

Mrs. Davis

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 10

What Have We Done To-Day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

—Nixon Waterman.

Education Notes

NEARLY \$1,000,000 is now on deposit in school savings-banks in 1,149 schools throughout the United States.

Illiteracy is practically banished in Prussia. Out of 165,841 army recruits in 1911, all but 24 could read and write.

The government of Uruguay has engaged an agricultural expert from the United States to organize an agricultural school in the republic.

Lima, Peru, will be the meeting-place of two important gatherings this summer — the sixth Pan-American Congress and the fifth Latin-American Medical Congress.

Three faculty representatives of the University of La Plata, Argentina, have been investigating educational methods in the United States. They are concerned chiefly with history, biology, and the rural-school problem.

Indiana boys failed in school more frequently than girls, according to a recent investigation of 14 Indiana cities by Supt. Arthur Deamer, of Laporte. The percentage of failures was 14.6 for the boys and 10.4 for the girls.

Law Schools

THE actual number of law schools in the United States increased from 102 to only 118 in the decade from 1902 to 1912, according to figures compiled at the United States Bureau of Education, but the number of students studying law in these schools increased from 13,912 to 20,760 in the same period. There were 3,524 graduates of law schools in 1902 and 4,394 last year. Law students having a collegiate degree doubled in the ten years.

IDENTIFICATION tags are to be worn by all officers and men of the National Guards at maneuvers and other field duties in the future, each to bear the name of the militiaman, with his company, regiment, and rank. War Department orders provide that the tag shall be of aluminum, about the size and thickness of a half-dollar, and shall be suspended about the soldier's neck by a cord.

The extent of the reindeer industry in Alaska under the United States Bureau of Education is indicated by the fact that it covers a territory as long as from Maine to South Carolina. If a line were drawn through the 54 herds, it would stretch more than 5,000 miles. There are over 38,000 reindeer in these herds, two thirds of them owned by natives. The value of the reindeer owned by the natives is estimated at \$600,000, and from them during the past year was derived an income of \$25,000 in addition to meat and hides consumed by the natives themselves.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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NO. 10

Make Some Sunshine

Dedicated to Cynthia Westover Alden

WHEN the clouds hang dark an' dreary,
Shuttin' out the blessed light;
When you're feelin' sort o' weary,
An' you don't know wrong from right;
When the sun's forgot his business,
An' the world seems dull an' flat,—
Make some artificial sunshine
In the place "where you are at."

When the skies are most forebodin',
When they're black, instead o' blue;
When your heart with gloom's corrodin',
Let me tell you what to do:
Loose your hold on all your troubles,
Stamp your foot and holler "Scat!"
Chase your woes away with brightness
In the place "where you are at."

Though 'twill be most satisfactory
On a dark and gloomy street,
You can have your sunshine factory
Any place where you may meet
Gloomy folk who need some brightness
That will make their souls grow fat;
Go to work an' make some sunshine
In the place "where you are at."

If you'd like to try the business,
I will tell you how to start:
The ingredients and formulas
You'll find within your heart;
Bathe yourself in home-made sunshine,
(Very necessary, that!)
Then just radiate with brightness
In the place "where you are at."

BENJAMIN KEECH.

A Visit to the Schools in Nyasaland

JESSIE ROGERS



SINCE an hour or so before sunrise the donkey boy has been astir, vigorously stirring, too, the recalcitrant but faithful Barney from his slumbers in his clean little stable, to eat his steaming breakfast of luscious *chimanga* (corn), which has simmered all night in a big clay pot over a deep-hearted fire laid between three stones.

A handful of black salt sprinkled over it makes it an irresistible bait, which Barney greedily swallows, though he knows very well that this outrageously early hour for dining means nothing less than another of those everlastingly recurring days "over the hills and far away," leaping brooks and fording streams, floundering through sticky bogs, and clinging with four brave little hoofs to unbelievably narrow trails grooved from the face of the mountainside, to carry his mistress to the schools in Nyasaland.

Donkeys are surprisingly like people in some ways. — forever hating fiercely the thing they know they should do, and shall do, but enjoying it well enough when the work actually begins. So, curvetting and biting, snarling, snapping, and kicking, he is dragged by a long-suffering but determined keeper up to the high side veranda for *Donna* to get aboard the much-behorned saddle. A few cubes of sugar judiciously administered by his owner's hand, alternated with the firm declaration that he is a "good boy," work the charm, and sure enough he is good and loyal, and never could these journeys be made without his help.

These journeys through the sweet early mornings in Nyasaland! The narrow footpath lies deep between billowy, fronded grass, so tall that it waves high above our heads, and sparkles with the heavy dew of the tropical night. The donkey boy, marching valiantly ahead, beats off with his inevitable *ndodo* (bamboo stick) all the wetness he can, to spare the rider a drenching. As we careen along the crest of the hills toward the first school, my eyes sweep eagerly down to the green depths of the valley beyond, for I love every curve and shadow, every graceful palm and sedgy brooklet, of those quiet valleys.

Even at this early hour some people are hoeing in their gardens, and we call to each other a friendly greeting across the rustling corn. Down in some clandestine nook, but unluckily visible from the road, donkeyback, perhaps we find a few tobacco-plants, flourishing with all the cheerful abandon of the green bay-tree, and the planter thereof must be searched out and roundly remonstrated with, though he is sure to protest that the weed was planted merely for *man-khwala* (medicine), an excuse fairly frazzled with use by his white brother.

Yonder by a grass hut sits a withered old crone, chin to knees, brooding over the vanished joys of strength to labor. We stop to talk with her, and sure she needs some crumbs of sympathy while awaiting her last though greatest honor — a mighty mourning when she dies. A mile or so farther on, weird shrieks startle the morning's peace. They come from a dark little hut, out of which also pours hot smoke; a poor old demented man has been turned out there to die by his loving family, and it is part of his mania to think that he is about to freeze to death, so even this sweltering November morning he must have a raging fire built in the fire-hole of his little hut. He glares at us like a poor hurt beast when we try to do some little thing for his comfort. A few weeks later on that same trail there remained nothing to mark the spot except the fallen roof, under which was the poor soul's lonely grave, while from a pole beside it fluttered the torn remains of the poor rags he wore at death, and the old gourd from which he drank.

Down yonder, far below, where the flat rock forms a bridge over a rushing stream, a great flock of speckled guinea-fowl go whirring into the blue as our approach stirs them up, and a little farther on the tree tops along a heavily wooded stream seem fairly to erupt a swarm of chattering monkeys, who (I can not feel it polite to say *which* of creatures that clearly do such a lot of thinking) grimace at us insultingly until settled with by Maju's pointed stick, which they fearfully reckon to be a gun, and all suddenly vanish into nowhere. As I wipe away the tears of laughter

at the pranks of these creatures of the wildwood, I think with pity of the myriads of intelligent fellow countrymen who take their amusement by way of "movies" and various other second-hand sources of humor.

But here is the Thabva stream, the last to be leaped before reaching the first school of the day's work. The pretty grass schoolhouse crowns the very top of the long, steep hill up which we toil, and so, from their coign of vantage, teachers and pupils see us from afar, and school begins with a bang—literally, though distance softens into real melody the sound of the sweet old hymn,—

"Yesu andikondatu"
(Jesus loves me, this I know).

We ride up sedately, eager eyes ahead in teacherly appraisal of the sight, through the open door, of neatly clothed native teachers, and orderly rows of smooth, black little bodies, perched canary-like on their pole seats (make such a seat some day, by laying one thin pole across two forked sticks stuck in the ground, and try sitting on it for five penitential minutes!) Dozens of round eyes are fastened fixedly on the advancing legs of the *buru* (donkey), the sight of a burden-bearing animal being rare enough to them, even yet.

Our personal attention is, unfortunately, quite diverted from those same legs, together with all experience and bitter memories of Barney's past. Does the prince of darkness stoop even so far down as to whisper into the long ears of poor little gray donkeys, to make them bad and mischievous? Anyway, whether that or just plain original sin, certain it is that it appeals to Barney in this unguarded moment that the funniest possible thing he can do at this particular juncture is to stampede the school, which he does with neatness and despatch. Then pandemonium lets loose. Songs turn to shrieks, and every single and particular pupil scurries to follow nature's first law.

Wrathful, but speechless with laughter, I soundly box Barney's ears, while simultaneous punishment farther to the rear is being vigorously meted out by an outraged Maju, and lo! within two minutes naughty Barney is placidly munching the tender grass with an air that plainly denies he ever did such an unseemly thing!

The alacrity with which an African regains his disheveled dignity is a marvel to behold, and the pupils pluck themselves out of various parts of the schoolhouse roof, and school again is "in" with most surprising promptness; in fact, the episode seemed never to recur to them again, though for two mortal hours thereafter I suffered much from painfully restrained laughter. The school inspection must proceed.

