the different cities that his business made it necessary for him to visit.

He was in the Bowery Mission in New York City singing the gospel, and noticed a young Jew enter and take a seat in the audience. At-

tracted by the singing, the Jew had stepped into the hall. As the traveling man sang of Jesus, the Jew became restless, and started to leave. The traveling man was at the door, and invited him into an adjoining room for a personal talk about the Christ. There was a struggle on the part of the Jew, but at last he surrendered, and was thoroughly converted.

The Jew was Mr. Nathan, who went as a missionary to Morocco. When in St. Louis he preached a sermon on "The Hidden Minister," and in relating the incident which was used of God in his conversion, said: "The young Swede lies in an unknown grave in Chicago; the traveling man, too, is at rest. . . . When we all stand before Christ to receive our rewards according to our service, shall I receive all the reward for the souls won through my efforts in Africa? How about the traveling man who led me to accept Christ? How about the Swede who did what he could for Jesus? Will he not receive his full reward because of his faithfulness?"

Many are willing to do great things for Christ; yet after all it is the little duties faithfully rendered that are blessed of God. The things at hand are God's stepping-stones to greater service. They must be faithfully performed; "he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." The human sandwich was blessed of God, so that many in dark

Africa were led to Christ. Not until the great assize will it be fully revealed how great was the power of the little services rendered in his name in leading men to Christ. Faithfulness is the characteristic commended by our Heavenly Father; and its ultimate will be an entrance into the joy of our Lord, and a place at his right hand, where there are pleasures forevermore.

Educating Miners

To devise a course of study that would be specially applicable to a mining community with a predominating foreign population was the task assigned to E. E. Bach, employed as "sociological superintendent" by a collieries' company in the Pennsylvania region, according to information received at the United States Bureau of Education. Two mining-camps, Ellsworth and Cokeburg, were put under his care, with

instructions to make the school system in each locality a center of education and Americanization.

Children in the mining-camps ordinarily leave school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, having acquired little that is of direct use to them in their life-work. Under Mr. Bach the entire course of study has been recast to adapt it as closely as possible to the conditions in the community. Elementary mining, first aid

What I Will Do

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine.

—British Weekly.

to the injured, and business forms are introduced as early as the sixth grade, so that the boys may be encouraged to remain in school if possible, or, if they must leave, that they will have something to aid them in their future occupation. Likewise the girls have been provided with well-equipped domestic-science kitchens in charge of a woman specially trained for this work.

Even in the traditional school branches every effort is made to correlate the school work with the real life of the pupils. Spelling lessons contain words taken from the State mining law. English exercises deal with mining life—even the grammar examples concern the daily life of miners: "Coke burns. Coal is a solid black substance. He understands bituminous-coal mining."

The difficulties in the work, as well as the value that it will have for future American citizenship, may be seen from a summary of the conditions at the two mining-camps. Ellsworth has a population of about 2,500 persons, a working population of 1,200 men, and 356 schoolchildren. Cokeburg has a population of 1,500 persons, 600 working men, and 224 schoolchildren. Seven hundred of the Ellsworth working men are boarders, and are of twelve nationalities. The sociological superintendent not only looks after the schooling of this mining population, but its general social welfare as well.

Cowardice or Courage—Which?

H. O. SINCLAIR



WE are cowards, all of us. I know of but one person in a wide circle of acquaintances that seems absolutely fearless. And my appreciation of this man's courage grows keener as the years pass, and I see how cowardly the rest of us are.

This man has held various responsible positions in our educational work. And wherever associated with others as teacher, principal, or church elder, this characteristic of Christian courage has made itself felt upon those associated with him. If he saw a pupil, or even an associate member of the faculty, or a brother in error, he would bravely counsel with the person in question, point out *definitely his shortcomings*, and encourage him to renew his diligence in guarding himself upon that point. He would not merely bear with the person's failings until it seemed unwise for the work concerned to do so longer, and then dismiss the person from school, from employ, or from the church without disclosing the exact occasion of his dismissal. This is the easiest way, but it is not the kindest way; it is not the Christian way.

Many persons have been shifted about from one position to another without any one's having courage to say kindly and heroically to them, This change is necessary because you talk too much; or, You criticize too much; You are not sufficiently energetic in your work; You do not think and plan enough; You do not come close enough to the people; You hold yourself aloof from your associates and from those you ought to help; You do not economize as much as is necessary; You attend to details too much, and do not plan broadly; You think too highly of yourself; You are unwilling to get down and dig; You are too afraid of soiling your clothes; You do not visit the people in their homes as much as is necessary to bind off your work well; You do not get right down and study as your work demands; or, You do not put in long enough hours.

It takes courage to tell a person, face to face, his predominant failing. It is far less embarrassing *for us* to tell his faults to others or to allow him to drift on in his crippled way until some committee votes to release us from his incompetent work by sending him to some other field of labor, or by dispensing altogether with his services; but it is more embarrassing to the one most concerned. And it will in time be embarrassing for those to whom the committee sends him.

Would it not have been far better for some brother to have told him plainly his failing when it first became apparent that his work was not proving a success, and thus have given him an opportunity to correct the hindering cause?

Some of us who now and then got up courage to tell another his wrong, put it off so long because we dreaded the ordeal so much that it was well-nigh impossible for the person at fault to redeem himself at that late date. Procrastination in this Christian duty often brings in many complications, and sometimes proves fatal to the one most concerned.

The heroic person referred to at the beginning of this article did not wait for "opportune moments" as you and I do; he made the opportune time, and he usually made it come at once, with the result that hundreds, if not thousands of persons, have been greatly helped by this man's timely counsel.

Let us break away from the timid and fearful. Let us love others as we do ourselves; let us deal as candidly with others as we should like to have them deal with us. Let us not hide anything, but tell the worst, in love counseling and helping the failing one on to victory. Would you not rather have your worst fault pointed out, and know that the person pointing it out is endeavoring to help you, than to have nothing said, and you left to guess why you are dropped out and your work is given to another? Perhaps one person out of ten would prefer the latter way, but most of us would rather know that somebody cared enough to try to help us onto surer ground. The Judge of all the earth is about to return to reckon with his servants. Let us make haste to heed his command to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. This requires the highest kind of courage and love.

Louise's Brother

LOUISE FARNUM, dainty as a rose in her fresh pink dimony, was swinging lazily in the hammock in the dusk. She was expecting company—two of "the boys" were going to bring over their banjos, and her chum, Nan Bailey, was coming with her mandolin. Louise's guitar lay on one of the piazza chairs. The lemonade in the ice-box was deliciously cool, and her jumbles were perfect. Louise sighed contentedly; it was going to be a nice evening—she could "feel" it.

There was the sound of footsteps on the walk. Louise lifted her head, but it was only her brother Jim, and she dropped back again. Jim strolled up, with his hands in his pockets and a gloomy look in his eyes.

"Say, sis, come for a walk, will you?" he asked.

Louise stared, and then laughed.

"Well! Is the world coming to an end? Why am I honored by such an urgent invitation, may I ask?"

