

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

December 23, 1913

No. 51

*They saw the young Child
with Mary his Mother*

The Shepherd Band

Low sank the sun in western sky,
And bade the earth one more good-by;
Then, as the twilight turned to night,
The heavens filled with glorious light.
A shepherd band was watching there
To guard the flocks with tender care.
Their words that night of Christ had been,
When suddenly an angel bright,
Sent down from heaven that lonely night,
Appeared to let the shepherds know
A lowly place where they might go
To welcome him, the Father's Son,
Whose life for them had just begun.
"To Bethlehem, O haste away!
A King is born to you this day."
And hark! A band of angels sing,
"All glory be to Christ the King;"
And sweetly comes the song again,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men."
And troubled hearts that once were sad,
By heaven's message were made glad.

And so today the hearts of men
May fill with joy; Christ comes again
To gather home his ransomed band
From every clime, from every land.
O happy gathering that will be
On heaven's glorious, glassy sea!
Beginning with the first glad day,
All honor there to him we'll pay;
And lasting through the ages long,
In triumph we shall sing the song
Of everlasting joy and peace
And life that nevermore shall cease.

HELEN J. BYINGTON.

*Lo the star
which they
saw
in the
east
went
before
them.*



NEARLY 10,000 Japanese have entered Brazil since last spring.

CANADA spends more for liquor in one week than it gives to missions in two years.

THE death toll in London from automobile collisions is 21, while in New York it is 234.

DR. OTTO LUMMER, of the University of Breslau, announces that he has succeeded in rendering coal fluid by electricity.

SOME fifteen to twenty Danish train officials were sent to attend the Milan alcohol congress, upon government expense.

DR. C. J. HALL, of Indiana, says that if people really understood the harm that alcohol does to the human body, never a drop would enter the body.

GOVERNOR TENER of Pennsylvania is to be made president of the National Baseball League, at a salary more than three times that he now receives as governor.

DISSOLUTION of the American Can Company, alleged by the government to be a trust and a monopoly and a "child of the steel trust," is asked in a suit filed in the federal court by the Department of Justice, through G. Carroll Todd, assistant to the Attorney-General, in charge of trust prosecutions.

THE number of breweries in the civilized countries of the whole world is estimated to be something like 30,000. In these a capital of about \$5,000,000,000 is invested. In the number of breweries Germany takes the lead, with 4,200; Belgium has 3,200; France, 3,200; and the United States, 1,000. However, as far as the annual production of beer is concerned, Germany has been recently surpassed by the United States of North America.

THE church at Sebastopol, California, gave \$32.60 at the time of the Ingathering service, and two hundred and seventy-five pounds of dried fruit for the missionaries in India.

SEVERAL thousand active New York union waiters have signed petitions asking the legislature to make it a misdemeanor to tip a waiter, or for a waiter to accept a tip, and to provide as punishment to fit the crime a year's imprisonment, or a \$500 fine, or both.

IN opening the first Italian parliament elected by universal suffrage, King Victor Emmanuel declared that the Vatican never would be allowed to interfere in state affairs. Among those who listened to the speech were a number of newly elected Catholic deputies, one of them the Pope's physician.

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THE
PROTESTANT
MAGAZINE

ADVOCATING
PRIMITIVE
CHRISTIANITY

PROTESTING
AGAINST
APETASY

A Spiritual Religion
Versus
Pompous Ceremonials

THE most prominent difference between Protestantism and Romanism may be summed up in the statement that the former is a spiritual religion and the latter a carnal and worldly belief. Protestantism appeals to the soul of man, while Romanism endeavors to captivate the carnal senses. There can be no place in a truly spiritual religion for the materialism afforded by images, "holy" water, scapulars, rosaries, chaplains, "sacred" medals, and all those pompous ceremonials which delight the heart of sinful men. Carnality and spirituality are diametrically opposed to each other.—*The Protestant Observer* (London), October, 1913.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

JANUARY, 1914

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

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No. 51

The Inn That Missed Its Chance

(The landlord speaks — 28 A. D.)

WHAT could be done? The inn was full of folk,—
His honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes
Who made the census; honorable men
From farthest Galilee come hitherward
To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords;
The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng
As Bethlehem had never seen before,
And may not see again. And there they were,
Close herded with their servants, till the inn
Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I
Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know
That they were so important? Just the two,
No servants, just a workman sort of man,
Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon
Drooping and pale—I saw them not myself,
My servants must have driven them away;
But had I seen them, how was I to know?
Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down
In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,
Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light
Resplendent; but I had no time for stars.
And there were songs of angels in the air

Out on the hills; but how was I to hear
Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?
Of course if I had known then who they were,
And who was he who should be born that night—
For now I learn that they will make him king,
A second David, who will ransom us
From these Philistine Romans—who but he
That feeds an army with a loaf of bread;
And if a soldier falls, he touches him
And up he leaps, uninjured?—had I known,
I would have turned the whole inn upside down,
His honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest,
And sent them all to stables—had I known.

