

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A BURMESE PRIEST  
*See article on page three*



MORE than four fifths of the elementary school-teachers in Prussia are men.

THE two most successful professional runners of the age are vegetarians.

MUCH opium has been grown in this country during the last five years; and 450,000 pounds were imported during the last year.

FIFTEEN million tons of salt are lying on or near the surface of the ground in Silver Peak Marsh, Nevada, waiting for commercial utilization.

NEW JERSEY is the first State where the legislature has provided for State-wide special training for all subnormal children, retarded as well as defective.

ORANGES, in case of scarcity of water, are sometimes used in Florida for scrubbing floors. They make a very white floor.

THE municipal authorities of Berlin, Germany, have issued an order, with a view to lessening accidents, that chauffeurs shall not smoke cigars or cigarettes while on duty.

HON. WHITELAW REID, United States ambassador to England, died at his home in London, Dec. 15, 1912. Mr. Reid has been one of our most acceptable ambassadors to a foreign court.

THE public towel must be abandoned as well as the public drinking-cup. New York City through its department of health has issued the regulation that "no person, firm, or corporation having the management and control of any public-comfort station shall maintain in or about such lavatory, wash-room, or public-comfort station any towel or towels for use in common."

THE *Morning Star*, a Catholic paper, says that Mrs. Wilson has selected a Catholic young woman as White House secretary.

MISS HELEN M. GOULD, America's richest young woman, and one of New York's noted philanthropists, is to be married in the early part of 1913 to Mr. Finley J. Shepard, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"IN thirty-four States the legislatures have ratified the proposed income-tax amendment to the United States Constitution. Similar action in two more States is all that is needed. That does not mean that a federal income tax will then become operative, but only that Congress will have authority to levy one. If Congress uses that authority, the various States that have income taxes of their own will have to change their laws if they wish to save incomes from double taxation. It is estimated that the national tax will produce about sixty million dollars."

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# THE MORNING WATCH CALENDAR

## January

The heart of God yearns over his earthly children with a love stronger than death. In giving up his Son, he has poured out to us all heaven to our aid. The Saviour's life and death and intercession, the ministry of angels, the sending of the Spirit, the Father working above and through all, the unceasing interest of heavenly beings are all enlisted in behalf of man's redemption.—*Mrs. E. G. Wertz.*

<b>God's Love and Mercy</b>	<b>God's Mercy and Faithfulness</b>
We. 1. Ps. 103:17	Fr. 17. Isa. 49:15, 16
Th. 2. Ps. 106:1	Sa. 18. Num. 23:19
Fr. 3. Ps. 103:11	
Sa. 4. Deut. 7:9	<b>The Great Gift</b>
<b>God's Love and Mercy</b>	Su. 19. Rom. 6:23
Sa. 5. Luke 1:59	Mo. 20. Rom. 3:18
Mo. 6. Num. 14:18	Tu. 21. Gal. 4:4, 5
Tu. 7. Rom. 8:38, 39	We. 22. Col. 1:21, 22
We. 8. Ps. 94:14	Th. 23. Acts 13:39
Th. 9. Jer. 31:3	Fr. 24. Eph. 2:12, 13
Fr. 10. Isa. 44:21	Sa. 25. John 10:9
Sa. 11. Jer. 3:12	<b>Nature of God's Promise</b>
<b>God's Mercy and Faithfulness</b>	Su. 26. 2 Pet. 1:44
Su. 12. Rom. 5:8	Mo. 27. Heb. 10:23
Mo. 13. Ps. 94:18	Tu. 28. Heb. 6:17, 18
Tu. 14. Isa. 40:11	We. 29. Ps. 89:34
We. 15. 1 Thess. 5:24	Th. 30. Josh. 23:14
Th. 16. 2 Tim. 2:13	Fr. 31. 2 Pet. 3:9

Special Prayer.—Personal victory over known sin. To represent Christ in your home. Our educational work. Home missionary work.

<b>SUNSET TABLE</b>	Set 1	Set 2	Set 3	Set 4	Set 5
Friday, Jan. 2	4:21	4:41	4:44	4:50	5:07
" " 10	4:38	4:58	4:51	4:57	5:15
" " 17	4:47	5:08	5:04	5:10	5:29
" " 24	4:56	5:18	5:09	5:15	5:35
" " 31	5:06	5:27	5:15	5:22	5:43

### Daily Record of Personal Missionary Work

Day	Prayer	Bible Study	Personal Work	Home Missions	Church Work	Other
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
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31						

The Morning Watch Calendar for 1913 is the best reminder to us of our privilege of feeding upon the bread of life each morning. It contains 365 of God's wonderful and sure promises—one for each day during the year. The person who learns the verses in the calendar this year will surely become better acquainted with God and his loving care and power, and by thus beholding him will find the character being changed like unto his.

The object of the calendar is to cultivate the habit of spending the first half-hour in the morning in personal, devotional Bible study and prayer, when the mind has been refreshed by the night's rest, and the soul is in its most receptive state. Every young person should form this habit.

It prepares one for the labors of the day, and fortifies against temptation.

For 1913 the calendar contains a new feature—a daily record of personal missionary work. It contains also a sunset table and a calendar for 1913. Every reader of the INSTRUCTOR should procure a copy. The price is only 5 cents. Order from your conference tract society.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 7, 1913

No. 1

## Glimpses of Burma—The Native

R. B. THURBER



THE reader will appreciate an explanation of how the foregoing title corresponds with the following sketch.

It is difficult, in writing of the people of Burma, properly to distinguish between

the native of India and the Burman. They are as different in most respects as are Europeans and Chinese, and should not be confounded. In other countries the inhabitants of India are most commonly known as Hindus. As well designate the peoples of all Europe as Christians to make plain what races live there. Hinduism is a religion, or a collection of religious sects; and Hindus speak many tongues. One fourth of India's people are not Hindus. It has become the very natural custom in the peninsula itself to call the people natives, or by their languages,—Hindustanis, Bengalis, Tamils, Telugus, etc. The term *native* has come with these people to Burma, and everywhere here they are thus referred to by Europeans. So the real native, the Burman, is not known by that word. These foreigners might be written of as Indians, but that, especially to American readers, might be confused with the red race of the New World. Let it be understood that hereafter we mean by the term *native* the people of India proper.

Nearly every community is undergoing a change in these days. Either by stormy revolution or by quiet growth, modern ideas are seizing the public mind. The seven-wonder achievements of our time are inspiring new life into the minds of the peoples of the Orient especially; and Burma is not without her progressives. The new Burma seems destined to be revived from without, with the Chinaman and the native as the chief agents of the change. The European can not move the stolid East; but it will move

itself, in time. Like her women, Burma will mother any one; and she seems in a fair way to renew her thinning blood by quiet assimilation of the best and the worst in the alien.



KAREN BOYS

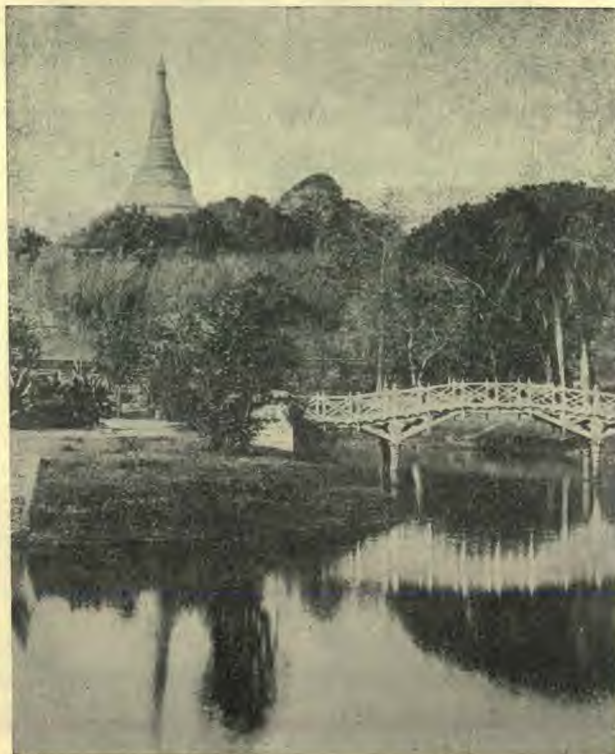
Rangoon is not Burma. In situation it is a part of Burma. In inhabitants, Burma is only a part of it. It is first India, for we meet the native on the way; and he fills the vision when one first lands at the port. The natives are not the most influential in changing Burma, but they are the most numerous of all foreigners; and sheer numbers have an effect. Some would affirm that they are a dead weight, but it would be better to say that they are a check to progress overswift; for the Burman is spasmodic, and the Chinaman is proving himself very wide awake.

The English follow the very just policy of giving first chance in governmental aid and favors to the original owners of the country in which they rule. All are treated fairly, but Burma is governed primarily for the Bur-

mese. Yet in spite of this advantage, which is not inconsiderable, the Burmese are fast losing hold of

the country financially, not to the English, but to the native and the Chinaman. The household servants, the shopkeepers, the money lenders, the police and soldiers, are largely natives, not alone in Rangoon, but all over Burma. And they have entered to some extent into all other occupations. In the course of their work these classes handle large sums of money, and their natural bent is not to spend it. It is hoarded or sent to India, whither they themselves very generally return when they have amassed what to them is a fortune, or when superannuated.