Jim frowned impatiently. He did not like to be teased; but still he did not go.

"Quit it, Lou!" he cried. "I want to talk, *honest!* Will you, or won't you?"

Something in his voice sobered his sister. Her callers were not likely to come for half an hour yet, and they all knew each other so well—she could leave word that she would be back in a few minutes. But what nonsense! If she once let Jim begin to interfere with her plans, where would be the end?

She answered lightly, "I can't to-night, Jim. Nan and some of the boys are coming over. Some other night I'll go."

"That's always the way!" the boy sneered. "Any fellow but your brother!" And he dashed down the steps and out into the shadowed road.

The others came presently, and the evening was a gay one, but beneath the jollity Jim's taunt kept echoing in the girl's heart.

It was half past eleven when she heard voices at the gate. One was Jim's, but the others,— Louise listened, and her face whitened,— the Rockwell boys, the roughest in town!

Silently Louise slipped up to her room. She knew now why Jim had wanted her. Jim had been fighting his boy's battle alone, and he had needed her help.

The girl buried her face in her pillow.— *Youth's Companion.*

A Millionaire Missionary



On one occasion Jesus said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

Not that they might not, but that few would. Their love for their money would be the barrier. In-

stead of devoting themselves to helping those in need, using their entrusted talent of wealth to bless their fellows and so lay up in store great treasure, they would choose selfishly to invest it upon themselves.

Jesus called one rich young man to follow him. He invited him in the same manner that Peter and John and Matthew were called. Not in the same words, perhaps, but the call to this young man to become a laborer with Christ was as definite and distinct as were theirs. But the young man turned away from Jesus sorrowfully. Why?—The call involved laying his wealth also upon the altar of service. Yet the record states that Jesus loved him.

While this young man turned away, another rich man is mentioned a little later as having found salvation. That man was the rich publican tax-gatherer. He loved Jesus above his riches. Without having been invited at all by his Lord to bestow any of his goods upon the poor, Zaccheus stood forth before all those gathered at his door, friends or enemies, and voluntarily promised to give one half of his goods to the poor. Other offers followed, showing the sincerity of his repentance for all his wrong dealings in the past. Jesus then said: "This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham." This illustrates what the Spirit of Jesus may do in impressing the hearts of those who have large possessions. God loves the soul of a rich man to-day equally with that of a poor man, being no respecter of persons.

It is refreshing to know of one young man, a Chicago millionaire who was recently ordained, who plans to go out to China soon as a missionary for God. The readers of the INSTRUCTOR may be interested in a brief account of his life, published in the *Continent*, but now taken from *Men and Missions* for December:—

Before the pulpit from which Dwight L. Moody preached for many years, William Whiting Borden, a Chicago millionaire just through with university and seminary, was recently ordained a minister. He will go in a few months to an inland province of China as a missionary.

There comes to every earnest young man as he approaches the fulness of powers the question of what he shall do with his life. Some men upon majority acquire control of large sums of money, and to the question of investing his life must be added the extra one of investing his capital. When such a man, a leader among his fellows, and possessing in his own right a fortune which reaches several million dollars, calmly decides to leave friends and home and devote his life and money to an organized effort to tell the Mohammedan Chinese of the peace through Christ, the decision is of more than usual interest.

Young Borden decided before he entered Yale that he would be a foreign missionary. He has been ordained, and will spend this winter talking to college students under the auspices of the Student Volunteer movement. Mr. Borden is one of three heirs of the estate left by his father, a large owner of Chicago property. Of a devout family, he had the early training which influenced his decision, although he says it was only after a trip through foreign mission stations in 1904-05 that he thought much of mission work. During his course at Yale he established at his own expense a twenty-thousand-dollar students' mission, which he also conducted. He attended Princeton Seminary for three years, and after a summer in Europe with his mother returned this fall to begin his work. His wealth enables him to make am-



ple preparation for his work, which will be with the China Inland Mission in the province of Kansu.

Mr. Borden is twenty-four years old, and is rather reticent than otherwise about his proposal to add one more to the list of men of large wealth who have forsaken the path of those who devote themselves to acquiring other considerable portions of this world's goods.

Mr. Borden's wealth will enable him to make extensive investments of a sort which are appealing more and more to Christian capitalists—in investments in men, and means of helping men. But more than the enlistment of additional capital in China is the influence of his decision on the thousands of young men who hear of it. The Chicago newspapers printed column articles on the front pages, and papers all over the country repeated the story of the millionaire missionary. Mr. Borden through his devotion of several months to Student Volunteer work will increase greatly the results of his decision. More than one young man in time of stress with himself over the solution of the divine command will recall the example of the Chicago man who freely gave up the luxury available to large wealth to embrace the difficult task of making his life count for something.

The wealth of Jesus' forgiving love is infinitely more precious than any amount of earthly treasure. He poured out the wealth of that love upon a lost world. O that more, rich and poor alike, might appreciate what it is worth to them before it is forever too late to be benefited by it!

T. E. BOWEN.

Mongolian Independence

RUSSIA is taking advantage of the critical situation of the Chinese government to press her claims to Mongolia. The Russian government has despatched to Kulon Mr. Korostovetz, ex-minister to Peking, in order to confirm the autonomy of northern Mongolia. This is regarded as virtually a recognition of Mongolian independence, and would lead ultimately to practical annexation of outer Mongolia by Russia. The Mongolians demand that a clear territorial demarcation be established between China and Mongolia, and that the Chinese government cease its attempts to bring the Mongolian provinces into closer union with the empire by colonizing with Chinese. The Chinese state council has endeavored to counteract the Russian movement by calling a conference of the Mongolian princes at Changchun, but only four of them responded, the others insisting upon negotiating through Russia instead of directly with the Chinese government. President Yuan Shi Kai is trying to settle the matter by diplomatic methods, but the sentiment of the people is so strong for war that he may not be able to prevent it. Offers of volunteers for service against Russia are coming in from all sides. Ten thousand troops have been sent to Kalgan, and five times that number are ready to be sent into Mongolia at short notice. An anti-Russian society has opened headquarters at Canton, and the governor-general of that city is preparing to despatch a force of Cantonese to protect Mongolia from the Russians.—*The Independent*.

Mortality in Plague Epidemics

SIXTH century—one half of the Roman empire died of plague.

Fourteenth century—25,000,000 died in Europe of the black death.

Seventeenth century—70,000 persons died in London alone.

Twentieth century—7,500,000 deaths recorded in India during a period of fifteen years.



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."

The Greatest



ELL, anyway, Bernard said I could go."

"O, if Bernard said so, of course that settles it!" Celia tossed her head, her drooping lids concealing an angry flash of the eyes. But there was no like concealment for the color that rose in waves to the roots of her hair.

Her younger brother, Wallace, looked after her thoughtfully as she left the room. "Celia's as mad as anything, but anyway Bernard did tell me I could go skating this afternoon, and I guess he's got as much say about it as Celia."

A gentle tapping sounded in the next room, a soft little sound full of pathos when one understood its meaning. The face of the listening boy changed. His look of mingled perplexity and resentment was lost in a rush of transforming tenderness.

