

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

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No. 6



The White Satin Magazine

JUST beneath the constellation Pleiades can be seen at the present time the remarkably interesting planet Saturn.

THE President and Mrs. Taft entertained at dinner, on January 10, two widows of former presidents, Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON never smoked but once, and that was to kill the insects on his mother's plants. We are glad to have so high an example against the smoking habit.

GOOD habits are not made on birthdays, nor good character at the new year. The workshop of character is every-day life; the uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—*Babcock.*

MORTALITY records have been broken during the present Congress. Since the Sixty-second Congress began, Vice-President Sherman, six senators, and sixteen representatives have died. One representative elect, Joel Cook, of Pennsylvania, died before the Congress convened.

AT Independence, Kansas, one day last month, the gutters in front of the Montgomery court-house ran with beer and whisky for four hours, following the destruction of more than ten thousand dollars' worth of intoxicants confiscated in "joint" raids during the last nine months.

THERE is a distinction between the Boy Scouts of America and the American Boy Scouts of which some are not aware. The leaders of the American Boy Scouts urge their boys to buy rifles, while those of the Boy Scouts of America are opposed to the use of firearms, and are doing everything possible to discourage boys from carrying them. The work of the American Boy

Scouts is distinctly military, while that of the Boy Scouts of America is not. James E. West, chief Scout executive of this latter movement, says: "We absolutely forbid the use of arms as part of the equipment of the Boy Scouts of America, and are conscientiously doing all we can to promote an organization non-military in character which will serve to develop the character of our boys."

Hungry for the Word of Life

FOUR hundred Korean women, all on foot, many of them unable to read, a baby on the back of most, and often a bag of rice besides, through pouring rain, with no umbrellas, across rocky passes in the hills, and along narrow dizzying paths between watery rice-fields, traveled three or four days to Syen Chun, to be taught the Word of God. No wonder missionaries love their classes. What would not Sunday-school teachers at home give to be met with a tithe of such eagerness in studying the Bible? — *Woman's Work for Women.*

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“Alcohol,” “Narcotics,” and
“Common Ailments” Number

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The Youth's Instructor

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Power



It is only by thinking about great and good things that we come to love them, and it is only by loving them that we come to long for them, and it is only by longing for them that we are impelled to seek after them, and it is only by seeking after them that they become ours and we enter into vital experience of their beauty and blessedness.

Is not this the reason why our lives often seem so narrow and poor and weak, why they have such a sense of limitation and constriction in them, why their interests seem so trivial, their possibilities so small, their results so feeble, why we often appear to ourselves barren in thought and dry in feeling, empty of hope and bankrupt in power? Is it not because we think so much of the things that are petty and narrow and barren and transient, and so little of the things that are great and fruitful and glorious and eternal? These dry and thirsty lives of ours, these dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable lives of ours, these paltry lives,—whose fault is it that they are so?—Ours and ours alone. For the riches of an infinite wealth and the powers of an immeasurable strength are all about us waiting for us to possess and use them. But there is only one way in which we can enter into their possession, and that is by thinking about them, by considering them earnestly and steadily until they draw us to themselves.

The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will. But the strength of your will is just the strength of the wish that lies behind it. And the strength of your wish depends upon the sincerity and earnestness and tenacity with which you fix your attention upon the things which are really great and worthy to be loved. This is what the apostle means when he says, at the close of his description of a life which is strong and inwardly renewed and growing in glory even in the midst of affliction, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." It is while we look that we learn to love. It is by loving that we learn to seek. And it is in seeking that we find and are blessed.

Let us be sure, then, that it is no mere profitless speculation about mysteries of no practical value to which our double text invites us. It is a thought that enriches, ennobles, strengthens, blesses. It is a meditation by which our lives will be enlarged and uplifted and invigorated. It is for the sake of a joy which will be like music in our souls among life's discords; it is for the sake of a strength of spirit which will be to us like a wind from heaven sending us forward on our course as ships that cleave the waves and triumph against the tides; it is in order that we may "have life, and . . . have it more abundantly," that we are asked to think about the powerful knowledge of the power of God.

The perception of a mighty force in action, even in the physical world, confers a high and noble pleasure on the mind. When the force is sudden and violent, as in the case of a great tempest, our pleasure in beholding it is mixed with awe: it is a solemn and trembling delight; it may be overshadowed with fear, or with pity for the misfortunes of those who have been overwhelmed by the storm; yet the force in itself is magnificent, and the sight of it thrills and expands the soul. But when it is an orderly and beneficent force that we behold, then the vision is one of pure and unmingled joy. How glorious, for example, is the sight of a great river sweeping down from its source among the mountains to its resting-place in the sea! How it forces its way among the hills, cutting through the rocks and carving a channel for itself in the solid earth, leaping boldly from the cliffs, and rushing down the steep inclines with an energy which needs but to be harnessed to do the work of a million men,

—this is power, we say power invisible, and it is a grand thing to see. And the same thing is true of the resistless tides of the ocean on which we look with unending wonder and pleasure; true also of the might of the imprisoned giant steam as we see it whirling the wheels of some great engine, and driving the vast ship by day

and night through leagues of rolling waters.

But it is far more true of those forces which are more silent and secret, like the heat of the sun, or the force of gravitation. We become aware of these forces not so much through our senses alone as through our thought, our inward perception. Look at the blade of corn cleaving the ground, and remember that all over the world countless millions upon millions of them are pushing upward with a power which, taken altogether, is simply incalculable; and all this lifting of tons of bread out of the earth to the hand of man is simply the drawing of the sun that shines above you. Look at the starry heavens on a clear, still night; companies, regiments, battalions, armies of worlds, all marching without haste and without rest, keeping pace in their majestic orbits; and the force that binds them to their courses is the same that quietly loosens the ripened apple from the bough and drops it at your feet. Surely a thought like this is a vision of power, and it is good for the soul.

But it is doubly good to know that it is all the power of God. To understand that all the mighty energy which throbs and pulses through the universe, comes from him, that force is but the influence of his will, and law but the expression of his wisdom; to stand before some vast manifestation of power in nature and feel that it is only an infinitesimal fraction, only a passing play of the omnipotence of God; to see him hurl Niagara into the gulf more easily than you would pour a glass of water on the ground,—is good for

the soul. It humbles and exalts. It begets that awe of spirit which is essential to true religion. We want a mighty God, one who can hold the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand. And for our sake, for the sake of deeper reverence and a firmer confidence toward him, we ought to wish to see the evidence of divine power in the great elemental forces of nature.

But there is another kind of power still more wonderful, still more impressive than that of which we have been speaking. It is spiritual power,—the power which is manifested in the conquest of evil, in the triumph of virtue, in the achievements and victories of a moral being. This is grander and more admirable than any physical force that has ever acted upon the universe of matter.

The vision of spiritual power, even as we see it in the imperfect manifestations of human life, is ennobling and uplifting. The rush of courage along the perilous path of duty is finer than the foaming leap of the torrent from the crag. Integrity resisting temptation overtops the mountains in grandeur. Love, giving and blessing without stint, has a beauty and a potency of which the sunlight is but a faint and feeble image. When we see these things, they thrill us with joy; they enlarge and enrich our souls.

And if that is true, how much more satisfying and strengthening must it be to behold the spiritual power of God? For God also is a soul, the Great Soul; the essence of his being is not physical, but moral; and the secret of his strength is in his holiness, righteousness, justice, goodness, mercy, and love. To know something of the force of the Great Spirit; to see that there is no temptation that can ever shake the strong foundation of his equity, no evil that can finally resist the victorious sweep of his holy will, no falsehood that can withstand the penetrating flash of his truth, nothing that can limit or exhaust the great tide of his love; to catch sight of the workings of One who is omnipotent against all foes and therefore triumphant over the last enemy, death,—that is a vision of joy and power far beyond all others, and therefore it is to be desired and prayed for and sought after with the whole heart.

But, after all, we have not yet touched the deepest and strongest reason why we should long to see and know the power of God. We have been moving hitherto upon the surface; let us pierce now to the center. The great reason why we need to consider God's power is because we are utterly dependent on that power for the salvation of our souls. Without it there is no peace, no hope, no certainty. Unless God is mighty to save, we can never be saved.

Is there any reason why our lives should be feeble and stagnant and worthless? Is there any reason why we should not overcome temptation and endure trial, and work the works of God in the world, and come at last to the height of his abode in heaven?—Only one,—that we do not know Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us. Lay hold on him by faith, and all things are possible. Let us clasp the hand of Christ and climb; and as we climb, he will lift us out of sin, out of selfishness, out of weakness, out of death, into holiness, into love, into strength, into life, and we shall know the power of his resurrection.—*"Sermons to Young Men,"* by Henry van Dyke.

THE foregoing article is worthy of many readings.