Every year at the time of the rice harvest the ships from Madras and Calcutta are overloaded with thousands of coolies coming



BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN RANGOON



over to reap Burma's chief source of wealth. They spread all over the great flat lands of the Irawaddy delta, living in beast fashion, slaving all day under a hot sun as they gather the grain almost stalk by stalk. The end of the ingathering sees them herded back to India, each with his wage pile, in the aggregate a vast sum which might just as well be left in the country of its production. There are enough Burmans to wield the sickle, but the majority have the habits of a king, with the purse of a pauper.

In order to pay off his coolies, the Burmese farmer must dispose of a large part of his crop. He is unduly delayed in shipping his paddy (unhulled rice) to the mill because the native railway station-master (native because reliable Burmans are scarce) will not provide a car unless he is given a "present." By the time the farmer's returns are all in, he usually has not sufficient rice or money remaining to keep his family till the next harvest. So he mortgages his future crop for food and seed. The *chetty* (native money lender) is at his elbow, willing to make a loan at exorbitant interest. And thus it goes on from year to year. The average agriculturist is ever behind. He works hard, too, but not "according to knowledge." Therefore he appreciates a school established to teach his children how to stem the tide of Burmese losses.

These *chetties* are an abomination. Their shining bodies, half-naked, are partly covered with spotless thin white cloth, and their foreheads and chests are decorated with chalk marks. They are the leeches of the country, clean as snakes are clean. Woe to the man who falls into their money-itching hands. Five per cent a month is their not-uncommon interest demand. In a word, these chalk and cheese-cloth artists of lucre are,—

At times of plenty, underrated;  
At stringent times, appreciated;  
At every time, most soundly hated.

Their skill, accurate accounting;  
their music, the clink of coin;  
their art, government stamps;  
they are wrapped in greed and clothed in avarice.

The Burman does not fancy making a statue of himself, nor of accommodating his stride to those of a hundred others. The discipline of army life is irksome to him. So the thousands of police and soldiers for this land are picked from the giants of the Punjab and from the fiery little Gurkhas of the Himalaya foot-hills. Also there may be political policy in policing one country with the people of another, at least in India and Burma.

The native has been pulled, or has thrust himself, into every matter pertaining to the well-being and progress of this cosmopolitan country; and while slow and very often unskilled, he can usually be depended upon. He "camps down alongside" and sticks. Having crossed the big water of Bengal Bay to get here, he believes he has lost his caste thereby. Of course many of his ways and tastes which grew from caste distinctions, are not dropped; but class hatred is not odious in Burma.

Many natives marry Burmese women. There are more native men than women, as is usual in a country of immigration. Also there are many more Burmese women than men. Cases of Burmese men marrying women of another nation are almost unknown; but appearances lead us to believe that the Burmese woman will marry any one. As a consequence, there is a rising generation of Indo-Burmese. The Caucasian of the native and the Mongolian of the Burman do not make the best blending, in the judgment of Westerners. But this new race mixture is destined to have much to do with the shaping of the future of the "land of the white elephant."

The native, silent, solitary;  
The Burman, laughing, ever, merry.  
The native, slow and plodding worker;  
The Burman, shirker or a jerker.

The native, dressed in white, or duller;  
The Burman, draped in brilliant color.  
The native takes the world as serious;  
The Burman, as a joy delirious.



A BURMESE GENTLEMAN



A BURMESE LADY

### Prison for Light Weight

A JUDGE the other day sent a New York coal dealer to prison for giving short weight. The driver was given two tickets, one for 4,000 pounds for the customer, the other for 3,000 pounds for the city inspector. The cart had 1,000 pounds short of the two tons he claimed to deliver to the customer. One-half ton of theft in an order of two tons was a pretty deep cut. So the judge fined the dealer \$250, and sent him to prison for twenty days. The high price of coal, almost out of reach of the poor, makes its theft by light weight peculiarly reprehensible. Most men are honest, but the prisons would not be large enough for all who give light weight and

short measure.—*Christian Herald*.

"IDLENESS is the beginning of all evil."



## Our Journey to India

MARY VIPOND PEUGH



On the seventh of August we left Washington, D. C., and after a very pleasant visit with friends and relatives in California, we turned our faces toward India. At San Francisco we were joined by Elder M. D. Wood and family, Mrs. Ruoff, and Miss Wilson. September 7 our ship, the "Nile," was to leave San Francisco. My sister and her husband, with other friends, accompanied us to the boat. Soon the time came when the anchors were raised, and we sailed from the pier. As long as our tear-dimmed eyes could see, we watched that little company on the end of the pier. As the sight of the home land was disappearing from our view, a feeling of longing filled our hearts. We were beginning to realize that the last good-by had been said, the last grasp of the hand had been felt; we had left the fatherland, the friends of our childhood, and those that are more dear than all else, and soon were to take up our abode on a foreign shore.

Six days we sailed without seeing land. During that time the monotony was broken by the excitement of a passing ship and the usual round of seasickness. The Friday after sailing, we reached Honolulu, where we were met by Brother Williams, Brother Beahl, and Brother and Sister McKeg. Hawaii is one of the few places that when once seen is never forgotten. The beauty of its landscape, the simple life of its native people, can not but appeal to the beholder.

As our ship was to leave about noon, a company of believers, numbering about thirty, was called to the little chapel at 9:30 Sabbath morning. It was a happy meeting; Americans, Portuguese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Chinese, and Japanese all joined in praise to him who had made all nations one in Christ. After the hour's worship was over, we took leave of them, and went to the ship.

Eleven days' sailing brought us to Yokohama. We were met by Elder W. D. Burden, and taken to the mission compound, where we met our other workers, and many of the native converts. On the afternoon of our arrival a women's meeting was held. The Japanese women came and sat on the floor while the gospel story was told to them. That night the weekly prayer-meeting was held. Our hearts were touched when we heard this people sing the same hymns we had sung in America. We were thankful to the great Father of all when we realized that many of those dear ones had suffered persecution for the same truth that makes us a separate and peculiar people.

At Kobe we met Sister J. N. Herboltzheimer, and Brother K. Noma, the Japanese evangelist. We visited our sanitarium, also our little chapel, which accommodates about one hundred persons. Each Sabbath it is well filled. Although the work in Japan is difficult, and in many ways discouraging, yet we believe that there are many precious souls who will respond to the gospel and throw off the yoke of heathenism.

It was late Friday night when we left Kobe; and when we awoke Sabbath morning, we were passing through the Inland Sea. Of all beautiful sights or pictures of the world's famous scenery, I had seen nothing that compared with this. The waters of the sea wash the edges of a thousand villages, where thousands of human beings are massed together. Much of the time we were so close to the shore that we could

see the people plainly as they hurried to and fro. The sea was covered with the white sails of the fishermen's boats. Many of these people know no other home than the little boat; in the winter's cold and the summer's heat they have no other shelter.

All day we beheld the scene, and it pressed deeply upon our hearts that among these thousands we have not one missionary. Few of these people have ever heard of a missionary, much less seen one. As night drew on, and the fires were kindled for the evening meal, we could see the smoke rising from the villages on all sides. We could not but wonder how long the night of spiritual darkness would hover over them. How long must these benighted people wait for the morning light? O, may the gospel soon be carried to all these waiting ones,—waiting, but knowing not for what they are waiting. We have seen them bowing to the great image of Buddha. We have stood by their side as they burned incense to their gods, then prostrated themselves before their idols. We stood by speechless; not a word could we say, for our words were strange words to them. O young people, how long must they wait? Can not some of your number make answer?

In Shanghai, after two hours of diligent searching, we found our workers. They took us to the little chapel, where every night eager hearts listen to the message of warning. Dr. A. C. Selmon and Brother F. E. Stafford took us through the "native city," which is surrounded by the old wall. There we saw China as it really is.

Friday morning, after leaving Shanghai, we anchored in the harbor of Hongkong. After arranging for our passage to Calcutta on the ship "Nam Sang," we went by jinrikishas to Brother and Sister Nagel's home. This stop was especially cheering to us, as we had known them in the home land. We were pleased to see the great interest that has been aroused in this place. It keeps them busy from early morning till late at night answering the calls of those inquiring about the truth. Some well-educated Chinese have lately accepted the message, and many others are inquiring. Surely China is awakening. Brother Nagel has been invited to hold Bible studies with a large company of Chinese who speak English. One evening he was invited to give a Bible reading, as he thought, to only one family; but when he reached the place, seventy-five persons were waiting for him, eager to hear the message he bore.

Sabbath morning the little chapel was crowded. It was inspiring to hear those devoted Chinese pray, and hear them sing with their whole heart. They sang in Chinese and we in English, but it made no difference; the same spirit had prompted the song, and it would be understood. We spoke to them through an interpreter, and their faces beamed with light as they listened. They were happy to know that we were going to tell another people the same message that they had learned to love. Tears of joy filled our eyes as we sang, "God be with you till we meet again." They bade us good-by in Chinese. Of course we could not understand what they said; but the grasp of the hand, the light of the eye, spoke to us in a language stronger than words.