The tapping sounded nearer, and in the doorway of the room appeared a little figure supported by crutches. Long suffering had robbed Iris Graham of the beauty which is the birthright of healthy girlhood, though her sweetness of expression did much to take its place. A wealth of yellow hair fell over the shoulders, and the blue eyes, though sad with the sorrowful wisdom that comes through pain, shone starlike in the wan face.

Iris was nearly two years younger than Wallace, yet the boy appealed to her eagerly. "Listen, Iris! Bernard said this morning that I could go skating, and when I told Celia so, she began to act as cross as anything."

"That's because you weren't well the first of the week," Iris said, wisely. "Bernard has so much to think about in his business that he can't remember little things about our health."

"But I want to go." Wallace's look of deep dissatisfaction deepened by degrees to a frown. "I haven't had a good skate this winter."

"If you've waited as long as that, you shouldn't mind waiting a little longer," coaxed Iris. "A skate wouldn't pay for making Celia feel bad, and it's only on your account that she cares."

Wallace answered only with a little shrug, and Iris went on softly: "Poor Celia! She's been tired all the week. It was Monday, wasn't it, when your throat was so sore, and you had such a high fever?"

"Yes, Monday." Wallace had the grace to look ashamed of himself. A sudden cold had developed into a sharp, feverish attack which had kept his older sister up nearly all night caring for him. With the recollection of what he had suffered, Wallace recalled Celia's face as she had bent over him, and the touch of her fingers on his hot forehead. And now, less than a week later, he was ready to be sulky because she was not willing to have him go skating.

"Come to think of it,"—Wallace's tone was elaborately careless,—"I believe Tom Gifford and I were

going to the library after school to look up something for our debate. So the skating will have to wait." Like many boys of his age, Wallace was given to apologizing for his good resolutions. But Iris, who had a wonderful faculty for knowing what was going on in other people's minds, smiled upon him brightly, and remained quite satisfied with her victory.

The Graham household was often referred to in the neighborhood as an extraordinary example of family life proceeding smoothly and satisfactorily without either father or mother. When Mr. and Mrs. Graham died within a short time of each other, Bernard assumed the responsibilities of the head of the house, while Celia, the oldest daughter, had taken on herself the duties which had belonged to her mother. There were four younger children, ranging from Wallace, who was fourteen and had recently entered the high school, down to little Grace, who had just turned four. Mr. Graham's sister, Aunt Jane, was also a member of the household; but partly because of ill health, and partly because of a natural lack of initiative, she counted very little in the family life.

Outwardly, affairs in the Graham house moved with wonderful smoothness and harmony; but as a matter of fact there was between the brother and sister who had taken as far as possible the place of father and mother, a lack of cooperation, which seriously threatened the peace of the household. Bernard turned the greater part of his salary in to supplement the income of the property his father had left, and, as the wage-earner, was inclined to plume himself on his importance. Celia, who had given up her dreams of college to take upon her shoulders her mother's work, resented Bernard's assumption of importance, and looked upon herself as the indispensable factor in the family life. Gradually, between the two, so closely allied in aim and effort, a spirit of resentment had grown up. Bernard thought Celia exaggerated the importance of her part of the work. Celia was sure Bernard made too much of what he was doing. And so the two whose cordial cooperation was so essential to success were gradually drifting apart, looking on each other with suspicion, each jealous of the other's share in making the home life what it was, and each inclined to underestimate the other's value.

Conflicts of authority were not infrequent. Wallace was inclined to appeal to Bernard from Celia's decisions, and Celia made no secret of her belief that Bernard was foolishly indulgent when Grace and Ethel were concerned. Yet, so far, the growing resentment between the two had not seriously affected the outward serenity of things. In some mysterious fashion the discordant notes were blended into harmony. And neither of these two young persons, who stood in the eyes of the neighborhood as heads of the house, guessed that it was little Iris who contributed most to the making of the home.

They made the discovery in a rather roundabout fashion. One afternoon Uncle John came unexpectedly for one of his twelve-hour visits. Nominally the guardian of the younger children, Uncle John was too occupied with business to spend more than twenty-four hours a year in the society of his charges. With Bernard he discussed the family finances, questioned Celia in regard to the children's standing in school, and then reached the real point of his visit.

"I'm going to take Iris back with me. I've found a physician who I think will be able to help her."

It was late when he made the announcement. The younger children were in bed. Bernard and Celia looked at each other with a mingling of joy and dismay. It was wonderful to think that Iris might be helped, but both shrank from the thought of sparing her even for such a purpose.

"It wouldn't be for long, would it, Uncle John?" Celia asked.

"Why in a year he ought to be able to tell what he can do. And that would be quite a relief to you, Celia. The care of a delicate girl like Iris must be a great responsibility!"

Celia straightened, her cheeks flushing. At that moment she caught Bernard's eye, and felt a closeness of sympathy, new of late.

"It may be a responsibility, Uncle John, but it is a great pleasure to do for Iris."

"Very likely, very likely," returned Uncle John, who always was impatient of sentiment. "The point is that if anything can be done for her, it must be done right away. And so it will be best for me to take her with me to-morrow."

The parting was a sad one. Grace and Ethel wept without restraint, and the older ones held back their tears only for the sake of the others. When the carriage containing Uncle John and Iris had disappeared, there was a sudden scattering. What went on behind the locked doors of the bedrooms, no one of the Grahams ever told, but it was a sober circle of faces that gathered about the dinner-table that evening.

"Queer thing," remarked Wallace, who was nothing if not outspoken, "the house is here, and everything the same as ever, and yet this place doesn't seem a bit like home any more with Iris not here."

As time went on, others in the household shared Wallace's opinion. There was no longer a gentle influence at work to harmonize what was discordant, to take the sting out of sharp speeches, to smooth away the little unpleasantnesses which threatened the peace of the home. Discussions grew common. Wallace was hard to control. Grace was becoming spoiled. Bernard and Celia no longer had reason to resent the other's assumption of being the chief factor in the harmony of the family life, since it was becoming only too apparent that their combined efforts were not meeting with success.

One day there came a letter from Uncle John bringing the news that Iris was very ill, too ill to be comforted. "It may be," wrote Uncle John, "that the illness is a turning-point toward such health as Iris has never known. But it is well for you all to know that it is possible that there is to be rest for the one who has suffered long, yet patiently."

All day after receiving the letter Celia went about like one in a dream. She did not seem to hear the talk that went on around her. It was necessary to speak to her several times before her attention could be attracted. A strange quiet rested over the household.

That night Celia and Bernard sat up late, each dreading to be alone. For more than an hour there had been silence between them. At last Celia rose, and walking to the window, looked long toward the east, the direction of the great city where their little sister was fighting the battle between life and death.

Bernard arose and stood by her. "If she were worse, Uncle John would telegraph."

"I know." Then Celia turned and began to pace back and forth across the room.

