

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

December 31, 1912

No. 53

## The Holly-Tree

SAID the holly-tree in the heart  
of the wood,  
When the chill December came,  
“Mine is a great beatitude,  
For they’ll wreath me my bough  
Into garlands now  
To honor the Saviour’s name!”  
And so though torn and rent it  
stood,  
Its branches riven apart,  
The holly-tree in the heart of the  
wood  
Felt a thrill of joy at heart!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Sunday School Times*.



TEXAS is the greatest bee State in the Union.

A NEW way of killing flies, by spreading a special fly disease, has been discovered.

THE common stable- or horse-fly is held responsible for the spread of infantile paralysis.

TEN States now give full franchise to women. Kansas, Oregon, Michigan, and Arizona are the last to accord this right to women.

VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT MARSHALL is a descendant of the famous John Marshall, of Virginia, the most noted of the chief justices of the United States Supreme Court.

PRESIDENT TAFT has placed at the disposal of Mr. Wilson, President-elect, a battle-ship, in order that he may visit the Panama Canal if he wishes to do so before his inauguration.

THE finest perfumes cost nearly ten thousand dollars a pound at wholesale. Surely only the wife of a multimillionaire has the courage to buy an ounce of some delicate perfume valued at five hundred or one thousand dollars an ounce.

AN air-line railway is desired between Denver, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah. To make this possible, a tunnel will have to be bored through the Rockies. This enterprise will cost approximately five million dollars.

THE lowest and highest points in the United States are in California. The summit of Mt. Whitney is just 14,777 feet higher than the lowest point, which is in Death Valley. These two places are less than one hundred miles apart, yet in this distance are found the various forms of tropical and arctic vegetation.

## "Star Flowers"

MISS ELIZA H. MORTON, well known to the INSTRUCTOR readers, is the author of the new book of poems "Star Flowers." This little book is filled with a variety of poems, all intended to banish gloom and darkness, to strike the key-note of all that is true and lovely, and to direct minds to things beautiful and enduring. "Star Flowers" makes a valuable gift-book, especially for our friends who have lost loved ones.

The book sells for \$1. The proceeds are devoted to extending the gospel work in the city of Portland, Maine. In ordering it, address the author, at Woodford's Station, Portland, Maine.

"PLAN your work,  
Work your plan,  
and

Do not leave God out of either work or plan."

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 31, 1912

No. 53

## Glimpses of Burma—Rangoon

R. B. THURBER



THE giant Irrawaddy washed a hundred soils from remote banks, and cast them mixed mud at its mouth. In this mud men laid the foundation of Rangoon. The races which swarm over the city are as varied and blended and pliable as the mud on which it stands. A city cosmopolitan indeed is this. Other cities may have all the other species of mankind, but they lack the picturesque Burman, for he is a home body. Rangoon has all, to the extent of almost crowding out the sons of the soil. The sights and sounds and smells of both worlds here mingle in a discordant mass.

The gold, silver, precious stones, and silks, which in other nations are hoarded and hid, are in this nation spread to the gaze of the throng. And the greedy, and thrifty, and industrious of all climes flock to the golden show for a part in the division of the spoil. The laughing, care-free people view with equanimity their glory flow into the coffers of strangers, and Burma complacently surrenders her wealth-right to the passer-by.

The immigrants land at the port of Rangoon, and many of them stick there and cast their lot with the common run. They have come to a land of opportunity compared with other countries of the East. For here are fertile soils, rich minerals, and abundance of trade, with no fateful caste system as in India, no unsettling revolutions as in China, no burdensome taxes as in Japan. But do not mistake. The country is not rich in the real sense. What is here, however,

and is touched with all the Orient, and Europe and America. The Burmese are its ornaments; and their towering golden pagoda, the attractive feature of many a beautiful vista, represents a people and a religion which are fast weakening under the influence of the spirit of the West.

Shall we "see the sights"? The very modern



DALHOUSIE STREET, RANGOON

electric car on which we ride takes the corner with a shriek as we turn into Dalhousie Street. The rough stone pavement is just ceasing to throw back the sun's glare. It now streams in its Turkish bath as the water-carriers muddy its back. Our conveyance seems strangely out of place among the primitive men and methods. Look at the motor-man on our car. He wears a semi-European suit of dark green cloth, of the pea-jacket, high-water variety, bounded below by bare feet and above by long oily hair, roughly turned up under a little red fez. The man who collects fares is, like the other, a native of India, and is dressed identically the same. He is just learning to count change; but never mind, the passengers are only too willing to help him. The car company should not lose, for at his elbow is a subinspector; and soon an inspector will cast his critical eye on him and us, and in turn will cower before the chief inspector. Our tickets are punched and punched and punched. While we are trying to recall some lines about "other fleas to bite 'em," the gong clangs loudly, and we peer ahead to see three stalwart coolies making frantic, but slow efforts to tug their high-wheeled, heavily loaded cart off the track. A line of shoulder-pole carriers string by with their labored swing, taking rice from the wharf to the warehouse, where the sign "All kinds, good rice, cheaply, for sale" does its duty by attracting the attention of the English-reading public.

Further on, the wide street presents an unbroken mass of conglomerate humanity. Burmese women gossip at the house doors, while their children dodge among the passers-by. Chinese workmen, plying any and every trade, sit legs crossed on the sidewalk or at their shop fronts. The curb is lined with various business contrivances dignified by the name of shop, from



THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON

is all on the surface, as far as the Burman is concerned. He doesn't put his wealth in a stocking—no napkin talents for him. It goes into his stomach and on his back. But he leads the simple life, and is happy, so happy! After all, what do those who hoard desire more than this?

Rangoon is not Burma. First it is India, then China,



a little basket on a corner, with a woman squatting behind it, to the Chinese restaurant-keeper, with his long table, furnace, cooks, and waiters, serving eatables *ad nauseam*.

Beyond the curb, confusion inextricable,—cars, bicycles, motors, carts, carriages, rickshaws, and luckless pedestrians,—where a collision means a fight and a miss is as good as a smile. In the center, at cross-streets, towers a turbaned Punjabee policeman—supposed to preserve order. His very stature and dignified demeanor give him immunity from danger; and there he poses, well-nigh oblivious to all that chatters and clatters past.

The evening is the joy-time of the day, and each one takes his "constitutional" as suits him best. But what a multitude there is! One writer has called them "food for census," and that idea presses in upon us in spite of our efforts at singling out a few. They are lumped off in the mass, like so many clods of earth—different, but who cares? Yet each one has an individuality—and a soul.

This is *where* the "other half lives;" it would require volumes to tell *how* they live. Even those who have been long on the ground sometimes wonder whether they know the people or not. In the turmoil of the seething millions of the East, one sees the crowd, but it is difficult to see one. At every dwelling it seems as if all the folks are at home, and relatives and friends are visiting them.

We alight and meander through the "night bazaar." Scores of temporary stalls pack the curb of the wide sidewalks, and the night is aglare with gaudy lights. Here is great assortment, from pins and peanuts to beds and blankets. This fellow with the file-rasping voice makes our passing hideous with "*Chây paisa! chay paisa! chay paisa!*" (Six pice, the price of each trinket he sells.) This is the time and the place to palm off the defective and tinsel articles whose defects are unnoticed, and whose tinsel shows golden in the defective light. We know this, yet we are drawn on by a lure inexplicable to see what is not worth seeing, and to buy what we do not want. A week ago we asked at one stall for a towel, and—it must have been published in a newspaper which all read, with our likenesses attached—towels are thrust at us at every turn all along the line. Towels call us, towels spread before us, towels flap in our faces, towels shout after us. But there is method in this. For we buy, and why?—To distract attention, or to satisfy on-lookers that we use such articles, or to show that we have the money. It may be for any of these reasons more than because we really need the towel. With half disgust we turn away, and feel not to look at a towel for a week. Yet we are not to be let off, for soap and combs and brushes must needs go with a towel, and these are urged at below cost prices. We are led to believe that the motto of these men must be, "Persistence, thou art a jewel." There is an end, however; and at last we extricate ourselves, and the gloom envelops us as we start for home. The morning draws us to the bazaar for the day's food supply. Most of the shop-men are natives, not Burmans; and of the few Burmans nearly all are women. A dozen boy coolies, with baskets, surround us away up the street. We select one lank fellow with a smile, a good knowledge of prices, and a poor knowledge of English. A friend had an amusing experience with one of these "basket wallahs." They often use English in the idiom of their own language. With them there is no difference in the way they say "too much" and "very

much." This boy said that what the sahib was buying was "too nice." My friend told him that "too nice" means nicer than it should be, and that it really couldn't be "too nice." "Well," returned the boy, "One nice, then."