The trip from Hongkong to Singapore was delightful. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the sky was



cloudless. Now and then we caught sight of sailing-vessels, and in the distance we could see the land which was their home. On the tenth of October we arrived at Singapore. Already we realized that we were in a tropical climate. The atmosphere was humid and hot. Showers of rain fell on each of the four days that we spent there. This combination of heat and moisture has made Singapore a beautiful place. The island is covered with a luxuriant vegetation peculiar to the tropics. All this told us that we were nearing the land that was to be our home.

Friday we found Brother and Sister Montgomery, and spent the day at the mission home and, in looking about the city. We were much interested in the museum, which contains excellent specimens of the animal life of the country.

On Sabbath we met with the brethren and sisters in their own little church. We assembled for Sabbath-school at eight o'clock in the morning, after which we spoke to them of our work in other lands.

The work is onward in this field. A company of sixty members meet from Sabbath to Sabbath. They are a working church, and they are being rewarded for their efforts by the interest that many are showing in the truth. The daughter of the Chinese evangelist is doing Bible work in the city. She is a talented young woman, and is receiving many opportunities to tell the truth not only to the one-soul audience, but also to large congregations.

A canvasser from Singapore went to Borneo, and after being there only a short time he called for a preacher, saying that ten persons had been studying the message with him, and that they desired further instruction and baptism. The Chinese evangelist has been sent, and we hope that a rich harvest will be the result.

One day's sailing after leaving Singapore brought us to Penang Island; then after five days of impatient sailing we reached Calcutta. A hearty welcome was extended to us by our missionaries who had gathered to meet us. That night we received a telegram containing words of welcome from Elder Shaw. The night after our arrival the English workers and church-members gave a reception to extend to us their greeting. After such a welcome, is it any wonder that we feel at home in India?

When we consider what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard, we would say, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." And may many of the readers answer this call by saying, "Here am I, O Lord; send me."

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### Time

SOME one has said, "Time is the stuff life is made of." This is true concerning this present mortal life, but the future eternal life will be composed of different material. Bacon says, "A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time;" and he adds sadly, "but that happeneth rarely." How prone we are to waste time! It more often happens that a man who is old in years is young in hours. Could we but realize that each hour is "set with sixty diamonds," how we should treasure the moments! Not one would escape us without first being forced to contribute to our up-building.

I like the figure used by Mr. Sheldon, in which he regards all future time as a great ocean, whose waters

must all flow through our little mills. Time is what turns the wheels of progress in our lives. If we are not in a position to receive the force of the minutes and hours as they pour upon us, the grist of life will remain unground. "The mill never grinds with the water that is past."

And yet, the best use of our time does not mean that we should live in a nervous and strenuous strain of worry. There is time for all things,—for love, rest, study, meditation, and prayer, as well as for what we are pleased to call work.

The youth are apt to grudge the time spent in preparation for life's work. This is a great error, and the shoal on which many a fair voyager has been lost. On a recent dark night a large passenger-steamer grounded in the estuary of the St. Lawrence River. The pilot had guided the great ship by what he thought was a floating light buoy, but he had followed the lantern of a fisherman visiting his nets along shore. It is well that we note carefully the source of the light we follow, else we shall lose much valuable time in retracing our steps, even if we do not stick fast on the rocks of discouragement and failure.

The narrow span of human life is given us solely that we shall show our fitness or unfitness for life in the endless ages beyond the fringe of time. When the earth was young, men lived close to a millennium of years. In its dotage, the time has been limited to around "threescore years and ten,"—quite long enough, however, to demonstrate the folly of the majority of men, and the wisdom and integrity of the few. With life less than a tithe of its primal extent, with what eagerness we should grasp its opportunities as they come to us! "Life is real, life is earnest."

*Port Hope, Ontario.*

E. R. ALLEN.

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### To the Unsung Heroes

WERE I gifted with expression  
Such as bards may exercise;  
Had my soul in its possession  
Sense and strength to eulogize;  
Had I better understanding  
How the noblest lives to praise,  
Not alone to those commanding  
Honors which the world displays,  
And whose dazzling reputation  
Is a universal theme,  
Would I grant the dedication  
Of my noblest song and dream.

I would lift my crowning praises  
To that type which, day by day,  
Shares life in its simplest phases,—  
Those who tread life's common way,  
Little kindnesses bestowing,  
Spending self for others' needs;  
Quietly life's journey going  
Where the path of duty leads,  
And in ways unselfish giving  
Of the blessings life imparts;  
Known not to the world, but living  
In a host of thankful hearts.

CHRISTOPHER EDWARD JACKSON.

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### The Steady Subscriber

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber  
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year,—  
Who lays down the money, and does it quite gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.  
He never says, "Stop it; I can not afford it,  
I'm getting more papers than now I can read;"  
But always says, "Send it; our people all like it;  
In fact, we all think it a help and a need."  
How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum!  
How it makes our pulse throb! How it makes our hearts  
dance!  
We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—  
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

—*Inland Printer.*





### Intelligence of Fishes



EVERY Eastern tourist coming by way of El Paso, Texas, to California, on the Southern Pacific trains, crosses a narrow neck of the Salton Sea recently formed by the overflow of the Colorado River into the Salton Sink. If he will keep his eyes open and watch as he crosses the bridge, he will not fail to witness a most startling and interesting example of the intelligence of fishes.

When the fishes hear or feel the vibrations of the train as it begins to rumble over the trestle which spans the water, they make the surface of the water fairly boil in their eagerness to catch the food which the dining-car crews make a practise of throwing into the water at this point. "Even the old trainmen," says Mr. Frank M. Batturs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, "who have grown accustomed to it, never fail to keep a sharp lookout as they cross that arm of the sea, and to throw overboard anything edible they may have."

The fish of the Salton Sea are big catfish and carp from the Colorado River. Even a piece of paper fluttering on the water attracts them.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

### Education That Pays Its Own Way

"INDUSTRIAL work in the schools of Gary, Indiana, made money instead of costing money during the past year," says Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education. "When the school authorities in Gary came to sum up the results of the work in the trade courses, they found that the three departments of printing, cabinet work, and painting had to their credit a profit of \$875.43. This is real value, too; the pupils made articles that were needed in the school; if they had not made them in the school shops, the authorities would have had to purchase them in the open market at a total price of seven thousand dollars."

The commissioner then gives the figures for each of the trade classes in the Gary schools, as reported by G. E. Wulfging, in charge of the industrial instruction. In the printing department the value of the work produced was \$1,972.92. The salary expense was \$1,483.49, and supplies cost \$314, leaving a net balance in favor of the shop of \$175.43. There were thirty-five in the printing class, so instead of figuring the per-capita cost of the industrial training of these pupils, it was possible to figure a definite contribution by each pupil to the wealth of the community.

"In the cabinet department," says Dr. Claxton, "the product was valued at \$3,608.85, and the expense was \$3,155.37, leaving a balance of \$453.48 in favor of the carpenters. Similarly, the painting department of the school showed a 'business' of \$1,591.25 and an expense of \$1,344.73, or a clear profit of \$246.52.

"Gary's conspicuous success with industrial training is an interesting indication of the spread of the modern movement for vocational education, which insists that in addition to teaching the recognized branches the school must give instruction in those subjects that are of most immediate value to the community that sup-

ports it. In Gary the dominant interest is trade education; in rural districts it is largely agriculture; in the cities it may be stenography, typewriting, and other commercial branches. In any case, it is coming to be felt more and more that an educational system is incomplete that fails to provide vocational training for its citizens."

### The Pellagra Commission

PELLAGRA exists in thirty States. Its nature and treatment are still unsolved mysteries. The astonishing thing about pellagra is that it should have long and extensively existed in our Southern States without being identified. The disease has been known in Italy for two hundred years, but it is only a very few years since it was recognized in this country. The 50,000 cases found in the South argues that pellagra must have been in existence for a long time.

The cause of the disease is still open to debate, but Dr. Sambon, a lecturer to the London School of Tropical Medicine, was convinced by investigation in Italy that the disease was due to some insect. Dr. Siler, of the United States Army Medical Corps, who reached the same conclusion, is a member of the Pellagra Commission, financed by New York and Philadelphia philanthropists. All the insects of the localities affected have been carefully studied, and the buffalo-gnat is now believed to be the carrying agent.

The work of the commission is far from completed, and it has used only half the money that was provided for it. The investigation will be resumed in the spring, and the study of the material already collected will go on during the winter. The people of Spartanburg, South Carolina, are taking steps to establish a hospital for the double purpose of treating victims and studying the disease.—*Washington Herald*.

### The Distance to the Stars

HERE we are again, and all on time. This is Jan. 11, 1913, and a night so beautifully clear that we shall have to spend a little time out-of-doors viewing the great universe of God. What do you say? All right; put on your wraps, and let us go outside and make friends with the stars.

How close they look to-night, and the way they do twinkle! Why is this? Surely not because they really are nearer or brighter to-night than at other times. No, they seem bright because the recent rain has cleared the atmosphere, and the twinkling comes from the movements of differently heated currents of air through which we must look to see the stars. This is more marked in cold weather than in warmer. Notice how much more the stars close down to the horizon seem to twinkle, caused by the larger amount of our earth's atmosphere through which their light must travel to reach our eyes.