So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps
Again will see him. Prithee say for me
I did not know; and if he comes again,
As he will surely come, with retinue,
And banners, and an army, tell my Lord
That all my inn is his to make amends.

Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that!
This inn that might be chief among them all,
The birthplace of Messiah—had I known!

—Amos R. Wells.

Christmas Without Christ



"Hooroom!" The Lord was crowded out! And I suggest that this incident at the birth of our Saviour is symbolic of the tragedy of the whole of his life, and of the continued tragedy of our relationship to him today. He has been excluded from the central place. He has been hustled into the outer courts. No room has been offered him in the inn. He has been crowded out. And I further suggest that the only place in which he can make his home today is in the inn of the soul, the secret rooms of the personal life.

Our Substitutes

Now what do we offer the Lord in the place of a room in the inn?

We build him stately material temples. We expend boundless treasures in their erection. Art joins hands with architecture, and the structure becomes a poem. Lily-work crowns the majestic pillar. Subdued light, exquisite line, and tender color add their riches to the finished pile. And the soul cries out, "Here is a house for thee, O Man of Nazareth, Lord of glory! Here is the home I have built for thee." And if the soul would only listen, there would come back the pained response, "Where is the place of my rest?" saith the Lord. "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." The Lord of glory seeks the warm inn of the soul, and we offer him a manger of stone.

Or in place of the home which he seeks, we build him a place of stately ritual. We spend infinite pains in designing dainty and picturesque ceremonials. Or perhaps we discard the color and the glow. We banish everything that is elaborate and ornate. We have a ritual without glitter, and we have movements without romance. But whether our ceremony be one or the

other, whether it be laden with Roman Catholic profusion or lean with Quaker simplicity, the soul virtually says to the Lord, "Here is a ritualistic house I have built for thee, O Christ. Take up thine abode in the dwelling which I have provided." And if the soul would only listen, it would hear the Lord's reply: "My son, give me thine heart." He seeks the inn of the soul; we offer him a ritualistic manger.

Or once again we build him the massive house of a stately creed. The building is solid and comprehensive. All its parts are firm and well defined, and they are mortised with passionate zeal and devotion. We are proud of its constitution. The creed is all the more beautiful because it is now so venerable and hoary. The weather-stains of centuries only add to its significance and glory. There it stands, venerable, majestic, apparently indestructible. "Here is a creedal home for thee, O Lord. I am jealous for the honor of thy house. I will contend earnestly for every stone in the holy fabric. Here is a home for thee, O King." And if the soul would reverently and quietly listen, this would be the response it would hear: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" That is what the Lord is seeking. He seeks not my creedal statements, but my personal faith. He solicits not my creed, but my person; not my words, but my heart. And so do we offer him all these substitutes in the place of the dwelling he seeks. And if these are all we have to offer, "the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." We offer him the hospitality of a big outer creed, but there is no room for him in the inn.

Rooms of the Inn

Let us now look even more closely at the kind of entertainment which the Lord desires, and let me quote for our guidance the word of the apostle Paul: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" This is the

house our Redeemer seeks, the wonderful inn of the soul. I want to look inside that inn, for it has many rooms, housing many varied interests, and we may exclude the Lord from them all. Let us walk through a few of the rooms.

There is, first of all, the room of the mind, the busy realm of the understanding. Try to imagine the multitude of thoughts that throng that room in a single day. From waking moment to the return of sleep they crowd its busy floors. There they are, thoughts innumerable, hurrying, jostling, going! And yet in all the restless, tumultuous assembly, with the floor never empty, the Lord may have no place. "God is not in all his thoughts." There is no room in the inn. He is crowded out.

And here is another room, the room of personal affection and desire. It is the room where love lives and sings; and it is the room where love droops and sickens and dies. It is the room where impulse is born, and where it grows or faints. It is the room where secret longing moves shyly about, and only occasionally shows itself at the window. It is the busy chamber of the emotions. And the Lord yearns to enter this carefully guarded room, to make his home in the realm of waking and brooding affection. Is there any room for him?

Let us pass into another room in the inn. I shall call it the room of the imagination. It is the radiant chamber of ideals and fancies and visions and dreams. In this room we may find Prospect Window and the Window of Hope. It is here that we look out upon the morrow; and it is here that life's wishes and plans may be found. The Lord delights to abide in that bright chamber of purpose and dreams. Is there any room?