"Bernard," she exclaimed suddenly, stopping short, "it's strange how blind I've been. I thought I was so important here in the house, yet the work I've done could be done by a well-trained servant. It is Iris who makes this a home, just as Wallace said the day she went away. I've been the housekeeper. It's Iris who is the home-maker."

Bernard looked at Celia, his face paling. "It's the same with me," he exclaimed. "I've turned my salary in toward the household expenses, all of it I could spare; and I've so believed in myself that I considered I was the mainspring of the home, and all the time Iris was giving something worth a hundred times as much as I gave." He hesitated, then went on quickly in a sharp voice. "There's no use pretending now, Celia. I've been jealous of you. I wanted to feel that the house couldn't be run without me, and it made me angry to think that you felt you were just as important as I was."

Celia looked at her brother with an expression of dry-eyed misery.

"I know, Bernard, I've felt just the same,—proud of my own importance, and anxious to be first. And all the time it was Iris, who never thought of herself, who was doing what was worth doing."

The door-bell rang. Bernard hurried to the door. Celia close behind him.

After Bernard had signed for the telegram and closed the door, he stood looking dumbly at the yellow envelope which brought the message of life or death, no one could say which. It was Celia's hand that broke the seal at last.

Iris's condition much improved; doctor hopeful; wire again in the morning.

JOHN H. KENT.

Celia read the words aloud, then murmured them over for the second time, the tears raining down her cheeks. Bernard put his arms about her.

"Celia, we won't worry any more about who's doing the most. We'll just let Iris teach us how to help by forgetting all about ourselves."—*Harriet Lummis Smith, in Young People's Weekly.*

Prayer for Those Who Serve

If my lips are stained,
Then the prayers they pray for you will be unclean;
So I kneel and plead:
O Hand of God, take thou a burning coal
From off the altar on the holy mount,
And lay it on my lips until the whole
Impurity goes up in clouds of smoke.
If my arm is weak,
Then 'twill fail to raise and lift you from the ground;
So I pray and plead:
O Arm of God, reach down and take thou hold
Of my weak arm; give it the living thrill
Of thy great strength, as prophets felt when bold
They stretched theirs forth to lift the nations up.
If my soul is dead,
Then before your face I'll be a stricken corpse;
With a cry I plead:
O Life of God, breathe thou in me and make
Me live, that I within their midst may have
A full, rich being, so that they may take
Cognizance, say, Behold the life she lives!

—Lois Buck.

How Our Young People May Help Foreign Missions

J. E. HANSEN



HERE are several ways in which our young people may help our foreign missions. The first and most helpful way is to give themselves to missions. This is true not only in foreign missionary work, but in home missionary work. Too often we think of foreign missions when we hear the word missionary spoken. We have foreign missions and home missions. We need men and women for all these places. "The greatest want of the world is the want of men."

The second way to help missions is to get a training that will enable us to go out to our field of labor without drawing heavily on the treasury for our support. There are two kinds of education, and we must seek the right kind. We may crowd our minds with facts, and be able to pass a college examination, but that alone is not true education. True education is missionary training. True education is the training of the hands as well as the mind to work along practical lines.

I have seen young men complete their course in college who could not drive a team nor hold a plow. They could not build a house nor plant a crop. Planting crops means more than throwing the seed on the ground and harrowing it in. You must prepare the soil. You must do it in the right way, or you will have a small crop. So it is with the missionary who has merely book learning, and not the training to do practical things in a practical way. We need men who can work with the hands as well as those who can teach.

I have seen young women come from college with their diplomas who could not cook a meal properly. They could not sweep, bake, nor mend clothes acceptably. Too many of the young people of our land can not do common housework. Surely every young woman in our ranks knows how, you say. But there are some who do not.

Education without a practical knowledge of the common every-day duties of life is of little value in foreign fields. The missionaries who have gone to some foreign field and have made the work there a success are the ones who could work with their hands as well as with their minds. The person who can go to a foreign field and use the things at hand for his support, is far more valuable in the Lord's work than the one who has to depend upon a salary entirely. So, then, the man who is able to build a house, plant his crops, and harvest them in a proper manner, is the one who can best help foreign missions. The woman who can sew, cook, bake, and do all kinds of house-

work, and is able to teach, is far more valuable to foreign missions than the one who can teach only what is in books.

We have some good examples in the Bible of men who worked for their bread while teaching the people. Noah had no one to pay him a salary, but he supported his family while preaching.

"Christ for three years and a half conducted an out-of-door school without a salary and without tuition. He returned to the plan which he had followed in Eden, combining education with hand work."

"As a laborer in the gospel, Paul might have claimed support, instead of sustaining himself; but this right he was willing to forego. Although feeble in health, he labored during the day in serving the cause of

Christ, and then toiled a large share of the night, and frequently all night, that he might make provision for his own and others' necessities. The apostle would give an example to the Christian minister, dignifying and honoring industry. While thus preaching and working, he represented the highest type of Christianity."

Of course one going out to work along practical lines will need to sacrifice; but what of it? We shall be glad before the end to sacrifice for the Master. The pioneers in this third angel's message have given us a wonderful example of the spirit of sacrifice. Many of us have never been trained to work in this self-sacrificing manner,

but it is plain that those who finish up this work must make a more complete sacrifice than ever has been made by any generation in the past.

Before the third angel's message shall have gone to all the world, there will be a movement of the lay members in the church to do regular, thorough missionary work. Our young people should learn to plan and work, and this is one object of our young people's meetings. We have not done much because we have so little faith. Where is our faith? We need an increase of faith to believe that the Lord will give us simple food and clothing if we enter his service.

If our own people, with their years of experience in the things of God, are not able at this time to believe God will provide for them if they enter his work, can they hope that those to whom they present the truth will have faith enough to leave the world and put their trust in God's promises? We have no reason to expect that their faith will be stronger than our faith. Lack of faith on our part is one reason why so few are now accepting the third angel's message.

Shall we not, as young people, arise to our opportunities and privileges?

A MEMORY PARAGRAPH

If we were to cherish an habitual impression that God sees and hears all that we do and say, and keeps a faithful record of our words and actions, and that we must meet it all, we should fear to sin. Let the young ever remember that wherever they are, and whatever they do, they are in the presence of God. No part of our conduct escapes observation. We can not hide our ways from the Most High. Human laws, though sometimes severe, are often transgressed without detection, and hence with impunity. But not so with the law of God. The deepest midnight is no cover for the guilty one. He may think himself alone; but to every deed there is an unseen witness. The very motives of his heart are open to divine inspection. Every act, every word, every thought, is as distinctly marked as though there were only one person in the whole world, and the attention of heaven were centered upon him.—"*Patriarchs and Prophets*," pages 217, 218.