But some of the stars are so much brighter than others. This is because part of them are nearer to us than the rest, and then again some really do give more light. Notice that brilliant white star out there in the east which to-night has been so that it could be seen above the horizon only an hour and a half or two hours. That is Sirius, the brightest star in all the sky. Astronomers tell us that this star gives about forty times as much light as does our sun, and that the light which we see this evening left Sirius eight years and eight months ago.

Look now away over into the northwest, and note

WITHDRAWN



that bright star almost ready to set. True it is not so brilliant as Sirius or some others, but nevertheless it is just now the most conspicuous object in that part of the sky. This star is called Deneb, and a little more than half-way from it to the horizon is another little point of light known as 61 Cygni. Odd name, isn't it? It is so far down that you can not see it now, for it is too dim to be readily discerned even when well placed. Although so very dim as compared with the brilliant Sirius, this small star is many millions of miles nearer to us than the larger one. Light reaches us from 61 Cygni in just about eight years, which is eight months quicker than from the brighter star.

Astronomers have found only two other stars closer to us than this tiny one, and of these, one is too dim to be seen at all with the naked eye, although its light reaches our earth in less than seven years. The name of the other is Alpha Centauri. Neither can this one be seen in our latitude, but it is visible from Mexico, South America, South Africa, and Australia. Alpha Centauri's light reaches our earth in four years and four months, or in just half the time which the light from Sirius requires. Alpha Centauri is the third brightest star in the heavens.

Here is a penny which I hold up about five feet from the ground and let drop. Notice carefully how long it takes from the time it leaves my hand until you hear it strike. That is about half a second in time. Now you may be surprised to learn that scientists have discovered that during the very short space of one-half second light can travel almost four times around our globe. Let me step up on the banister of this high porch and drop the penny from there to the pavement below. The distance is about sixteen feet, and it takes the coin one second to fall that far. During that one second a ray of light from any star has traveled toward us 186,000 miles, or a distance equal to seven and one-half times around the earth.

Now while I drop the penny again, you look up at Sirius, and try to imagine the marvelous rapidity with which his light is flying toward us — 186,000 miles each second; and then to think that the light which now reaches your eyes left the star more than eight and one-half years ago! Can you figure out how many miles Sirius is away?

That bright star some little distance toward the north from Sirius is also one of our nearest neighbors. That is Procyon, and its light reaches us in a trifle less than eleven years.

Notice also that beautiful yellow star which is almost directly over our heads, Capella, two hundred twenty times as bright as our sun; and if it should stop shining to-night, we should not know it for more than thirty years, for it will take thirty-two and one-half years for the light which is leaving there this minute to reach our eyes. If our sun were that far away, we could barely see it as one of the faintest stars.

And yet all these stars are our nearest neighbors. Some have been measured which take several hundred years for the light to reach us. There are, however, less than three hundred stars whose individual distances have been calculated, and of these only about one hundred have been measured with any degree of certainty.

It is impossible for our present finite minds to comprehend such great dimensions. With David in the Psalms, we have to exclaim, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I can not attain unto it." Ps. 138:6.

CLAUDE CONARD.



### Two Kinds of Persons



VERY often it seems to me as if there were one, and only one, great and essential difference among the multitudes of people who inhabit this earth. Moving about among them, coming into contact with them, I find that some men and women seem unreal, hollow, visionary, masks without faces, costumes without character. They run in the grooves of custom, they drift to and fro on the currents of fashion, they are blown up and down by the winds of popular opinion; even when they seem to lead, it is only as the lightest leaf is carried along foremost by the gale. They are only animated shadows, without principle or probity, without conviction or consistency, without faith or fidelity. But other men and women seem real, and true, and genuine. There is something behind their looks, their words, their actions. They have power to touch, and move, and satisfy the heart, because they believe. Have you never felt the difference? Do you think that God does not feel it? Can a mask, a shadow, however fair or orderly, please him? Will he withhold his approval and blessing from any real, honest, struggling, believing soul? — *Henry van Dyke.*

### Gems From the Spirit of Truth Thirsting for Recognition

"OUR Redeemer thirsts for recognition. He hungers for the love and sympathy of those whom he has purchased with his own blood. He longs with inexpressible desire that they should come to him and live. As the mother watches for the smile of recognition from her little child, which tells of the dawning of intelligence, so does Christ watch for the expression of grateful love which shows that spiritual life is begun in the soul."

#### Satan's Power Broken

"The thought that the righteousness of Christ is imputed to us, not because of any merit on our part, but as a free gift from God, is a precious thought. The enemy of God and man is not willing that this truth should be clearly presented; *for he knows that if the people receive it fully, his power will be broken.*"

#### As the Believer Appears in the Sight of God

"In Christ's name his followers are to stand before God. Through the value of the sacrifice made for them, they are of value in the Lord's sight. Because of the imputed righteousness of Christ they are accounted precious. For Christ's sake the Lord pardons those that fear him. He does not see in them the vileness of the sinner. He recognizes in them the likeness of his Son, in whom they believe."

#### What God Does Not Behold

"Ye are to be my witnesses upon earth, channels through which my grace can flow for the healing of



the world. So I will be your representative in heaven. The Father beholds not your faulty character, but he sees you as clothed in my perfection."

#### No Reserve, No Compromise — Surrender

"We must have less trust in what we ourselves can do, and more trust in what the Lord can do for and through us. You are not engaged in your own work; you are doing the work of God. Surrender your will and way to him. Make not a single reserve, not a single compromise with self. Know what it is to be free in Christ. As you ask the Lord to help you, honor your Saviour by believing that you do receive his blessing. All power, all wisdom, are at our command. We have only to ask."

#### Our Expectations Fully Met

"When we are humble and contrite, we stand where God can and will manifest himself to us. He is well pleased when we urge past mercies and blessings as a reason why he should bestow on us greater blessings. He will more than fulfil the expectations of those who trust fully in him. The Lord Jesus knows just what his children need, how much divine power we will appropriate for the blessing of humanity; and he bestows upon us all that we will employ in blessing others and ennobling others."

#### Victory Certain

"Those who lay their sins upon Christ through faith in his righteousness, will come off victorious."

#### Never Perish, Never!

"Look not to self but to Christ. He who healed the sick and cast out demons when he was among men, is still the same mighty Redeemer. Then grasp his promises as leaves from the tree of life. 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' As you come to him believe that he accepts you because he has promised. You can *never* perish while you do this — NEVER."

#### Welcomed by the Universe

"He [the one who receives as a gift Christ's righteousness] is welcomed by the heavenly universe, accepted in the beloved Son of God."

#### Seeing Results

OLD Deacon Brown's zeal for the cause of foreign missions was so well known in Boxboro that it was often mentioned with a smile. However, the smile was always affectionate and sympathetic, for every one in town loved the good old man, and respected his pious enthusiasms.

Once, indeed, when he was asking for money to help a struggling church far away in Sweden, Mrs. Foster, who was one of his staunchest friends, said to him:—

"Do you really think it wise to scatter our means quite so far abroad? Wouldn't it be more judicious to use this money at home, where we can ourselves judge of the need and see the results of our sacrifice?"

"You can see the results in your own heart," returned the old man, "in the peace and joy that work for the good cause will give you. There are results in the mission field, too, but the Lord will look out for them. When I think of the self-denying Christian work this pastor, Max Sheppert, is doing in that distant corner of Sweden, it warms my heart to know that I can be of a little help to so good a man."

"Well, here is a dollar," said Mrs. Foster. "Mind,

I do not give it grudgingly, but it is satisfying to see for yourself the results of your giving."

A year or two later Mr. and Mrs. Foster moved West, and settled in a little frontier village that was without any church or Sunday-school. One of their neighbors told them, however, of a little Swedish church four miles up the creek, and promised to show them the way thither. So the next Sunday morning the two mothers and their children followed the trail through the buffalo-grass to the little Swedish settlement.

They were made very welcome. "You were right to come," said one of the women, in her broken English. "In Sweden our beginnings were small, but help came to us, much of it in money, from far-away America; and now here you come, with your singing voice and your good works. 'Gospel seed once started always grows.' That was what our dear pastor, Max Sheppert, often told us in Sweden, and he bade us to start right when we found a home over here."

"Max Sheppert!" cried Mrs. Foster, remembering that that was the name of the Swedish minister old Deacon Brown had told her of. "And I asked to see results!"

The results were greater than she could have asked for. All through the long, hard winter, in sickness and in privation, these kind, faithful Swedes stood generously by the Foster family, as if they felt personally responsible for their welfare. Surely those who give for the Lord's work in a spirit of love know not where or how they will reap the fruits of their giving. — *Youth's Companion*.

#### A Mile-Stone

I've passed a mile-stone. O, to thee,  
My Lord, I cry!  
What are the years of life? They pass  
As in the sky  
The floating clouds have come and gone,  
And ushered in another dawn.  
I've passed a mile-stone. I am thine,  
My Lord divine.  
I give my little self to thee,  
All to be thine.  
I am not worthy thee to meet;  
I humbly fall before thy feet.  
I've passed a mile-stone. It is past,  
With light and shade.  
I take thy hand, O heavenly Guide,—  
Erstwhile afraid,—  
I know that thou wilt care for me.  
What can I do, my King, for thee?  
I've passed a mile-stone. God of love,  
My life is thine.  
I yield my heart, my love, my faith,  
To Christ divine.  
Each passing mile-stone hastens me  
Toward heaven and eternity.