First, all Bible verses learned during the month are repeated by the school in concert. The African's wonderful memory is a thing past all explaining, and it is the most usual of a school year's happenings that an entire village school will commit to memory as many as sixty-two verses of Scripture, together with the citation of each, besides a dozen or more of new hymns "by heart." God only can compute the good these hymns and verses do in these villages, as they are repeated and sung around the evening fire, along the garden furrows, or on the long *ulendo* (journey), and in his own good time we trust they will forever rout the evil tale and fable, now so common.

Then the day's Bible lesson is read and explained, and effectual, fervent prayer is offered,—God bless our earnest native teachers, who, in these lonely dis-

tricts, work intelligently to hold out to their own race the Bread of life. Then the ordinary lessons of the day begin. The teachers are taught and constantly admonished to plan ahead for each day's work; to do nothing haphazard. So, before the school opens in the morning, copies have been written on the board, in surprisingly good and accurate form, for the daily writing lesson, following the style of penmanship used in the English copy-books, and "sums" are likewise set. Slates and pencils are distributed, and tongues and pencils begin to move in prompt and earnest unison of effort, precisely as they do in any well-regulated primary school in the home land. A native teacher walks about among the laborers, restraining the exuberance of the h's and encouraging the retiring dispositions of the e's, pointing out the idiosyncrasies of the r's and s's, and insisting on the accurate adjusting of the t's neat head-piece. When you have nothing in the world but the three R's to make up your education, you are apt to look well after those three, which may be a blessing in disguise, for, believe me, the writing "turned down" by those dusky teachers as *oipa* (bad) would make some that passes here in America look very bad indeed.

While one section of the school is writing, another part is wrestling valiantly with their sums, and still another have their reading lesson. One watches with fascinated interest each "figuring" pupil, whose earnest gaze is fastened on his own bare and gently wiggling toes; they are "counting up," and when the supply of fingers fails to make enough for the count, each toe is pressed into service, and waggles obediently as it is called upon,—quite unlike the naughty little pig that wouldn't stand still to be counted! So far, no sort of means has been effective in exempting the toes from this service, and they still remain the native's first aid in mathematical science. The mystery of putting down 5 and carrying 8 is just as great a haze to the African boy as it once was to you, but in the end he emerges from the cloud just as enlightened as you did, and how he loves what he conquers! That's why he learns so fast.

Then the school sections change about, the writers doing their sums, while the "summers" read, and the other division writes,—a little trick of arrangement brought about by forced economy, since there are never enough slates or books to go around all at once.

The reading class includes, of course, the spelling lesson, and in many a school I visit I am amazed at the natural aptitude of both teachers and taught, and it is worth one's most earnest effort to have the joy of seeing their minds unfold. They are all God's children, and he helps them as he helps you. The various divisions usually unite on the sums recitation. This is a most lively and interesting recitation. The multiplication table stands, I think, closely correlated in their minds with the ten commandments, and they make it a point of gentlemanly honor to compass it at the earliest possible moment. I remember yet how in my first year in Central Africa I made the rash promise of a penny lead-pencil to each one who would be able to stand up and recite the tables right through to 12×12 the following Friday afternoon, and was amazed at the dense crowd that had to be penciled off! The native teachers second most forcefully our insistence that computation shall be instant and mental, and the rapidity with which they do this, after a few weeks' training, is most gratifying to see.

Maybe some persons think a mission school should

confine its efforts to psalms and prayers, and will wonder what good reading, writing, and arithmetic will do the heathen. Precisely the good they do in more fortunate lands; these things give the people a groundwork for something to think about; it develops mental ability to understand the psalms and hymns.

Month after month, as we go up and down the long and silent trails through the forests to visit our many out-schools in Nyasaland, encouraging, suggesting, directing the work of our faithful native teachers, we thank God fervently for the wonderful changes these simple things have wrought in the young people who came to us years ago — many of those same ones now eagerly teaching their own people the way to better things; to more intelligence in work and in life; to more comprehension of what God demands of them, and the privilege he offers them in these dear schools in Nyasaland.

Two Startling Experiences

PROTRACTED gospel services were being conducted in a Methodist Episcopal church located in the southeastern section of the city of Washington. A young man addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors attended one of the meetings, but was unaffected by what he heard; for at the close of the service, in going down the steps with others of the audience, he remarked, "Here I go to hell." He started alone for his home, and in crossing a street, was knocked down by an automobile and instantly killed. The young man left the church about ten o'clock at night, and before eleven o'clock he was a corpse.

The remark of the unfortunate man was made, not because of any special antagonism on his part to the gospel of Christ, but rather in a jocular spirit — a spirit altogether too prevalent among young persons when brought in touch with life's most serious question, the salvation of the soul. That night had he received the word of the gospel which was preached, undoubtedly the entire current of his life would have been turned, and instead of filling a Christless grave, he would have been a follower of Jesus Christ, with a hope of eternal existence.

Repeatedly did the Spirit of God urge upon the conscience of a young woman the conviction that she should accept Christ. But one thing stood in her way — she loved dancing; dancing was a passion with her. Friends invited her to church, and accepting their invitation, she came in closer touch with God's means of grace. The conviction that she should be a Christian deepened, but there stood her idol, the dance. Night after night she hesitated to accept the Christ. At last, growing desperate, she cried, "Spirit of God, leave me alone."

Reluctantly did the Holy Spirit withdraw himself, and now with ease of mind she could dance. Her enjoyment, however, was short-lived, for five weeks later she died.

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed." No longer could God's protection be extended to her, and she lost the life that now is, and also that which is to come.

The wise thing to do is ever to decide for God; yield to the Holy Spirit, and have removed from the heart all love for things earthly, causing keen enjoyment to be found in the service of truth. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," is sound advice now as in the day of the beloved disciple. To heed it

means the abiding presence in the life of Him who has assured us that idols will perish from under the whole heavens — and that includes our hearts.

JOHN N. QUINN.

"Dear Mother"

WHEN evening's shadows gently fall
And finished is the day of toil,
I sit and dream and long to see
The one who loved and cared for me.

Some words we speak wake bliss complete,
Our friends, our father, sister sweet;
But sweeter, dearer, than all these
The name of Mother, if you please.

I know my mother smiled on me,
I know she loved me tenderly;
But all her love's a blank to me
Because she left when I was wee.

I now remember, O, so well!
While evening's shadows softly fell,
I clambered up beside the bier
And gazed on her, with ne'er a tear.

I knew not then what mother meant,
A priceless boon from Heaven sent;
I knew not how my soul would miss
Her fond embrace, her nightly kiss.

In fancy now my mind can see
A little boy on mother's knee;
With happy face and sparkling eyes
I hope he helped her banish sighs.

And ofttimes when she looked on me,
She dreamed of what her boy would be;
And doubtless she a prayer did breathe,
Perchance the words in part like these:

O God, when he has manhood gained,
May he serve thee with trust unfeigned;
Do keep him pure, upright, and true;
May he love men, and serve them, too!

Sometimes life's battles seem so hard,—
The dark hours come, fond hopes are marred,
Stern barriers rise,—the demons say,
(Do you wonder?) Does it pay?

And then I think of mother dear;
Her plans, her hopes, for me grow clear.
I must make good, and never shirk;
Just for her sake I'll face my work.

For somehow mother understands;
Hers always are the willing hands.
Though all the world seems not to care,
In joy or grief she's always there.

O brother, sister, friend, or foe,
While mother's with you here below,
Be good to her, kind, tender, true,
Cheer her sad heart the whole day through!

A CONTRIBUTOR.

A Problem for the Skeptic

MR. W. M. THOMSON, D. D., who spent thirty years as a missionary in Syria and Palestine, contrasts the customs and traits of the people of those lands with the gospel as taught by our Saviour. Though the mother of Jesus was a Jewess, he shows the great difference between their practises and the pure teachings of the Son of God, and challenges the skeptic to explain it. I quote from "The Land and the Book," by Mr. Thomson:—

"Contemplate, then, the man Jesus, the teacher, the reformer, as he stood on the shores of this lake [Tiberias] eighteen hundred years ago. . . . He was a Jew. But what was it to be an ordinary Jew of Nazareth in the year *thirty* of our era? In very many respects just what it is to be one now in this Tiberias or in Sefed—to be intensely and most offensively

fanatical; to regard one's self as preeminently holy, the special favorite of God, and to despise all others; to be amazingly superstitious; to hold obstinately, and defend fiercely, an infinite number of silly traditions and puerile fables; to fritter away the whole life and power of religion in a rigid observance of trifling ceremonies. The common Jew of Tiberias is self-righteous, proud, ignorant, rude, quarrelsome, hypocritical, dishonest, selfish, avaricious, immoral; and such, in the main, were his ancestors eighteen centuries ago. . . .