Over There

O WILL it not be sweet when storms are o'er,
The battle fought, the victory gained at last,
To rest our weary souls on heaven's shore?
Rest will be sweet, and we'll forget the past.
There'll be no night, but one eternal noon,
And no decay to spoil the verdant bloom.

Wherefore comfort one another now;
That home of bliss is nearing day by day.
Do well thy work, perform thy sacred vow,
And all thy treasures on the altar lay.
The joys that wait us over there will be
The fruitage of our faith, eternally.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

"I Surrender!" Yet He Was Shot

THE battle of Spottsylvania, Virginia, was fought May 10, 12, 1864, and of the thirty-six thousand lives destroyed in the bitter struggle on both sides, the death of a mere lad was most to be regretted, his death occurring through his ignorance of the rules of warfare. An attempt had been made by the Southern forces to burn a bridge crossing the Poe River, and in order to save the bridge, the leader of the Northern forces ordered his men to charge the enemy. The Federal soldiers in crossing the bridge were obliged to leap over burned spots on the bridge. The Southern vedettes, lurking in the swamps on the other side of the bridge, fled before the enemy, and no one remained except the young soldier of this sketch. Stepping from behind a tree, he cried, "I surrender." The Northern soldier who was near him understood it was a command for the Unionist to surrender, and a bullet from his rifle brought down the young Southerner, wounded, not killed. He was carried into the hospital, and there told his story. He was the son of a Southern physician, and against his wish had been forced into the war. He had never fired a shot; and when his gun was examined, the barrel was filled with mud, he having used it as a walking-stick. When his comrades fled, he remained, hoping to be captured, and thus be made free from that which to him was offensive.

"When you said, 'I surrender,' why did you not throw down your gun?" was the question asked him.

"I did not know it was necessary to do so," came the reply.

He gained the sympathy of the Northern men, and every effort was made to save his life. He lingered for a few days, and though tenderly cared for, he died, and was buried by Northern hands. He surrendered; but his failure to throw down his weapon of warfare cost him his life.

In the divine life, it is a good thing to cry out, "Lord, I surrender;" but to make the surrender effective our carnal minds must be laid at the feet of him to whom we surrender. The carnal mind does not contain enmity against God; it is enmity, and thus must be eliminated. When the carnal mind is surrendered, the Holy Spirit removes it, and in its stead bestows the mind of Christ. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Arm yourselves with the same mind." The mind of Christ is ever submissive to the will of God, and takes delight in the law of God. No antagonism to the law of God or to any word of God can possibly exist where the mind of Christ has the sovereignty. The mere words, "I surrender," will never save from sin and its bondage; they must be accompanied with the weapon of our carnal warfare. To have the mind of Christ, to think as did he, to look upon the world and its affairs

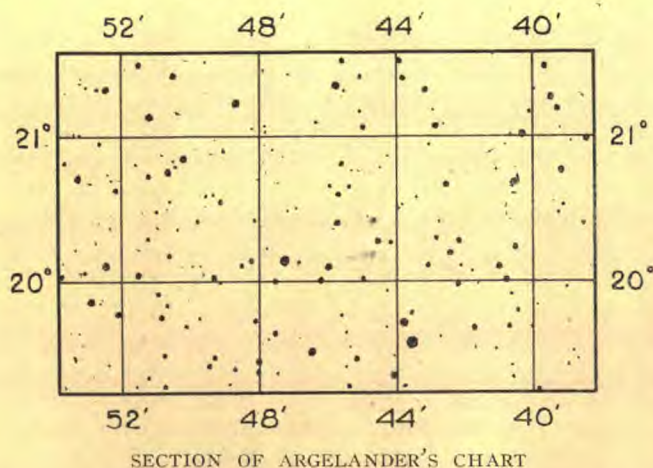
as did he, to relate one's self to eternal things as did Christ,—this is the secret of genuine experience and service. Thousands will perish in the soon-coming day of visitation, but no one can perish who has the mind of Christ. Christ's mind is imparted by the Holy Spirit, and he is obtained without money and without price. Ask for him, receive him; he will abide with you forever.

JOHN N. QUINN.

Still More Stars

The temperance rally at the church last Saturday night made our weekly study impossible; but it was gratifying to see you all there and taking part in the program. We must never let even such pleasures as watching the stars interfere with duty at home or elsewhere.

In our last study our estimate of the number of stars in the sky gave us 4,600, and it was stated that



Proctor's charts contained nearly 6,000. But even this larger number is far from being all the stars that exist.

If we had a good opera-glass or small telescope, and could make a careful count, we should find perhaps six or eight times as many as are visible to the unaided eye. A larger telescope reveals more. With an instrument having an object lens of only two and three-fourths inches, Argelander, the great Prussian astronomer who lived about the middle of the last century (1799 to 1875), made charts of the northern half of the sky alone containing 324,198 stars. These charts were published in 1863, and are still standard with our leading observatories.

Larger telescopes show still more stars. It has been estimated that the great 36-inch glass at the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, California, would show 100,000,000. And yet there are myriads still beyond those which can not be seen even with these great instruments.

Of late years, photography of the heavens has been revealing wonders. Millions upon millions of faint points of light which no human eye can detect are recorded upon the sensitive photographic plate.

Notice the Pleiades twinkling up there in the sky almost directly overhead. Look at them through your tube, and see how many stars can be counted. Fifteen. Now look at this photograph taken at the Lick Observatory with just a portrait lens. The Pleiades group in the center is magnified very little, if any; yet within the space in the sky which this picture represents, there

are hundreds, yes, thousands of tiny points of light.

When I first received the photographic plate from which this picture was taken, I made a count of the number of stars that showed. In doing this, all the stars on the plate were not actually numbered; but I did count all the points of light that could be seen inside a space one-half inch square in a number of different places on the negative, then averaged these counts. As nearly as I could determine by several numerations of the half-inch square containing the Pleiades group right in the center, there are 267 stars in that small space alone. But this is a little more than the average, taking the plate as a whole. The average of the entire glass showed 213 stars in each half-inch space. Multiplying this result by four, the product gave 852 stars on each square inch of the plate, or 5,112 in the six square inches that it contained. [By mistake the exact photograph to which Mr. Conard refers was not used.]

Compare this with the fifteen which you saw through the tube; and yet the space in the sky covered by the two views is not far from the same area. This is more than we estimated in our last study could be seen by the naked eye in the whole heavens.

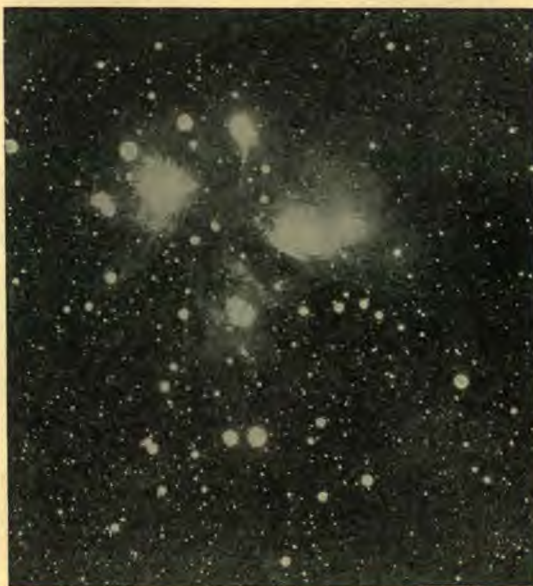
Large telescopes, like the 60-inch reflector on Mt. Wilson, in Southern California, reveal many more stars, and larger instruments are being constructed to find still others. The whole scientific world is waiting in eager expectancy the completion of the 101-inch lens that is now being ground at the observatory shops in Pasadena, California. The large amount of light which this great mirror will gather will no doubt bring to view many millions multiplied of heavenly bodies which astronomy has never yet recorded.

Surely in our Father's house are many mansions. The solemn awe of overwhelming numbers makes us the more determined to be among that company to whom he promised, "I go to prepare a place for you."

CLAUDE CONARD.

True Happiness

"HAPPY is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers: but his delight is in the law of Jehovah; and on his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and in whatsoever he doeth he shall prosper." Ps. 1:1-3, margin, A. R. V.



VIEW OF THE PLEIADES

We may possess the three things—wealth, education, and worldly fame—which every nation

seeks at this time; we may be applauded and worshiped by our friends for our great deeds; we may have health and pleasant homes; but if we retain sin in our lives, we can not be happy, "but are like the chaff which

the wind driveth away." Many examples could be given of men who possessed all that this world could give, but who were not happy in the truest sense of the term. Bismarck, one of the greatest statesmen and geniuses of the nineteenth century, who "played the largest part in shaping German destinies" from the year 1862 to 1890, said that he had not seen twenty-four hours of *real* happiness during his whole life. He realized the fact that true pleasure comes from ministering to one's fellow men, supplying their temporal needs, etc.; yet one thing he had left out, and that was leading them to Christ. Hence the cause of his unhappy life.