B. F. M. SOURS.

#### On a Short Journey

"WHY didn't you tell her she was taking more than her share of room and encroaching upon your rights?" some one asked of a young girl who was merrily describing an old woman who had taken a seat beside her in a crowded railway-car, and crammed into the small space a bird cage, a basket of apples, and bundles numerous and varied. "It wasn't worth while to trouble about it; we had such a little way to go together," was the reply. What a motto that would be for a life journey! So many little annoyances are not worth noticing, so many small unkindnesses even may be passed by silently, because we have only "such a little way to go together."—*J. R. Miller*.





### Ten Little Duties

TEN little duties; does no good to whine;  
Skip about and do one; then there are nine.

Nine little duties; it never pays to wait;  
Do one quick, and—presto!—there are only eight.

Eight little duties; might have been eleven.  
One done in no time, now they're only seven.

Seven little duties; 'tisin't such a fix;  
Do one more, and—bless me!—there are only six.

Six little duties; sure as I'm alive!  
Never mind, one's over; now there are only five.

Five little duties knocking at your door;  
Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four.

Four little duties, plain as plain can be;  
Can't be shirked; one's over, leaving only three.

Three little duties; like a soldier true,  
Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.

Two little duties between you and fun;  
In just a minute longer there'll be only one.

One little duty; now what will you do?  
Do it! why, surely, now you are through!

—Selected.

## The True Story of a Heroic Alaskan Eskimo



YES, an American hero, but one whose face was swarthy, whose nose was flat, and whose straight black hair straggled unkemptly over his black eyes beneath a hood of fur; who in most likelihood was altogether ignorant of the value of bathing, and wore his skin garments uncleansed until they fell to pieces. He was an Eskimo native of Alaska, one of the kind about whom miners and gold-seekers have reported, "Isn't any use for missionaries to try to teach those dirty creatures anything." Read the story of Antisarlook, and see whether in your judgment he was not a hero.

"I will never forgive the white whalers, never. If one came to me starving, I would not feed him."

"Why, father!" The young son's voice was shocked, for above all things hospitality is an Eskimo virtue. But his father stubbornly refused to take back the words.

"I can see that the reason the moose and the caribou have become so few is the fault of our own people. We shot too many with the guns that we got from the white men. We did not see that we were destroying our food supply for the winters to come. But that the whales are almost gone is no fault of ours. It is the fault of the white men. They have killed more in a single year than we should have done in a lifetime. They have not killed them for need, but just to make money for themselves. For their own cruel gain they have taken the food from our mouths, the oil from our lamps, and the coats from our backs. If a white whaler or sealer came to me starving, I would not take him in."

Antisarlook was bitter, and not without reason, for the white whalers and sealers had done many unjust things. But he was not so badly off, though the wild creatures on which his people had always depended for food had been almost exterminated by the carelessness of Eskimo hunters, armed no longer with bow and arrow, but with guns that killed a dozen where one had been slain before, and through the greed of the white man. The government, inspired by the missionary who loved Alaska best, had brought herds of reindeer into the country to take the place of the vanish-

ing wild things, and had given these herds to natives who would learn to take care of them.

Antisarlook had a splendid herd, of which the whole country was proud. One hundred thirty-eight reindeer were in that herd. Antisarlook tended them with the most watchful care. Not a female was killed for love or money; not a male reindeer, unless it was absolutely necessary for food. With this rapidly increasing herd to draw from, there was no danger of the people's starving.

Klytook, Antisarlook's boy, came to his father one day as he was tending his herd; and the round, jolly, boyish face under the hood of fur looked fairly frightened. Klytook had heard something that he expected would make his father angry. Down from Point Barrow the word had come, through messengers who brought it at fearful risk, that eight whale-ships were caught in the ice, and their crews of whalers would starve unless food was sent to them.

In San Francisco a relief expedition had been organized and sent out. But it was impossible to take provisions to them from San Francisco, or even from the edge of Alaska. Just to carry the necessary supplies to feed the dogs that hauled the sledges across the hundreds of miles of snowy plains would take up more than half the room in the sledges. The government had decided upon the following plan:—

At Cape Nome and Bering Straits were two fine herds of reindeer,—one owned by a missionary; the other, this one of Antisarlook's. The government proposed to take these two reindeer herds and drive them the many hundreds of miles to the imprisoned whalers at Point Barrow. The reindeer could draw the sledges, and furnish meat on the way as well as to the starving company at the journey's end. No food need be taken along for the reindeer, for they feed on the moss which covers the tundras, and can paw away the snow to get it, no matter how deep the snow may be.

It was a splendid plan for the imprisoned whalers, but what to the owners of the herds which were to be so coolly taken? Of course the government regarded the transaction simply as a loan, and promised to pay back other reindeer in equal numbers to the owners the following year. But how should the people who



depended on them live through the hard winter and the summer that must come before it would be possible at all to repay the loan?

No wonder that Antisarlook's young son looked frightened when he went out to tell his father. Antisarlook's wife broke out into loud lamentations.

"Tell Mr. Jarvis," she said, "that we are sorry for the people at Point Barrow, and we want to help them; but we do not want to let our reindeer go, because we are poor, and our people are poor, and in the winter, when we can not get seals, we kill a reindeer, and this helps us through the hard times. If we let our reindeer go, what are we to do? We shall have nothing to live on ourselves."

She ceased her weeping long enough to steal a glance at her husband out of the corner of her eye. She had expected him to break into outbursts of wrath, but he was strangely silent. What did his stillness mean?

"I would not give help to a whaler if he were starving at my door," she had heard him say again and again. Antisarlook's wife broke into weeping again at the thought of all the harm the white whalers had done to them, and the children at her skirts wailed too.

"O, see here! this is too much," cried out the lieutenant of the relief expedition. "We can't do this thing. It's too much like starving one set of people to save the lives of others. We can't drive off all their reindeer. We must leave them some."

Then Antisarlook stepped forward; and on his wide, swarthy Eskimo countenance was the look that heroes wear.

"No," he said, "we must take them all." With a sinking heart his wife realized the import of the pronoun. "It is a very far way, a very bad way. Some will be frozen. Some will break away and be lost. Many will have to be killed for meat on the journey. We must take them all. My people will get food somehow."

Antisarlook's wife flung herself upon him with a cry. "Husband, husband, *you* will not go! How can we get along without you? You are the chief man of the village. You plan for all, and every one looks to you for everything. If you stay, we shall get other food, even though the reindeer are driven off; but if you go, we shall starve."

His children added a chorus of wails. The situation could hardly have been more trying. But Antisarlook stood up like a hero.

"No, you will not starve," he said. "Klytook must take my place, and get food for you. But Antisarlook must go. No one else can drive the reindeer. No one else can tell where to find feeding-places for them on the way. No one else knows how they ought to be taken care of. Antisarlook *must* go."

The record of that journey across the icy tundras in the dead of winter, with no shelter nor food except what they carried with them, is a magnificent hero story in itself. Storm, and blizzard, and the bitterest cold that even the north can give, did their best to hinder the company. Through all these things Antisarlook was cheerful and uncomplaining.

When the snow buried their tiny shelter tent so deep that it took hours for them just to dig themselves out; when the reindeer, breaking away, scattered in every direction, and had to be painfully rounded up from miles around, such as they could get again; when the half of them turned around and stampeded for home, their owner spoke no complaining word, but simply did what could be done to repair the mischief.

Across the ice on Kotzebu Sound the hummocks were so terribly rough that it was impossible for even the reindeer to scramble over them, and a road had to be cut for miles. The food for the drivers gave out. There was not moss on the ice for the deer. It looked as if the reindeer and relief expedition would be starved to death, as well as the whalers they were trying to rescue; but Antisarlook drove safely on,—on and on, day after day, week after week, a journey of more than a thousand miles over an icy unknown wilderness swept by winds of terrible ferocity, with the mercury scarcely ever climbing above thirty degrees below zero and often dropping below seventy for days at a time, through the awful arctic winter darkness that lighted only for a few hours of twilight each day, if at all. Was there ever a more heroic journey on an errand of mercy?

They reached the imprisoned whale-ships, and their reindeer kept the men in them alive until the winter was over. Then Antisarlook returned home, but of the details of his return nothing is given in the government reports. That is almost all we know of him. He did return in safety, for the following year is recorded the return of the reindeer borrowed from him by the government for the relief of the imprisoned whalers at Point Barrow.

Charlie Antisarlook and his brothers died the following winter, and the reindeer herd became the property of Mary, his widow.

Did he fall an easy prey to disease because the hardships he had undergone the winter before weakened his system perilously? We do not know; but we do know certainly—anybody can see—that this swarthy, short-statured Alaskan Eskimo, with surroundings so different from ours that we can not even imagine them, was a hero.