A Rival to Radium

THE ultraviolet ray is almost a rival to radium in the mysterious properties and powers attributed to it. The famous French scientist Becquerel has pointed out that it destroys the spores of organic life. The Paris municipal authorities have given it a trial as a germicide in purifying Seine water. Its most curious property, it seems, is its power of causing metals to throw off clouds of tiny particles, as if by its impact it could shatter the surface layer of the metal into minute grains of dust. This fact has been utilized by Svedberg, of the University of Upsala, Sweden, to produce what are known as colloidal solutions,—mixtures of solid and liquid not quite so intimate as perfect solutions, like salt and water or sugar and water, and yet more intimate than when the pulverized matter is simply floating or suspended in the liquid, like sawdust or sand and water. The peculiarity of these colloidal solutions is that when surveyed in an ultra-microscope the particles are seen to be in rapid movement; and they so nearly approach the size of molecules that theories of the movements and numbers of molecules of substances have been deduced therefrom. In Svedberg's experiments the metal to be pulverized is placed in a flat vessel containing the solvent, and is exposed to a mercury-vapor lamp. After a few minutes the liquid can be observed through the microscope, taking on the characteristic aspect of a colloidal solution.— *Ambition*.

Translucent China

GERMANS hold that it was quite by accident that the process of making Dresden china was hit upon. It appears that in about the year 1700, when all the potters were endeavoring to no avail to find a means to make translucent china, one John Frederick Bottger, a chemist's assistant, was suspected of being an alchemist, and was by reason of such suspicion compelled to leave Berlin. He sought refuge in Saxony, the ruler whereof was Augustus II, elector. Now Augustus was most eager to ferret out the secret of the philosopher's stone, and accordingly provided young Bottger with the means to pursue experiments to that end. It was while working along the lines suggested by the elector that the exile surprised himself by hitting upon something closely resembling Chinese porcelain. Upon communicating this information to his royal patron, he was bidden to give over the hunt for the philosopher's stone, and to take up the china problem. Even so, Bottger might have continued his experiments for many years without success had not a lucky accident given him the key to the translucent china. A wealthy manufacturer was riding on horseback in the vicinity of Aue, in Saxony, when he noticed that his horse lifted his hind feet with considerable difficulty. Examination showed that the animal's hoofs were clogged with a peculiar white adhesive clay. It must have been more through curiosity than anything else that the rider took home some of this clay, which he later succeeded in reducing to a fine powder. It was from this man that Bottger obtained a supply of the powder, which was found to be

the long-sought kaolin. The secret of the translucent china was now solved; and the elector built a china factory, whereof Bottger was made the chief. Many important products owe their discovery to accident, but the accidental discoveries, as a rule, have been made by students searching eagerly for the secrets the accidents have disclosed.— *Ambition*.

Suspends Publication After Fifteen Hundred Years

THE president of the Chinese republic, Yuan Shi Kai, recently suppressed the newspaper *King Bao*, undoubtedly the oldest paper in the world. For fifteen hundred years it has reported the more important news, not only of China, but also of foreign countries. The first edition was printed on ten sheets of yellow silk neatly tied together, and was sent to all the high officials of the Chinese empire. Since 400 A. D.; that paper has been issued regularly till it was suppressed



The Independent

What becomes of college graduates. The upper figures show the proportion that entered the various professions from 1696 to 1700; while the lower indicates the proportion from the year 1896 to 1900.

by the government. Many think that printing was discovered in Europe in the fourteenth century, calling into use at first letters cut out of the bark of a tree, and taking impressions from them. As late as the second half of the fourteenth century every book in Europe used for school or church, every public document, every letter, was written out by hand, and the illustrations of the same were made by hand. In Europe wood letters were used for printing on silk cloth and vellum nearly two hundred years before they were used for printing on paper. In the year 175 the text of the Chinese classics was cut upon tablets which were placarded outside the university, and impressions were taken from them. The newspaper *King Bao*, founded in the year 400 of the Christian era, is the natural product of the art of printing in that day. It is presumed that the president of the republic suppressed this paper because it was unfriendly to democracy, or to the present administration of the government.— *Christian Herald*.

The Wettest and the Driest

WHERE are the driest and where the wettest sections in the United States? The driest region is what was formerly known as the Great American Desert, now comprising the southeast of Nevada and northwest of Arizona; the wettest areas are in the North Carolina mountain region and in Florida.— *Christian Herald*.



The Boy Inside

THERE is a fellow that I know,
Born just about as long ago
As I, and, with me, bound to grow —
The boy inside of me.

Sometimes I wish he were not there,
For when in games I'm not quite fair,
He seems to say, "Stop! Is that square?"
That boy inside of me.

And when I do not study quite
So hard as really is but right,
He tells me so sometimes at night —
The boy inside of me.

Or when I plan some secret lark,
Then, suddenly, I have to hark;
Somehow he makes me toe the mark —
That boy inside of me.

It really does no good to hide
A thing from him, because I've tried,
And so I'm glad I'm on his side —
That boy inside of me.

— Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in *Youth's World*.

An Example

BENJAMIN KEECH



STEALING away from the ones at home, who would be sad when they found out about it; stealing away from honor, purity, cleanliness, goodness, and manliness, the minister's boy and the boy next door were preparing to smoke their first cigarettes. They had skulked across the back pasture, and were nearing the stone wall that separated Mr. Meadow's corn-field from the road; and here, screened by the wall on one side and by corn on the other, they intended to roll the little "coffin nails," and smoke them unseen.

The minister's boy, whose name was Johnny Brighton, and who was an innocent, unsuspecting child, agreed that it would be a fine, manly thing to smoke. So the lads waited and planned, and now their opportunity had come. The boy next door, whose name was Albert Beecher, saw old Jerry Grimes, the worst character in Roseland, drop a small bag of tobacco and some cigarette-papers. The lad, being unobserved, transferred the stuff from the sidewalk to his pocket, then hid it in the wood-shed.

At last, their plan seemed about to be carried out. Albert's mother was nursing a sick friend, and the minister, secure in his study, was preparing a sermon. Johnny's mother was dead. His aunt Priscilla was his father's housekeeper, and she was usually so busy that she had little time for small boys. To-day, as she began her sewing, Johnny slipped quietly from the house and joined his chum.

The boys reached the stone wall and sat down, with the tobacco between them, to enjoy (?) what they considered a manly deed. After considerable talk and a few blunders, each succeeded in rolling a cigarette, and was about to pass it to his lips, when a strange voice, almost directly above their heads, said, pleasantly, "Trying to kill yourselves, boys?"

With a guilty start, Johnny and Albert turned instantly, and beheld the strangest specimen of humanity that either had ever seen. An unmistakable tramp, with a pale, sickly face, covered partly with grime and partly with a stubby black beard, stood leaning with his arms on top of the wall, looking down at them. Although it was summer, he wore a greasy winter cap, and his coat, too, spoke of many rough journeys through dirt and bad weather. His lips were screwed

into something resembling a smile; but as he spoke, his haunted, sunken eyes roved restlessly from one up-turned face to the other.

As the only answer the boys gave him was an astonished, frightened stare, the man continued: "I wouldn't do it, boys. It's an awful thing — awful! I was trying to get a little sleep over here," he continued, "when I heard your voices, and thought I'd see what was going on. Didn't any one ever tell you about cigarettes? Why, each one contains enough poison to kill a cat, if it was fixed right, I mean." He passed a thin, shaking hand over his face, and went on: "Do you want to fool with such things? — Not if you're wise. You see, the cigarette habit will kill you sometime, by inches, if not right away, or else drive you crazy; and no sane person wants to kill himself or spoil his health. That's what I'm doing though," he admitted, with a bitter smile and a sad shake of his head. "But I can't stop it now. I've gone too far, and I can't help myself. I'm a wreck, a blot on the face of the earth."