True happiness comes from within—a soul happiness. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Whatever of the Christ-life is in our souls will naturally flow out to others; and especially is this so of children and youth. What wonderful privileges have they! "As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." It is the little things—acts of kindness, words of love and cheer, pure and noble thoughts—which mold and quicken us to be instruments for battle in this Christian warfare.

What a wonderful privilege it is that God has entrusted to us the great advantage of being friends to our associates in such a way as to lead them nearer to Christ! How happy we can be if we lay hold of this privilege! But do we appreciate this as much as we should? Is our delight "in the law of Jehovah"? and on it do we "meditate day and night"? Do we lay hold of the opportunities placed before us? This work could be carried on without us. God could summon his hosts of angels to carry on his work in the earth. "When men exalt themselves, feeling that they are a necessity for the success of God's great plan, the Lord causes them to be set aside. It is made evident that the Lord is not dependent upon them." But he wants us to do his work that we may be happy and become fitted for his kingdom. "Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." Let us reach out and take it, and be happy, and glorify God. Then we may feel the spirit of the beautiful lines:—

"How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year."

O. P. WILSON.

My First Impressions of Spain

SPAIN seems indeed a very strange country to me, — a peninsula at the far end of Europe, protected by stormy seas and a precipitous range of mountains; a history that has no analogy with that of any other Occidental nation; a people without the knowledge of the personal salvation-story of Jesus, having a strong self-appreciation, always antagonistic to what is foreign, and convinced of their own superiority.

At times we wonder why Spain is kept in such dark-

ness, superstition, and sin. But when we enter the homes of the people and the churches, we see the reason for it all. The Catholic Church rules the minds of the Spaniards. From early childhood they are taught by the priests, who keep the people in utter ignorance. The Bible is not allowed in their homes. We find very few women who can either read or write; others can read, but can not write. The educational system is very limited. The majority of priests are ignorant; their ignorance about foreign conditions is great. Such questions as, "How large a city is United States?" or, "The United States are a part of Germany, not so?" are common and quite amusing. The other day we spoke to a priest about California. He tried to look very wise, and said, "O, yes, California is that island where Martinique was destroyed. I have read about it." The illiteracy of the Spaniard is partly due to his complete indifference to anything beyond his own particular sphere.

The Spaniards are a proud nation. Their national pride makes working among them difficult. Even the peasant is not devoid of this national pride, but the tactful stranger will not find it difficult to get into touch with him. Two points, however, must be carefully remembered. In the first place, it is necessary to maintain a certain courtesy of manner toward even the humblest individual, who always expects to be treated as a *caballero* (gentleman). In the second place, the stranger must take great care not to excite the inflammable passions of the uneducated Spaniard while expressing his opinions on religious questions.

Spain is dotted with Catholic churches. We visited the cathedral of this city a short time ago. It is indeed a magnificent masterpiece of the noblest creations of Spanish Gothic architecture. The interior furnishes a unique opportunity for an almost complete survey of Spanish art styles from the early Christian days down to the baroque period. In one corner, all overlaid with gold, is an ash wooden figure of Christ on the cross; the feet are much worn by the kissing of the devout, and the toes are almost kissed away. The high altar, the place where mass is read or chanted, is adorned on all sides with beautiful paintings of different scenes in the life of Christ, from his birth to his ascension. The cathedral was begun in 1298. All the churches are very dark; some are without windows, while others have small ones in the dome, filled with magnificent colored glass, the dim light effects of which are very gorgeous. Hundreds of candles burn in the churches day and night. The great stillness which always reigns, and the fragrance of burning incense, make an impression of great dignity and solemnity. But, alas, how many mysteries are hidden within those immense, massive walls! Barcelona alone has over sixty-five Catholic churches and a number of monasteries and convents. All of these are decorated with an almost extravagant wealth of sculptural works and gold.

Truly, if the end of religion is to raise magnificent temples of marble, stones, alabaster, gold, and precious jewels, then Spain has fulfilled its mission. But if it is to raise up spiritual temples, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," then it has fallen far short of its duty.

Begging is a national pest in Spain, and many beg from pure laziness, finding it an easy and profitable profession; others beg to pass the time; there are but few who beg from the pressure of real necessity. In the plan of economy nothing is wasted. In the coun-

(Concluded on page fourteen)



Stephen Girard and His College



A CLOSE, cold, ungainly, ungracious, short, stout old man," was the way Stephen Girard was styled. "His dress was old-fashioned and shabby; and he wore the pigtail, the white neck-cloth, the wide-brimmed hat, and the large-skirted coat of the last century. He was blind in one eye; and though his bushy eyebrows gave some character to his countenance, it was curiously devoid of expression. He had the absent look of a man who either had no thoughts or who was absorbed in thought; and he shuffled along on his enormous feet, looking neither to the right nor to the left. . . . When he rode it was in the plainest, least comfortable gig in Philadelphia, drawn by an ancient and ill-formed horse, driven always by the master's own hand at a good pace. He chose to live where he lived for fifty years, in Water Street, close to the wharves, in a small and inconvenient house, darkened by tall storehouses, amid the bustle, the noise, and the odors of commerce."

Hard to believe, yet true is the fact, that this eccentric old gentleman is classed as one of the "Famous Americans of Recent Times," and if we inquire into the character and career of Stephen Girard, we shall quite agree with his biographer that he was altogether an extraordinary man.

He was born at Bordeaux, France, May 21, 1750, the eldest of five children. His education was neglected to the extent that he scarcely learned to read and write. Finding at the age of eight that he was blind in one eye, he grew up an irritable, wilful boy, like Job ruing the day on which he was born. At the age of thirteen he began life as a cabin-boy, and for nine years sailed between French ports and the West Indies. The prodigious taste he had for industry enabled him to advance himself in his vocation to such an extent that before he was old enough by two years, the French government granted him a license, contrary to custom, to command a vessel. At the age of twenty-four he sailed from his native land for the last time, and after trading for three years between the ports of New York, New Orleans, and Port au Prince, landed at Philadelphia in May, 1777, to be a sailor no more.

It was a circumstance of war that brought Girard to Philadelphia and ended his career as a mariner. During the early days of the Revolution the waters of the Atlantic were swarming with British cruisers ready to seize prizes. Girard, on his way from New Orleans to a Canadian port, was ignorant of their presence, and when caught in a fog at the entrance of Delaware Bay, was saved from losing his ship and cargo by an American captain who had come to Girard's help upon seeing his flag of distress. "If you venture out to sea, you will be caught," said the captain. "What shall I do?" exclaimed Girard in great panic. "You have no chance but to push right up to Philadelphia," was the reply. "How am I to get there?" said Girard, "I have no pilot, and I do not know the way." A pilot was finally found, and so Girard came reluctantly to Philadelphia. He would

doubtless have sailed out later, but Howe's fleets blockaded the port, and all commerce was suspended.

Stephen Girard now rented a small shop near the water-front, near the spot where he was to live the next sixty years, and engaged in the business of grocer and wine merchant. He made money at the business the first year.

Ill-starred Polly Lumm! How was it that Stephen Girard was to be charmed by this beautiful brunette girl of sixteen? and who can explain how it was that they finally agreed—he a most homely, crabbed man, and she a vain, enchanting girl—to get married! A miserable time they had of it for eight years, and then Polly went insane. She was removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where she was to spend almost the whole of the twenty-five remaining years of her life. In these distresses Girard did all he could to make her comfortable and restore her to health, but to no avail.

While the war was in progress and men all about were losing their hard-earned savings, "Old Girard," ungracious and eager to work, was making the beginning of his fortunes. He sold wine to the British officers, and labored with his hands; he "reduced himself to a money-making machine, run at the minimum of expense."

It would be highly unjust not to tell you at this juncture of another side of this man's life. Beneath this unlovable exterior there was something worth while, some sterling worth that needed affliction to give it luster. In 1793 yellow fever in its most malignant form came to Philadelphia, sweeping away one sixth of the population. "The consternation of the people," says Mr. James Parton, "can not be conceived by the readers of the present day, because we can not conceive of the ignorance which then prevailed respecting the laws of contagion, because we have lost in some degree that habit of panic, and because no horror can be so novel to us as the yellow fever was to the people of Philadelphia in 1793. One half the population fled. Those who remained left their houses only when compelled. Most of the churches, the great coffee-house, and the library were closed. Of the daily newspapers only four continued to be published. Some people constantly smoked tobacco,—even women and children did so; others chewed garlic; others exploded gunpowder; others burned niter or sprinkled vinegar; many assiduously whitewashed every surface within their reach; some carried tarred rope in their hands, or bags of camphor round their necks; others never ventured abroad without a handkerchief or sponge wet with vinegar at their noses. No one ventured to shake hands. Friends who met on the streets gave each other a wide berth, eyed one another askance, exchanged nods, and strode on. It was the custom to walk in the middle of the street, to get as far from the houses as possible. Many of the sick died without help, and the dead were buried without ceremony. The horrid silence of the streets was broken only by the tread of litter-bearers and the awful rumble of the dead-wagon. Whole families perished—perished without assistance, their fate unknown to their neighbors. Money was powerless to buy attendance, for the operation of all ordinary motives was suspended."