All honor to Lieutenant Jarvis, who commanded the expedition! It was one of the most dangerous ever attempted by a citizen of the United States, and has never received the recognition from the country in general that it deserves. But honor, too, to Antisarlook, who went on the long, terrible expedition to save not his own people, but a people who, he felt with greatest bitterness, had greatly injured his own. Truly the swarthy skins of our most northern people, as well as the fairer ones of our more fortunate fellow countrymen, cover hearts of which America may well be proud.—*Bertha Bush, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### Hensel, the Prussian Boy

LITTLE Hensel's home was near the railroad track, and usually he was very careful to keep away from the place where the great roaring cars went rushing by. He feared them as much as he would a panther, a bear, or a lion; for he knew they would crush him to death if ever he got in the way of their pitiless wheels. But one day he forgot, and sat down right in the middle of the track. His father saw him, and the long freight-train but a short distance from the child. Being unable to reach his little boy before the train would be upon him, the father shouted, "Lie down! Lie down, Hensel, my boy!"

The child heard his father's imperious command above the roaring of the train, and though "he felt that he would die," he thought, "I must obey," and quick as a wink stretched himself out lengthwise along the track. And there his father found him all unharmed when the cars had passed by, his life saved by his instant obedience.



If he had stopped to say, "O, I don't want to;" "If I do, I shall be killed;" or if he had tried to get off, in a moment more there would have been no little Hensel.

God knew what was best for little boys and girls when he said, "Children, obey your parents." He knew if they learned to obey their parents instantly, heartily, and lovingly, they would be kept from danger and sin, and would lovingly keep the laws of his holy Book when they grew to manhood and womanhood.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

### Faithful Service

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope." Lam. 3: 27-29.

A yoke suggests *service*. This is made clear in the case of Jeroboam and all Israel when they came before Rehoboam, saying, "Thy father made our yoke grievous: now therefore ease thou somewhat the grievous servitude of thy father, and his heavy yoke that he put upon us, and we will *serve* thee." 2 Chron. 10: 4.

This youthful bearing of the yoke embodies submission to wise counsel, and willingness to bear a share in the burden of life. Of those not thus submitting to proper discipline in youth we have an illustration in the case of Ephraim: "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus; Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou to me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth." Jer. 31: 18, 19. Ephraim had failed in yielding to parental discipline, and it was a shame to him in his mulish actions of his maturer years. "Children should be taught very young to be useful, to help themselves, and to help others." "Let the burden upon the children be very light at first, and then increase it a little every day, until they can do a proper amount of labor without becoming so weary."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. I pages 393, 395.*

Of early training Paul said, "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence." Heb. 12: 9. If there is one thing more than another in the past for which I am thankful to God, it is that when my father died, I, being then seven years of age, was put on a farm for eight years with a religious grandfather, who had successfully reared a large family, and who taught me useful labor, self-reliance, and diligence.

Right here I call to mind a circumstance occurring in the year 1865 in connection with my ministerial labors, illustrating the importance of discipline in youth. It was an occasion when we were raising money to build a church for a company that had so increased in numbers that their house would not accommodate their own members. We had money pledged for the building, and were about to vote to build at once, when a brother arose and with great earnestness said: "We don't need a meeting-house. This is good enough. It is all your pride that you want a better house," reflecting on me, as if it were I that wanted the house. I said to him pleasantly, "Brother, it is not I who wants the house; but yesterday [Sabbath] when I was preaching and saw some of your

own members standing before the open door in the rain, with umbrellas over their heads, there being no room for them inside the door, I surely thought you needed a larger house, especially if you expect to help your neighbors."

The brother began to weep and groan. He evidently began to feel like Ephraim. He arose and said: "Brethren, forgive me. We do need a house, and I will help build it. The trouble is with me. I am always objecting to everything that comes up. I never had a training. I ran away from home when I was a boy because I would not submit to discipline. I just *came up*. O, what would I not give if *now* I could buy a training!" Pointing out of the window, he said: "Do you see my nice home? I value it at \$3,500, but I would give it in a minute if thereby I could get a good training." The *now* difficult task began with him right then and there.

The youth do not always realize that those seeking their good have had much experience in life, and so can help fortify them against the snares and pitfalls in the way. In their "adolescent state," it does not do for them to be too self-wise. I call to mind a case that came up where I was laboring in 1895. One brother asked another, "How is your son getting on now?" He replied: "O, first rate! When he was eighteen, he thought he knew more than his father. When he was twenty, he thought his father knew about as much as he did. Now he is past thirty, and he has made up his mind that his father knows more than he." Happy is it for those who come to the latter decision earlier in life.

Here is another caution from the Testimonies concerning children: "When old enough to be a help to their parents, they do not bear the burdens they should. . . . Children who are thus brought up undisciplined, have everything to learn when they profess to be Christ's followers. Their whole religious experience is affected by their bringing up in childhood."—*Id., pages 218, 219.* Again, the young "are to be taught to be honest, truthful, temperate, economical, and industrious."—*Testimony for the Church, No. 32, page 85.*

Still later a circumstance occurred in connection with my ministry, illustrating the sad results of parents failing to teach their children the common household labors. I was called to attend the funeral of a mother who had died quite suddenly. She had borne all the labors of the household. Her daughters, sixteen and eighteen, did not know the least thing about even preparing a meal of victuals. The father was in moderate circumstances, and could not hire a cook. When these girls awoke to a sense of their sad condition, there was such a wailing as I never heard before, and such as is not soon to be effaced from memory.

Our Saviour invites us to join with him in bearing the burdens of life: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Matt. 11: 29, 30. "The yoke that binds to service is the law of God."—*Desire of Ages, page 329.* I trust all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will seek to marshal themselves on the side of *faithful service*. J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles."



### A Unique Book—"The Story of the Ages"

"THE STORY OF THE AGES" consists of 229 pages of reading-matter, is  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$  inches in size, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick, set in large, readable type. The book covers a great scope, but the story is told in few words and deals with great subjects in short paragraphs, condensed to a business man's time.

The diagram, or chart, which is folded and attached in the back part of the book, measures about  $20 \times 27$  inches, and is lithographed in nine colors. It has dotted parallel lines running across and up and down the chart, connecting corresponding figures and letters at each end and also at top and bottom, which serve as a guide in locating the different features of the chart.

The author, by means of grouping together on one chart the great historic outlines and prophetic symbols of the Bible, has endeavored to present, at one view, God's plan of the ages, and the entire history of the world. This work treats of subjects that reach back before sin entered any part of the creation of God, and gives a brief history of the rebellion and fall of Satan in heaven; the disobedience of our first parents in Eden; and the course of sin down through the ages to the end of this world, when sin and sinners will be destroyed, the righteous redeemed, and the earth again made new.

This book is highly commended by O. A. Olsen, W. A. Colcord, G. W. Caviness, K. C. Russell, H. R. Salisbury, G. E. Langdon, P. T. Magan, and others.

The price of "The Story of the Ages" is \$2, and it can be obtained through the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

### The Inestimable Boon of Self-Mastery

THE wise man Solomon wrote: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The mighty general returning at the head of a victorious army is considered a great man. His praises are upon every lip. All vie in doing such a one honor. But greater is he, who, amid fierce temptations of the city, masters himself; when the wine-cup presents allurements, turns away. The man who follows the higher impulses of the soul is greater than the mighty general who by force and bloodshed lays a city in heaps.

The following is a bit of German life translated from German literature, by E. W. Trojan, which may be of interest to the reader:—

Before me lies a handsome book in which I have just read:—

"Our infirmities are not outside of us; they are within, in our own bowels. We are slow in being cured because we do not know that we are sick. . . . No one is so difficult to lead back to nature as one who has forsaken her."

I turn a few leaves and read this: "Fear neither men nor gods; take pleasure neither in abuses nor excesses; the most perfect self-mastery is complete freedom. . . . It is an inestimable blessing to be master of one's self."

Slowly I close the book and look at the cover. It bears the words: Seneca, "The Tranquil Mind." Wise words of an old Roman pagan who lived in the time of the bloodthirsty Nero!

I sat for a long while thinking of Seneca and Nero, the Roman emperor, looking absently out of the window into the clear blue sky of a beautiful Sunday afternoon. All was quiet in the streets, only a light wind playing among the maples.

Suddenly a loud shout arose in the distance. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" Three times, Hurrah! And then a yelling and shouting, a clinking of glasses, a scraping of chairs, a screaming of women. There is the present! The noise comes from a low dive not far away. I know the place well. When I go in and ask for a seltzer, the proprietor scarcely notices me. His wife is more friendly, but I can not endure the odor of beer fumes and tobacco that she has about her. But the place does a good business, a thriving business.

As I hear the jingling of the glasses, the thought comes to me: What if you should go in there and show them the folly of their actions. What if you should say to them, "Good people, outside is beautiful sunshine; the woods and the ocean are not far away. You have enough turmoil all the week; why don't you go out and enjoy nature instead of sitting here drinking? I see you have two pretty little children. It will do them good to get out in the woods. Why should they be here in the smoke and fumes?" What if I should go there now at once and say to them, perhaps, old Seneca's words: "It is an inestimable blessing to be master of one's self."