Did you ever bargain? I mean, juggle prices with a merchant. If you haven't, you have missed—shall I say a joy? There are few one-price dealers here. A native's asking price is not his selling price; and usually the latter is one fourth or one third of the former. It is a habit that many of them would gladly break away from; but, like the tipping habit, it sticks. Says the shopkeeper, "What can do, sir? Master asking price, sir. If I say proper price, sir, Master no buy. Master expect less, sir. If no sell for less, sir, no can sell, sir."

To beat a man down in his price is always a necessity, and never a hardship for the man; for unless the buyer knows the right price, the crafty merchant is sure to get more than the article is worth. And if you do not know the price, he is a sharp enough student of human nature to find it out, in spite of evasive questions and answers. Every purchase involves a battle of wits. At first the newcomer finds it difficult, but later it changes to a pleasurable habit which holds such a fascination that one actually wonders if ever again one can feel satisfied to buy from a merchant who will not lower his price. But before the trick is learned, the novice has many a crestfallen experience of seeming to triumph at a low figure, and later finding he has paid two prices for his purchase.

This is the usual haggle:—

"What's the price of these guavas?"

"Ten for six annas, sahib."

"What? Say, if I wanted to get rich, I'd start a shop here and rob people as you do. Tell the proper price. I'll give you two annas."

"Nay, sahib, nay," laughing. "Five annas proper price."

"Will you take two annas?"

"Nay, sahib, cost four annas."

"No, they don't; you know you can buy them for one anna."

You start away, and he says, "Four annas, sahib, and no profit." You continue, and he shouts for you to come back at four annas. You call that you will give him three annas. He refuses, but when you are out of sight and hearing he sends a boy running after you to accept your three annas. Of course you return and pay the three annas, and perhaps are discomfited to see him chuckle at the prospect of a good profit. But if you win, there is a fascination about it; maybe because it brings a consciousness of superiority.

The bazaar is huge, and offers for sale almost every article which the East and West produce. Prices range widely, from trivial eatables which are far cheaper than the handful of earth from which they grew, to fancy tinned and bottled import stuffs. We hold our noses while passing through the meat and fish departments, sneeze in the spice-room, and are prodigal with our eyes among the silks. All this is sordid,—but it is Rangoon.

Another day we break away and breathe free at the Royal Lakes Park. This beautiful retreat provides the lungs of the city body—unhealthful. In the rainy season a lavish green, the dry season sees hosts of coolies deluging the gentle slopes in a vain effort to coax the dying year into a "green old age." The roads hum to the tune of the motor-car, and happy picnicking



children sport in the groves. The golden crown of the view is the towering sharpness of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, its sleek descent throwing back a dazzling glitter to the tropic sun.

Rangoon contains only a quarter-million people, but all these are in evidence. The English rulers, comfortably parked in their own section, sway the fortunes of Burma's metropolis with beneficent justice. There is misrule, but we wonder why there is not more. The strongest and lowest passions of thousands of debased human beings here find vent; but storms are brief, and Oriental lethargy binds them all in a magical spell, whose power Occidental minds sense, but will always stop short of experiencing.

### Canvassing During Revolutionary Times

WELL did Isaiah say: "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. Let favor be showed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness." The twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah is very interesting and precious, with the troubles in the nations in view. Who has not meditated on the twentieth verse to obtain comfort in some sudden trial? yet the succeeding verse shows it to be especially applicable to those who are in a country upon which the judgment of God is being visited.

God may allow judgments, revolutions, and wars in a nation, to make its people learn righteousness. Mexico has been in such a condition for a long time. Almost four hundred years ago the Catholic conqueror, Cortes, entered the land, and it has been in Catholic hands ever since. Yet the people are not capable of self-government with contentment. At every election there is trouble. The defeated candidate plays the part of the illustrious hero and patriot, and endeavors to overthrow his opponent, promising the people liberty. So it is at present. There have been five or six revolutions and counter-revolutions in the past two years.

In November, 1911, we arrived in Yucatan, with our prospectuses. We had considerable misgivings, as a revolution was on. A governor had been elected, and the opposing party felt that its man was the patriot for the time. Bloodshed, of course, followed; but the uprisings were confined to the outlying ranches. The Indians were stirred to rashness, which often resulted in some one's death. Many gave the revolution as a reason for not investing in books; but some people must have an excuse, which might as well be a revolution as anything else. The only solution we saw to the two-governor problem was to sell a book to each, and thus have both their names on our list. This was satisfactory to all partizans.

From one little town a young man left to go into the country. He aroused about sixty men to proclaim him the honorable governor of that state. They also fired a few shots. Hardly had the echo died away before a detachment of soldiers brought the men in, having also captured the artillery. This consisted of one cannon, if such it might be called, being about two and one-half feet long with a one-inch bore. A captive carried it on his shoulder. The leaders of this uprising were shot. The brother of the young leader purchased

a leather-bound copy of "Patriarchs and Prophets."

The first sound we heard in the smaller towns was the bugle-call at daybreak, every town being garrisoned by soldiers. I am thankful to say that in several instances the captains purchased copies of our book. The soldiers are in almost all cases the uneducated Indians. We saw a company of two hundred or more training. They had no shoes, nor did it appear that they ever had had a bath.

The accompanying snap shot was taken in Valladolid, Yucatan. The house, as you see, is full of bullet holes. A battle between the soldiers and rebel populace raged in the street in front of this house, about seventy-five or one hundred persons being killed. Dr. Navarrete Tejero, the owner, is the most successful physician of the city. He now has a leather-bound copy of "Patriarchs and Prophets" in his library.

As the insurgents came into the town, all who were sympathetic or who wished to preserve their lives were obliged to wear a white handkerchief in some conspicuous place. But when the regulars took the town, those handkerchiefs disappeared very quickly. Two Turks, having a store on the main street, could not



A HOUSE IN VALLADOLID, FULL OF BULLET HOLES

understand it all, and thought these were the same soldiers. They were shot dead without being asked a question.

On returning to Mexico City, the conditions were such that it was considered unsafe for us to leave. So it was either remain idle, or work notwithstanding the revolt. We determined to try to work, and try it we did. Ordinarily the business men are too busy to permit a conversation; but as there was then little business, they had more leisure, and were less careful as to whom they permitted to visit their private offices. So the troublous times favored us, and many who otherwise and at other times would have been too occupied saw our publications. Many influential men and well-known business firms now have the *Signs of the Times*, in Spanish, regularly making its visit to their homes.

By combining our three Spanish periodicals, *Signs of the Times*, *Life and Health*, and *Little Friend*, we found entrance to all homes. Doctors would subscribe to the combination to get the health feature; merchants and business men were interested in the signs of the times as shown by the periodical of that name; families wanted the children's paper; and *Life and Health* always interested thinking women.

So, in spite of the revolution, the truth is going in Mexico, and we are confident that some of the people will learn righteousness.

HENRY F. BROWN.



### The Shepherds' Joy

O HOLY angels there,—  
The vision heavenly fair  
Above the fields of flocks and weariness,—  
What is your message blest?  
A Saviour,—love him best,—  
Redeemer, Christ, the whole wide world to bless!

What if the night is cold?  
From yonder streets of gold  
The herald-angels dipped their wings, and came  
To tell, "Good will to men,"  
That joy should thrill again;  
They came, the vision like a sky of flame.

And all the world is glad:  
Why should a heart be sad  
When, manger-born, the King of kings is he,  
Incarnate, Christ the Lord,  
By all the worlds adored,  
My Monarch, born afar across the sea?