A few of the public-minded, brave, and faithful-hearted citizens who had not fled, finally decided to call a meeting asking all who could help meet the necessities of the time to come to the city hall. Of those who attended the meeting on the Sunday afternoon chosen, a committee of twenty-seven was appointed to superin-

tend measures of relief. On beginning work, the committee found the conditions inexpressibly forbidding. The large hospitals were overcrowded, ill-regulated, and insanitary. But this was not the worst feature they faced; who was to take care of the sick and dying? No one seemed willing to volunteer to camp so near to death. And now in the exigency the true heart of Stephen Girard was exhibited, and he and Peter Helm (who but for this would now never be heard of) offered their services, Girard to superintend the pest-house and Helm the out-of-doors affairs. Without going home to arrange for the future of his business should he get the fever and die, Stephen Girard went to the hospital that afternoon, offered his service, and "for sixty days he continued to perform, by day and night, all the distressing and revolting offices incident to the situation. In the great scarcity of help he used frequently to receive the sick and dying at the gate, assist in carrying them to their beds, nurse them, receive their last messages, watch for their last breath, and wrapping them in the sheet they had died upon, carry them out to the burial-ground, and place them in the trench."

Touched by the news of persons stricken and dying without help, this angel-man of mercy visited the infected districts and removed the helpless ones to the hospitals. Never was there devotion to duty greater than his. "One scene of this kind, witnessed by a merchant, who was hurrying past with a camphorated handkerchief pressed to his mouth, affords us a vivid glimpse of this heroic man engaged in his sublime work. A carriage, rapidly driven by a black man, broke the silence of the deserted and grass-grown street. It stopped before a frame house; and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the coach and Girard entered the house. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry, and soon saw the stout little man supporting with extreme difficulty a tall, gaunt, yellow-visaged victim of the pestilence. Girard held around the waist the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own; his long, damp, tangled hair mingled with Girard's, his feet dragging helplessly upon the pavement. Thus he drew him to the carriage door, the driver averting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. Partly dragging, partly lifting, Girard succeeded after long and severe exertion in getting the man into the vehicle. He then entered himself, closed the door, and the carriage drove away toward the hospital."

Strange it seems that Girard himself was never stricken with the fever. Emerging from it all, he went back to his business when his duties were over; and when the city was a second time visited with the pestilence, he was among the first to offer again his services, giving both his time and his wealth for the care of the sick.

Girard, who was so excellent a hand at nursing the sick, was equally adept at amassing wealth; and from now on to the close of his days in 1831, he spent his time in making money. After becoming a millionaire, he boasted that he could wear a coat for fourteen winters, and one who had known him for twenty years declares that he never once saw him with a new-looking garment on.

But men do not become rich by wearing greenish, weather-worn coats. Just prior to the war of 1812, Girard had invested something like a million dollars in

the United States Bank. Upon the expiration of the charter of this institution in 1811, Girard bought out the entire concern and changed its name to Girard's Bank. This man who had made money during the war of the Revolution made money during the war of 1812, and became the financial savior of the government credit during the whole of the war. It is hard to tell what would have been the outcome of things had it not been for his means.

At sixty-five years of age, the frugal old gentleman began to consider the manner of disposing of his wealth upon the event of his death. "No man shall be a gentleman on my money," he said. He finally decided to give his money to the founding of an institution for orphans; and it took three weeks to make out the "multifarious details of that curious document [his will]." Every paragraph was gone over again and again so that both he and his lawyer might know that every detail was provided for. In providing for his college for orphans, the minutest directions were given in regard to the design of the buildings and the management of the institution. He wanted his buildings to be built of the best of materials, "avoiding useless ornament, attending chiefly to strength, convenience, and neatness of the whole." The pupils were to be "taught facts and things rather than words and signs." Being an agnostic of the Voltarian type, Girard gave explicit directions that "no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in said college." This he said was not to cast reflection upon any sect, but to prevent any controversies over religious topics.

Two million dollars was left to the college; to the Pennsylvania Hospital were given \$30,000; to the orphan asylum, \$10,000; to the Lancaster public schools, \$10,000; the same sum for providing fuel for the poor of Philadelphia; and the same to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Sea-Captains and their families. To his old servants he left annuities of three hundred or five hundred dollars each. The remainder of his estate was divided among his relatives and the cities of Philadelphia and New Orleans.

Girard died when nearly eighty-two years of age, still thinking about working and saving.

EDMUND JAEGER.

Develop Brain Power

THE brain is the organ of thought, and was given man for him to develop and strengthen by habitually using.

As muscles can be made strong and enduring only by repeated exercise, so can the brain be made strong and productive only by active, consecutive thought.

As men and women whose employment taxes but little the physical system are weak physically, so are those persons who do very little thinking mentally weak.

As every other part of the body is more or less under the immediate supervision of the brain, and depends much upon the brain for its energy, it is most important to develop mental power.

Other things being equal, the individual who is stronger than another mentally is also stronger physically.

J. W. LOWE.

"CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul, passion of the body."



Ted, Ned, and the Sled

A LITTLE boy called Ted
Had a jolly little Sled,
And another little boy named Ned had none.
Said merry little Ted:
"That isn't fair to Ned;
But I think I see a way to have some fun.

"For I will just divide;
And every other slide
I'll make him take, and I'll have those between."
So that's the way they did,
And slid, and *slid*, and *SLID*,
The gayest pair of coasters ever seen.

While one flew down the hill,
The other, with a will,
Would shout, "Hurrah!" as if he'd never stop;
Then, when he started back
Would scamper down the track,
To help him draw the Sled up to the top.

So neither got a chill
From standing stiff and still,
Nor wasted half a minute, as you see;
And I have heard it said
That Ted, Ned, and the Sled
Had better times than any other three!

—Minnie Leona Upton, in *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

Rachel's Illuminating Thought



ACHEL made a few aimless strokes with her pencil on the half-covered page before her. She looked frowningly from the window, off to the willows that edged the small lake in the distance, the silvery glistening of the water showing through little breaks in the greenery.

Rachel's room was over the dining-room. She could hear Ben chattering to mother over his belated breakfast. Half past eight o'clock! She didn't see how mother stood it! Why didn't she let him go to the pantry and help himself to what he could find, and take his coffee cold? But that wasn't mother's way—O, dear, no! Ben must have his poached egg on toast and his cup of coffee steaming hot. Mother's welcoming smile was sweet and bright always, no matter at what hour her boy appeared. Conscious of her own early rising and promptness at meal-times, Rachel's face was quite severe as she thought of Ben's delinquencies. What she had not heard was Ben's apologetic murmur as mother hovered solicitously near his plate: "Ah, mother, it's a shame to bother you so. I didn't mean to oversleep again. I'll be up on time to-morrow, and I'll get that wood all sawed before night, too."

From the kitchen came the strains of "Ovah Jaw-don," sung in black Rose's most mellifluous accents, accompanied by vigorous playing on the wash-board. Rachel frowned over her paper. "Seems to me we're a dreadfully noisy household," she murmured to herself. "There's Ben coming up-stairs—no, falling up, as if he had lead in his shoes. I wish he wouldn't sing all the time; such an unmusical voice ought to be suppressed. Queer how mother never seems to be annoyed by anything of the kind."

She turned again to her writing. If her poem was ever to see the light of print in the *High School Star*, she must make haste.

"And so I walk alone, yet crave the touch
Of one who understands: . . ."

Somehow that didn't sound exactly right; she frowned, and began another stanza:—

"As the mimosa, if an alien hand shall touch,
Folds its slim leaflets, shrinking, so it is with me."

Ah, that was more like it! Rachel's eyes suddenly grew misty, as they wandered once more to the fringy row of willows in the distance. Yes, she was different; she was alone, in a sense. Even mother, who was dear and sweet beyond words, was not able to—but Rachel caught herself up sharply. It was horrid to be thinking critical thoughts of mother, and yet, "Love never blinds me," Rachel murmured to herself. "I can't idealize my very dearest and nearest, just because I love them."

Mother was out on the lawn now, looking over her geraniums, snipping off the wilted blossoms, and stopping now and then to bury her face in the tall honeysuckles near. How unbecoming that morning dress of dark percale was to mother! And a gingham apron, too! Rachel did wish mother would think a little more about her clothes and wear more attractive colors. And if only she would fluff her hair a trifle over the ears and coil it in a looser knot, how she would be improved! "If I could only make her over in a few little ways," sighed Rachel.