"Now, here is a problem for the skeptic: How comes it that there is *nothing* of this Jew in Jesus? How could 'the model man,'—ay, the *perfect pattern* for all ages and all lands,—how, I say, could he grow, develop, and ripen in Nazareth? Who taught him the maxims of the sermon on the mount? Whose example of charity, kindness, and compassion did he copy? How did he alone, of all Jews, nay, of all mankind, conceive, propound, and practise perfectly a purely spiritual religion? That he did all this is undeniable, and it is for those who find in Jesus of Nazareth nothing but a common Jew to explain the wonderful phenomenon.

"Again: Jesus grew up from his youth to manhood among a people intensely *mercenary*. This vice corrupted and debased every relation of life. . . . Everybody trades, speculates, cheats. The shepherd boy on the mountains talks of piasters from morning till night; so does the muleteer on the road, the farmer in the field, the artisan in his shop, the merchant in his magazine, the pasha in his palace, the cadi in the hall of judgment, the mollah in the mosque, the monk, the priest, the bishop—money, money, money! the desire of every heart, the theme of every discourse, the end of every aim. Everything, too, is bought and sold. Each prayer has its price, every sin its tariff. Nothing for nothing, but everything for money—at the counter of the merchant, the divan of the judge, the gate of the palace, the altar of the priest. Now our Lord was an *Oriental*, and grew up among just such a people; but who can or dare say that there is the faintest shadow of this mercenary spirit in his character? With power to possess all, he owned nothing. He had no place to be born in but another man's stable, no closet to pray in but the wilderness, no place to die but on the cross of an enemy, and no grave but one lent by a friend. At his death he had absolutely nothing to bequeath to his mother. He was as free from the mercenary spirit as if he had belonged to a world where the very idea of property was unknown. And this total abstinence from all ownership was not of necessity, but of choice; and I say there is nothing like it, nothing approaches it, in the history of universal man. It stands out perfectly and divinely original. . . .

"He divorces his gospel from any alloy of earth. Money, property, and all they represent and control have nothing to do with membership in his society, with citizenship in his kingdom. The very conception of the idea was divine. Not only is it not human, but it is every whit contrary to what is human. He could not have borrowed it, for he was surrounded by those who were not able to comprehend the idea—no, not even the apostles, until after the day of Pentecost."

Jesus said, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." His teaching was: "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which en-

dureth unto everlasting life." Still the people slyly urged that he should supply temporal food to his followers. They said, "What sign showest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? what dost thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat." And when Jesus said he was the bread from heaven, they murmured.

Mr. Thomson concludes: "He who is Truth—who came into the world to bear witness to the *truth*, divinely accomplished his mission. . . . He tolerated nothing in his kingdom but *truth*. . . . He would have nothing but truth for doctrine, nothing but honest faith in the disciple. To understand how vast the number of superstitions, lying vanities, idle fancies, vain ceremonies, abominable deceptions, and foul corruptions which had overgrown religion in his day, it is only necessary to examine that which claims to be religion in this same country at the present moment. And should this divine Truth again visit the land, with fan in hand, he would scatter to the four winds, from the great thrashing-floor of his indignation, the mountains of chaff which have gathered there for ages, and he would hurl the thunderbolts of his wrath against a thousand hypocritical deceivers of mankind. O, how radical, profound, and far-reaching are the simplest laws of Christ! and how prodigious the revolution they contemplate and require! 'Swear not at all.' Why, the whole Arab race must quit talking altogether. They *can not* say simply Yea, yea; Nay, nay. 'Lie not one to another.' Impossible! everything, within, without, and about you, is a lie. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' This precept seems to need a *not* somewhere. 'Salute no man by the way.' Absurd! we *must* manufacture compliments as fast as possible, and utter them with grace and gravity to friend and foe alike. But why multiply any further comparisons and contrasts? The subject is inexhaustible, and enough has been said or hinted to prove that Jesus did not borrow the lessons he taught. They are not from man, of man, nor by man, *but they are of God.*"

H. C. OLMSTEAD.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

Psalm 23

THE Lord's my shepherd, I must own,
For never want I know;
To pastures green he leadeth me,
And where still waters flow.

When from his side I wander far
And get all faint and sore,
Back to the fold he taketh me;
He doth my soul restore.

Yea, though I through death's valley walk,
No evil shall I fear;
Thy staff I hear, thy rod I see,
And know that thou art near.

And in the presence of my foes
My table thou dost spread;
When from thy cup my thirst I quench,
Thy hand doth oil my head.

Yea, surely goodness, mercy, too,
Shall follow all my days,
And in thy house I'll ever dwell,
Dear Lord, to sing thy praise.

C. C. ROBERTS.

"If a man have Christ, he must give him away or give him up."



He Gave His Life for His Country



HERE is the story of a boy who not only risked, but gave up, his life to save his village. Some years ago there was war between the French and the people who live in that little country to the northeast of Italy called Tyrol. I suppose most people love their native land, but at this particular time the Tyrolese were so anxious to save their country that even the women and children followed the soldiers to battle, in hopes of being of some use to them.

One of the boys who thus followed his father was called Albert Speckbacher. He was only ten years old, but his father was one of the bravest leaders of the Tyrolese, and, young as he was, Albert was determined that he would help him somehow.

One day the French went to attack a village. Between them and it there was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river Ard dashed along at a terrific pace. The only way to reach the village was by crossing a bridge. A strange sort of bridge it was, too, just the kind to keep a village free from any enemies. It was simply a great tree, which had been felled from the mountainside and allowed to fall right across the ravine, so that its topmost boughs caught on the opposite rocks—a dangerous crossing-place, and one on which only one person could go at a time.

The Tyrolese knew what the French were doing, and a party of three hundred men, with Speckbacher as their leader, was sent down to defend this bridge. For an hour the battle raged on each side of the ravine, and the Tyrolese seemed to be getting the best of it. Then the French general ordered two cannon to be dragged up the rocks, and in a very short time more than half the brave Tyrolese were killed, Speckbacher among the number.

Little Albert knelt beside his father's dead body and wondered what he could do to save his country. He saw that the Tyrolese were going to try to destroy the bridge. If that could be done, the French could not possibly enter the village. He watched them get their axes and begin cutting through the roots and trunk of the tree.

But as they boldly worked, the rifles of the French killed one after the other of them, till at last their courage failed, and no one came forward to take his place at the task which had proved fatal to so many. A great part of the tree had been cut through, but there still remained enough to hold it firm.

Albert looked down at his father's white face, then up to the bright heaven for a moment; then he seized the ax and worked with all his strength. A shower of bullets fell around him, but none touched him. The tree was cut through at last, except at one point, which was quite out of his reach. It was only a small piece of the inner bark, but he could not get at it. Albert saw there was only one way in which he could break the tree away from this point. He must put a weight on the top of it, and so snap it off.

He waited till the French had fired their rifles once more; then, while they stopped to reload, he sprang upon the tree, jumping with all his might. His weight, light as it was, snapped the little piece by which it was held, and he and the bridge went tumbling into the ravine below.

Thus did the brave boy of ten sacrifice his life to save his native village.

The French retired when they saw the bridge fall, and the next day they found the body of the poor lad floating in the stream at the foot of the mountain. Enemies though they were, they could admire such a noble deed as his. They buried the hero on the mountainside, and put up a stone telling the story of his bravery.—“*Brave Deeds.*”

“I Did Not Do the Job for Money”

ONE day, early in the reign of the Merry Monarch, the shades of a stormy autumn afternoon closed over the North Sea. The howling wind and rising waves foretold a coming storm; but the English fleet, under as much sail as the ships could safely carry, steered seaward.

The admiral of the fleet, Sir John Narborough, was not the man to fear danger or shun difficulties. Many years before he had been a cabin-boy, but by his cleverness, courage, and good conduct, he had raised himself to the highest rank in his profession. From the very bottom of the ladder he had climbed to the highest rung.

On that gloomy afternoon the admiral slowly paced the quarter-deck, and gazed eastward. England was then at war with Holland, and, at any moment, the Dutch men-of-war might come in sight.

All of a sudden there was joy on board, as, far away, the tall masts of the enemy's ships appeared on the horizon. The English blood was up, and the sailors eagerly awaited the approach of the Dutch fleet. The enemy on his part was equally ready for action, and as soon as the opposing ships were within musket range, they entered into a deadly combat.

During the fierce struggle that ensued, the English flag-ship was surrounded by the enemy, several of her guns were disabled, her masts were shot away, and her decks strewn with dead and dying. Those on board could tell that on the whole the English were getting the best of the fight, but they feared that help would come too late to save them. The admiral wished to draw assistance from another quarter, but he could hold no communication beyond the circle of ships which enclosed him, as no signal would be visible on account of the blinding smoke.

Not knowing what else to do, Sir John Narborough wrote a note, and offered fifty guineas to the man who would deliver the message. The sailors knew that death was probably in store for him who attempted such a task, but at once many offered to perform the daring feat, and among the number was the cabin-boy, whose childish voice was heard above the rest. “Let me go, your honor,” said he; “let me go;” and, as he spoke, he stepped forward and saluted the admiral, and pleaded so hard that at last he was permitted to undertake the task. “Off with you,” said Sir John, “and may God keep you safe.”