Not far from this room there is another which I shall call the chamber of mirth. It is here that the genius of merriment dwells, and here you may find the sunny presence of wit and humor. Here are quip and jest and jollity. Here is where bridal joy is found, and where the song of the vineyard is born. Will the Master turn into this room, or will he avoid it? I warrant he longs for a place in the happy crowd. Is there any room in this hall of mirth?

There are many other rooms in this inn that I could name. There is the conversation-room, that busy room of speech and intercourse. Is the Lord permitted to enter into that room and have any influence upon the fellowship? There is the recreation-room, the room used in the hour of leisure, when business is laid aside and we are at play. Is the Master permitted to play with us? Has he any voice or veto in the matter and manner of games? Or is there no room for him? Is he crowded out?

The Reasons Why We Close the Inn

Now why do we shut him out? Well, there are many reasons, but I shall select two or three which perhaps are the most common.

First of all, we may keep him out because we should not care for him to see what there is within. I mean that we do not care to consciously meet him inside the inn. It troubles us and disturbs us to think about him. The only way in which some people can find even comparative comfort is to forget the Lord.

Then again we may keep him out by the thronging multitude of our cares. We can be so full of care as to be quite careless about him. We can have so much to worry about that we have no time to think about Christ. "The cares of this world . . . choke the word," and the Speaker of the word is forgotten.

In the third place, we may crowd the Saviour out of the inn by the multitude of pleasures which we are entertaining as our guests. That is to say, a merely sensational life can make us numb to all that is spiritual, and the unseen world becomes non-existent to our souls. That is an awful law of life. We may so dwell in the pleasures of the senses that all the deeper things are as if they were dead, and buried in forgotten graves.

It is not needful to name any further reasons for our exclusion of the Lord from the rooms of the soul. I think we all clearly see that Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Light of the World," depicts an ever-recurring spiritual tragedy. You remember the picture. The Lord stands outside the door, at night, among the chilling dews, and beneath the cold light of the moon, and is knocking, knocking. And the door has been so long closed that weeds have clambered about it, and even the very flowers have become obstructive to his entrance. And he is knocking, knocking; but there is no opening. What is happening on the other side of the door I cannot tell, but clearly there is no room for him in the inn.

But suppose we open the door and make room for him in the inn. What then? Well, what does he himself say about his coming? "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That cannot be said of every visitor who is allowed to enter our souls. "The thief cometh that he may kill and steal and destroy." The thief comes to share our joy, but he spoils it. He makes a promise to deepen our peace, but he creates disorder. But the Lord himself will not steal away a single treasure. He will not kill a single innocent pleasure. He will not destroy a single lovely thing. Try him. Open the door this Christmas-tide and see what will happen if we allow him room in the inn. Take him into your fun. Will he spoil it? Take him into your conversation. He will come in like sunshine. There are some things that will just disappear at his coming, as owls and bats vanish at the dawn.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett.*

What the Babe of Bethlehem Has Done

MR. ROBERT E. SPEER has said that he would be almost willing to stake the entire defense of Christianity on what it has done for the child as compared with the attitude of non-Christian religions toward children. Infanticide, especially of girls, is common in almost every non-Christian country. In India the predominance of boys over girls bears abundant testimony to the practise of killing girl babies.

In one of the villages of China, a missionary tells of his having found, on his first arrival, a pond which was called "Babies' Pond." Into this pond were cast the children that heartless parents wished to get rid of; and in those early days of missionary work, this missionary states, the bodies of several babies could always be seen floating on the slimy green surface of the pond. The entrance of the gospel into this place has not only done away with this practise, but has made sacred the life of the child.—*The Bible Teacher.*

The Money in India

THE money we use in India being entirely unlike that used in the United States, perhaps it would be interesting and instructive to our American young people to be told something about what we really do use here. Not long ago I received a letter from a young man attending one of our academies in Canada, and

he wanted to know the meaning of the word pice, and its real value.

While at home on furlough I had a collection of India coins, which never failed to create an interest. Now I shall tell you what I wish I might show you instead. First, our money consists of notes made out on white paper, and printed in black, red, and green. Then we have gold pieces, silver, nickel, and copper coins, and white shells.

The notes are wider than the American dollar bill, and about the same length, although the smallest note is shorter than the dollar bill. In America the money standard is the dollar, but in India the standard coin is the rupee. When you see the letter S with one or two lines through it, you know that it stands for dollar; thus \$. In like manner when we see the abbreviation Rs. we know that it stands for rupees.