And obeying my inner voice, I rose and reached for my hat. As I hesitated a moment, a loud song suddenly broke out,—

"We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning," etc.,

again and again repeated. My hat fell from my hand, and I sank heavily into my chair.

"They are already no longer their own masters," I thought. "They no longer have command over themselves. If I should go to them now, they would only laugh at me."

As the noise grew louder and louder, I walked away into the country. On the seashore all was pure life and joy. Young and old disported in the flashing water, and let the sun brown them like baked potatoes.

When I returned to my street toward evening, a great crowd had collected not far from my door. An ambulance drove away as I approached. I asked a neighbor what had happened, and he told me: "That drinking crowd carousing over there got beside themselves. One of them was impudent to another man's wife. She screamed, and the husband, not understanding the trouble, struck the other. Then the first man pulled a knife and stabbed the husband in the neck, severing an artery. Misery a plenty! One is in the hospital, perhaps on the road to the cemetery, and the other in prison!"

I pushed through the crowd and entered the dive. There sat the wife of the murderer, sobbing unceasingly behind her handkerchief. At her side were two little boys looking at her and timidly about the room with their big, innocent, childish eyes.

Back in my home, I took up Seneca again and searched for the place where I was reading in the afternoon. "The most perfect mastery of one's self is freedom."

As I looked out into the gathering darkness, it seemed to me I could hear the sobbing of thousands of unhappy women, and see the frightened and sorrowful eyes of many, many little children.

O! men of work out there, why are you so indifferent to the tears of your wives and the woe of your children? Why don't you become masters of yourselves?

Jesus Christ came into the world for this one purpose, that man, in the strength he should be able to impart, might again arise to the dignity of self-mastery lost through sin. Dear struggling one, go to him. He will receive you graciously. He will not upbraid for past failures, but will put within you, even into your own heart, the purpose and strength to enter upon your God-given manhood and womanhood in the noble self-mastery and self-control that is yours by right to enjoy in him.

T. E. BOWEN.

### Effect of Good Reading

THE following letter is a strong testimony on the value of Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses:—

"MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT: I wish to thank you for the good book you sent me for having completed five Reading Courses. I think 'From Judaism to Christianity' is a very interesting book.

"I am glad we have the Reading Course, for it helps me to improve many moments that might otherwise be wasted. I have gained great spiritual help from the study of the books, especially 'Ministry of Healing.'

"I was not a Christian when I began these courses, but I am thankful that at the beginning of the fourth course, I decided to give my heart to Jesus. The missionary biographies have been helpful to me, and have given me a desire to let God have all there is of me to be used in service for him."

"THE empty bag is blown up with wind, the empty head with self-conceit."





M. E. KERN  
MEADE MACGUIRE  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary  
Field Secretary  
Corresponding Secretary

### Society Study for Sabbath, January 18

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. Mission Study (ten minutes).
3. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

#### Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; items of interest from our church paper. For this exercise have some one spend five minutes in giving brief, interesting facts drawn from the January issues of the *Review and Herald*.

2. The time for the regular mission study will be devoted to the reading of the article by Elder J. N. Loughborough, one of the pioneers in this work. See page twelve. Urge that every young person reread this article for himself. We all need to heed this call to faithful service.

3. Study on the importance of personal work as taught by the Saviour and illustrated frequently in his ministry. Luke 15: 4-7 may be used as a basis of study, or John 3: 1-21, etc. The article in the *Review* of January 9 by Elder MacGuire, entitled "Fear Not," contains suggestions for this part of the program, and will be helpful in preparing the study. Make good use of it.

4. Prayer and testimony meeting. Suggested theme, "My need of studying more carefully the life of Jesus and following his example."

If you have not already in your society a temperance committee, will you not appoint one at this time? This committee should begin at once to lay plans for a special campaign with the *Temperance Instructor*; also for a good, stirring temperance rally to which the public will be invited; and should be prepared to give at the next society meeting definite suggestions for this work. Aside from this special campaign, the committee should study local conditions, and lay plans to carry forward the *aggressive, continuous* campaign in behalf of temperance that is so much needed everywhere.

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

#### Senior No. 6 — Lesson 14: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 22-25

1. WHAT were the conditions which placed Moses in the line of Egypt's royal succession? What were his qualifications for kingly position? Why did he refuse it?

2. In his zeal for his people, what error did he make? How did God overrule to prepare him as Israel's leader?

3. Where, and in what manner, was he commanded to return to Egypt? What directions and assurances were given him? Obedience brought what blessings? What may we learn from this?

4. On reaching Goshen, how did Aaron and Moses proceed to execute their commission? With what results? Against what odds did the elders endeavor to revive the faith of the Israelites?

5. With what message was Moses next sent to the people? How was it received? At the next visit of the brothers to the palace, what occurred? What was Satan's object in manifesting his wonders?

6. Name the plagues, noting their effect upon Pharaoh, and the lessons God gave through them.

7. State the situation under which the Passover was instituted. What did it commemorate? what typify? What instructions were given for its observance? What did these symbolize?

8. Give an account of the exodus. How did Israel meet the first trial of their faith after their departure

from Egypt? How did the Lord interpose to deliver them? How does their song of thanksgiving concern us?

#### Junior No. 5 — Lesson 14: "Pilgrim's Progress," Pages 94-114

NOTE.—Upon one point of doctrine we can not agree with the author. The expression on page 96, "He that shall die there, . . . will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the *Celestial City* soonest," etc; the paragraph picturing Faithful as carried to the heavenly gate immediately after death; and Christian's song concerning Faithful,—these are contrary to the teaching of God's Word. That unchangeable Word says plainly, "The dead know not anything." Eccl. 9: 5. And 1 Thess. 4: 13-16 shows that the righteous dead will not be resurrected until Christ comes again.

1. WHO now overtook Christian and Faithful? What encouragement and admonition did he give? What did they then request of him? With what predictions did he reply?

2. Coming out of the wilderness, what town did the two men see ahead? Relate the story of the origin of Vanity Fair. What vivid picture is given of its temptations? How did the entrance of the pilgrims affect the people there? Why was this?

3. What treatment did they first receive? Upon a few what effect had their Christlike bearing? What further persecution did this bring?

4. On being brought to trial, what indictment was placed against them? Describe the scene at the trial, noting the charges of the false witnesses, the defense made by the prisoners, the verdict.

5. What assurance had Christian that some good had resulted from the experience in Vanity Fair? Whom did he and Hopeful soon overtake? Why could they not remain in his company?

6. Who followed By-ends? What schooling had he and they in common? How did Hold-the-World express his opinions? Give the substance of Money-love's answer to By-ends's question.

7. How did Christian expose the sin of such statements?



#### III — The Sabbath (January 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Gen. 2: 1-3; John 1: 3; Mark 2: 27.

MEMORY VERSE: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Ex. 20: 8.

#### Questions

1. What did God finish on the sixth day? What did he do the seventh day? After he had rested, what did he do? Gen. 2: 1-3; note 1.

2. Why was the seventh day blessed and sanctified? Verse 3; note 2.

3. What three things were needed to make the Sabbath? Note 3.

4. Through whom did God create all things? Eph. 3: 9, last part.

5. How many things were made by him? John



1: 3. Was the Sabbath "made"? Mark 2: 27. Then who made it? For whom was it made?

6. Who is Lord of the Sabbath? Mark 2: 28. Why is he rightfully its Lord?

7. What name is given the Sabbath in Rev. 1: 10? Which day is the "Lord's day"? Isa. 58: 13, first part.

8. What commandment has been given men concerning the Sabbath? Ex. 20: 8-11.

9. How should we keep the Sabbath? Verse 8. What should it be to us? How may we honor the Lord on the Sabbath? What promise is given those who truly keep the Sabbath? Isa. 58: 13, 14.

10. Of what did Pharaoh accuse Moses and Aaron? What did he say to the people? Ex. 5: 5, 17; note 4.

11. After Israel came out of Egypt, how did the Lord test his people? What did he say they should do to get ready for the Sabbath? When some of the people broke the Sabbath, what did the Lord say to Moses? After this what did the people do? Ex. 16: 4, 5, 23-26, 28-30.

12. What instruction did the Lord give through the prophet Jeremiah? Did the people obey? What promise was given them if they would keep the Sabbath? What would come to Jerusalem if they disobeyed? Jer. 17: 21-25, 27. Which did they choose to do? Neh. 13: 17, 18.

13. What did some do after the Lord brought them back to their city? How did Nehemiah command them to keep the Sabbath? Verses 15, 19-22.

14. For what was the Sabbath given? Ex. 31: 13, 17.

15. To what does it direct our minds? Note 5.

**Notes**

1. God's blessing makes a thing blessed and holy. When he sanctifies anything, it is set apart for a holy use.

2. "The great Jehovah had laid the foundations of the earth; he had dressed the whole world in the garb of beauty, and had filled it with things useful to man; he had created all the wonders of the land and of the sea. . . . God looked with satisfaction upon the work of his hands. All was perfect, worthy of its divine Author, and he rested, not as one weary, but as well pleased with the fruits of his wisdom and goodness, and the manifestations of his glory. After resting upon the seventh day, God sanctified it, or set it apart, as a day of rest for man."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 47.*

3. That which made the Sabbath was, (1) God rested; (2) he blessed the day on which he had rested; (3) he sanctified, set apart, it for man to keep. These things God has never done for any other day, so none but the seventh day can ever be the Sabbath.