The shepherds came, and then  
They told the tale to men;  
And all the years throne him all kings above;  
For over all is he.  
My heart's glad jubilee  
Forever echoes, "Jesus! 'God is love!'"

B. F. M. SOURS.

### Children of the Mountaineers of the South

THE INSTRUCTOR family has doubtless heard or read of the poor whites who live in the piedmont regions of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and West Virginia. These people live in abject poverty. Their houses are log cabins, with but one room and very little furniture; and yet they have an ancestry of which many a wealthy American would be proud.

It has been truly said of them: "In their veins flows the good and loyal blood of the Highland Scotch and of dwellers in the north of Ireland. Here are colonial dames, indeed; here are sons and daughters of the American Revolution, unrecognized, but of none the less genuine lineage. These isolated mountaineers are of the best Anglo-Saxon stock, with the blood and tradition of heroes."

In the early days of our country these people came to the southern shores of America to escape persecution,—to maintain their religious liberty. They were the pioneers of the South, pushing westward over the mountains. Ex-President Roosevelt refers to this in his book "Winning of the West." He says: "They were the first and last to do this. All others merely followed in the wake of their predecessors. Indeed, they were fitted from the very start to be Americans; they were kinsfolk of the Covenanters."

They took an active part in the American Revolution, after which they returned to their mountain homes. They had large families to support, the soil was not fertile, and the effects of slavery were felt, inasmuch as it deprived them of opportunities to labor for money. Being opposed to slavery, they kept isolated; and although they believed in education and religion, yet as the years passed by they became illiterate, growing poorer and poorer and more and more ignorant. With no churches, no schools, no newspapers, and no books, it is not strange that the condition of the Southern highlander has been, and still is, to a great extent pathetic.

The hope of this people is in the education of the children. Missions by various denominations are being opened in the highlands, and a good work is being done; yet even now only about one child out of one hundred of the three hundred thousand children in these regions is receiving any kind of education.

The following incident shows the simplicity and

thoughtfulness of these mountain children, and their eagerness to learn:—

Recently the mother superior of a Catholic mission school in the piedmont region of Tennessee saw a copy of Morton's Elementary Geography, and being pleased with it, introduced it into the school. The little mountaineer children were delighted with the books, and wanted their teacher to write to the author; so she wrote the following letter:—

The geographies came yesterday. I wish you could have seen the dear little ones, my special third and fourth grades. They kept saying, "What pretty maps!" "How nice the covers are!" "How easy to read!"

They studied with great zest and little pats of delight. Two children asked to be allowed to go and wash their hands over again before touching the beautiful books. Another carefully dusted her desk. They all had perfect lessons, and were most enthusiastic over them. They feel as if they know the author of the books personally. One child said, "Let's draw a map for her;" another said, "I'd like to send her a bird's nest;" and still another said, "I'll make a hemstitched handkerchief for her." So now you have some little friends among our mountain children.

This letter makes us long to have these children enjoy the privileges of a church-school where the truth for our day is taught. It will be interesting to watch the reports from laborers in the South to see what they are doing for the children of the mountaineers.

We can help forward the good work by contributions and by our prayers. ELIZA H. MORTON.

Portland, Maine.

### A Merry Christmas!



WISH you a merry Christmas!" "A merry Christmas!" is the universal response; and a wave of gladness sweeps over the home. This day comes to renew the sweet communion of kindred hearts, strengthening the fond ties of other days with the present heart-sunshine gleaming with hopes of the future brighter still.

O that this rich measure of gladness might reach every home in every land, lighting up every abode of poverty and suffering! But such is not the case. Hence our appointed work to follow in the steps of our Master, who ever went about doing good. Let us not delay to seek out the dark corners of our neighborhoods, bearing in *word* the light of good cheer, and in *hand* the means to meet the many needs of the poor, the sick, the sorrowing. Then the consciousness of duty done may yield our highest Christmas joy.

I am sorry to say that Christmas finds some homes that seek only thoughtless merriment and glee, and the feasting of a depraved appetite; and some descend even to the poisonous cup, to the ruin of body and soul. God pity the sad victims of intemperance!

But the highest, holiest interest of Christmas centers in its supposed relation to the advent of Christ, our blessed Redeemer.

What wonderful love sent Jesus to die  
For poor sinful mortals like you and me!  
What sufferings untold on the cruel cross  
That brought salvation to the lost!

And now, with pardon freely given,  
Biotting our sins from the record above,  
To the faithful he offers the courts of heaven,  
To abide with him in eternal rest.

He has gone to "prepare" that blessed "place."  
O wonderful love! O infinite grace!  
May we all be faithful, and finally share  
That heavenly home prepared over there!

S. M. SPICER.





### A Pretty Experiment



**F**ILL an ordinary tumbler with perfectly clean water, and with a sharp knife scrape a few small slivers into the water from the inside of a lump of gum camphor. The camphor will go through all kinds of curious and rapid motions, until you will declare that the slivers are alive. If you want them to stop dancing, dip a toothpick in turpentine or other thin oil, and touch the end to the surface of the water. The bits of camphor will instantly stop dancing, and this experiment will show you with what wonderful rapidity oil spreads over the surface of water.—*The Christian Herald*.

### Twig Collections

**C**ollectors of natural history objects can seldom do more in winter than arrange and classify the material gathered in summer. In making a twig collection, however, winter is the season of greatest activity. A complete set of twigs of the trees and shrubs of a locality is one of the most interesting collections imaginable, and the person who makes it acquires at the same time a valuable knowledge of the woods and fields.



The making and mounting of such a collection is simple. You need only a knife, gummed labels, and some small sheets of thick paper or cardboard, or else some of the small blank booklets used for mounting photographs.

Cut from each leafless tree the tip of a twig, three or four inches long, and fasten it by small strips of gummed paper to the mounting sheet or the pages of the booklet. Then label it neatly with the name of the tree, both common and scientific. A good way to arrange the mounted twigs is by tree families. There are several kinds of oaks or birches or maples, and it is interesting and convenient to keep them together.

There are many books that will help you in identifying the winter twigs. In case you are in doubt about a specimen, you can learn the name by sending the twig to the Forest Service at Washington.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Water

Is there any more water in the world than there was at the first creation? Since God finished making the earth, and all that it contains, it is thought that he has not added any particle of matter. Changes in the form have been going on constantly, but the amount of material remains precisely the same. It is neither increased nor diminished.

Think, then, how a drop of water has been traveling around since the creation. You can not destroy that

drop of water. If you throw it into the well, of course it remains water; if you throw it into the fire, it disappears, but it goes as steam into the atmosphere, and then it is condensed into water.

How wonderful is the earth's system of water distribution! The oceans and seas are great reservoirs. Three fourths of the surface of the earth is water, while one fourth is land. How is the water from the ocean distributed over the land?—In the form of rain and snow. The water in the ocean evaporates, or is drawn up into the air. We sometimes say it is drawn up by the sun. In the air it floats, gathers in clouds, and then pours down upon the earth in rain. Some of it flows swiftly down the hills into the creeks and rivers, toward the sea.

Other drops of water sink into the earth; then they are collected into cool places in the rocks, over which they come out as springs. And these in turn run out into the rivers and toward the sea. You have a well; its water is cool, delightful to drink in the summer, and never freezing in the winter because it is so deep down in the earth. Into that well the drops flow through the earth. We do not know how long it may take for the journey of a drop of water from its home in the sea to its resting-place in a well, but there is no haste in this great distribution of nature. God has time enough, and he gives all the processes of nature time to work themselves out.

We speak of a drop of water as if it were a unit, but that one drop might be divided into a large number of tinier units. The question of the divisibility of matter is one of great interest, and the ultimate atoms, or particles, are so little that men can not be sure that they have reached the final division. In each drop of water there are tiny living creatures, which find plenty of room to move about in the water, as if it were to them like a sea.

Sometimes water is condensed into snow and ice on the summits of very high mountains, which are always covered with ice and snow. There it may form glaciers, and these glaciers gradually move downward toward the sea, sometimes reaching it as icebergs.