One rupee is about one third of our dollar. The notes are valued at Rs. 5, Rs. 10, Rs. 20, Rs. 50, etc., up to very large sums. In the United States one must not mutilate a dollar bill, but here it is the reverse. If we wish to send a note to a person, we take the shears and cut the note into two pieces, and send one half today and the other half when we please. This is to insure safety in transit. Then if we are not known, we are asked to write our names on the back of notes for identification. Notes are printed on only one side in India.

In recent years we have been using the gold sovereign, which is very similar to the five-dollar gold piece in the United States. We have the half-crown, or a piece of gold half the value of the sovereign, although it is not common. The natives do not care for the paper or the gold. They prefer the silver or copper. The silver rupee is about the size of an American half-dollar, but a little thicker, and hence heavier. The head of the king or queen is stamped on one side. The people of India are very careful to sound all their silver rupees to see if they have the right ring, because there are many fake rupees. They usually sound them on a stone. The next coin is the eight-anna silver piece, about half as large as the rupee, or the size of an American quarter. Then comes the quarter-anna silver piece, about the size of a one-cent piece. Then the two-anna silver piece, which is half as large as a one-cent piece. After that, the nickel or one-anna piece, with scalloped edges, which is a very useful coin, as is the five-cent piece in the United States. The next coin is copper, and is called half an anna, very large and heavy. Then comes the quarter-anna, or pice, which is also copper. This is followed by the very small piece of copper called the "pie;" and last of all is the small white snail shell used as change. It takes nearly one hundred of these shells to make up the value of one copper coin.

The people of India are usually very poor indeed, so they do not handle as much of the larger coin as they do of the smaller. Instead of using pocketbooks, as in America, they use small cloth bags. A woman will work hard all day in the fields for two annas, or four cents. And a man will do the same for four annas, or eight cents. So that a package of gum costing five cents in America is the wages of a poor woman for a whole day in India. I think if our American children knew how far their pennies would go in heathen lands, and how much good they would do, they would be more careful in saving them for mission work. Let us never forget that the Lord Jesus blessed even the widow's two mites, which were very tiny coins indeed.

M. D. WOOD.

A Funeral

ONE of the most distinguished preachers in New York said one day, as he stood in a great pulpit and looked down upon the face of a man lying in his casket at the foot of the pulpit, "Of all men who have worked in our city, I think this man was almost the greatest. I pay a tribute to his memory. He has influenced the city profoundly in his mission." When he had finished his tribute, many came forward, and as they looked into the upturned face, it was with real emotion. Then the poor of New York came to see their friend, and they filed past for a considerable time, some of them bending over and bathing his face with their tears. Finally, there came a great number of men, each with a white rose, and they placed the roses on the casket until it was covered, and then the flowers fell on the floor. It was a monument of roses reared to the memory of a man who had served three terms in prison. He had been called in his earlier days a violent criminal. He had been profane and ignorant. It is said that he was seated one night in gloom and misery in an alley of a city when a missionary came along and handed him a little tract. The poor fellow tore it in pieces, and said, with an oath, "If you want to help me, give me your coat. You must see that I am freezing." Then the missionary, who was himself thinly clad, took off his own coat and gave it to him. This act of kindness almost broke the man's heart. Jerry McAuley, who was then deep in iniquity and far from God, was wonderfully saved. Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him.—A. H. Potts.

When God Was Defied

THERE was an infidel soldier of the middle ages who hated the Bible and all sacred things. He grew so fierce and mad in his defiance that he determined to test the power of the Christians' God. So he went out into a field, armed as if for battle. He threw his glove down on the ground as a challenge. Then he looked up into the heavens and angrily cried: "God, if there be a God, I defy thee here and now to mortal combat. If thou indeed art, put forth thy power of which thy pretended priests make such boast." As he spoke, he saw a piece of paper fluttering in the air just above his head. It fell at his feet. He took it up, and on it read these words: "God is love." This was the message that came wafted down on the still air, in the angels' song, that night when Christ was born.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

England's Dreadnaught

ENGLAND now possesses a full squadron of eight battle-ships of the superdreadnaught type, the most compact and powerful fighting force in the world. These eight ships, which mount in the aggregate 80 13.5-inch guns and 128 4-inch guns, cost the British nation over \$70,000,000; but, after all, they form only a part of the British fleet. The "Ajax," the commissioning of which completed this squadron, was the eighteenth battle-ship of the dreadnaught era to take her place in the fleet that guards these coasts, and it is less than eight years since the first dreadnaught was laid down. England has, therefore, spent in battle-ships and battle-cruisers alone in those eight years upward of \$150,000,000; and each year her ships, each being an improvement over the last, are costing her more.—Selected.

International Congress Against Alcoholism

MARIE C. BREHM



ON Monday morning, September 22, the Hall of Statues in the castle at Milan, Italy, was filled to overflowing with delegates from thirty-three nations, who came to attend the fourteenth congress against alcohol. The official delegates numbered more than one thousand.