Both lads had thrown their cigarettes to the ground, and scrambled to their feet. Johnny, sober-faced and round-eyed, was gazing intently up at the man; but Albert, feigning indifference, stood digging his toe into the earth. He was listening, however.

"It's this way with me," the stranger went on, seeing he had an audience: "I've gone from bad to worse till I can't stop, no matter how hard I try. Why, I was once a clean little chap like you, but I got to reading trash, and then I began to smoke, and pretty soon I had drifted so far into evil ways that I had no control over myself."

Here Johnny and Albert exchanged a painful glance. "The worst thing about cigarettes," the man continued, "is that they usually lead to something worse. I'm a drunkard and a thief, because of evil associations. Tramps never have any ready money; so when I have to have cigarettes, which is all the time, I either steal 'em or steal the money to buy 'em with. Besides," with another sad shake of the head, "I'm what is known as a drug fiend, and — yes, I guess I'm everything bad. If your folks knew who was talking to you, their blood would run cold."

"And it's all principally due to cigarettes!" he broke forth, savagely, emphasizing his words with his fist,

and speaking more excitedly. "Just look at me and behold a splendid example of the cigarette curse! Why, I was naturally bright; I might have been a man to honor. But a bad habit, uncontrolled, soon ruins one. My nerves are gone. I'm only a fit companion for jailbirds and criminals. I can't even look an honest man in the face, yet I'm not naturally bad at heart. The best way is never to begin; then you'll never have to suffer. Cigarettes will surely hurt you some day, though you may not be able to see the effects at first."

The fellow's manner had changed greatly during the past few moments. Whereas at first he had spoken calmly, he was now more than agitated. His eyes rolled and flashed in their dark caverns, and he spoke vehemently, with excited gestures. Johnny and Albert stood close together, regarding him with frightened eyes.

"I wish I could reform," he exclaimed, "but I can't! The poison's in my veins. A thousand devils seem dragging me down. I wish I could make every boy stop smoking those things. I wish I could warn them of the horrible end."

With a sudden shriek, the man threw up his hands, fell backward, and disappeared. After a second's hesitation, both lads ran to the wall, climbed up, and looked over. In an unmistakable fit, the man was writhing on the ground. Johnny and Albert ran quickly across lots and into Rev. Paul Brighton's study. After learning that the boys had found a man in a fit, Johnny's father hailed two passing neighbors, and the little party of rescuers followed the lads to the scene of the strange experience.

It was a sorry spectacle that greeted them. The poor fellow's paroxysm had passed, and he lay still and apparently lifeless, covered with dust and grime. The minister bent over him, and ascertaining that he was alive and conscious, lifted him up; then, with the help of the two men, took the outcast to the parsonage.

That evening, before the minister had asked his boy three questions, Johnny broke into convulsive sobs, and made a clean breast of the matter from the beginning. Blaming himself for not having won the child's heart securely long before this, the minister did not censure him severely. He knew that after such an example, the sensitive lad would never go wrong so far as cigarettes were concerned.

Aunt Priscilla took her nephew in her arms, and kissing the lips that were yet sweet and pure, said, "If I've neglected you, Johnny, I'm sorry; and after this I'm going to spend considerable time being good to my precious laddie."

Johnny slipped an arm around Aunt Priscilla's neck. "That's just what I want," he said, happily.

"I hope this will teach you a lesson, Albert," said Mrs. Beecher to her son, when he, with the help and advice of the minister, had made a full confession of his share in the matter. "After such an example I should think you'd never want to see another cigarette."

"I don't," said Albert, soberly, "and if I can help it, I'm not going to; I'll fight them. Cigarettes certainly didn't make a man of that fellow. They *unmade* him."

For several days, during which the minister thought of what could be done with him, the outcast stayed at the parsonage. He was invited to try the gospel cure. "If you'll put yourself unreservedly in the hands of God, and remain steadfast," said Mr. Brighton, "there's hope for you. Besides, I know of some medical missionaries that can help doctor the poison out of your system, if you'll let them."

At last the poor fellow yielded. And after a hard, bitter struggle, during which a Higher Power helped him, he won the victory. He joined a band of religious people whose work is to help rebuild wrecked lives; and although weak at first and never robust, he was still able to point the right way to many an erring mortal. He did much good; and Johnny and Albert, at least, never forgot the practical example he gave them of what the cigarette can accomplish for its slaves.

With Only Twenty-Five Cents to Spend

A GIRL of twelve did all the things set down in this true record: Four wash-cloths for four school friends were made from a ball of white knitting cotton. The two knitting-needles were inserted in large bottle corks and given to her two married sisters for "testers" when cooking vegetables. The girl bought a roll of pretty wall-paper at a sale, and covered two old hat-boxes, lining them with white paper. These made pretty presents for her day-school teacher and her Sunday-school teacher. In the autumn she took up four pots of parsley from the garden and tended them carefully, finally giving them to four dear neighbors. Five post-cards, with stamps, cost ten cents, and took loving messages to far-away friends. A big bag of pine-cones gave pleasure to a wealthy lady, who appreciated the note that came from this thoughtful girl, and afterward enjoyed a cheerful blaze made with the cones. From odd bits of yarn and worsted in her mother's piece box the nimble fingers of this little girl crocheted five dolls' aviator caps for little girl friends. A package of catnip, gathered and dried, delighted an old lady who had three pet cats. Half a dozen pens for the girl's father cost three cents. For her mother was made a fireless cooker after a design the little girl had seen. A covered cottolene pail was wrapped in several layers of newspapers, fitted into a pasteboard hat-box, and the space under and around it was firmly stuffed with cut excelsior. More newspapers were wrapped around the outside of the box, and a round cushion, stuffed with excelsior, covered the top of the pail. A case made of an old table oil-cloth, fitted with a draw string to draw up close, covered the whole.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Teaching Positions, Philippine Islands

IN order to make it possible for those interested in positions in the teaching service of the Philippine Islands to take the examination for eligibility to appointment without interfering with their regular school duties, the United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination for teacher, industrial teacher, and departmental assistant on December 27, 28, in many of the important cities of the United States.

Eligibility in these examinations is required for appointment to positions for women in home economics; and for men in agriculture, manual training, high-school science, mathematics, and English, and for supervisors of school districts.

The entrance salary of the majority of appointees is \$1,200 per annum and expenses to the islands paid by the government, with eligibility for promotion up to \$2,000 as teacher and up to \$3,000 as superintendent.