The boy placed the message in his mouth; then there was a plunge, and he was gone. The billows raged, and the shot fell thick around the boy, while those on board strained their eyes to catch the first sign that

he had passed the enemy's line and accomplished his mission. Soon the mighty English ships bore down upon the Dutch vessels, and the flag of England once more ruled the waves.

It was a proud moment for the youthful hero when he stood on deck surrounded by the crew, who had been called together to do him honor. The admiral advanced and handed him a purse of gold; but, to the surprise of all, the poor lad indignantly refused the reward. "I did not do the job for money," he said, "I did it for the sake of the flag; and if you are satisfied, that is all I want."

Sailors can bravely face death, and remain quite cool in the hour of danger, but even the presence of the admiral of the fleet was insufficient to maintain order, and a deafening cheer arose from the assembled crew. "God bless you, my boy," said Sir John; and the sailors knew by the admiral's cheery tones and smiling face that their little breach of discipline had met with his approval.

The brave cabin-boy rose step by step to the highest rank in the navy, and thirty years after, when, as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he returned to England in triumph, one of the first to welcome him was Sir John Narborough.—"Brave Deeds."

The Red Cross Society

Ask ten persons what the Red Cross organization is, and nine will answer that it is an organization that sends nurses to the field of battle in time of war. And thousands think of the work of the Red Cross in this way and no further. Of course the Red Cross work had its origin in the conservation of human life in time of war. But war in these days fortunately does not offer the broad field for Red Cross work that it once did, and so, step by step, the work has spread until now it reaches into every home in America, and the accident to the millionaire on a fast express-train may bring the Red Cross work into his home no less than a mine accident may bring it into the squalid home of the poorest Polish miner. In every serious disaster the Red Cross now figures prominently. Whether a factory burns in New York City and scores of lives are lost, whether the Mississippi rises and blots out hundreds of homes, whether the "Titanic" founders at sea, whether a mine caves in and imprisons scores of miners, the Red Cross comes immediately to the work of rescue, to the alleviation of the wounded, or to the succor of the survivors. To prevent personal injuries on railroads and trolley cars it has extended its work by the printing of thousands of posters. To the fight against tuberculosis it came with its inspirational "Christmas Seal" stamp, and in two years raised more than a quarter of a million dollars. When Russia or China or Japan starves, the American Red Cross sends food. Now it is to extend its valuable first aid work into every large industrial concern into which it can penetrate, and boxes of First Aid bandages and directions are proposed to be placed in railroad stations, mines, stores, etc.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

WHAT an unspeakable mercy it is to be permitted to engage in this most holy and honorable work! What an infinity of lots in the world are poor, miserable, and degraded compared with mine! I might have been a common soldier, a day-laborer, a factory operative, a mechanic, instead of a missionary.—*Livingstone*.



The Phases of the Moon



AM pleased that you are so prompt in coming over every Saturday night. I must count to see if all are here. Yes, there is Pearl, Irene, Luella, and Sadie; Harry, Victor, and Samuel. This is March fifteen, and just eight o'clock. How time does fly!

It is bright and warm to-night, so we must take the half-hour that we have together in God's great out-of-doors. What a pity that so much time must be spent within closed walls. Far better it would be if more of our hours could be passed out in the open.

How invitingly the moon looks down on us to-night, although it seems to be but half there. We have not given much attention to this beautiful object in the two and one-half months that we have been watching the sky together; so I think it should not object to a little notice to-night.

Did you say, Luella, that you had watched the moon all week, wondering what made it change in form so rapidly? Yes, only last Saturday evening just after the sun went down it could be seen out in the west as a very faint, slender bow, with its back turned to the sun, and following it very shortly in its setting. The next night it was a little higher in the sky when the sun dropped below the horizon, and the bow was somewhat heavier. Monday night it was still thicker, and did not set until nearly nine o'clock. Tuesday night it stayed up until almost ten; Wednesday it was after eleven before it retired; the next night still later; and so on, until to-night I presume it will not go down before one or half past one in the morning. All the while the moon has seemed to be growing in size, until it has passed from the slender crescent of a week ago to a full half-circle to-night. Let us look for the cause of this change.

Perhaps it might be well for us to go inside to the lamp for a few minutes, where explanation can be made more clearly.

Here is a dish of oranges. Each of you please take one, but they are not to be eaten at once; they must be used for another purpose first. We shall set the lamp on the center-table on this pile of books high enough so that it will be near the level of our eyes when we are standing.

Hold the orange out at arm's length between your face and the light. While you may be able to see the lamp a little above or below the orange, you can not see any light that shines on the other side of the fruit. You are looking at its dark side. Now turn slowly around to your left, still holding the hand with the orange in the same position. Notice that you begin to see a slender illuminated band along the right-hand edge. This band, or crescent, grows thicker as you continue turning to the left. When you have gone one fourth of the way around, the light can be seen shining on the full half of the orange on the side toward the lamp. This is just about as the moon looks to-night, and is called its first quarter.

Watching the light on the orange as you continue to turn in the same direction, it will appear on more

than half of the side toward you. When you have turned half-way around so that your back is to the lamp, the light will be seen shining full on the orange's face that is turned toward you. That is the way the moon will look a week from to-night, and it is called full moon. We shall have more to say about this later.

In turning farther and bringing the orange nearer the lamp, the part of the light side which can be seen grows smaller just the same as it grew larger on the other side when it was moving away from the light. Three quarters of the way around but one half of the orange's side is shown. After passing this point, which, with the moon, is called the last quarter, the light part again takes the form of a crescent, growing smaller and more slender the nearer it comes to the light. As it comes between your face and the lamp, no illuminated part can be seen.

Letting the lamp represent the sun, the orange the

again, this time seeming to be turned in the opposite direction in the sky. It will continue to grow smaller for one more week, when, in passing between the earth and the sun again, it is lost entirely to view for a few days, only to reappear in the evening sky, the same narrow band we saw four weeks before.

These changes are called the moon's phases, and the almanacs usually give the exact day, hour, and minute when the four principal ones—new moon, first quarter, full moon, and last quarter—occur. From the new or dark moon to the first quarter, and from the last quarter to the new moon again, the shape is said to be crescent, while from first quarter to full moon and from the full to the last quarter it is gibbous.

For two or three days after the new moon first appears in the west, the full, round disk can often be seen, all except the side nearest the sun being dark. The same is the case three weeks later just before the old moon disappears in the east. This is caused by the earth's reflecting sunlight to the moon, the same as the full moon reflects light to the earth. The moon being almost between the sun and the earth at such times, the earth is at its "full," and sends considerable sunlight back to the moon. It is earth-shine on the moon in place of moonshine on the earth.

The Eclipse of the Moon, March 22

Now we should close to-night right here; but there is one thing more to which I wish to call your attention, so that you can be on the lookout for it before our next study.

You will recall that it was stated earlier in the evening that the moon did not usually pass exactly between the earth and the sun when it comes around on that side. If it did, a part at least, of the sun's light would be cut off from the earth every month by the moon's passing between. Also, if the moon passed directly behind the earth every month, the sun's light would be cut off, and the moon would become dark just when we usually see it at its brightest.

We shall find in later studies why this does not occur each month; but it is enough to say here that just that very thing does come about every six months, and one of those times will be Friday night, March 21, or rather Saturday, March 22, early in the morning. As we have observed, the moon is growing larger each night, and according to the almanac, will be full on the twenty-second. It will then pass almost directly behind the earth from the sun, and will be what is called eclipsed.

This eclipse of the moon will begin for us here on the Pacific Coast at about three o'clock Saturday morning, although the moon will begin to grow dark about an hour before that time. The eclipse will last in its total stage until about 4:30 A. M., and the light shadow will show for another hour.

If we were east as far as Denver, Colorado, we should not have to get up until about four o'clock to see the total eclipse begin at ten minutes after. At Chicago, Illinois, five o'clock would be early enough to see it begin twenty minutes later; and the moon would set eclipsed in the west as the sun rises in the east. The eclipse proper will start at Charleston, South Carolina, at about 5:50 A. M. At Washington, D. C., it will begin at 6:02, and will not end until after the moon has set.