The castle, situated in the center of the great commercial city of Milan, was originally built in 1386. The Italian government had extended a cordial invitation to the civilized nations to come and participate in the discussion of this world-wide question. The king tendered the use of the Villa Reale for the sessions of the congress, the acceptance of which proved that the faith of those in charge of affairs was not so large as it ought to have been, for the building was so crowded at every session that many were obliged to stand.

It was an interesting incident to have the opening sessions in the old castle, which is so closely identified with the history of the country, and to continue the work in the king's villa, so beautifully located in the public gardens of the city.

The meeting was inspiring. The following governments sent representatives: Austria, Australia, Argentina, Belgium, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Morocco, Montenegro, New South Wales, Norway, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Servia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States of America.

At the opening, members of the Italian parliament had seats on the platform. Senatore de Christoporis occupied the chair, and announced that the Italian postmaster-general, Minister Callisano, who was to have spoken, had passed away on the day before. He paid a beautiful tribute to the departed minister, and spoke of the great interest he had in the cause. All hearts beat in sympathy with the bereaved Italians. Senatore de Christoporis thanked the members for their attendance, and hoped the proceedings of the week would be successful and contribute greatly to the combating of the great evil against which the congress was called.

Dr. Fillipetti, president of the Italian committee, welcomed the members, and said they were greatly indebted to the government for the consistent, continuous help that had been given for the preparation for the congress.

A greeting to the congress from 21,000 Italian doctors was received with enthusiasm and gratitude.

From beginning to end, the program of the congress was varied and interesting as well as instructive. Dealing with every phase of the temperance question known to the human mind, the great cause was advanced by giving a comprehensive vision of the world-wide work to many who had their first opportunity to attend a meeting of such proportions.

One of the interesting features was the exhibit showing the use made of exhibits in many lands.

Italy, Switzerland, and Austria had a wonderful array of machinery and devices used to prepare the product of the vineyards for non-alcoholic foods and drinks, thus turning the great grape harvests into helpful commercial channels for the blessing of the people, in-

stead of into alcoholic wines for their great injury.

Many papers and addresses on this phase of the question were presented by men of experience, who emphasized the commercial as well as moral advantages to the people of changing the trend of grapes into food channels. They displayed not only the machinery by which these results can be produced, but the products themselves.

One of the objects in the French exhibit which attracted considerable attention was an absinth bottle. Upon drawing the cork, a long ribbon came out on which had been painted, "What comes out of the bottle?—Misery, tears, maladies, prisons, infant degeneration, degradation, crime, despair, folly, delirium tremens, suicides, hospital experiences, banishment, poverty, decapitations, hangings, death, paupers' graves."

The congress had a few interesting flurries precipitated during the discussions by persons who had no place on the program proper, but were given the floor to speak on the questions presented by the program speakers. One of these was a plea for the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, projected by natives of Italy. The eloquent protests on the part of other Italians showed as nothing else could the increasing solidarity of opinion for total abstinence as a fundamental principle for all people who would rid themselves of the burdens imposed upon society by the traffic in alcoholic liquors. There was hardly a session of this great congress of experts on the liquor problem but emphasized the two fundamental principles upon which the reform rests, total abstinence for the individual, because alcohol itself is the scourge and destroyer in every country; and only by prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcohol can the problem be permanently solved.

Dr. Eggers, of Germany, proved himself an ingenious debater by securing the floor on every possible occasion to advocate the Gothenburg system as a method of dealing with the problem at this stage of its development, particularly for Germany. He had respectful attention from the members of the congress several times. When the conviction came upon a large number of the members that he was using every opportunity to advocate the same policy, a number of interested and well-informed persons as to the merits and demerits of the Gothenburg system took part in the discussion. Some of these represented the lands in which the system had been in use longest. There was considerable excitement for a while, owing somewhat to the babel of languages. But when the discussion was over, there was little left of the Gothenburg system but a few holes and frazzles. Testimony came from several sections proving that, as a system, it perpetuated and continued the liquor traffic, and made it more difficult to secure prohibition.