For information relative to the nature of the service and the examination, address Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, January 4

1. OPENING Exercises.
2. Bible Study.
3. Mission Study.
4. Social Meeting.

Suggestions for Program

1. As this is the first Sabbath of the year, give ten or fifteen minutes for opening exercises: Singing; a number of sentence prayers; paper, "How Shall Our Society Make the Most of the New Year?" report of work; review of Morning Watch texts; a few words by the leader and the secretary regarding faithfulness in the Morning Watch and in reporting.
2. Fifteen-minute Bible study on "Our Work," based on Rev. 14:6 and Matt. 24:14. Three leading thoughts: (a) The everlasting gospel of the kingdom,—what it is; (b) To all that dwell on earth—none neglected or passed by; (c) Our privilege as bearers of this message. This may be prepared by one person; or by three persons, each taking one of these leading thoughts; or in any way the leader may decide is most helpful.
3. United States; Rise and progress of the message in the New England States. Early organization. This may be followed by discussion by those studying for Standard of Attainment. "Great Controversy," chapter 19, "Light Through Darkness," will be found helpful. See also "Great Second Advent Movement" and other books.
4. Testimony experience meeting: Key-note, "Where the message found me and what I owe to it."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 12: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 12-16

1. SOON after the return of Abraham and Lot to Canaan, how were their different spirits manifested? From the influence exerted by the former, what may we learn? What servitude did he soon render the Canaanites? As victor, what example did he set?
2. In what state of mind did he return to his tents? How was he reassured? Later, what message did he receive from the Lord?
3. Under what circumstances did he learn of the impending doom of Sodom and Gomorrah? What plea did he make? What prompted this?
4. What example was set in the command of his household?
5. Relate the story of the supreme test of his faith. Why was this experience permitted?
6. Note the conditions prevailing in Sodom.
7. Tell of the visit of the angels; the attempt to save Lot's family; the destruction of the cities of the plain.
8. In this judgment of God what warning is given us? How do present conditions compare with those of that time? In the result of Lot's choice of a home what is taught?
9. Mention some lessons which may be gathered from the circumstances of Isaac's marriage.
10. How did Jacob and Esau differ in character and life? What mistakes did they and their parents make concerning the birthright? Cite the circumstances of the transfer of the birthright blessing to Jacob. How was Isaac reconciled to this transfer? Esau represents what class?

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 12: "Pilgrim's Progress,"

Pages 46-69

1. WHAT three men did Christian next come upon? How did his efforts to help them result?
2. From his reasoning with Formalist and Hypocrisy, what do you learn is necessary in order to enter the way to Zion in the proper manner?
3. What lessons do you see in the experiences which befell the three men in their different courses at the hill Difficulty?
4. Give the substance of the conversation with Mistrust and Timorous.
5. What did Christian now find it necessary to do? Why? How did he reproach himself? Tell of the recovery of the roll. With the set of sun what fears came?
6. Describe his reception at the palace Beautiful. What did he learn there of God's guidance? of how to conquer annoyances? of a Christian's duty toward the unconverted?
7. What was shown him concerning God's love and forgiveness, and his care for his servants? On the second morning, what view was presented? what equipment given before leaving?
8. Where did the way next lead? Whom did he encounter? What arguments were presented to win him back to his old master?
9. Describe the combat with Apollyon. At its close, how was Christian refreshed?



I — The Story of Creation

(January 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 1:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

Questions

1. Repeat the first four words of the Bible. Note 1.
2. What does the prophet Jeremiah say of heathen gods? Jer. 10:3-5.
3. How is the true God different from them? Jer. 10:10-12; Col. 1:17.
4. What name is given him in Isa. 40:28?
5. What has he created? Gen. 1:1; Neh. 9:6.
6. How were all things created? Ps. 33:6-9; note 2.
7. How can we understand the work of creation? Heb. 11:3. Do all men have this faith? Note 3.
8. What did David say as he saw God's wonderful works? Ps. 8:3, 4.
9. Why were all things created? Rev. 4:11. What does creation declare? Ps. 19:1-3; note 4.
10. How much time was used in the work of creation? Ex. 20:11.
11. What questions are asked in Isa. 40:12-14? How great do the nations of earth appear to God? Verses 15, 17.
12. How did the earth appear in the beginning?

What did God say? What came when he spoke? What did he see in the light? How were day and night made? What made up the day? Gen. 1:2-5.

13. What was made the second day? What name was given to the firmament? Verses 6-8.

14. Tell how the dry land came to appear. What was the land called? the gathered waters? What did God see in this part of his creative work? What did the earth bring forth? Verses 6, 10, 12, 13; note 5.

15. Why were lights placed in the firmament? How many great lights did God make? Give their names. What lesser lights appeared? What did God see in them all? On what day were they made? Verses 14-19.

16. What has the Lord promised again to create? Isa. 65:17.

17. Repeat a prayer we should daily offer. Ps. 51:10.

Notes

1. "In the beginning God." Here alone can the mind in its eager questioning, fleeing as the dove to the ark, find rest. Above, beneath, beyond, abides Infinite Love, working out all things to accomplish 'the good pleasure of his goodness.'—*"Education," page 134.*

2. "In the formation of our world, God was not indebted to preexisting matter. On the contrary, all things, material or spiritual, stood up before the Lord Jehovah at his voice, and were created for his own purpose. The heavens and all the host of them, the earth and all things therein, are not only the work of his hand; they came into existence by the breath of his mouth."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, pages 258, 259.*

3. Men teach that millions of years were required in creation; but the Bible declares that the six days used in that work consisted of evening and morning, like every other day since time began. God's "works were finished from the foundation of the world" (Heb. 4:3), so it did not take ages of evolution to finish what God made in the beginning.

4. "It is God that causes the sun to rise in the heavens. He opens the windows of heaven and gives rain. He causes the grass to grow upon the mountains."—*Id., page 260.* Read also Ps. 147:16.

"The God of heaven is constantly at work. It is by his power that vegetation is caused to flourish, that every leaf appears, and every flower blooms. Every drop of rain or flake of snow, every spire of grass, every leaf and flower and shrub, testifies of God. These little things so common around us, teach the lesson that nothing is beneath the notice of the infinite God, nothing is too small for his attention."—*Id.*

5. The gathered waters were called seas. There were no high, rocky mountains before the flood. God "founded it [the earth] upon the seas, and established it upon the floods" (Ps. 24:2), which means the waters. This shows that most of the water was under the surface of the earth; so, at the beginning, the sea must have been much smaller than now. God "placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it can not pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it." Jer. 5:22. God said to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Job 38:11.