As far east as New York and Boston, the total phase can not be seen at all, occurring after the moon has gone below the western horizon, although the shadow

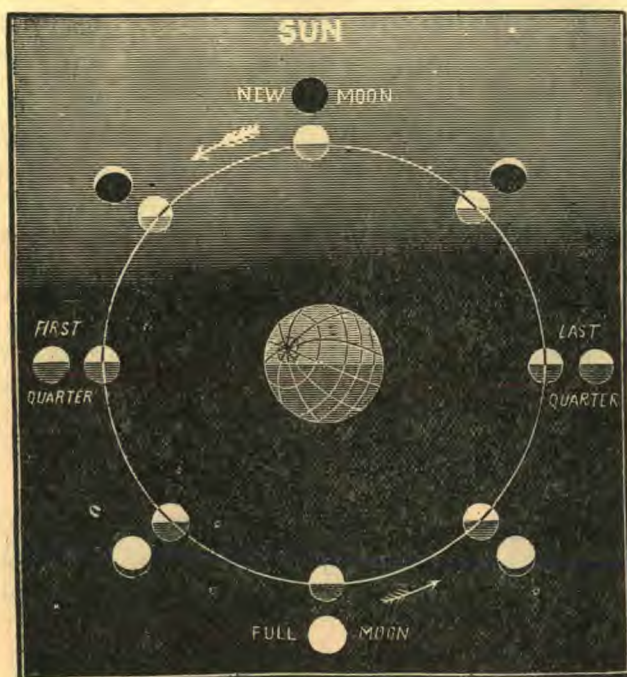


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MOON'S PHASES

moon, and your head the earth, from which you are looking, it will be readily understood why the moon seems so changeable. It is always all there, but we can see only that side on which the sunlight shines, and the remainder is dark to us.

The moon travels around the earth in about twenty-eight and one-half days, in an orbit that is considerably more of an ellipse than a circle. It does not shine with a light of its own as the sun and the stars do, all we can see of it being the sun's light reflected from its surface. We say that it shines with a borrowed light.

When the moon comes between the earth and the sun, the light is shining on the side away from us; so we can not usually see it. As it travels on around the earth, we begin to see the part which is lighted up as a thin band in the shape of a bow over the moon's edge nearest the sun. The farther it moves the more of its lighted surface is seen, until one fourth of the way around, we seem to see one half of the moon, as to-night. Next week it will be full, having passed to that position where we can see the sun shining right in its face. In another week—one fourth of the twenty-eight days that the moon requires to go around the earth—we shall see about half of its lighted surface

which precedes the total eclipse by about an hour can be seen from both places.

Try to observe either the beginning or the ending of the total eclipse, and we shall talk more about it next week.

CLAUDE CONARD.

Oakland, California.

"One Hundred One Shots"

ALL temperance literature ought to be divided into two well-defined classes. The first class is intended to instruct and to inspire those who are already opposed to the liquor traffic; the second should attract the attention of those who are now in favor of the liquor traffic, and it ought to be so interesting that it will compel people to read it who do not want to read it. My booklet, "101 Shots," is in the second class. In order to fill the demand for this booklet I have had to print 35,000 copies. Price, five cents. The following are a few voluntary tributes:—

"Your little book is a fine thing. Send me one hundred."—*William H. Anderson, Baltimore, Maryland, chairman Methodist Temperance Committee.* "Your booklet is extra choice. I expect to quote from it."—*Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, New York, editor of the Era.* "'101 Shots' is all right. Send me two thousand."—*E. A. Scrogin, superintendent of Anti-Saloon League, Chicago, Illinois.* "'101 Shots' is full of good sayings. It gave me many suggestions for cartoons."—*W. E. Morris, of the Spokesman-Review.* "Every pupil in my school has read it through."—*A. L. Ide, principal public schools, Washtucna, Washington.*

L. R. HORTON.

Lake Union Missionary Volunteer Institute

JANUARY 23-26, at Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan, was held one of the most helpful and inspiring institutes ever conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department. The attendance greatly exceeded our anticipations, one hundred delegates and visitors being present from all parts of the union conference. These, together with the more than two hundred students, filled the chapel to its capacity. It is truly encouraging to see the lively interest taken in our Missionary Volunteer work by the young people.

Elder Meade MacGuire and Miss Matilda Erickson of the General Department were present; also the Missionary Volunteer secretary of each local conference, except one, and the presidents of West Michigan and Indiana. Elder S. B. Horton, of Grand Rapids, and Dr. David Paulson were each present one day.

Among the topics presented were: Leadership, Personal Work, Standard of Attainment, Morning Watch, The Reading Courses, Organization, and Social Purity. An interesting and helpful feature was the question box, about twenty-five queries coming up for consideration.

At a council of secretaries it was decided to make the effort to secure two hundred new members of Attainment by the time of the March, 1914, examinations.

All greatly enjoyed the privilege of uniting with the student body in the Friday evening vesper service.

An expression of gratitude to the college, the church, and the General Conference workers was taken at the close of the institute.

We earnestly pray that the influence of this gathering of active and devoted young people may sweep out over the entire conference until each one is inspired to more earnest devotion, more complete consecration, and more active service.

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL.

The Miracle

A BABY seed, all dressed in brown,
Fell out of its cradle one day;
The West Wind took it with loving arms
And carried it far away.

He laid it down on a bed of leaves,
And hid it with blankets white;
And there it slept like a weary child,
Through the long, dark winter night.

It woke at last, when the spring-time came,
And stretched its arms on high;
And it grew and grew through the liveliest day,
Toward the sun and the clear, blue sky.

It drew its food from its mother earth,
And it drank the cooling shower,
Till the small brown seed was changed at last
To a sweet, wild, wayside flower!

—*Harriet H. Pierson.*

A New "Hands-Across-the-Sea" Movement

THE largest club of girls and women in the world has entered the field of social service. The Girls' Club of the *Ladies' Home Journal* has undertaken to raise among its members a fund of \$1,200, to be used for endowing a perpetual scholarship in medicine for Chinese women at the Union Medical College for Women, located at Peking, China, with the understanding that the successive beneficiaries will devote their services to the neglected and suffering among their own sex. June 1, 1913, is the date set for the completion of the fund, and the *Journal* has promised to subscribe one half of the fund, \$600, if the members of the club, by small individual contributions, will make up the remaining \$600. Only members of the Girls' Club are to be allowed to contribute to the fund, and the money must be earned through personal effort.

Typewriting 593 Words a Minute

A RECORD of writing 593 words a minute is claimed for a new typewriter, which writes syllables instead of letters, perfected recently by a Kentucky inventor. The group of keys at the left of the keyboard can, singly or in combination, print any of the consonant sounds which begin words. In the same way the middle group, operated by the thumbs, can be made to print any of the vowel sounds, and the group at the right, any of the final consonant sounds. By pressing "s" on the left, "a" in the middle, and "t" on the right, at a single stroke of the hands "sat" is printed on the left of the paper tape, "a" in the middle, and "t" on the right, making the word "sat."

The record of 593 words a minute was made in writing a dictated letter that previously had been practised on the machine by an operator who was blindfolded. He has also written 200 words of new matter a minute.

—*Popular Mechanics.*

Bread for All

BREAD! The State of Kansas alone will this year produce enough wheat to feed more than one sixth of the population of the United States for one year. The soldiers of our army are allowed one loaf of bread a day, and the immense Kansas wheat crop would provide this average ration for 17,537,000 soldiers for one year. The magnitude of the crop is illustrated again in the statement that it could be made to girdle the earth at the equator thirty-two times with beautiful one-pound loaves.—*Selected.*



Ten Little Smiles

ONE little smile ran off alone to play,
Conquered a pout it found on the way.

Two little smiles instead of one
Overtook a second pout — my, what fun!

Three little smiles said, "Come along with us,"
Meeting a wee frown in a needless fuss.

Four little smiles at a merry pace
Whisked off a baby frown from an anxious face.

Five little smiles — a very jolly mix! —
Overtook another pout; smiles now six!

Six little smiles (over half eleven)
Enticed away another frown; now the smiles are seven.

Seven little smiles — what a lucky fate! —
Met a tiny weebegone; little band of eight.

Eight little smiles all in a line,
Surrounded a pucker — see, the smiles are nine!

Nine smiles now in all — courageous little men —
Took a stray pout prisoner, and swelled the ranks to ten!

Isn't it amazing (yet it's really true)
What a single little smile all by itself can do?

—Albert F. Caldwell.

The Greatest Victory in the World

HELEN ADAIR



T was the greatest victory that can be gained in this world, and yet it was gained by a little girl only one year and a half old.

She was learning to walk, and had never stood on her feet before more than a minute or two at a time. By holding to chairs, table, bookcase, and sofa, she could travel, baby fashion, around the room.

Her mother had left her sitting on the dining-room floor happily playing with her teddy bear and picture-blocks. Upon returning, her mother found her standing on the other side of the room by the sewing-machine. With one hand she was holding herself up, and with the other she was pulling out the bobbins, needles, and spools.

"No, no, Verna," cried her mother, springing forward and taking her baby away before she should swallow the needles or reach the scissors. "Verna must not open mama's machine; those are mama's things, and they will hurt the baby."

Verna kicked and screamed, as babies generally do, and the moment her mother left her alone, back she went to the machine as fast as she could go.

Hearing a strange "click, click," her mother came to see what was the matter, and found her naughty baby again at the machine. She had jerked the little drawer entirely off and broken it, and was trying to pull out one of the small, inner springs of the machine.

As soon as she saw her mother coming, she began to scream. But her mother did not come near her this time. She stepped back into the kitchen, where she had been ironing, turned out the gas, and then quietly came back and sat down in the rocker in one corner of the room.