Thus water is in perpetual motion, moving from the ocean to the clouds, and through manifold forms in the earth until finally it reaches the ocean again, only to be taken up. So it moves on its continual circuits, doing its part in the great and beautiful system which the Creator has ordained.—*Young People's Weekly*.

### The Rocking-Chair Cure

"CRITICS of America," said a well-known physician, "have poked fun at us for being a nation of rockers. Americans have been pictured as sixty millions of persons seated in sixty millions of rocking-chairs—some of them cradles, of course. But now comes Dr. Laine, a French West India physician, who says it is good for us. He has been talking of what he calls 'the good effects that the lullaby-chair exercises on subjects affected with atony of the stomach.' Atony is want of tone.



KEEP YOUR EYE FIXED ON THE PILL, WHILE YOU MOVE THE PAPER TOWARD THE EYE.



"Laine says that a course of rocking-chair after every meal, the oscillations being quiet and regular, 'stimulates gastro-intestinal peristalsis,' and that dyspeptics should take notice. The chair ought to be light, so that rocking requires no effort, and sufficiently inclined backward that the person may lie rather than sit in it. Physicians will agree that Dr. Laine has done America a real service. It has always been rather difficult to explain the national passion for the rocking-chair, but now it is only too easy. Americans are the worst sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia in the world, but it now appears that we have instinctively rushed to what has been proved to be the best system of relief.

"The man who lunches on pie and then balances himself in a rocking-chair is unconsciously doing his best to stimulate his 'gastro-intestinal peristalsis;' he is practically singing a lullaby to his outraged and injured stomach, which is kept from crying aloud only by this method of soothing it."

### The New Year

A SURPRISE! Well, well! And to think that so many of you are here, too! There is Sadie and Pearl, Irene and Luella, and Samuel, Harry, and Victor. A happy New-year! Thank you, and the same to you all many times repeated.

Yes, this is New-year's eve, and the time when we are told that the old year goes out and the new one comes in. But what makes the close of one and the beginning of the other? Can you tell? Did I hear some one say that he thought people always had started to count their years as we do now? Let us see if this is true.

How many remember when the Chinese have their New-year's celebration? Yes, it is in February that our Oriental friends are so liberal with their fire-crackers and candy. Or rather, it used to be in February; but in 1911, a little over a year ago, by order of the president of the new Chinese republic, the beginning of their year was changed to the same date as ours, January 1.

Also you know that Easter comes in March or the first of April. Easter, in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, is kept on the first Sunday after the Jewish Passover; and the Bible tells us that the Passover was in the first month of the Jewish year. Num. 9: 1-5. It was in this month that the Lord through Moses brought the Israelites out of Egypt, and made of them an independent nation; and for this reason God said their year should begin at that time. Ex. 12: 1, 2.

But the Jews also have another year, known as the civil year, which begins in September, six months later than the religious year. In 1912 the Jewish religious year began March 19, and the civil year September 12. The Abyssinians, in Africa, also begin their year the eleventh of September, except on leap-years, when it begins the twelfth, as it did in 1912.

Other examples could be given, but from these few we see that our time for beginning the year has not always been universal, although it is now used by most of the civilized nations.

But what makes the year, and where did we get our present time of counting its beginning?

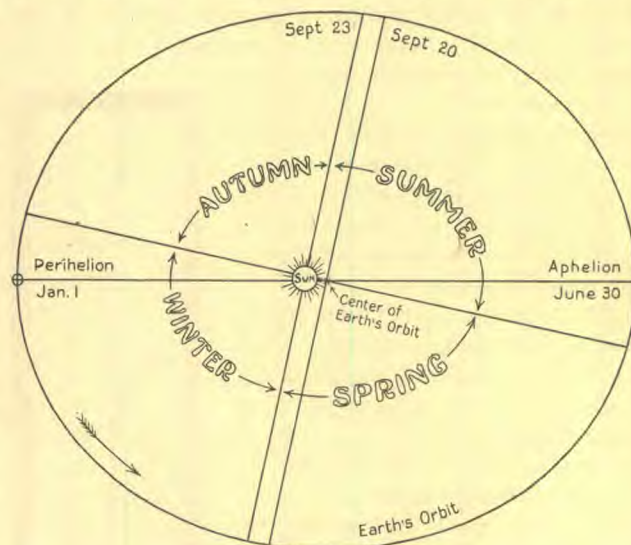
The earth, besides spinning around on its axis like a top, which gives us night and day, is also traveling around the sun. This circle, or ellipse as it really is, in which the earth goes is called its orbit, or path; and

the time taken to go once around the sun from any given point in this orbit to that same point again, is called a year. It takes just 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds for the earth to make this circuit.

The old Roman emperors, when that nation ruled the world, counted time in many different ways. Sometimes they dropped out a month, sometimes put in a month or two; sometimes began the year at one date, and again at another. So oftentimes the telling of the date was quite a confusing problem.

When Julius Cæsar began to reign, about fifty years before the time of Christ, he found that the three months which had previously been winter were then in the autumn, and the autumn months were carried back into the summer. Think of January coming when it should be September, and August beginning the first of May!

So Cæsar undertook a reformation, and secured Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer, to assist him. It was arranged that the year should begin in the winter, and that there should be twelve months of thirty or thirty-one days each, instead of the thirteen months which were necessary when the month was counted



from one new moon to another, as it had been before that time.

Cæsar and Sosigenes counted the year as having 365 days and six hours, which was 11 minutes and 14 seconds too long, and this extra few minutes every year grew into a number of days in the course of several centuries. So in 1582 A. D. Pope Gregory XIII, with the help of the astronomers, made another adjustment, and dropped out ten days from October of that year, thus bringing the beginning of the year back to where Cæsar placed it.

By this last change we have what is known as the Gregorian, or new style, calendar; and practically all civilized nations have adopted it, with the exception of Russia, which still counts time by the old style, as the Romans did when Julius Cæsar lived. The extra 11 minutes and 14 seconds a year have now made a difference of thirteen days between the Julian and Gregorian calendars, so that January seventeenth for us is January fourth in Russia.

As stated before, the earth's orbit is an ellipse, and the sun is about three million miles nearer to one end of this ellipse than to the other. It is at this nearest point to the sun, called perihelion, that our year begins. This year the earth reached perihelion at 5 P. M., December 31, or only about three hours ago, as it is now



a little after 8 o'clock New-year's eve. This is Pacific time reckoning, which is what we use here in California. In Washington, D. C., where the people count by Eastern time, it would be four hours earlier. It is interesting to note that the time of sunset here in Oakland this evening was just a few minutes before five o'clock, which brought the beginning of New-year's day and the actual beginning of the astronomical new year within a few minutes of each other. This is not always the case, however, because it takes the earth 365 days and almost six hours to go around the sun once, whereas we usually count but 365 days to the year.

Some men who have studied carefully into the question think the true year should start on the twentieth of September, or not far from the date on which the Jews and Abyssinians now begin to count time. The claim is made that this was the date of the first day of creation, when God said, "Let there be light: and there was light." By counting back with the aid of eclipses and the movements of planets, the fourth day of creation's week is reckoned to correspond to September twenty-third of our year. On this fourth day of the year one of the world, when the sun, moon, and stars appeared, it is thought that the earth, the moon, and all the planets of our solar system started together on their journey around the sun.

These calculations are said to prove that creation, the flood, and other events recorded in the Bible came to pass just as there stated, and that the theories that it took thousands or millions of years to make the earth and the planets, are shown to be untrue.

Whether or not these methods of reasoning prove all that is claimed for them, we know from the Bible that it was God who created the earth and all the heavenly bodies, and not only started them, but still keeps and upholds them by the might of his power.

We have had quite a little study to-night, and you have all seemed interested. I wonder if you would care to come again sometime and talk further about the laws of God that are working all about us, and about the beautiful things which he has made. All right; then come a week from next Saturday night, at eight o'clock. Good-by.

CLAUDE CONARD.

### Business Enterprise

MARGARET DAVIS, class of 1911, has the credit of starting and carrying through to success a cooperative store for the students of Simmons College. After talking her plans over with the dean of the college, Miss Davis issued one hundred bonds at fifty cents each. From the sale of the bonds she equipped a store in one of the dormitory rooms. Before the institution closed, in June, all the bonds were redeemed with ten per cent interest.