The care and cure of inebriates came in for a large share of attention and discussion. Every nation has this most serious phase of the problem to consider. Professor Gonser, of Berlin, Germany, presented the difficulties of the rescue, care, and restoration of these unfortunates, from the German viewpoint. He said: "The number of drunkards, that is, those persons, men and women, with whom the habit of drinking has become a passion or mania, is much greater than is

generally supposed. In hospitals and lunatic asylums, in prisons and almshouses, we find a great many drunkards, while many others are unknown to the public. In Germany they number about three hundred thousand. These drunkards are a burden and danger to themselves, to the persons around them, and to the public. They are unhappy, they make others unhappy, they procreate an inferior generation, and draw others into the same misery in which they live and suffer themselves. They increase the public expenses, they deprive the commonwealth of a productive force, because very often they do not work at all. They create a productive soil for the other great plagues, such as tuberculosis." He closed his remarkable address with the statement: "The care for drunkards must and will always lead to the conviction, '*To prevent an evil is better than to cure it.*'"

Among the social events was a reception tendered the delegates by the municipality of Milan at the Villa Reale, and a three-hour boat-ride on Lake Como. A banquet at one of the hotels in Como was the occasion of many bright speeches, among which were none more telling than those of the United States delegates.

The direct and immediate influence of the congress resulted in the organization of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a society of Good Templars.

The press gave, in the main, favorable comment and generous space.

Dr. Ferrarri proved the man suited for the task of secretary of the congress. It was he who at The Hague two years before made the eloquent and convincing plea that resulted in the vote for the fourteenth congress to meet in Italy.

The invitation of the official delegation from the United States for the holding of the fifteenth international Antialcoholic Congress in the United States of America was presented in three languages and accepted by a large majority vote. So we may all look forward to the coming of the representatives of the nations to our shores in 1915. It is to be hoped that all the temperance people of North America will unite in making this the greatest of all great world congresses.

California Going Dry

A STATE-WIDE campaign to fight the legalized wine, beer, and liquor traffic in California will begin in 1914. It was so decided by an overwhelming vote at the California Dry Convention, held by Prohibitionists from over the State. About sixteen hundred delegates were present, some thirty-five of whom were delegates from our church. The sessions teemed with fervor and enthusiasm. Old-time workers in the dry cause declared it was the most enthusiastic convention ever held by the foes of King Alcohol. The convention was held for the purpose of "deciding whether or not a campaign shall be immediately inaugurated to secure the submission and adoption of an amendment to our State constitution that shall forever prohibit the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes in the State of California."

We had the privilege of having a table at the convention hall for our literature. About three hundred and fifty of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR were given to the leading men and women in attendance. Several hundred copies of our temperance tracts were scattered among the delegates, and these were received with appreciation. Our temperance literature is well known here. Many warm friends of the INSTRUCTOR

were present at the convention, and called for extra copies of the paper.

One of the speakers told me that he had just completed a month's campaign with a stereopticon. Early in the season he was given a copy of the INSTRUCTOR, and was so impressed with the cuts that he decided to make slides of them for his lecture work. Some fifteen of the INSTRUCTOR cuts were used by him in this manner.

Dr. John McCoy, head of the Temple Baptist Sunday-school,—membership 2,350,—has recently given a copy of the INSTRUCTOR to each of his seventy-five Sunday-school officers, and the other day sent me a testimonial.

The Dry Convention was really an interruption for us, since we are giving all our energies to the Harvest Ingathering campaign. However, we enjoyed throwing ourselves into the citizens' fight for a dry State.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Preachers' Sons

DR. GARRETT NEWKIRK, of Pasadena, California, who gives us from time to time such delightful bird poems, has recently set himself to the task of making a list of eminent men who are the sons of clergymen. Those who are inclined to believe that ministers' sons have little chance to grow into good, wholesome men may have their ideas about the proverbial "preachers' bad boys" jolted a bit by the list Dr. Newkirk has compiled. It includes such men as—

Oliver Wendell Holmes	Henry Ward Beecher
Edward Everett Hale	James Russell Lowell
John Hancock	Francis Parkman
Increase Mather	Grover Cleveland
George Bancroft	David J. Brewer
Louis Agassiz	Jonathan P. Dolliver
Henry Clay	Henry James
Ralph Waldo Emerson	Lyman Abbott
David Dudley Field	Edward H. Harriman
Cyrus W. Field	J. Pierpont Morgan
John B. Gordon	Calvin Bryce

Samuel F. B. Morse

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Making Every Day a Christmas

CHRISTIAN lands are blessed with countless lives that show the Christmas spirit every day of the year. Let me tell you of one. In a country post-office the postmistress was so ill she did not know when Christmas came and went. After she was better, she felt bitter against Providence and gloomy toward everybody. But the day she returned to her humble duties, it occurred to her, Why not make today my lost Christmas? So she put the spirit of Christ into the whole day. She smiled at every one that came or went. They wondered, but they were pleased and made happier.

After the office was closed for the day, this Christmas impersonator gathered a lot of small comforts and took them out as presents to the poor of the neighborhood. Then she carried delicacies to the sick. At the close of the day she was the happiest woman in the community, and she determined to live each day as if it were Christmas.