"LIVING JEWELS DROPPED UNSTAINED FROM HEAVEN"

"Verna, come away from the machine!" she said. Verna screamed still more loudly.

"Verna dear, don't you hear mama? Come away from the machine, and come and see mama." Verna threw back her head, and opened her mouth, and screamed as loudly as she could.

"Come, Verna, mama wants you to come away from the machine!" Back flew the naughty head; down rolled the angry tears; and *stamp* went the defiant feet, while shriek after shriek came from the distorted mouth; but never an inch did Verna move from the machine. For *three quarters of an hour* the battle raged, and that tired, trembling, screaming baby figure stood clutching the drawer of the machine.

By that time, both mama and grandma were praying for a speedy victory; and it came. Suddenly the angry tears ceased to flow, the awful shrieks quieted, and love peeped through the sky-blue eyes; one little hand let go of the machine and laid hold of the table;

then another little hand let go of the machine and laid hold of the table; two tired little feet turned toward the rocking-chair in the corner; mama held out her arms; baby tottered into them, and held up a rose-bud mouth for a kiss; the awful battle was over! Verna had gained her first glorious victory over S-E-L-F.

HOLD a coin in your hand, and say to the guests that you will place it on the floor, and whoever can pick it up may have it. Then place the person with back against the wall. Lay the coin immediately in front of him. Tell him to stoop and pick up his coin, keeping his heels close together and against the base-board. This is an impossible feat.—*Selected.*

A Boy Who Obeyed Orders

It was on a wet, cold October evening that a boy trudged wearily into the seaport town of Chatham, England, with a bundle on his shoulder. He was covered with mud, and from under the long black locks that fell on his forehead, two big eyes stared out at the world, and his thin cheeks were pinched with cold and wet with rain. He met a sailor as he entered the town outskirts, and, stopping him, said, "If you please, which way to the docks?"

The sailor directed him, and he went forward down the narrow streets till he came to the waterside. There he wandered around for a time without seeing any one, for it was supper-time; but presently he came upon an old man, and asked, "Are those ships out there war-ships?"

"Aye," replied the man, "they be, sure enough, lad. Be ye a-goin' to the wars?" And he grinned.

"Yes; but I don't know how to get on board," said the puzzled boy. "Where do the boats land?"

"Right here," and the old man waved his pipe at the landing stage before them. "See! yon is one a-comin' now."

Sure enough, a boat was rowing swiftly in. It drew up to the landing-stage and an officer stepped out. The boy approached the officer, and, touching his cap, said, "Please, sir, can you tell me how to get on board the frigate 'Raisonné'?"

The officer looked down, and, staring at the thin, pale face with its big eyes and firm mouth, replied: "Why, that is my ship. But what do you want on board of her?"

"Please, sir, I want to join. Her commander, Captain Suckling, is my uncle, and I was to report to him."

The officer looked again at the boy. "Well, in that case I can take you aboard when I return. But you look cold and hungry, my lad. Have you had supper?"

"No, sir; I left home early this morning, and have not eaten anything since."

"My! Here you have reported to me. I am a lieutenant on board, so come on up and have something to eat with me. Why didn't you stop in town as you came?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied the boy, "I promised father that I would come straight to the ship and report for duty without stopping in town, so I couldn't very well."

"Good boy!" cried the officer. "If you obey orders as well in the navy, you should get on capitally. What is your name?"

"Horatio Nelson, sir."

And the man who, as a boy, had learned to obey orders unflinchingly, later became the great sea hero of England, Lord Nelson.—*Boy's World*.

Love Deferred

"I'm so sorry the Crosbys are going to move away!" said Mrs. Ashton.

"So am I," agreed Mrs. Bates, heartily. "It makes me quite sad to think this is the last call we shall ever make on Mrs. Crosby. I think she's lovely, and do you know, Mary, when she first came to town I didn't like her a bit! She seemed almost forward. She went around speaking so frankly to every one just as if she liked every one and felt sure that every one liked her!"

"I resented it at first, but now I realize that it was

just her breezy way, and do you know, I've come to like it! Our meetings aren't nearly so stiff and formal as they used to be, and the winters don't seem half so long as they used to, there are so many little social affairs. People thought that if Mrs. Crosby, who wasn't very strong and had no maid, could give such charming, simple little parties, *they* could."

"I always liked her," said little Mrs. Ashton. "She attracted me from the first. But I am inclined to be shy, and I didn't want her to think I was running after her, so I never called very often."

As she spoke, the two women reached the Crosby gate; and half an hour later, their call ended, they stepped decorously out into the flower-laden air. Moved by a sudden, unaccountable impulse, Mrs. Bates turned back and held out both hands to her hostess.

"I can't let you leave us," she said, "without telling you how much we shall miss you here. I want you to know how much we all love you and what an inspiration you have been to this whole village."

She stopped, half frightened by her own temerity and by the strange conduct of her hostess. Without a word, Mrs. Crosby hurried back into the little parlor and buried her face in the sofa pillows. Her two callers followed her and stood by in awkward silence, until she smiled up at them through her tears.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" she asked, vehemently. "Don said he had an offer to go West, and asked me if we should go. I said yes, though I love it here for many reasons. I'll tell you now what I have never told any one — least of all Don or my home people. They would not understand — Don, because he has always lived here, and my home people because they have *never* lived here."

"I have been miserably unhappy and homesick in this pretty village! I came from a small city where every one entertains and welcomes a bride, and I lived here four years and a half before I was even invited out to tea. I'm not frivolous, but it hurts to be neglected. I can never cease to think gratefully of the woman who gave me my first invitation."

"It was six years before Don's best friends, the Englishes, of whom he had talked so much, asked us there to spend the evening; and then it was a casual invitation given to Don instead of to me. I can't help laughing — but it's a mirthless laugh — when I think of the days and days I sat at home here, waiting for callers who never came. I thought it was because you did not like Don's wife, and yet some of you had never met her!"

"O, but we did like you!" interrupted little Mrs. Ashton, with her own eyes full of tears. "We thought you were lovely, but we Eastonites are slow about making friends. But when we have once made them, they are friends for life!"

"Yes," said Alice Crosby, as she kissed them good-by. "I believe that you are and always will be my loyal friends, but O, don't wait so long again! Life is so short at best!" — *Youth's Companion*.

The Fair Deal

"THAT is all just now. You will please transcribe these letters at once, Miss Leeds. They must get the next mail." And Mr. Porter swung around to his desk and was deep in his calculations before the girl had left the room.

Back at her own desk, Emily worked skilfully and swiftly. She was careful and accurate, and liked to do

her work well. When the letters were finished, signed, and mailed, however, she leaned back with a sigh of pleasure. From her seat she could look out over the city roofs—a fairy view in the late afternoon, with long amethyst shadows and floating plumes of smoke, golden as sunset clouds, and the blue glint of the harbor behind it all. Emily's eyes grew dreamy. She longed to write a poem about it; absently she wrote down stray lines and phrases.

She was startled by the voice of Mr. Lane, the treasurer:—

"Miss Leeds, can you tell me anything about account 805B? I can't find it in the index."

Emily started up at once. During her vacation, her substitute had played havoc with the card indexes. Emily had not yet straightened them out.

"I'll find it, Mr. Lane," she replied; and five minutes later she triumphantly unearthed it. Mr. Lane took it with a growl. "You'd better get those things in order as soon as you can," he remarked.

Emily walked away with heightened color. They expected her to undo another girl's carelessness and do her own work, too! Still, of course, it had to be done sometime, and her very anger made her work more swiftly. Fortunately, no calls interrupted her, and by five o'clock she had finished the work.

"Now I hope there'll be peace," she said to herself. Really, it was a comfort to have it done; to-morrow she could bring her Keats to read in odd moments.

She was utterly unprepared for the blow that fell a month later. Half stunned, she stared at Mr. Porter.

"But—but—I do my work well," she stammered.

"Yes," he returned, bluntly, "what you do. But you haven't been square; we engage our employees for eight hours a day, and we expect them to give us a fair deal. They must be all there for eight full hours. We don't pay for poetry and day-dreams—they don't belong in our business. We want eight hours' work—you haven't delivered the goods, Miss Leeds."

With a sinking heart, Emily turned away. It was true; she could not deny it. And suddenly, through her humiliation, she caught a glimpse of a new ideal.—*Youth's Companion*.

Object of Trials

How can any individual overcome weak points in his nature and develop a strong moral character, without having trials to test him on those weak points?

Is it not principally by having trials, and meeting them through the exercise of self-control, that we are enabled to acquire strength and moral stamina?

If trials and perplexities are necessary to our up-building and moral advancement, should we become discouraged and complain when these tests are given to us?

If the strengthening of the weak things in our character depend largely on our being tested, should we not regard our trials as our real benefactors?

And were God to permit us to experience a life here free from trials, would he not really do us a great injustice, considering our needs?

But has not God promised his children that they shall not be tempted and tried beyond what they are able to bear?