The enterprise has grown to such an extent that a committee of five students has charge of the store, which contains everything a college girl wishes to buy. The students act as clerks, and are paid for their services.—*Selected.*

"WHEN a stiff hat, or derby, gets cracked, and brushing does not conceal the break, hold a lighted candle inside the hat close to the crack for about a minute, or until the place becomes softened a little, and then brush with a fairly stiff brush. If one attempt is not satisfactory, repeat the process."



### A New Year

B. F. M. SOURS

ANOTHER year is past,  
Another year has come;  
The roses and the violets  
Will deck its happy home.  
And while our glad feet roam,  
The while the heart its care forgets,  
No tree top will be dumb;  
Robins will come at last.

Another year? Ah, heart!  
Each nook and chalice stored  
With honey for the waiting bee,  
With praises for my Lord.  
O, by my heart adored,  
Jesus, thou King of years, to thee  
Be all spring's fragrance poured,  
Love's happy song my part.

Another year? Its store  
No prophet can foretell;  
I know the Father loves me so,  
He loves, and all is well;  
Safe in his sight I dwell.  
O year, what if thy tempests blow?  
Thy blossoms, too, will swell:  
Love keeps; I ask no more.

Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

### The Gambling Finger



MET a man the other day. He is selling Bibles now in this province. He was the ringleader of a gang of gamblers and villains. He was very skilful in ju-jutsu and gambling. It seems that in playing tricks in gambling the third finger of the hand plays a very important part. So when he became a Christian, in order that he might not be tempted to go back to his old life, and in order that he might make known to all his old associates that he had broken off from his old life, he took his short sword and cut his finger off at the middle joint. "If thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee."—*Rev. C. A. Logan.*

### A Wise Vermonter

GOV. THOMAS CHITTENDEN, of Vermont, is remembered for his great kindness of heart as well as for his ability and force of character. He was the first governor of the State, and lived in the liberal manner that befitted his office. His cellar, as was the custom of those days, was well stocked every fall with provisions—barrels of meat, boxes of vegetables, and tubs of butter.

One winter night the governor's rest was broken by sounds coming from his cellar. He left his bed quietly, and with a candle ready to light, made his way in the direction of the noise. As he reached the cellar, he struck a light, and saw a man taking great pieces of meat out of the barrel and stowing them away in a bag.



The governor approached the intruder, and in a commanding voice said, "Go on, sir! Fill up that bag and be off. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to disturb honest people at this time of night!"

The thief shrank back, evidently much frightened. "Be quick!" continued the governor. "It is no fit time to keep me shivering here!" So stern was the governor's manner that the man was compelled to obey.

"Now, begone!" went on Governor Chittenden. "When you are again in need of food, come to me and say so, and I will give you more. Do not pillage my house at night. If I ever have the smallest reason to suspect you of another such act, you shall be punished for this offense as the law provides."

It is pleasant to know that the man came to the governor the next day to ask for employment, in order that he might pay for what he had taken, and that work was found for him, which he performed steadily and well.—*Youth's Companion*.

### How Mrs. Chong Was Led to Christ

THE minister and his mother stopped at a little Chinese store the other day, for the children are in the primary Sunday-school. Heretofore about all that could be said was: "How are you? We are glad the children come. Good-by." But this time Mrs. Ah Chong seemed excited. She left her children and drew the mother inside, and with beaming face and broken English said: "I know God now. I know Jesus. I all same you now. Amoe, she tell me. She tell me all you say. I pray God now. Before, plenty trouble. Now, no matter. Before, I plenty angry. Now, no more. When children grow up, I go to church all time. I all same kind of mother like you now." They started to tell her more of the way, but she interrupted: "I know, I know. Amoe, she tell." And Amoe is in the primary class only! Verily, "a little child shall lead them."—*The Congregationalist*.

### The Disfigured Pages

FOR some weeks a small boy had worked diligently to make good copy in his writing-book. Then, in a fit of wilful temper, he took his pen and deliberately scrawled hideous black lines over several clean pages. Ashamed of what he had done, he finished the remaining pages of the book with care. Exhibition day came. His writing-book was placed for inspection. The boy's father attended the exhibition, and paused at the table with the writing-books on it. He came to his son's book, and slowly turned the pages. The boy could see his father's face, and he trembled to think of the shame the father would feel when he came to the spoiled pages. Slowly the pages were turned until the next turn would open to the scrawled pages. The father turned the page. Lo! the spoiled pages were gone. The teacher had removed them, and left only the painstaking work. Even so our Saviour Teacher forgives and removes our sins.—*Sunday School Times*.

A COMPANY of tourists in the Alps were overtaken by night, and after groping in the darkness for a time, were compelled to settle down and wait till morning. A thunder-storm arose during the darkness, and a vivid lightning flash showed them that they had stopped on the very edge of a precipice. Another step, and they would have gone over.

### The Tale of the Years

We live by days; they are the leaves  
Which, folded back at night,  
Tell the continued story  
Of the volume that we write.

To-day's good deeds or misdeeds  
Will stamp the days to come;  
For to-morrow but continues  
The story we've begun.

Each day is thus a prophecy,  
Which we do well to heed,  
Foretelling final destiny  
So clearly all may read.

Make the glad days that come to you  
Tell each so sweet a story,  
That when the tale is all complete  
'Twill be a tale of glory.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

Ancon, C. Z.

### Shortness of Time

"WELL, auntie," said the judge, going up to the old colored apple woman's stand on New-year's morning, "don't you get tired sitting there these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," said old auntie.

"And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while," answered auntie.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, auntie?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, auntie?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman devoutly; "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester nor fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge; "but what makes you so sure, auntie?"

"How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in him? He is mine, and I am his. Now I only feel along the way. I shall see him as he is in a little while, sir."

"Ah, auntie, you have more than the law ever taught me," said the judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the gospel," said auntie.

"Well, auntie, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.—*Selected*.

### Drastic but Wise Treatment

"I'LL tell you what it is," said the old elevator constructor. "If there is ever a time when a man wants to keep a clear head and have his wits about him, it is when he is working on an elevator job in a modern sky-scraper. Not only would a single misstep cost him his life, but a weakened bolt, a misplaced screw, or a defective bit of machinery would imperil the lives of scores of men and women. So essential are steady hands and bright wits in our trade that, under the rules of the union, no drinking man can stay in the organization. The first time a member of the union goes on a job under the influence of liquor, he is suspended for a month, and fined. For the second offense he is summarily expelled without hope of reinstatement. It's pretty drastic treatment, but we have found it the wisest way to deal with the matter."—*Exchange*.



### Personal Responsibility

FOR fifty years the Protestant churches of the United States have added only seven per cent to their membership by profession of faith in Christ. The increase in our own church last year in the United States was about three per cent. Undoubtedly one of the causes of this discouraging state of things is the lack on the part of church-members of a feeling of personal responsibility in leading men to Christ.

An incident related several years ago by Mr. William Reynolds, international Sunday-school worker, of Peoria, Illinois, is illustrative of the part personal work has in bringing men to a knowledge of God and his salvation. One day one of Mr. Reynolds's neighbors stopped him on the street and said:—

"Mr. Reynolds, how long have we known each other?"

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Reynolds replied, "About fifteen years."

"Mr. Reynolds, you claim to be a Christian, I believe?"

"Yes, I am a professed Christian," was the reply.

"Do you honestly believe, Mr. Reynolds, that if I am to be saved I must accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour?"

Mr. Reynolds said that he did believe that. Then his friend asked further, "Do you care whether I am saved or not?"

"Why, certainly!" was the surprised reply.

The friend then said, "Well, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but I do not believe it. As you say, we have known each other for fifteen years. We have been called good friends, have often dined together, and have discussed almost every other subject under heaven; yet in all those years you never once mentioned the name of Jesus Christ to me. You are a prominent business man in this town, and if you had ever come to me to tell me that Christ was precious to you, or to ask me to consider my need of him, I should have listened to you with respect; but you never did it. Of course, when I ask you if you care, you say you do; but do you not truly think that if you had really cared one least little bit, you would have said something to me in all these fifteen years?"