4. "In their bondage the Israelites had to some extent lost the knowledge of God's law, and they had departed from its precepts. The Sabbath had been generally disregarded, and the exactions of their taskmasters made its observance apparently impossible. But Moses had shown his people that obedience to God was the first condition of deliverance; and the efforts made to restore the observance of the Sabbath had come to the notice of their oppressors."—*Id., page 260.*

5. "The beauty that clothes the earth is a token of God's love. We may behold it in the everlasting hills, in the lofty trees, in the opening buds and the delicate flowers. All speak to us of God. The Sabbath, ever pointing to him who made them all, bids men open the great book of nature, and trace therein the wisdom, the power, and the love of the Creator."—*Id., page 48.*

**III — The Continual Mediation**

(January 18)

**Questions**

1. How does Jehovah himself contrast the eternity of Christ's life with the brief duration of created things? Heb. 1: 10-12.

2. To what is the continuance of all created things due? Heb. 1: 3.

3. In what statement is taught the continual mediation of the Son in behalf of the material universe? Col. 1: 17; note 1.

4. After what order is Jesus a priest? Heb. 7: 17.

5. What is the distinguishing feature of the priesthood of Melchizedek? Heb. 7: 1-3.

6. What connection is there between the eternity of Christ's being and his continual priesthood? Heb. 7: 16; note 2.

7. Why were many priests required in the typical service to represent the continual priesthood of Christ? Heb. 7: 23.

8. What rendered Christ's priesthood continual and unchangeable? Heb. 7: 24; note 3.

9. What assurance is given of the efficacy of the continual intercession of Christ? Heb. 7: 25.

10. What were the three leading offerings in the temple service? 2 Chron. 2: 4.

11. In order that the daily burnt offering might rightly represent the true offering, what was it declared to be? Ex. 29: 42.

12. For the same reason, what was the incense offering declared to be? Ex. 30: 7, 8; note 4.

13. For the same reason, what was the showbread declared to be? Num. 4: 7.

14. What is the true continual sacrifice? Heb. 10: 12; note 5.

15. Through his continual mediation what does Christ bestow upon his people? John 10: 28.

16. How is this gift of life received? John 20: 30, 31.

**Notes**

1. There is a very close connection between the working of God in nature and his working in grace. Through the mediation of the eternal Son the power of God is manifested in upholding all things and in preserving order throughout the material universe. Were it not for the constant working of this power, there would be chaos in the universe, and the character of God would be impugned. Whatever names may have been given by scientists to the manifestation of the power of God in nature, such as adhesion, cohesion, gravity, gravitation, etc., it is well to remember that all things consist, or hold together, in Christ, and this fact is made the basis of confidence in the power of God to uphold all those who put their trust in him.

2. Christ did not become a priest on account of the operation of that law of the priesthood which made one a priest who was a descendant of Aaron after the flesh, but his priesthood grew out of "the power of an endless life," out of the eternity of his being. He was able to swallow up death and to minister life to all because he had life in himself.

3. While the typical service was a temporary object-lesson, and was perverted into formalism, yet it was designed to teach the truths of salvation through faith in Christ, the one to whom all the typical ritual pointed. The experience of present salvation from sin was real to one who entered into that typical service in the spirit of it, and who exercised that faith in a personal Redeemer which the sanctuary service was intended to teach. It was the perversion of the Levitical system that interfered with the purpose of God in giving it to his people.

4. "Every morning and evening a lamb of a year old was burned upon the altar, with its appropriate meat-offering, thus symbolizing the daily consecration of the nation to Jehovah, and their constant dependence upon the atoning blood of Christ. . . . The incense, ascending with the prayers of Israel, represents the merits and intercession of Christ, his perfect righteousness, which through faith is imputed to his people, and which can alone make the worship of sinful beings acceptable to God. Before the veil of the most holy place was an altar of perpetual intercession; before the holy, an altar of continual atonement. By blood and by incense, God was to be approached,—symbols pointing to the great Mediator, through whom sinners may approach Jehovah, and through whom alone mercy and salvation can be granted to the repentant, believing soul."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 352, 353.*

5. The mediation of Christ is a continual mediation, both in nature and in grace, and the sacrifice which he offered was one sacrifice which was itself continual. The phrase which is translated "forever" in Heb. 10: 12 is the very same phrase which is translated "continually" in verse 1 of the same chapter. The very nature of Christ's mediation forbids the substitution of any human system of mediation, such as that of the Papacy, in its place; and the very nature of the one sacrifice for sin, which is continual, renders both unnecessary and impossible such a pretended sacrifice as that of the mass. Christ himself is both priest and sacrifice, in fulfillment of all types and shadows of the Levitical system, and there can now be no other.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Boys With and Without Backbone

AMONG our noted temperance lecturers is a man who is so small of stature, yet who strikes such powerful blows against the legalized liquor traffic, that he is known throughout the country as "The Little Giant." I once heard the presiding officer at a convention in introducing him to the audience say that though the one about to address them was small of stature, he made up for this by being nine-tenths backbone.

People have learned the worth of the backbone. It stands for character,— integrity, uprightness, determination. The jellyfish has no backbone. Take it out of its natural habitat and it evaporates; you can not find it. So it is with a person without a backbone, without those sterling qualities represented by the backbone. You can not count on such a person. You can never know where to find him.

A boy that hasn't character enough to keep a pledge, or promise; a boy that will follow the crowd without thought as to the result; a boy that can't say No when asked to do a thing that his better self knows is not the right thing to do, is a backboneless boy. He may have a few bony vertebrae, but the real backbone of manly principles is wanting. The wise man said: "It is as sport to a fool, to do wrong, but it is abomination to a man of sense," or he might have said to a man with a backbone.

A boy with a backbone is of infinite value to home, church, and nation. But a backboneless boy is a hopeless cripple, incapable of taking any acceptable part in the work of the world.

O give us boys with a backbone; boys that can stand alone, absolutely alone if need be; boys that can say, "No, I won't, for I *promised* I would never do it;" boys that have good common sense, and enough of it to know that it is more manly, more noble, to do the right thing than the wrong; boys that are hard-headed reading boys; boys that know what scientific, medical, and observing men in general say of such questionable habits as cigarette smoking, and are wise enough to allow the knowledge and experience of such men to shape their lives; boys who respect principle and character; boys who honor their parents and friends enough not to disgrace them by following in the path of the careless backboneless boy; boys who have grace and grit enough to hold on to themselves during an evil hour of temptation, and to come out unspotted, untainted. Such boys are wanted. The nation and the church of God need the men that grow from such boys.

## Soul-Winners

### A Railway Engineer's Plan

To a Christian railway engineer had come the conviction that he must help others to Christ. He first bought a number of New Testaments. Then he wrote personal letters to the section foremen on his division, begging them to accept the little book as a gift, and read it at the noon hour. As he passed each gang of workmen, he dropped out a New Testament with a letter wrapped about it. Many of his foremen responded with a letter of thanks. One wrote:—

"Your gift is a thousand times appreciated. I have some very wicked men on my gang, but I trust they will come to understand, before it is too late, that sinners should turn to God. I once was a good man, but I wandered away, and I thank God that you have called my attention to the light again." The engineer had become a soul-winner.— *Selected.*

### What a Crippled Woman Did

An aged woman in a South Dakota city heard the appeal to Christian people to become soul-winners. She was crippled and poor. What could she do? She tried to think of some one to whom she might speak. She thought of a drunken painter who had worked on her house some months before, and who boarded at a certain hotel. She resolved to go to the hotel, see him, and urge him to come to the meetings. She went several times before she saw him. Then she told him kindly about her interest in him, and about the meetings; told him that she was praying for him, and finally secured his promise to come to the afternoon service. He came, and in that service was converted.

Five years afterward, in another city, that same man made himself known to us at the close of a Sabbath morning service, and told us how God was wonderfully keeping and prospering him. Then he turned about and introduced a friend whom he had brought to Christ a day or two before.

Yet that man, now a soul-winner, was the trophy of a crippled woman who thought at first that she could not do anything to help a soul to Christ.— *Selected.*

### A Lawyer Converted

John W. Arctander, a Minneapolis lawyer, was converted a few years ago. Two weeks afterward, from the platform of the Swedish Tabernacle, he told his experience. Fifteen years before his conversion, he had attended a revival meeting with a friend. During the service a timid young woman came down the aisle and said to his friend, "Have you found Jesus?"

His friend blasphemously answered, "I didn't know he was lost," and laughed in her face. The questioner turned away with a look of horror.

But Mr. Arctander says that for fifteen years that question, "Have you found Jesus?" followed him, until at last he yielded to God. Doubtless, that young woman had thought that her effort to win one for Christ was a failure.— *Selected.*

"THE most glorious sunset sometimes follows the severest storm. Under the shadows and the gloom of adversity, therefore, never despair. But, with head erect, with a courageous heart, forward to the goal, in the firm conviction that the sun of success will smile upon you again. 'The blue of heaven is larger than the clouds.'"

"It is good to begin well, but better to end well."