The spirit of Christ with us and in us makes every day a feast-day. We daily enjoy his bounty, and we may daily enjoy his presence. "Lo, I am with you always."—Rev. A. W. Lewis,

Benefits of the Morning Watch

JENNIS L. GREY



HOSE who are following faithfully and carefully the helps to study, meditation, and prayer, given in the Morning Watch Calendar, have an experience similar to that of David. He said, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." To David, this was a great privilege, as it should be to every child of God.

Such expressions as, "O how I love thy law!" "I delight in thy statutes," "I love them exceedingly," cannot but impress the reader of the book of Psalms with the true joy which David found in communion with his Lord. This joy may fill the heart of every one who diligently seeks him.

Although men ought *always* to pray, and to meditate all the day long, still it is to be urged that a *definite* portion of each day be set apart for this special purpose. And, indeed, we are encouraged in this belief by the fact that the Bible recognizes an hour of prayer; for Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer.

It is true that there are special parts of the day which are particularly favorable to this duty, and reasons why the morning should be considered one of them. Prayer "is the key on the bending knee to open the morn's first hours;" and the incense will "rise to the starry skies, like perfume from the flowers."

If God be our first thought in the morning when the toil and tumult of the day has not yet begun, he will come more naturally to our minds and hearts as the day wears on, bringing with it cares, duties, trials, and temptations. This is not so likely to be true if we have neglected to commit our ways to him upon arising from the sleep through which he cared for us when we had no power to care for ourselves.

Who has opened the eyes that were closed through the long hours of the night? Who has strengthened the arm that lay lifelessly at your side? Do you not owe to this One a prayer of gratitude and a humble petition that he may consecrate to his use the powers which he has renewed? Hear him say, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven."

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Secret prayer, which none but God can hear, and in which the soul can be poured out to him alone—what a privilege! what a blessing! what a strength! yea, even what a power!

Christ prayed often with his disciples, and with the poor and needy. But is it thus that you see him in agony, pleading for you and for me, and gathering strength to face the dark scenes before him and to tread the rugged road leading to the brow of Calvary? Or do you see him alone, with none but his Father and the angels to behold? Alone in the mountain! He has left you "an example that ye should follow in his steps."

The morning watch hour is not intended alone for prayer, but also for reading the Word of God. A certain writer suggests that every Christian should possess three keys; namely, a key-time, a key-book, and a key-

word. "The key-time is time alone with God daily, with the door shut, outside things shut outside, and oneself shut in alone with God."

"The key-book is this marvelous old classic of God's Word. Take this book with you when you go to keep tryst with your Friend. God speaks in his Word. He will take these words and speak them into the ear of your heart. Reading the Bible is listening to God. This is going to school to God."

"The key-word is obedience,—a glad, prompt doing of what our Friend desires because he desires it."

"These are the three keys which will let us into the innermost chambers of friendship with God. And with them goes a key-ring on which these keys must be strung. It is this: implicit trust in God."

The Morning Watch Calendar has been prepared as an aid in personal Bible study and prayer. The Scripture texts, if faithfully learned, will prove of great value to us when called upon to give a reason for the hope that is in us. And we shall soon realize, by observing the morning watch, the truth expressed in this beautiful poem:—

"A moment in the morning, ere the cares of day begin,
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the world to enter in;
Ah, then alone with Jesus, in the silence of the morn,
In heavenly, sweet communion, let your duty day be born."

"A moment in the morning,—a moment, if no more,—
It is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er.
'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the manna for the day:
If you fail to gather early—alas! it melts away.
So, in the blush of morning take the offered hand of love,
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness thereof."

An Encouraging Letter

SOME time ago I received from Elder G. I. Butler a very encouraging letter. Elder Butler has labored long and earnestly in this cause, having been for many years president of the General Conference.

The confidence, hope, and ambition expressed in this letter from this aged servant of the Lord, I believe will be encouraging to our young people. Such devotion and earnest desire to be in active service ought to inspire the youth to put their whole lives into this movement. Elder Butler says:—

I am not really in public labor in the cause at this time. Of course my age (seventy-eight years) has something to do with it. I hope to build us a small house at the village. Then I hope to go out in tent labor as long as I have strength to do so. My heart is deeply impressed with the importance of the message, and my faith was never stronger in its ultimate success. I long to have a humble part in it. As I was acquainted with this work from its earliest commencement, and was old enough in 1844 to understand the preaching of the first message, of course I am familiar with the history of this work and with its growth from small beginnings up to the present time. Its history is a marvelous event in our world, and I am certain it will triumph speedily. What a stupendous fact is that which you mention concerning the growth of our work, and especially of our foreign work. I am greatly rejoiced at the going out of one hundred and fifty new missionaries since the General Conference. That seems something like it. Yet far larger numbers must go. How I wish I could induce promising young people to go to our schools and prepare for a part in this blessed message!