William Reynolds stood before his friend amazed and abashed. He then frankly confessed with shame that he had neglected and even shirked many an opportunity that God had placed before him to speak to men for Christ. Then he said, "Something has happened to stir you up this way. What is it?"

The friend told him of an experience he had the day before coming out from Chicago on the train, when a man who sat in the same seat spoke to him. After a greeting about the weather and a few casual remarks, the man turned to him with the question, "Are you a Christian?" Before they had gone far in the conversation, their heads were bowed down back of the car seat, and this stranger was praying for his soul, praying that God would give him no peace until he had found it in Christ as his Saviour. Suddenly the conductor called out the name of a place, and the man said:—

"Good-by, I must get off here. Remember, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation!"

He was almost gone before the friend realized that he did not know his name. Hurrying after him, he said: "Sir, will you please tell me your name?"

The man replied, "My name is D. L. Moody."

Then the friend said: "Mr. Reynolds, I have heard

of that man Moody. They say he is giving his whole life to saving souls. One thing is certain,—that man Moody cares about my soul. And I have decided to hunt him up and settle this matter; for I know I shall never have any peace until it is settled right."

Dr. H. A. Johnston, who heard the incident from Mr. Reynolds's own lips, adds that William Reynolds was too much of a Christian to allow his friend to leave him in that state of mind, and there on the street corner, as the night came down, he led his friend to give his life to Jesus Christ. As he turned homeward, he lifted his eyes to heaven, exclaiming: "God, forgive me! There is something wrong about my Christianity. Here I have counted myself one of the leading Presbyterian elders in this town, one of the leading Christian business men in my city. Yet one of my neighbors can tell me that for fifteen years I have touched his life almost daily, and in all that time I never once mentioned the name of my Saviour to him. God, forgive me! There is something wrong about my Christianity." And there was.

Have you spoken to that classmate or that acquaintance who is out of touch with Christ, and who will be lost unless he accepts Christ? Are you ashamed or afraid to speak for your Lord and Master? By God's grace banish this feeling forever from your experience, and in love speak to each one with whom you come in contact. The personal touch, the personal plea, has much to do in deciding wavering wills to surrender to God. Begin to-day; you will find great joy as you talk to others of God's willingness to receive sinners, and of the abundant provision he has made for all who come to him. The Holy Spirit awaits *your* demand and reception. Make your demand in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; you will not be disappointed.

JOHN N. QUINN.

### Surrendered

I ASKED of Fame if she would write  
My name upon her scroll so bright;  
She laughed, and said, "Ah, no indeed!"  
And passed me without further heed.

I asked of Love, one sunny day,  
If I might go with him to stay;  
And he, without the least endeavor,  
Answered promptly, "Never! Never!"

I asked of Riches some small share,  
But heard him answer me, "Beware."  
Sadly I pondered, "Can it be  
There's naught for needy one like me?"

Fame, Love, nor Riches were for me;  
I faced alone grim Poverty;  
'Twas then I heard a voice most sweet,  
And laid my plans at Jesus' feet.

K. L. DAVIS.

### You Should Have a Morning Watch Calendar

BECAUSE it is worth a great deal, but costs only five cents.

Because a Morning Watch Calendar has been printed for you.

Because it contains a Friday sunset table.

Because, when you see it, you will very probably want several copies for your friends; and it may be the means of persuading them to live more unselfish lives.

Because it contains a list of special needs for which your prayers are requested.

Because it contains 365 precious Bible promises.

Because it will daily call you to the chamber of secret prayer, where you must obtain your power for right living and successful service.





## The Boy We Want

A boy that is truthful and honest  
And faithful and willing to work;  
But we have not a place we care to disgrace  
With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted — a boy you can tie to,  
A boy that is trusty and true,  
A boy that is good to old people,  
And kind to the little ones, too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks,  
And pleasant to sister and brother;  
A boy who will try when things go awry  
To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys we depend on,  
Our hope for the future; and then  
Grave problems of state and the world await  
Such boys when they grow to be men.

— Selected.

## "Clean Hands"



SAY, Harry, what has made you take this wonderful clean fit all of a sudden?" asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. "This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes, it will; the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I'm sure it does, though," returned Harry, positively; "papa read it at prayers this morning: 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,'" and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings had increased his strength.

"Well, you don't suppose that really means clean hands; you are a silly boy. You have all your trouble for nothing."

"No, I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his supper, Harry began: "Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have 'clean hands' you'll be strong?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford, smiling; "I see you remember what we read this morning, how Job said: 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There," cried Harry, "I knew I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them stronger and healthier if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can not get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible means. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister; that made it far dirtier than if he had been making mud pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed, and his papa went on: "When I was a little boy, I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing — picking, you know, means taking little things that do not belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mama's cup-

board, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed she did, and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Now, John, can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church'? That made his hands dirty indeed."

"That was Herod, papa, when he killed James and put Peter in prison."

"Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself from the blame of a terrible act by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again: "Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person'?"

"O! that was Pilate, papa," said Harry; "when he let the people crucify Jesus."

"Yes, but the stain of the sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we can not get rid of them, or of their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean, isn't it? because David said, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"And Peter," added John, "asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet but his hands and his head; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed."

"Yes, because, as the Lord said, he was washed already, by faith in Christ's cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' And I want my dear boys to pray, too,—

'Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.'

Then you will have the blessing that is promised to him that hath 'clean hands, and a pure heart;' and you will every day grow 'stronger and stronger' in the best kind of strength, till you are like those to whom John said, 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.'—*Early Days.*



## A Girl's Correspondence



It is natural for a young girl, especially one who has returned from boarding-school or college, who is separated by many miles from some of her most congenial friends, to find a great deal of her occupation and pleasure in writing and receiving letters.

A girl's correspondence can be of immeasurable benefit to her. It can broaden her life by bringing her in contact, by letter, with life in other places, with customs of other folk and localities. The receipt of a cheery, newsy letter brightens a whole day, or longer, for the recipient. It strengthens the ties of friendship, and is a means of untold improvement and enjoyment.

Correspondence helps a girl to express herself intelligently and fluently. Without cultivating undue stiffness or formality, the girl should try to make her letters as perfect as she can, for they are her representatives. The better she expresses herself, the more readable and interesting do her letters become, and the more does she develop, mentally and socially.

There are a few cautions which every girl who engages in a voluminous correspondence should observe. One is never to write anything which she would not be willing to have her mother or her friends see. Letters are dangerous carriers of secrets. Accidents are always happening. A letter may go astray and be received and opened by one for whom it is not intended. It may be mislaid, and some unscrupulous person may come across it and read it.

"Such an unfortunate thing has happened," said a young girl to a friend. "One of my best friends has become estranged and will not answer my letters, nor accept an apology, simply because I thoughtlessly criticized one of her failings in a letter to another friend, and Helen in some way came across it. Now she says that I am untrue and deceitful. I did not intend it that way. I wrote the letter hurriedly and did not read it over, and, of course, I never dreamed Helen would see it. I shall be careful what I write to any one in the future, you may be sure."

Many persons have, after like experiences, made the same resolution. Apart from the lack of kindness, of loyalty to one's friends, it is dangerous to express in any letter, to any one, that which one would not wish the person criticized to see or to hear.

Girls should also be careful of what confidences they put in their letters. The possibility of what she writes

becoming public property should always guide a girl in what she puts in black and white. "I would give anything if I had not written those letters," a girl sighs, when she has arrived at maturer years and looks back at a silly correspondence into which she was led. "It makes me blush whenever I think of them. There was no harm in them, I suppose, but they were so silly!" This is the lament of many a girl who has been influenced to carry on a like trifling and unprofitable correspondence. It is a phase of letter-writing which every girl who has any self-respect should avoid.