Then if God is our strength and trials are necessary for our good, why do we complain and rebel when trials come? Is it not because we lack knowledge and real genuine conversion, and fail to exercise faith?

J. W. LOWE.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, March 22

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

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work.
 2. Let us go back to our Saviour's example of personal work and study his methods:—
 - a. He went to laboring men where they were at work. Matt. 4: 17-22; 9: 9.
 - b. He taught the value of Christian Help work.
 - c. After winning confidence by physical help, he hunted up a man to teach him the truth. John 9: 1-25, 35-38. This outline is suggestive, and may be enlarged or changed as desired.
 3. "A Visit to the Schools in Nyasaland." For this study either have a map of Nyasaland or draw one for this meeting. Gather also a few interesting facts about the country and its natives. The article on this subject in this paper is written by one who speaks from experience. Have it well read, or make it the basis of a good fifteen-minute talk.
 4. Song and praise service.
- The next issue of the INSTRUCTOR is the Livingstone number. This year we celebrate his centennial. If you can have a special Livingstone meeting, do so. The number of the INSTRUCTOR devoted to his life and work will contain abundant excellent material for such a program. To spend an hour some evening with this noble missionary would be profitable and inspiring, and an appropriate method of expressing our gratitude for the life of David Livingstone.
- All society officers who have not ordered the society lesson leaflets for the second quarter should do so at once.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6—Lesson 23: "Patriarchs and Prophets," Chapters 69-73

1. Give an account of the events attending David's coronation; first, as king of Judah, and then of all Israel.
2. Of the establishment of the new capital; of the first and the second conquest of the Philistines; of the bringing of the ark to Jerusalem.
3. What purpose did the king cherish concerning the tabernacle? Why did he not accomplish it? Contrast the spirit in which he received God's message with that often manifested. What kindness did he show to Saul's house? What other conquests did he make?
4. Why do the Scriptures say so little of men's virtues? Show how the way was prepared for David's fall. What may we learn from God's dealing with his sin, and from David's conduct upon receiving the message sent?
5. Review briefly the circumstances which culminated in Absalom's open rebellion.
6. The incidents accompanying the king's departure from Jerusalem. What was his attitude toward God at this time?
7. What service did Hushai render him? What was the result of the battle?
8. Show to what dangers the history of David testifies. Wherein was the wrong of numbering Israel? What judgment followed this act? How was the plague stayed? What conspiracy was formed against

the king in his old age? Picture the scene of his last address to his people.

Junior No. 5 — Lesson 23: "Pilgrim's Progress,"
Pages 298-320

1. WHOM did they meet next? Where? What story of recent combat was drawn from him? What do you think his sword represents? Of his pilgrimage, what account did he give?

2. What objections had his parents raised against his taking this step? Why did these not discourage him?

3. Describe the progress over the Enchanted Ground, noting the difficulties, dangers, and temptations encountered. What does their guide's map, or book, symbolize? his light?

4. With what temptations had Mr. Standfast been beset? How had he conquered? Of what character did Mr. Great-heart show Madam Bubble, or the world, to be?

5. Describe the pleasures of the land of Beulah.

6. Tell of the summons sent the different pilgrims here, of the preparations for departure, the admonitions given, and of the leave-taking.

Junior Missionary Volunteers

I HOPE that you have met some of our Northern Illinois Junior Missionary Volunteers. It would be quite easy to pick one out of even a large crowd, for every loyal Volunteer wears a J. M. V. pin.

The Missionary Volunteer secretary is our general, while the church-school teachers or society leaders are the lieutenants. There are fourteen lieutenants, and we are one hundred thirty-six strong. We hope that many more Northern Illinois boys and girls will join our ranks, and help us in the forward march. If you would like to be grafted in, just write to our general, and she will send you a membership pledge.

The lieutenants hold weekly meetings, and after the study each soldier reports the work he has done for Jesus, our commander-in-chief.

In December we raised \$12.35, which sent two Japanese children to our mission school. The corps located at South Side, Humboldt Park, and North Side in Chicago, Streator, Stockton, and Rock Falls reached the "Japo-Honor-Roll Fort." We are sorry that the others were tardy in reporting.

This month we are fighting for the "Watch-Fund Fort." We wish to buy Bible-books and "True Education Readers" for some poor Volunteers.

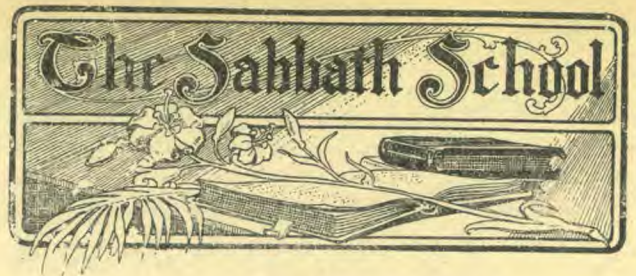
Next month we plan to fight for the temperance cause, with cannons (Temperance INSTRUCTOR), guns (temperance pledges), etc. Look out for our rallies. Pray for our army.

A MEMBER.

Do It Now!

WHEN we opened our Morning Watch Calendar to study the text for the last Sunday in January, we were reminded that even printing-presses make mistakes. A few other errors have crept in, so please take your calendar and make the necessary corrections before you lay this paper aside. January 26 should be 2 Peter 1:4; February 1, Luke 21:33; February 2, Isa. 52:10; April 9, Matt. 5:9; August 25, 1 John 5:14-16; and October 3, 2 Tim. 2:21. We deeply regret these mistakes; but let no one add to these the mistake of failing to correct his calendar. *Do it now.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.



XII — The Tower of Babel

(March 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 11:1-9.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is a refuge for us." Ps. 62:8.

Questions

1. What did God tell Noah and his sons to do after they came out of the ark? Did they obey his command? Gen. 9:1, 19.

2. How long did Noah live after the flood? How old was he when he died? Verses 28, 29.

3. How many languages were spoken at this time? Gen. 11:1.

4. As some of the people journeyed, to what land did they come? What did they find there? What did they do? Verse 2; note 1.

5. What did they say to one another? What did they plan to build? Why did they want to build a tower? Did they propose to carry out God's plan to scatter over the earth? Verses 3, 4; note 2.

6. Who visited the tower as it was being built? Verse 5.

7. What did the Lord say concerning their work? Did they think they would carry out their plan? Verse 6.

8. By what means was their work stopped? Verse 7; note 3.

9. Did the people succeed in making themselves a name? What more did they do? Rom. 1:22; note 4.

10. What punishment is the reward of pride? Prov. 16:18.

11. How did the building of this city and tower end? Gen. 11:8.

12. What name was given it? To what places were the people afterward scattered? Verse 9.

13. What refuge has been provided for us? Memory verse.

14. What does God purpose to build? What is the foundation? Who is the corner-stone? 1 Cor. 3:16, 20.

15. What part have we in this work of building? What care should we take? What material do some use in their building? How will the work of all be tested? Which will endure fire better,—gold and silver, or hay and stubble? Who will receive a reward? Who will be destroyed? Verses 9, 10, 12-14, 17.

16. What lessons may we learn from the story of the tower of Babel?

Notes

1. "For a time, the descendants of Noah continued to dwell among the mountains where the ark had rested. As their numbers increased, apostasy soon led to division. Those who desired to forget their Creator, and to cast off the restraint of his law, felt a constant annoyance from the teaching and example of their God-fearing associates; and after a time they decided to separate from the worshipers of God. Accordingly they journeyed to the plain of Shinar, on the banks of the river Euphrates. They were attracted by the beauty of the situation and the fertility of the soil; and upon this plain they determined to make their home."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 118.

2. "The dwellers on the plain of Shinar disbelieved God's

covenant that he would not again bring a flood upon the earth. Many of them denied the existence of God, and attributed the flood to the operation of natural causes. . . . One object before them in the erection of the tower was to secure their own safety in case of another deluge. By carrying the structure to a much greater height than was reached by the waters of the flood, they thought to place themselves beyond all possibility of danger. And as they would be able to ascend to the region of the clouds, they hoped to ascertain the cause of the flood. The whole undertaking was designed to exalt still further the pride of its projectors, and to turn the minds of future generations away from God, and lead them into idolatry."—*Id.*, page 119.

3. "When the tower had been partially completed, a portion of it was occupied as a dwelling-place for the builders; other apartments, splendidly furnished and adorned, were devoted to their idols. The people rejoiced in their success, and praised the gods of silver and gold, and set themselves against the Ruler of heaven and earth. Suddenly the work that had been advancing so prosperously was checked. Angels were sent to bring to naught the purpose of the builders. The tower had reached a lofty height, and it was impossible for the workmen at the top to communicate directly with those at the base; therefore men were stationed at different points, each to receive and report to the one next below him the orders for needed material, or other directions concerning the work. As messages were thus passing from one to another, the language was confounded, so that material was called for which was not needed, and the directions delivered were often the reverse of those that had been given. Confusion and dismay followed. All work came to a standstill. . . . Their confederacy ended in strife and bloodshed. Lightnings from heaven, as an evidence of God's displeasure, broke off the upper portion of the tower, and cast it to the ground. Men were made to feel that there is a God who ruleth in the heavens."—*Id.*, pages 119, 120.