"Mother!" she called from the window, and instantly was met by a smile so sweet and bright it ought to have driven away all thought of unbecoming colors or of inartistically coiled hair. "I think that is Mrs. Bailey coming up the street," she said in a low tone.

"Eh, what, dear?" O, how Rachel wished mother wouldn't say "eh"!

"Mrs. Bailey, mother," in a hurried tone, "and dressed like a picture, as she always is at all hours of the day."

Childless Mrs. Bailey, wife of the leading banker, did indeed look very attractive as she came with her light, quick step along the stone sidewalk. Surely mother would take the hint in Rachel's voice and hurry into the house. But no, she was walking toward the gate, a welcoming smile on her face. Mother was very sociably inclined, and was as free from self-consciousness about her own personal appearance as the smoke-colored Persian kitten chasing

a fallen leaf on the lawn, and dramatizing the situation in a series of graceful poses.

"Ovah Jawdon, Ovah Jawdon," Rose's cheery voice rang out in the still morning air. Why didn't mother tell her to sing more quietly?

"Say, Rache!" Ben put his head in at the open door, "you don't know where I left my films, do you, — those last ones I took down by the lake?"

"No, I don't, Ben," and Rachel looked with a frown at her young brother. "You ought to have some place to keep your things; you're always mislaying everything you own."

"I want to find them," Ben went on unresentfully. It was one of the dear things about that young brother that he was always so pleasant. "I thought I'd get them developed at Kline's this time; I shall make the prints myself, of course. I hope they'll turn out good. That one of you and Lil Armstrong in the canoe ought to be good."

"O Ben!" Rachel exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you are going down-town looking like that?"

"What's the matter?" Ben took a hasty glance at himself in Rachel's mirror. "O, my coat? No, it's too warm. Pshaw! This collar's all right, don't you worry!" He was on his way down-stairs in another moment. "I've got to hurry," he called back, "for I'm going to saw a lot of wood when I get home."

The little frown did not smooth itself out immediately from Rachel's pretty forehead. "Ben is so annoying," she murmured to herself. "He might be a little more careful about his clothes — he's so freckled anyway and such an awkward age. How different he looks from Gordon Armstrong; and the worst of it is, he doesn't even give it a thought."

Evidently the films had been found, for a few moments later Ben was going whistling down the walk. He stopped a moment by the geranium bed to throw an arm around mother, and give her a good-by kiss.

Mrs. Mayne looked after the boyish figure. She, too, was drawing contrasts, but such happy ones! "The blessed boy," she was thinking, "he's never yet given me a minute's uneasiness. How different from most boys of his age!" There was Gordon Armstrong, for instance: she was glad Ben didn't care much for him.

Finally Rachel threw down her pencil. It was too up-hill work — for a girl of her temperament to do herself justice in a household like this. Rachel did not put it into quite such bald language as that, but the thought was there.

"And they're a dear family; yes, they're all dear," Rachel murmured to herself, looking drearily off to the little lake in the distance. "Just slight changes in all of them — and they'd be — almost ideal. Mother needs to change in such a few little ways to make her perfect, but — she'll never do it. Ben's a dear boy — I suppose he'll make a splendid man, but I can't enjoy him the way he is now. Father —" her eyes took on a tender look. The tie between father and daughter was a close one. Not so many years ago she had been able to enjoy him in sweetly uncritical fashion. "But, of course, I was a child then," Rachel said to herself; "I wasn't old enough to see how — how careless he was in his dress, and how he needs to change in his table manners, and —" But here Rachel had the grace to blush. It wasn't nice to be analyzing her dearest ones in this way. "Well, it's only to myself," she thought, excusingly, "and there's no sense in people not making the very best out of

themselves. They'd have more influence — and — and everything," she ended weakly.

The morning wore on. Noon came, and father. His trousers bagged at the knees, and his straw hat needed cleaning. Those were the two points that Rachel took in. Her mother, looking up at him, was thinking something quite different, her heart crying out that nowhere in the world was there another man so dear and loving, no one whose face was so full of goodness.

Ben came hurrying into the dining-room just after the father had asked the blessing. Rachel noticed with quick distaste that he dropped into his chair without stopping first to smooth his moist, tumbled hair. How different he was from the brothers of some of the girls she knew. "If I could just take him in hand, and make him change in a few little ways," she said to herself again.

She sipped her iced tea daintily. Her father, who preferred his cup of tea hot, no matter what the season, was pouring the amber liquid into his saucer, and conveying it to his lips. Rachel turned away her head. "What makes father do such things?" she said to herself. "It just takes away any enjoyment of my own meals." As a matter of fact, her father was seldom guilty of that particular breach of etiquette, and looked about half apologetically now. "I'm in a hurry to-day," he remarked.

"As the mimosa, if an alien hand shall touch,
Folds its slim leaflets, shrinking, so it is with me."

Her own words came to Rachel with a thrill of satisfaction as she squeezed the bit of lemon into her glass.

"Mother, I believe I'll go down to Cousin Ada's," she said, in the afternoon. "It is always such a rest to me to go there; her house is so cool and quiet — and so dainty. She's like a perfect flower herself."

"Very well, dear," the mother said, "give her my love, and shouldn't you like to take her a glass of currant jelly?"

It was a rather long, thoughtful look that followed the daughter, and a bit of sigh went with it, when Rachel, slim and flower-like in her pale-blue dimity and white hat, went down the street toward Cousin Ada's. Involuntarily the mother glanced at her own dark percale. As soon as she could, she would run up to her room and put on her pink lawn. She would be wearing it when Rachel returned from Cousin Ada's. The mother liked dainty light dresses as well as Rachel or Cousin Ada; but Rose's ironing sometimes extended way into the middle of the week: some one must retrench.

Cousin Ada's house stood back from the street. A row of hollyhocks — those dear old-fashioned flowers that have come into their own again — flanked the white walk on either side. A painted lady butterfly and two big spotted brown ones dipped and swung away from one and another of the tinted cups. Out on the screened porch sat Cousin Ada with two callers. She was as dainty and fresh as one of her own hollyhocks. The lace fell away from her pretty rounded arms as she served the orange ice in shell-like cups for her guests. Ah, this was what Rachel loved — the quiet, easy luxury of her cousin's home. A trim little white-capped maid appeared with a plate of cakes. Mentally Rachel contrasted her with Rose and her noisy singing.

"I never saw such hollyhocks," said one of the guests — "that deep, dark one, almost black! Do you

remember you saved some of the seeds one summer for father? How he did enjoy them! I never saw any one love flowers more than father did—flowers and children." The girl's lip quivered a moment as she set down her cup.

"Yes," said her sister, "I can almost see him now, that last summer, tending his flowers. I do love to see a man care for such things. Father always did; and he loved music so, too!" Then her lips quivered also. Rachel hastily looked away. She had never known the Kenton sisters very well, but she had a vague recollection that their father had been anything but a model family man. "But I must be mistaken about that," she told herself.

"Yes, thank you, Cousin Ada," she said, accepting another of the dainty cakes.

All through the afternoon little things seemed to suggest "father" to the Kenton girls—small memories that evidently came to them involuntarily. What a father he must have been!

A half-hour later they had gone, but Rachel lingered, leaning back luxuriously in her wicker rocker, and feasting her eyes on her cousin's daintiness.

"There's something very touching to me in the way those girls talk of their father, the way they idealize him," Cousin Ada said, rather abruptly. "You remember about him, don't you? O, perhaps I ought not to revive it, then, but it's no secret! Every one in town, I thought, knew about poor Mr. Kenton's failings. Why, yes, dear, your recollection is right. He used to enjoy something a great deal stronger than your mother's sweet grape-juice; poor man! He was a weak-willed sort of person, but kind and good to his family in his way. He went through all his own and his wife's little property, and left them poor as church mice. But you'd think, to hear them, that he had always been a model father and husband. They are always referring to him, and in such a lovely way that it makes one almost forget his weaknesses."

"I suppose," Rachel suggested, "they just act this way about him since he died, don't they?"

"No," her cousin answered. "That's one of the sweetest things about it; they kept up that attitude while he was living. I suppose they found out, years before, they couldn't make him over, though they certainly tried in every possible way to help him; so they just decided to make the most of everything that was good in him. It ought to have made a man out of him," Cousin Ada added, "but he seemed too weak-willed for it. I must say I admire the Kenton girls for the way they always speak of him. I've known people who take just the opposite course, fret and worry because they can't make their families over to fit their ideas precisely. If they could learn to take people as they find them, and not worry over every little trifle they'd like to see changed!"

Rachel glanced up quickly. Was that meant as a thrust at her? But no, Cousin Ada's pretty, placid face suggested nothing so personal. The idea struck home, nevertheless.