Above all, a girl's correspondence may be made the

means of inestimable benefit and pleasure to others if she, having time at her disposal, includes among her list of friends and correspondents one or more who are shut away from the world's activities, to whom a cheery letter, full of news of her daily outings and activities, will bring change and diversion and happiness. If the girl numbers among her friends and acquaintances no such person, no one who is sick or lonely, there are a number of societies—such as the Sunshine Society, the Shut-in Society—which will welcome her to their ranks and provide her with as many correspondents as she may desire. There are many bright, interesting little happenings in an active girl's life, many cheery little anecdotes which she can put into her letters, and she will find her reward not only in bringing happiness to others, but in real benefit to her own character as she comes in contact with those who are bearing heavy burdens bravely and un-



TWO OF OUR TEMPERANCE VOLUNTEERS

complainingly. A girl's correspondence may thus be a source of untold blessing, and a means of enjoyment and improvement and spiritual growth.—*Anne Guilbert Mahon, in the Wellspring.*

### What Is Life?

To see the beauteous world,  
To breathe the fragrant air,  
To hear accordant sounds,  
To feel, to be,—  
This is not life!  
There is a larger view,  
There is a deeper breath,  
There is a finer touch,  
And a diviner sound,  
Than sense can e'er reveal.  
To see the glory in the Infinite,  
To feel the breath of the Almighty,  
To hear the voice of the I Am,—  
This is to live.

—Selected.





M. E. KERN  
MEADE MACGUIRE  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Field Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, January 11

1. OPENING Exercises.
2. "Great Controversy."
3. Missions.
4. Social Meeting.

#### Suggestions for Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
2. Study of "Great Controversy," chapter 18, "An American Reformer." This may be given orally, or an interesting synopsis of the chapter be prepared and read.
3. Mission Study—United States. Sketches of pioneers: James White, Mrs. E. G. White, Joseph Bates, J. V. Himes, J. N. Loughborough, etc. Information needed to prepare these sketches may be obtained from "Great Second Advent Movement," "Life of Joseph Bates," "Life Sketches," and "Early Writings." These sketches must necessarily be brief.
4. Special praise service. A view of God's special providences in the beginning of his work and as seen in the lives of its pioneers, and the progress that has been made, will surely inspire a note of praise in the hearts of the young people.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 6—Lesson 13: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 17-21

1. TELL of Jacob's flight; his condition of mind at the time; the revelation given, and its effect; his experience in Padan-aram. How should *we* relate *ourselves* to God's mercies?
2. Mention some truths illustrated by shepherd life. In what perplexity was Jacob finally placed? How did he find relief? Give an account of his departure; Laban's pursuit and the outcome.
3. Narrate the story of the night of wrestling, noting its lessons for us.
4. Follow the experiences of Jacob from the Jordan to Hebron. Contrast his and Esau's characters.
5. How were the results of his deception revealed in his household? Sketch the life of Joseph to the time of his sale as a slave.
6. What immediate changes did calamity work in him? How did he conduct himself in Potiphar's service? With what result to his master?
7. What lessons did he learn in prison? Relate the circumstances that caused his release. What was the secret of his firmness of character, uprightness, and wisdom?
8. How did he test his brothers at their next meeting? On their second visit, what took place?
9. What conditions did Egypt offer for the fulfillment of God's promise to Abraham? How did Jacob and Joseph manifest their faith in the promise? What future did Inspiration mark out for the twelve brothers?
10. Why do the Scriptures record the faults of good men? Show that Joseph's life illustrates the life of Christ.

#### Junior No. 5—Lesson 13: "Pilgrim's Progress," Pages 69-94

1. WHAT lay just beyond the Valley of Humiliation? Describe Pilgrim's journey through it, and his deliverance from its dangers. What weapon did he find necessary there?
2. Whom did he soon after overtake? With what individuals had Faithful come in contact? What lesson can you draw from his statement of Pliable's condition?
3. What experience had Faithful had that teaches the necessity of the follower of Christ becoming a new person? the severity of the law, and the mercy of the Lord?
4. Relate the story of the encounter with Shame, and its result.
5. Whom did the two men meet? In their talk following, what distinction is made between "saying" and "doing"?
6. In the conversation between Faithful and Talkative, what is stated to be the difference between crying out against sin and hating it? between knowing gospel mysteries and having the work of grace in the soul?
7. Under what circumstances did Talkative part company with his two companions?

#### Missionary Volunteer Society Lesson Leaflet

HAVE you ordered the leaflet containing the programs for the Missionary Volunteer Society meetings for the first quarter of 1913? If not, do so at once. You will notice that instead of publishing all the lessons for 1913 in one leaflet, they will be issued quarterly. This change will doubtless be appreciated by very many of the society officers. All officers and leaders of bands should provide themselves with copies of this leaflet, and it would be well for the other members of the society to have copies, also. Price, two cents each; five or more, one cent each. Order from your tract society.



### II—The Story of Creation

(January 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 1: 20-31; 2: 4-7.

MEMORY VERSE: "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Acts 17: 25.

#### Questions

1. What was created during the first four days?
2. What did God cause the waters to bring forth on the fifth day? What did he make to inhabit the air? What blessing was pronounced on the birds and living creatures in the sea? Gen. 1: 20-23.
3. What did God then tell the earth to bring forth? On what day were all beasts and creeping things made? What did the Lord see in all the creatures to which he had given life? Verses 24, 25; note 1.
4. What did God then say? In whose likeness was man made? What is a likeness? Verses 26, 27; note 2.



5. Over what was man to have dominion? Verse 26. Did God intend man to misuse the birds, beasts, and fishes? How do good men regard the lives of animals? Prov. 12:10.

6. What did the Creator say to the man and woman he had made? Gen. 1:28.

7. What was given man for food? Verse 29; note 3. What food was provided for the birds and beasts? Verse 30.

8. What did God see concerning all he had made? Verse 31. On what day did he finish his work? What has he given to all his creatures? Memory verse.

9. From what did God form man? How did man get life? Gen. 2:7; note 4.

10. How was the ground watered at first? Did the rain fall then as now? Verses 5, 6.

### Notes

1. Earth and air are filled with animals, many so small that we can not see them. God cares for all of them. The psalmist declares, "These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat [food] in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good." Ps. 104:27, 28.

2. "After the earth, with its teeming animal and vegetable life, had been called into existence, man, the crowning work of the Creator and the one for whom the beautiful earth had been fitted up, was brought upon the stage of action. . . . God created man in his own image. . . . Here is no mystery. There is no ground for the supposition that man was evolved, by slow degrees of development, from the lower forms of animal or vegetable life. . . . He who set the starry worlds on high and tinted with delicate skill the flowers of the field, who filled the earth and the heavens with the wonders of his power, when he came to crown his glorious work, to place one in the midst to stand as ruler of the fair earth, did not fail to create a being worthy of the hand that gave him life. The genealogy of our race, as given by inspiration, traces back its origin, not to a line of developing germs, mollusks, and quadrupeds, but to the great Creator. Though formed from the dust, Adam was 'the son of God.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pages 44, 45.

3. "Grains, fruits, nuts, and vegetables constitute the diet chosen for us by our Creator. These foods, prepared in as simple and natural a manner as possible, are the most healthful and nourishing. They impart a strength, a power of endurance, and a vigor of intellect that are not afforded by a more complex and stimulating diet."—*Ministry of Healing*, page 206.

4. "The mechanism of the human body can not be fully understood; it presents mysteries that baffle the most intelligent. It is not as the result of a mechanism, which, once set in motion, continues its work, that the pulse beats, and breath follows breath. In God we live and move and have our being. Every breath, every throb of the heart, is a continual evidence of the power of an ever-present God."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VIII, page 260.

## II—The One Mediator

(January 11)

[It would be well to preserve your papers for reference during this quarter, as you will doubtless need to refer to past lessons from week to week.]