"The plants were created full-grown. These bore seed from which grew plants like those from which the seed came. This is always true. When we sow, we are never disappointed: we reap just what we have sown. . . . This is as true of all our deeds as it is of seeds. If we live for this life, we shall have this life only; if we live for eternity, we shall have eternal life in the kingdom of God."—*"Bible Lessons in Old Testament History," page 22.*

I—Creation and Redemption

(January 4)

Questions

1. WHAT distinguishes the true God from the false gods? Ps. 96:5.

2. On what occasion did the apostle Paul refer to this distinction? Acts 14:11-15.

3. Why is God worthy to receive glory and honor? Rev. 4:11.

4. What forms the introduction to the revelation that God has made to us of himself and the gospel of salvation? Note 1.

5. What testimony is borne to the perfection of the complete creation? Gen. 1:31.

6. In whose image was man created? Gen. 1:27.

7. With what was man crowned? Ps. 8:5.

8. What did he lose through sin? Rom. 3:23.

9. What came upon all men as the result of sin? Rom. 5:12.

10. What curse was pronounced upon the earth on account of sin? Gen. 3:17, 18.

11. What promise is given concerning the restoration of the image of God in man? 1 Cor. 15:49.

12. By what means is this restoration wrought? 2 Cor. 3:18. See Col. 3:10.

13. Upon what fact does God rest his appeal for confidence in him as the only Saviour? Isa. 45:18, 21, 22.

14. Upon what basis is confidence in the redemptive work made to rest? Isa. 42:5-7.

15. What assurance is furnished of God's ability to supply power to the weak and faint? Isa. 40:26-29.

16. For what two things does the Lord plainly say we are indebted to him? Isa. 43:1; note 2.

17. In what way are Christians enabled to do good works? Eph. 2:10.

18. What takes place in the experience of those who are in Christ? 2 Cor. 5:17, R. V., margin.

19. In what prayer did the psalmist David recognize the need of this creative work? Ps. 51:10.

20. In what way will the curse be removed from the earth? Isa. 65:17. Compare 2 Peter 3:13.

21. When will this take place? 2 Peter 3:7, 10.

Notes

1. In the first chapter of the Bible God is revealed as the creator. The test by which the true God may be known is here furnished, and the foundation is laid for the true gospel. This record of the creative work was not introduced into the Scriptures in order to teach physical science, but because redemption is a work of creation, and only he who created the heavens and the earth, and man in his image, in the first place, can create a new man in Christ Jesus, and new heavens and a new earth. That hope which rests upon any other basis is a false hope.

2. He alone can save and deliver who can create, and therefore believers should find encouragement in contemplating the creative works of God, and should put their confidence only in the Creator. No created being can save the soul from death, or send deliverance in time of trouble.

Seed Thoughts

EDUCATE! educate!! educate!!! But educate only in the right channels; for education in error and the things that degrade is even worse than no education at all.

Fill the mind exclusively with those things that serve to uplift, ennoble, and count for moral and intellectual worth. All else is worthless and harmful.

The power to choose and select should be exercised in its highest degree and to its fullest extent in the matter of education.

Whatever is treasured in the mind will sooner or later find expression in the face, the bodily movements, and in the daily acts of life.

Our thoughts and acts are governed by what we allow to enter into our minds through the special senses. Hence the importance of closing the avenues of thought to whatever is false and corrupt.

As a man thinketh, so is he. It is our thoughts, and our thoughts alone, that determine what we really are. And according to our thoughts we shall be rewarded in the final judgment. J. W. LOWE.

BE as careful of others' property as if it were your own.

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.

Work for Money, but Stay in School

THEY do not allow working to interfere with going to school in Hammond, Indiana. Special arrangements are made whereby boys and girls may work half a day in certain commercial establishments, and attend school the remainder of the day. Hammond is a manufacturing community, where the temptation to boys and girls is strong to leave school and earn a living. Superintendent McDaniel's plan makes it possible for boys and girls to earn money, remain in school, and also make themselves more efficient industrially.

The plan at Hammond is based on a full realization of modern social and industrial conditions. Superintendent McDaniel proceeds on the theory that, while there are certain general principles underlying all education, each community has its own special problems that are too often disregarded in the making of the schools. Besides the cooperative school and shop arrangement, Hammond maintains a night-school with an attendance of seven hundred, where boys and girls may not only make up elementary deficiencies, but also receive practical training in specific phases of commerce and industry.

The Management of Lena

THERE was a half-opened Catherine Mermet rose in a glass beside Miss Agnew's plate. She saw it as she entered the dining-room.

"Why, Lena, your first rose!" she exclaimed. "And what a beautiful one!"

Lena said nothing, but her face was full of delight. When presently she went back to the kitchen, Miss Agnew's niece looked after her thoughtfully.

"How long have you had Lena?" she asked.

"About five months," Miss Agnew answered.

"And here she is adoring you, like all the others. I wish you'd teach me the spell. I'm sure nobody could do more for her maids than I. Yet I never have one look at me the way yours always look at you, whether you have had them ten days or ten years. It's—it's humiliating, aunty! I should like my maids to like me, and not treat me like a—cashier!"

"You are a very pretty cashier, my dear," Miss Agnew replied. "I don't see how they resist you."

Mrs. Howell dimpled charmingly. Then she leaned forward, and her eyes brightened: she was very proud of the way in which she carried her college training into her household.

"I use scientific management," she explained. "I have timed everything; I know exactly how long each thing should take to do, and I let them know that I know. One maid actually wasted forty-three minutes in one morning just standing at the door, and looking out of the window. She resented my pointing it out to her, and left—for a place where she gets five dollars a month less!"

Miss Agnew looked down at Lena's rose, and a little smile touched her lips.

"I never scientifically managed Lena's morning," she answered, "but I think I can give you a pretty accurate idea of the way it goes. First of all, she runs out into the garden for a few minutes—you know I have given her a corner of it for her own. She gets breakfast fairly quick, but you might allow a few minutes for running to the door if she hears a robin. And through the morning I suppose you might add half an hour more for looking out of the window or talking to the delivery men. Quite often, too, little Luella Crane comes in for a cooky. I hadn't thought of it before, but I suppose Lena spends fully an hour every morning in—just living, like the rest of us."

Mrs. Howell glanced quickly at her aunt. "You mean——" she asked.

"I mean, dear, that scientific management may be all right for business places, where work is cut off from the rest of life; but in a home it is different. It is atmosphere quite as much as cooking that makes the home. So every bit of happy, natural living, every bit of responsiveness to the beauty and the true relationships of life, somehow—gets into the salads and desserts! At least, that is the way I've found it."

Mrs. Howell looked puzzled. Was she wrong, after all? It sounded old-fashioned, and yet—there were Lena's rose, and her omelets, and her happy eyes!—*Youth's Companion*.

A Christmas Song

A MERRY Christmas to you all,
A heart from sorrow free!
Joy is the right of every one,
Our Saviour's gift to thee.

Near nineteen hundred years ago
A Friend of sinners came;
Brought us a cheer—a hope so dear,
By trusting in his name.

The star of hope, which ever guides,
Brought wise men to the home,
The manger home of Jesus Lord,
With welcome all to come.

The star of hope its joys extends
To shepherds watching nigh,
To all the world a welcome gives,—
To neighbor, you, and I.

Our gentle, loving Saviour dear
Gives welcome free to all;
A home, sweet home, eternal life,
If we obey his call.

The love of Jesus, ever true,
Is love that never dies;
Invites the weary to a rest
In mansions in the skies.

MARK VANDERBILT.

"A MAN said to his pastor at the close of a year, 'I have been through the Bible five times this year.' The pastor asked him, quietly, 'How often has the Bible been through you this year?' Only when the Bible goes through us will it be to us what it is meant to be."