An hour later, up in her own little room, Rachel was tearing into bits the unfinished "Mimosa" poem. "I can't go on with it somehow," she told herself. "It wouldn't be sincere now, and Professor Brown is always talking about sincerity in literature. Besides, mother would read it, and father—and—it might hurt." Rachel sat for a moment more, deep in thought. It was almost supper-time. The new poem would have to wait awhile. But of one thing she was

sure: there would be in it something about loyalty to the home loves, verses that father and mother would read with a little song in the heart, because of something discovered "between the lines."

"I'm going to enjoy them all the way they are," she was saying to herself. "What should I do if they spent their time mourning because they couldn't make me over?" This last was such an illuminating thought that it brought the blood to her face.

"Hello, Rache!" Ben greeted her noisily, as they met in the hall, running a not-too-immaculate hand through her arm. Rachel's smile back at him was bright and sweet to see, with no faintest suggestion in it of the mimosa "folding her slim leaflets, shrinking" at the touch.—*Bertha Gernaux Woods, in Young People's Weekly.*

The Spring in the Desert .

IN the early fifties a party of emigrants on their way to the gold-fields of California struck out on the desert for the land of promise. The trail was well defined by abandoned wagons and the bones of horses, mules, and human beings. Struggling through the yielding sand, the thermometer at one hundred twenty degrees, wheels falling apart, animals dying from heat and thirst, they on the second night out halted some ten miles from "Cook's Well," with water in their kegs exhausted.

Tradition states that a little ten-year-old girl was heard praying in one of the wagons for water. It states that in her childlike faith she said: "O good Heavenly Father, I know that I have been a very naughty, naughty girl, but, O dear, I am so very thirsty! and mama, papa, and the baby all want to drink so much. Do, good God, give us water, and I will never, never be naughty again."

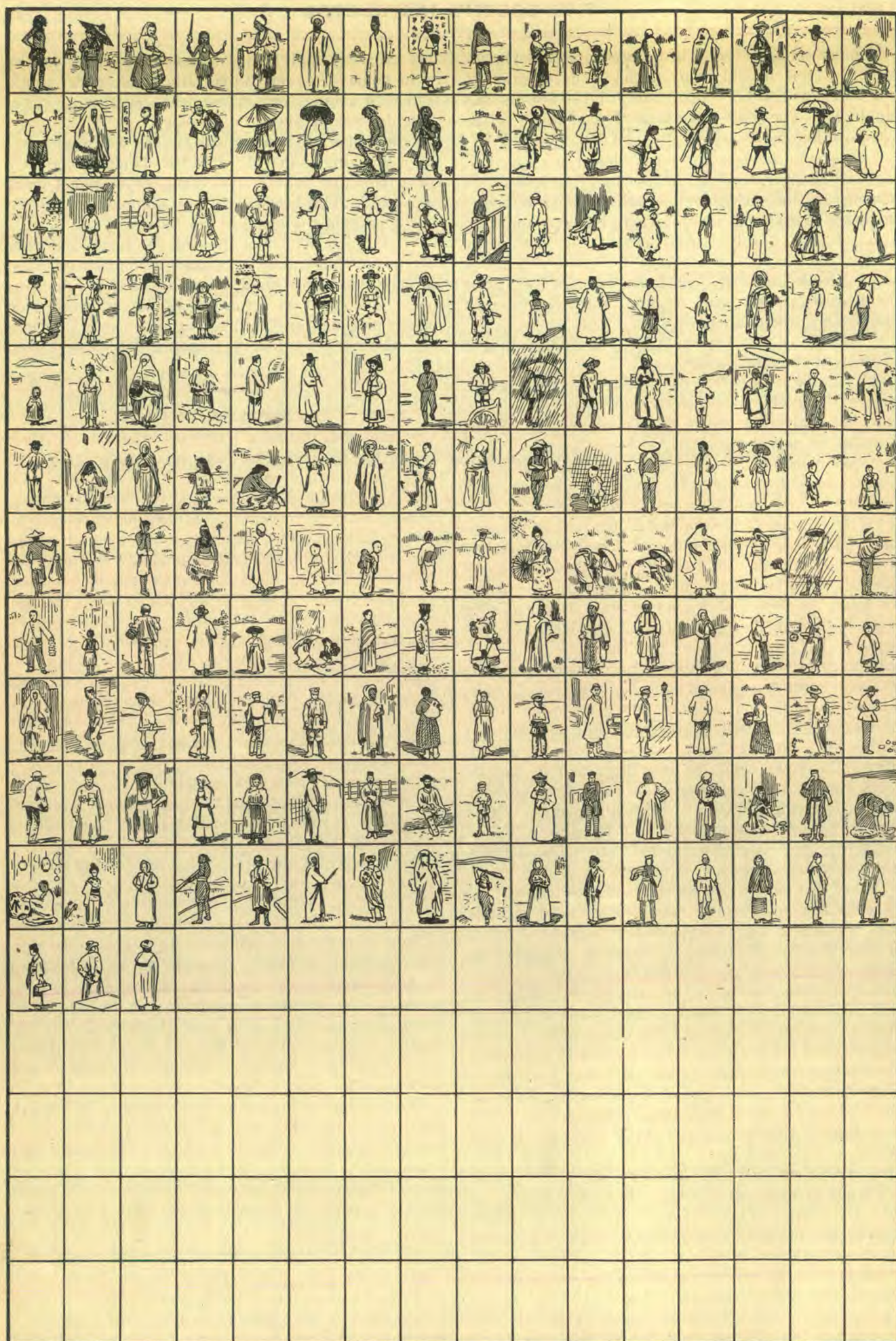
The gaunt, half-starved, desperate men gathered around the wagons and listened to the humble petition. One voiced the rest and said, "May God grant it!" Soon the voice of the little child, in cheerful accents, sounded clear in the silent night:—

"O mother, mother! get me water; O, I can hear it running! O, do get some water for baby and me!"

They thought her delirious from her sufferings, when suddenly a babel of sounds broke forth from the oxen and mules, all frantic and endeavoring to break loose from the wagon poles. A rustling noise called their attention to a slight depression near the wagons, and on investigating the cause they found water, clear and sparkling, gushing up out of the sand.

This spring continued to flow, running due north for twenty miles, then was lost in the sand. In places it was two miles wide and from four to twenty feet deep. Along this new river life arose, and there the desert blossomed like the rose. It changed the desert into God's park. Who shall say it was not an answer to the faith of a child?—*The Christian Herald.*

EVERY one who makes fudge knows the vexation of having it turn into a hard, grainy mass, or of its "sugaring," when beaten, instead of "fudging" smoothly. This will never happen if a small spoonful of corn-starch is added to the other ingredients before cooking. I have tried it time and time again, and it never fails to fudge deliciously smooth, firm, and creamy; and the corn-starch does not affect the taste in any way.—*Selected.*



ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-NINE SPACES FILLED

Twenty-one additional reports have been received from Minnesota: Feely, \$21.80; Dodge Center, \$27.11; St. Paul (Scandinavian), \$25.40; Stillwater, \$30.25; Mankato, \$4.40; Owatonna, \$4.64; Breckenridge, 77 cents; Sauk Center, \$4.45; Brookville, \$4; Duluth (English), \$6.25; Pipestone, \$7; Minneapolis (English), \$27.75; Drywood, \$31.64; St. Cloud, \$6.69; Mahtowa, \$17.15; North Branch, \$1.50; Arthur and mott, 50 cents; Myrtle Peterson, \$2.50; Iva Hamel, \$3.30. Other churches reported as follows: Asheville, North Carolina, \$12.50; Luce, Michigan, \$5.20; Walter, Oklahoma, \$59.33; Junior Missionary Volunteers of Northern Illinois, \$12.35; Glenwood, Iowa, \$7.59.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, February 22

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
3. Mission Study: "Pioneer Work in Spain" (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
2. Selected texts on the subject of God's provision for the salvation of every soul. Any of the following might be used as a basis for the study: John 3:16; 2 Peter 3:9; Isa. 45:22; John 1:9; Rom. 10:13; Rom. 1:16; or "Christ's Object Lessons," chapter on "The Pearl."
3. "Pioneer Work in Spain" may be given by two individuals. Aside from the articles "My First Impression of Spain" and "City Work in Spain," which should form the principal part of the mission study for the day, it would be interesting to add a few thoughts from Spain's religious history. This will remind you again of the land of the terrible Inquisition. The two articles on Spain in this number of the INSTRUCTOR came from the pen of a young woman who has recently gone there to labor. They were written especially for this program. Do not forget her request for your prayers in behalf of Spain and its work.
4. Perhaps nothing would be more helpful than a special prayer-meeting in which each individual is encouraged to take part. Prayer is needed for help in our own experience, for the success of our personal efforts to win souls to Christ, and for our local and general missionary plans and operations.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 18: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 40-44

1. WHERE was the camp now pitched? Tell of the attempt to curse Israel, and the outcome.
2. Show the sinfulness of Balaam's course, and note the warnings given us in this account.
3. Frustrated in his purpose, what scheme did he devise? With what success? What is the peril in cherishing *one* sin?
4. Describe the next camping-place. By what means were the people led into sin here? What judgments were visited upon them? How were their seducers punished?
5. Mention some truths demonstrated by this experience.
6. What provision was made for a new leader? for impressing the Hebrews with God's goodness to them and with his requirements of them?
7. What work did Moses then complete? What fear had he still? Outline his next address. How were God's past dealings and his promises for the future to be kept before the people?
8. Depict their commitment to Joshua's care. What command came to Moses that day? Standing before them for the last time, what did he do? Describe the country as he saw it from Pisgah. What were his thoughts as he reviewed his life?
9. What scenes of the future passed before him? Tell of his death, burial, and resurrection.
10. What traits made Joshua a fit leader? How did he prepare to advance? Tell of the crossing of Jordan. Of what was this an assurance? Upon the surrounding

nations, what effect had it? How was the restoration of the Israelites to God's favor indicated?