4. The men of Babel tried to make themselves a great name. And they did; for their foolishness will never be forgotten.

XII — The Law and the Sanctuary

(March 22)

Questions

1. BEFORE imparting the instruction concerning the building of the earthly sanctuary, what did the Lord say he would give to Moses to be taught to the people? Ex. 24: 12.

2. When this law is taught, to what does it first bear testimony? Rom. 3: 20.

3. After the repentant sinner has availed himself of the mediatorial work of Christ, to what does the law bear testimony? Verse 21.

4. What was Moses directed to do with the testimony, or the law? Ex. 25: 16; note 1.

5. In which apartment of the sanctuary was the ark? Heb. 9: 3, 4.

6. What was upon the ark? Ex. 25: 17, 21.

7. How did God indicate his purpose to exercise compassion and forgiveness in dealing with his people concerning the law? Verse 22.

8. In whom is this typical teaching fulfilled? Rom. 3: 24, 25; note 2.

9. What is incurred as the inevitable result of sin? Rom. 6: 23.

10. What sacrifice has been offered to pay the penalty of sin? Heb. 9: 28.

11. What was the attitude of Jesus toward the law? Matt. 5: 17-19.

12. Instead of abolishing the law, what did Christ abolish? 2 Tim. 1: 10.

13. From his throne in the heavenly sanctuary what does our High Priest minister to those who seek it? Heb. 4: 15, 16.

14. In what other statement is this same idea expressed? Rom. 5: 5.

15. When mercy, grace, and love have thus been ministered from the heavenly sanctuary, what experience will result? Rom. 13: 8-10. Compare 1 John 5: 2, 3; note 3.

16. What work is thus being accomplished by our

High Priest as mediator of the new covenant? Heb. 8: 10.

17. What is known by those who have God's law in the heart? Isa. 51: 7.

18. What inspired prayer is thus answered? Eph. 3: 16, 17.

19. What mystery is made manifest in this experience? Col. 1: 26, 27; note 4.

20. How is peace with God obtained? Rom. 5: 1.

21. What is assured to those who love God's law? Ps. 119: 165.

Notes

1. The law of God is called the testimony because it bears testimony either to sin or to righteousness. The two tables of stone are called the tables of testimony because the testimony, or the law, was written upon them. And the ark was called the ark of the testimony because the testimony, or the law, was deposited in it. In Psalm 119, testimonies, commandments, precepts, statutes, ordinances, judgments, word, and law are all used to designate the same thing.

2. The Greek word which is translated "propitiation" in Rom. 3: 25 is the same word as is translated "mercy-seat" in Heb. 9: 5. The same Greek word is used in the Greek translation of the Old Testament to represent the Hebrew word translated "mercy-seat" in the English version. In the typical service the mercy-seat was between the law and the people, and they dealt with the law over the mercy-seat. In the real service Christ is the mercy-seat between the law and the people, and they deal with the law through Christ.

3. Through the ministry of the Holy Spirit all blessings are bestowed. Grace, mercy, and love, which come in this way, are not abstract qualities, but are the very spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and they are made manifest in the life in harmony with the law of God, just as Christ lived that law on earth.

4. The writing of the law of God in the heart and the dwelling of Christ in the heart are simply different forms of expression for the same experience. They both involve the restoration of the image of God in the soul of the believer.

Another Surprise

THIS surprise is for the Reading Course members and for those who should be members of that circle. Last year a gift-book was offered to every person holding five Reading Course certificates, and we have many good reasons for believing that this plan was appreciated. Quite a number of gift-books were called for. The offer closed with the old year, but during 1913 a gift-book will be given to every person holding three Missionary Volunteer Reading Course certificates. The book this year must necessarily be slightly less expensive, but it will be among the supreme books. The list from which selections are to be made will be published later. Do not fail to get a gift-book.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

Asleep in Church

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER, of Plymouth Church, always ready with an answer to the most perplexing questions, was asked by a country parson what he did with persons who went to sleep in meeting.

"Well," said the sagacious Beecher, "I'll tell you what I do. When I first came to Plymouth Church, I gave the sexton strict orders that if he saw any person asleep in my congregation, he should come straight to the pulpit and wake up the minister."

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

THE political situation in Mexico seems only to have been complicated by two of President Madero's trusted generals turning traitor to his cause, and taking the affairs of the government into their own hands. While Madero and Vice-President Suarez, under the direction of the traitor generals, were being transferred from the palace to the penitentiary on the night of February 23, they were both assassinated.

The Youth's Instructor

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

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Keep Your Promise

A PROMISE is a real thing; it is a sacred thing; it is a telltale thing. It registers the character as faithfully as the thermometer does the temperature, or as definitely as the weather-vane does the wind.

The person who promises lightly, fulfils lightly; while he who senses the binding obligation of a promise, pledges more moderately.

But the one who shrinks from righteous promising or pledging, is not decided in following the right. He who always faces the right unswervingly and unflinchingly, promises sturdily and promptly in things pertaining to right. One's promises, therefore, are a true revelation of one's character.

Takoma Park is a small place, yet I suppose it has one or two representatives of nearly every class of men found in our larger cities. It has the business man who makes promises readily, and who breaks them as readily. It has the business man who makes promises and keeps them. Some one recently said of one of our Takoma Park business men, "Whatever he tells you he will do, he will do exactly that." A reputation of this kind is worth striving for.

Recently one of the large business firms in the city called up another business man and asked about the reliability of a certain man who wanted credit of the firm to the amount of several hundred dollars. The one of whom the inquiry was made, said that he could not say whether his credit would be good or not; he was only slightly acquainted with him, but he would make inquiry. One reason he did not dare to say anything definitely in the man's favor, was that this man had not revealed a high regard for his promises; but quite the opposite. So one or two instances where a promise was ignored, failed to give the gentleman of whom inquiry was made inspiration to commend the man as one who would assuredly meet a financial obligation, though his credit may be perfectly good.

There is another man who has considerable business here. He is not an educated man, he is not an attractive man, generally speaking; but when he makes a business promise, he fulfils it exactly. Men have learned that they can depend upon him. And so they like to give their work to him.

There was another man, a capable workman and a very hard worker, but one who would promise to do a certain thing on a certain day, and almost nine times out of ten would fail to be on hand as he promised. This, of course, is very trying to employers; and the

man who does this must have very strong qualities otherwise, or he will lose out entirely.

"I forgot" is no excuse for unfulfilled promises. It is the business of the one who promises to remember. Forgetfulness is brother to slackness.

The Lord is not slack concerning his promises, and we do despite to his name when we are slack concerning ours. In trivial matters as well as in larger things a promise is binding. Even if you think it can make no difference whether you fulfil the promise at a definite time or not, you can not know for a certainty. But suppose it should not make any difference to the person to whom you made the promise, you yourself can not afford to disregard even one promise. If you do, it will be easier to do so the second time.

To be implicitly trustworthy is a thing to be greatly desired. There is nothing greater. And there is hardly anything more undesirable than to be unreliable. The word promise is taken from two words meaning to send forth. The one who promises, *sends forth his word* to another as a pledge of fulfilled action. The Lord promises that his word shall accomplish that whereunto he sends it. Every person must have that same determination underlying his word, if he expects to be blessed of God.

The great men of past ages, or of the present age, were not made of brittle promises. Their house was builded upon the solid rock of fulfilled promises.

Whatever the inconvenience to one's self, a promise must be fulfilled, if possible. If circumstances absolutely preclude its fulfilment at the time noted, an explanatory apology must be despatched before the date of fulfilment, if possible; and if not, as soon after as possible.

There is a printer, Mr. Byron S. Adams, in our national capital, who has on his windows and delivery wagons the words: "I never disappoint." When I first saw this sign, I said to myself, "That man is conceited; he promises too much." But upon maturer thought, I concluded that Mr. Adams simply means that he keeps his promises. He never makes a person call the second time for work. If he promises to use a certain grade of paper, he uses that grade, and not a cheaper one. He does exactly as he promises, so can not disappoint.

Why should not we each take for our motto, so far as our promises are concerned, "I never disappoint"?

The Glory of a Stainless Life

AN Arabian princess was once presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, not to be opened for a year. The time came at last; and lo! on the satin lining lay a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful, but the beauty gone. A note said: "Dear pupil, learn a lesson. This trinket had only a spot of rust: by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time leave only the dark shadow of what might have been. Place herein a jewel of gold, and after many years you will find it as sparkling as ever."—*Selected.*

FOUR hundred sixty-six students were expelled for insubordination from the Texas State Agricultural and Mechanical College, when they refused to attend to academic duties until twenty-seven comrades who had been dismissed for hazing, were reinstated.