### Questions

1. WHAT does Christ say of his relation to God? Prov. 8:22, R. V., margin.

2. What position did he fill in relation to the whole creative world? Verse 30, R. V.; note 1.

3. In what statement did Christ in the flesh teach the same truth? John 14:6.

4. Through whom, then, is every revelation of the Father made? Matt. 11:27.

5. What is affirmed concerning the deity or divinity of the eternal Word? John 1:1.

6. What part did this eternal Word act in the creation of the world? Verse 10.

7. In what language is the same truth elsewhere taught? Heb. 1:1, 2.

8. How much of the creative work was accomplished through the agency of the Word? John 1:3.

9. What statement shows that the Son existed before the creative work was begun? Col. 1:15.

10. What is affirmed concerning the mediation of the Son in the original creation? Verse 16.

11. What position is assigned to him who is the head of creation? Verse 18.

12. What other work is accomplished through the mediation of the same Son? Verses 19, 20; note 2.

13. How are we able to approach unto God? Eph. 2:18.

14. How effective is the mediatorial work of the Son? Heb. 7:25.

15. Through whose mediation is worship made acceptable to God? 1 Peter 2:5.

16. Of what is Jesus the mediator? Heb. 12:24.

17. What is accomplished by him as the mediator of the new covenant? Heb. 9:15.

18. Who is the one mediator between God and man? 1 Tim. 2:5; note 3.

### Notes

1. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way." In all the creative work "I was by him, as a master workman." Prov. 8:22, 30, R. V., margin. The eternal Son, the wisdom of God (1 Cor. 1:24), was the channel through which every revelation of God was made, and the agent through whom the Father wrought in all his working. John 1:2, 3. He was thus the mediator between the Father and all that is, using the word mediator in its broad sense as meaning "one who is a means of intercourse between two other parties, and through whom action passes from either to other." It thus appears that the mediation of Christ grew out of the very nature of his being and his relation to the Father as the eternal Son, and the great truth that it was through the mediation of the Son that God wrought in the original creation, when all things were brought into being, becomes the pillar and ground of the central principle of the gospel—the mediatorial principle.

2. The gospel provision for mediation in behalf of man after sin had entered into the world, did not require the introduction of a new principle into the divine administration, but simply a new application of a principle already in operation. "The restriction of the thought of mediatorship and sacrifice to the gracious intervention of the eternal Son on behalf of fallen and sinful man, has narrowed and thrown out of proportion our thought of the dignity and glory of the Son, and of the grandeur of his work."—*The One Mediator*, P. G. Medd, M. A., London, 1884, page 60.

3. It was through the mediation of the Son of God that all things were brought into existence, and it is through the same mediation that all things are upheld. Heb. 1:3. The Son was and is the mediator, in this larger sense, for all unfallen beings, through whom they were created and through whom they are sustained in life. He was the mediator for the human family before sin entered into the world; in order to carry on this mediation in behalf of man and restore him to fellowship with God, it was necessary that the Son should take the flesh (Heb. 2:14, 15); and thus he became the man Christ Jesus, the mediator between God and sinful man. Thus he who was the mediator in the original creation is the mediator in the new creation, and the fact of the original creation is the promise of the new creation.

The full truth concerning the mediation of Christ precludes the possibility of there being any other mediator between God and man, as he only can mediate in the new creation who was the mediator in the original creation. No created being can act as mediator for sin, and this shuts out the whole mediatorial system of the Papacy.

A REPORT of the Ingathering offering made by the Sabbath-school at Hickory, North Carolina, has just been received. Miss Jessie Carlisle, in sending in the report, wrote:—

The amount of money given for missions at our Harvest Ingathering program, November 24, was twenty-five dollars. Each of us in our home doubled our mission money this year as compared with that of last year; and we feel better now, as we have given what we could to help bring the blessed light of truth to some heathen child.

We are planning by the Lord's help to give three times as much next year as we did this.



# 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
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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.

"THE boy who at the corner stands  
With open mouth and listless air,  
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,  
And shows no sign of thought or care;  
The girl who at the window waits  
With idle hands and dreamy look,  
Who lets her mother work away  
While she indulges in her play,  
There's much that's lacking —  
Don't you see?"

## Tightening the Saddle-Girth

A TIME of grave crisis; upon the events of the next few minutes would hang the issue of a hard-fought battle. Already at one end of the line the troops seemed to be wavering. Was it indeed defeat?

Just where the fight was most fierce, a young officer was seen to leap from his horse. His followers, sore pressed though they were, could not help turning toward him, wondering what had happened. The bullets flew like hail everywhere; and yet, with steady hand, the gallant soldier stood by the side of his horse and drew the girth of his saddle tight. He had felt it slip under him, and he knew that upon just such a little thing as a loose buckle might hinge his own life, and perhaps the turn of the battle. Then he bounded into the saddle, rallied his men, and swept on to victory.

Many a battle has been lost on account of no greater thing than a loose saddle-girth. A loose screw will disable the mightiest engine in the world. A bit of sand in the bearing of an axle has brought many a locomotive to a standstill, and thrown out of order every train on the division. Lives have been lost, business houses wrecked, private fortunes laid in the balance, just because some one did not tighten his saddle-girth!

Does it seem a small thing to you that you forgot some seemingly unimportant thing this morning? Stop right where you are and go back and do the thing you know you should have done in the first place.

One of the finest teachers in the leading school of one of our cities put stress day after day on that one thing of cultivating the memory so that it will not fail in time of stress. "Do the thing when it should be done," she insists. "If you forget, go back and do it. You have no right to forget; no one has."

Tighten up the loose screw the moment you see it is loose. Pull the strap through the buckle as soon as you feel it give. Wipe the axle over which you have charge clean of dust or grit. If your soul is in the balance, stop now, to-day, this very moment, and see that all is right between you and God.—*Kind Words*.

## World's Largest Libraries

DR. G. K. FORTESQUE, keeper of printed books, who is retiring from the British Museum after forty-two years' service there, says that the museum has now between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 books, and is growing at the rate of 50,000 volumes a year. The catalogue contains 4,000,000 entries, and there are forty-six miles of book-shelves.

The greatest libraries of the world, according to Dr. Fortesque, now rank as follows:—

British Museum	3,500,000 to 4,000,000
National Library, Paris	3,500,000
Imperial Library, St. Petersburg	1,882,000
Congressional Library, Washington	1,794,000
Royal Library, Berlin	1,400,000
Royal Library, Munich	1,100,000
Imperial Library, Vienna	1,000,000
Harvard University, Boston	900,000
New York Public Library	800,000
Victor Emanuel Library, Rome	800,000
Bodleian Library, Oxford	750,000
Yale University, New Haven	625,000
Royal Library, Brussels	600,000
Advocates' Library, Edinburgh	565,000
Vatican Library, Rome	450,000
Cornell University, Ithaca, New York	400,000
University of Chicago	400,000

An obscure Italian refugee in England, who afterward became Sir Anthony Panizzi, rearranged and built up the British Museum Library from 25,000 books in 1837 to 1,500,000 volumes in 1865, when he retired. Dr. Fortesque was his successor. Since the copyright act of 1843 the museum has been getting at least one copy of every copyrighted book and pamphlet published in the British dominions. There is a daily average attendance of seven hundred persons in the reading-room.—*New York World*.

## What You Put Into Your Work

"I CERTAINLY can not understand Mrs. Warren," the girl said, her pretty brows lifted half in perplexity, half in disdain, as she watched the neighbor going home "cross lots." "She is so quick-witted. You'd think she'd care for the best things,—books and culture and all that,—but she really seems to enjoy her housework and cooking more than anything else in the world. You saw how she was just now, as delighted over that new salad recipe you gave her as I should have been over a new thought."

The elder woman, the girl's hostess, laughed as if something amused her; but tenderly, too, for she loved the girl. "Why shouldn't she enjoy her work first and most?" she asked. "It is what she was put into the world to do."

"But the kind of work," the girl protested, "just common cooking and dishwashing. She might have thoughts above it."

"What would you think of a lighthouse-keeper who had 'thoughts above' cleaning lamps?"

"O, but that's different!" the girl said, quickly. "That's a matter of life and death to others."

Her friend shook her head: "No, dear; it isn't different. The task God puts into one's hands always demands joy and enthusiasm to be done as he wants it done. The problem is not one of having thoughts above one's work, but of lifting one's work to the level of one's greatest thoughts. Do you see?"—*Exchange*.

"THE most glorious sunset sometimes follows the severest storm. Under the shadows and gloom of adversity, therefore, never despair."