Senior No. 6 — Lesson 19: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 45-51

1. DESCRIBE Jericho. Recount the circumstances of its destruction. Show the mercy of God in this, and draw lessons from his plan for the city's capture.
2. Tell of the defeat at Ai; the cause, and its removal. How is covetousness now manifested?
3. How was the conquest of Ai effected? Describe the solemn service at Shechem. Why the necessity of filling the mind with God's Word?
4. By what means did the Gibeonites secure a league with God's people? Why were they punished as they were? Give an account of the victory over the Amorites. What may we gain from this?
5. What further conquests did Joshua make? Why was war not continued? Mention three claims presented for possession in Canaan, and tell what prompted each.
6. Explain what the cities of refuge symbolized. What news came concerning the two and a half tribes? How may we profit by the result?
7. Give the substance of Joshua's last words to Israel.
8. Outline the system of tithes and offerings. Note the truths impressed by it; an example of the result of withholding free-will gifts; our privilege as collaborators with God; the principle to govern our offerings; the blessing upon faithfulness in giving.
9. How were the poor and distressed cared for? Mention some of the lessons taught by this plan.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 18: "Pilgrim's Progress," Pages 195-216

1. UPON knocking at the wicket gate, with what fears were the little company beset? How were these dispelled? What lesson do you see in this? How were Christiana and her children received? What plea was made for Mercy? What did she do in her own behalf? What reception was given her?
2. What did the pilgrims learn concerning the Lord's care for his people?
3. What truth was impressed by the experience which they had soon after leaving that place?
4. How were they welcomed at Interpreter's house?
5. Of what profit was it to them to be shown the man with the muck-rake? the spider in the best room? the hen and the chickens? the butcher and the sheep? the garden? the robin and the spider?
6. Mention other truths there presented.
7. Before they departed, what was done for them? What provision was made for protection on the way to the next resting-place? As they went on their way, how did they sum up the lessons received at Interpreter's house?

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 19: "Pilgrim's Progress," Pages 216-241

1. At the place where Christian's burden had rolled off, what did the pilgrims do? Upon what did Christiana ask enlightenment? How did Mr. Great-heart explain? How did Christiana express gratitude for her redemption?
2. What sad sight was next seen? Of what offenses did the guide declare these men guilty?
3. At the foot of the Hill Difficulty, what were

shown, and what lessons taught? How were the party assisted in the ascent? how refreshed at the arbor? What great lesson did they learn there?

4. Where and how was their way next blocked? How were they enabled to proceed?

5. Tell of the reception at the Porter's lodge. What was learned there as to asking and receiving?

6. In Prudence's catechism of the boys, what is taught concerning salvation? the eternity of God? the Bible? the resurrection?

7. What does Mercy's experience with Mr. Brisk teach?

8. Draw lessons from Matthew's illness and its treatment. Mention some of the truths brought out in the answer of Prudence to his questions. What petition was now drawn up?

City Work in Spain

FOR over twenty years messages have been coming from the Lord for his people, inviting them to work the large cities. These repeated calls have been heard, but not accepted until the last decade. During this time special plans and methods have been studied as to how cities would better be worked.

The problem has not been less difficult to solve in this darkened nation bedotted with hundreds of unworked cities surrounded by walls of superstition. These walls were built and are held up by the "holy fathers" of the Catholic Church. How to enter these walls and win the honest in heart from the strong grasp of Catholic power is the question. A careful study of conditions in Spain, and practical experience in active city work, have proved that these cities can not be taken by storm or force. Prayer, faith, and courage are needed.

The usual manner in which the work has been done is to publish a large, striking announcement of the meetings to be held in some hall rented for that purpose. The bills are carried from house to house, and a personal invitation is also extended to attend the free lectures. The hall is filled the first night, and perhaps the second, but soon the crowd dwindles down until a very few attend the last meetings of a series. As a great number of the laboring class can neither read, write, nor understand the pure Castilian language, the greater part soon drop out. Others are not interested in religion, or are so strongly Catholic that they come only to break up the meetings. For example I quote from a personal letter written by one of our workers. He says: "We are still happy and hard at work, although our plans and desires are not being fully realized. The devil and the priests are united in a fierce effort against us, so that we are not having altogether smooth sailing. We don't mind it much for them to sing, 'Out with you, out with you Protestants, out of the nation!' But the people of the town are afraid; only a few still manifest interest in the meetings." Another worker writes: "A great deal of the Inquisition spirit is manifested here. One man who attended meetings, the other evening seemed to want vengeance on us, so he tore up a new hymn-book." At times stones are hurled against the hall door, and the disturbance is so great that policemen must be called to quell the noise and cast trouble seekers out of the hall.

During the time of these special series, cottage meetings are held during the day, and private family visits are made to the interested ones. The minister's work has just begun when his series of meetings closes. He

must carefully and prayerfully follow up his efforts to reap the result.

As people are given to pleasure and diversion after working hours, the most successful way to get a crowd out and to hold their attention is the stereopticon lecture. A worker who is using this method in this field says: "I just received my new stereopticon slides. Hardly any one would come to the meetings, but the night of my stereopticon lecture more than one hundred fifty persons were present and gave good attention." This method is only being developed at present, but is to be used in the future in all special series of meetings. It is sure to be successful with this people.

Another excellent way of finding the interested persons in a city is to canvass the town thoroughly for our papers. By this means many are reached and helped who would not become interested in any other way. A personal invitation may be extended to the family, and many times a family in distress may be relieved. The sick may be helped, or trouble may be lessened. God has many things for every seeker for souls to do during personal visiting.

I wish to emphasize this last method. While talking with one of long experience in Spain, about personal work, he said: "O that we might see more house-to-house work done in this needy field! In all my experience I have seen more results from my home visits than from my preaching."

The canvassing work can not be omitted. It has its place in the mission field. Book canvassing is very important in this proud Latin country, because in this way books are placed in the hands of thousands of rich persons who would never frequent our preaching centers. These books seek out the honest in heart, and they in their turn seek God's people for further instruction. Entire families are changed by the reading of a single book.

By missionary nurses' visits much good may result. In this city the way has been opened for the gospel in one home where the father of the family has been in bed for over eight years. He was a pitiful sight. His bedclothes had not been changed for eight long months. He was a living death. Now the clothes are changed daily, and exposed to the sun. The man is regaining health rapidly, and the family are thankful to our brother for his patient and kind treatments. They are all willing to hear the gospel, and invite us to study with them further.

We count it a great privilege to have a small part in taking the glorious news of salvation in Christ to this dark country of Spain. As we look forward, our hearts are courageous, and we hope for great results. Remember Spain and its workers before the throne of grace.

ALMA GREGORY-BROWN.

My First Impressions of Spain

(Concluded from page six)

try, poor women and children wander in the fields day after day, hunting for a straw, a weed, or a passing leaf, which, when found, they carefully store away in a basket or a bag, for fuel with which to cook their food. All the bits of waste paper are carefully gathered to burn.

Spain is indeed a large, needy mission field. The workers are only a few. I often wish we had a number of our consecrated, strong American young men and women here, to engage in the different lines of missionary work. May the Lord send more workers into this portion of his vineyard, and may he help us all

fully to awake to the needs of our time and to the work he has given us to perform.

ALMA GREGORY-BROWN.



VIII — Building the Ark

(February 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Eph. 4:30.

Questions

1. As time passed on, what did God see in the earth? What is said of the thoughts and purposes of men? Gen. 6:5. To what do evil thoughts lead?
2. As God saw the wickedness of men, what did he say? Verse 3. How is his Spirit grieved? Eph. 4:30-32. How long did he give them to repent? What kind of men lived at that time? Gen. 6:3, 4.
3. What grieved the Lord? What did he say he would do? Why? Who found favor with the Lord? Why? In what respect was Noah like Enoch? Verses 6-9.
4. How many sons had Noah? What were their names? Verse 10.
5. How is the condition of the earth at that time further described? Verses 11, 12.
6. What did the Lord tell Noah he would do? Verse 13.
7. What did God tell Noah to make? How long and wide was the ark to be? Verses 14, 15; note 1.
8. In what way was the ark lighted? How was it divided? Verse 16; note 2.
9. How did God say he would destroy every living thing? How were Noah and his family to be saved? What cargo was the ark to carry? Verses 17-21.
10. How faithfully did Noah carry out the Lord's instruction? Verse 22. What caused him to be so obedient? Heb. 11:7. Could he see any prospect of a flood while doing his work? How did he condemn the world? To what did he become heir by his faithfulness?

Notes

1. The ancient cubit varied, being from eighteen to twenty-two inches.
2. "God gave Noah the exact dimensions of the ark, and explicit directions in regard to its construction in every particular. Human wisdom could not have devised a structure of so great strength and durability. God was the designer, and Noah the master builder. It was constructed like the hull of a ship, that it might float upon the water, but in some respects it more clearly resembled a house. It was three stories high, with but one door, which was in the side. The light was admitted at the top, and the different apartments were so arranged that all were lighted. The material employed in the construction of the ark was cypress, or gopher-wood, which would be untouched by decay for hundreds of years. The building of this immense structure was a slow and laborious process. On account of the great size of the trees, and the nature of the wood, much more labor was required than now to prepare timber, even with the greater strength which men then possessed. All that man could do was done to render the work perfect, yet the ark could not of itself have withstood the storm which was to come upon the earth. God alone could preserve his servants upon the tempestuous waters."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pages 92, 95.

VIII — Establishing the House and the Kingdom Through the Mediation of the High Priest

(February 22)

Questions

1. In what statement is the setting up of God's everlasting kingdom foretold? Dan. 2:44.
2. What connection is established between the throne of David, the house of Jacob, and this everlasting kingdom? Luke 1:32, 33; note 1.
3. What prophecy is fulfilled in thus giving the throne to the son of David? Jer. 33:15-17.
4. By what solemn promise was the continuance of David's seed and throne assured? Ps. 89:3, 4.
5. What message did the Lord send to David through Nathan the prophet? 2 Sam. 7:16; note 2.
6. In his prayer what response did David make to this wonderful promise? Verse 26.
7. What reason did David give for offering this prayer? Verse 27.
8. For what great blessing did David then ask? Verse 29.
9. What enemy of the human family would prevent its continuance? 1 Cor. 15:26.
10. What is the cause of death? James 1:15.
11. In order therefore that the family of David should not be cut off by death, from what does the son of David save his people? Matt. 1:21.
12. What, then, was the blessing which David prayed might rest upon his house that it might continue before the Lord? Acts 3:25, 26; note 3.
13. How does David himself describe this blessing? Ps. 32:1, 2.
14. What instruction shows that this blessing is the blessing of righteousness by faith? Rom. 4:4-8; note 4.
15. In what capacity does Jesus make reconciliation for sins? Heb. 2:17.
16. For what purpose did this high priest enter the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 9:24.
17. What other name is given to this high priest? 1 John 2:1.
18. What position does Jesus our high priest thus occupy? 1 Tim. 2:5.
19. When will this mediatorial work in behalf of sin be finished? Rev. 10:7.
20. What announcement is then made which indicates the fulfilment of the prophecy in Dan. 2:44? Rev. 11:15.

Notes

1. It is evident that it is the house which Jesus has built, or established through his work as high priest, over which he will reign forever; and that when this is accomplished, the prophecy in Dan. 2:44 will be fulfilled. *There is therefore the plainest connection between the mediatorial work of the high priest and the fulfilment of all those prophecies relating to the establishing of the everlasting kingdom.* This should not be overlooked in a study of the sanctuary and the priesthood.
2. The house of David, the kingdom of David, and the throne of David are all established by the same means; namely, by the work of Jesus the high priest as the one mediator between God and man. In this way he builds the house of God, which is the church.
3. When God promised to build a house for David and to establish his house and his kingdom forever, it constituted another assurance of the gift of his Son to take away sin. Unless death is destroyed, it will destroy any human family. Death is the result of sin. The promise that David's house should continue forever was therefore to be fulfilled through the mediatorial work of Christ; and the blessing for which David prayed was the blessing of salvation from sin.
4. The mediatorial work of Christ in behalf of the individual is in vain unless there is a personal acceptance of the gift ministered thereby—the gift of righteousness. The members of that house which continues forever are made righteous by faith.

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The Love That Speaks

It is not enough that dear ones love us. There are times when we hunger for them to say so. Love that is real love, needs to make a beaten track between the heart and lips. And over that path true love will oftentimes journey. Yea, we do need to have a care lest diffidence of soul, humdrum round of toil, or aught else within or without make dumb the lips of love. For some day a quiet call will come from beyond the skies. In one swift instant a voice will hush, a heart still, and a face vanish from the sweet, everyday seeing of our careless eyes. And then we shall wish—so longingly—that the love that so often sprang into warm birth in our hearts had traveled its timely journey to our lips. O how we need to guard ourselves from growing cold and careless toward our greatest blessings because they are our commonest ones!—*Selected.*

Can You Answer These Questions?

Two private schools—one of them the De Lancey School in Philadelphia, the other the Nichols School in Buffalo—hold an annual examination such as other preparatory schools, and high schools, too, would do well to install. In general there are too many examinations, not too few; but the one referred to is different from the rest in stimulating and rewarding *intelligence* as opposed to diligence alone. There is no preparation for it, and no warning; and it does not search into any particular class work, but only into the general information of the schoolboys, without reference to the sources of their information. Class work, book-learning, newspaper reading, home conversation, individual interests, curiosity and retentiveness of the young mind,—these are all tested. And after the boys have wrestled with these unexpected questions, the best-rounded of them receive prizes of such books as they would naturally enjoy; the best informed of the younger and of the older boys standing forth from the mass of their fellows to receive this little distinction. How many of the following questions put in the De Lancey School general information test of the school year 1912-13 can you answer without recourse to the encyclopedia?—

General Information Test

1. Name three of the political parties in the recent national election.

2. Name the President elect and the Vice-President elect.

3. How many electoral votes has Pennsylvania?

4. In the event of the death of the President and Vice-President, who acts as President?

5. Name the president of Mexico.

6. Name the president elect of Cuba.

7. Name the engineer in charge of the Panama Canal.

8. Name the president of Princeton College.

9. Name the director of public safety, Philadelphia.

10. Designate the chief allies in the war against Turkey.

11. Mention some event of recent or current interest associated with each of the following: Dr. Sun Yat-sen; Nogi; Nicaragua; Clarence Darrow; Felix Diaz; Billy Rugh, of Gary; Jane Addams; Adrianople; Amundsen; Thorpe, of Carlisle; Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer; Sir William Ramsay.—*The Independent.*

Get What You Want

GET what you want in this world. It's here waiting for you. All you have to do is to reach for it. If you reach hard enough and far enough and long enough, you'll get it, no matter what it is you want.

Suppose you are foolish enough to want great wealth. You can get it. But to get it you must make up your mind that you want wealth, that you want it above everything else in the world.

Observe an industrious alien with a push-cart. He wants a thousand dollars. He sleeps in a cellar. He rises at four. He works till ten at night. He denies himself food to save. Some day he will have his thousand dollars.

"But," you protest, "I can't sleep in a cellar. I'm above running a push-cart." Very well, then. There is little likelihood that you will ever be rich. There are other things that you want more than wealth—your comfort, your social position.

Suppose you are more sensible. Suppose that it is success you want. Good! There are few joys in this world that can compare with the joy of achievement. Set your mark and start climbing toward it. You'll reach it if you keep at it. Be persistent and be patient. If you are in Maine, you can't wish yourself into California. You can't get there overnight, either. But you'll get there sometime if you start and keep going, even if you go on your hands and knees.

But remember this: No man ever climbs higher than the mark he sets for himself. No man reaches the top walking sidewise. No man achieves who keeps turning back.

And one thing more: Pick your apple carefully before you start to climb the tree. Some apples are sour.—*William Johnston, in the American Magazine.*

"WHILE a boy at school in England, a certain Japanese wrote in his diary: 'If one says he could not succeed his ambition because he has not money enough, I should call him a slave of money. If one says he could not because he is not strong enough, I should call him a slave of his body; and if one says he could not because his relatives or friends would not let him do so, I should call him a slave of his neighbors. . . . By no means could I be a slave of any of them!' The English may be dubious, but the sentiment shines with a beauty that would dignify any language."