But here I am trying to sell my farm and doing little to advance the work myself; but I yet hope to be out preaching the message to the unbelieving world, and feel sure that I shall.

My health is very good, and I am strong enough to work at light work all day long.

My sympathies are with you and with all who are devoting themselves to the advancement of the work. May God greatly bless all our young men and women and make them strong in the cause of God. I am sure he will do it. God will rapidly

finish this great work. My only ambition is to triumph with it. This world looks very small to me.

A few days ago, a gentleman who has been at the Washington Sanitarium as a patient, and has been attending several of the church and student meetings, said to me:—

When I came here I supposed you were a set of religious cranks, but I want to tell you that I am wonderfully impressed with you and your religion; and what impressed me most is the earnestness and devotion of your young people. I was over to hear the reports of your Harvest Ingathering work, and the way those young people put their lives into their religion is wonderful. One expects old men to be afraid of death, and to try to live for the next world; but to see those students so devoted to their religion and willing to work for it, is different from what one usually sees today.

The third angel's message does take hold of young and old alike. Dear young friend, has it taken hold of you? In these stirring times we must live for Jesus, and be willing, if necessary, to die for him.

M. E. KERN.

The Stone in the Road

THERE WAS once a king who often dressed himself like a poor man, so that nobody would guess he was the king, and went around alone among his people, listening to what they said to one another. One day he heard one person and another talking about his "bad luck." They said they couldn't have what they wanted, they had so much "bad luck." After the king had come back to the palace and changed his old clothes for his royal garments, he sat down in an easy chair and thought. At last he said: "Bad luck comes to the lazy and the careless. Busy workers are apt to get what they want." Then the king called two of his servants whom he could depend upon to do just what he told them, and to keep a secret. And they went away smiling and saying that they would do exactly as he said.

The next morning the king got up early and went to a room in the farthest corner of the palace. He drew a chair up before a window, from which he could see the public road. He smiled as he saw a great stone lying right in the middle of the road, and he sat down to watch. Soon a farmer came along with a heavy ox-cart loaded with corn. When he saw the stone in the road, he stopped. The king thought he was going to take the stone out of the road, but he did not. He turned his oxen, and the heavy cart went creaking to one side, and some of the corn fell off, but he finally, with considerable trouble, got around the stone, grumbling as he went on, "These lazy people! They leave a great stone like this right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it!" And so he went on and left the stone lying there, and the king looked on and smiled.

Then came a gay soldier swinging along. A long feather was in his hat, and a sword was clanking at his side. He was singing a gay song and thinking of the brave deeds he had done and was going to do. He held his head so high that he never saw the stone at all, so he stumbled over it and fell flat in the dust. He got up and brushed the dust from his gray uniform, storming the while, "What stupid drones these people are to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road!" Then he went on grumbling instead of singing. And again the king smiled to himself.

An hour or so later there came down the road six merchants, with their goods piled on packhorses, going to the fair to be held near the village. When they

reached the stone, they found hardly room to get their horses, with their great loads, between it and the wall. And the merchants cried to one another, "Did you ever see the like? See that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but is too lazy to move it!" And as they went grumbling on, the king smiled to himself again.

And so things went on for three weeks; the stone lay in everybody's way, and everybody was grumbling because somebody did not move it.

Then the king sent out a herald, telling everybody to come to the front of the palace, for he had a proclamation to make to them.

At the hour appointed a great crowd gathered before the palace. The farmers came from their fields; the merchants came from the fair; and the soldiers marched from their camp. The king came riding up on his horse, and the crowd fell back a little, until the king was by the stone. He held up his hand, and when every one was quiet, he said: "My friends, this stone has been here three weeks. You have gone around it with much trouble; some of you have stumbled over it. All of you have grumbled and scolded because no one has moved it out of the way; but not one of you has tried to move it. I had it put here myself. Now, see!"

Then the king got off his horse and stooped down and rolled the stone to the side of the road himself. It was not so heavy as it looked to be. Then the people who stood nearest saw that in the dust where the stone had been, lay a small iron box. The king held up the box and asked a man near by to read the inscription on it. He read: "For him who lifts the stone." The king opened the box, and there lay in it twenty bright, shining gold pieces.

Then every one wished he had moved the stone himself instead of scolding because other people were so lazy.—*The Expositor*.

After Hope Had Gone

AN explosion recently took place in a coal-mine near Scranton, Pennsylvania, by which ten men were cut off in one of the tunnels. The work of rescue was planned. The digging was done by gangs that were often relieved. But there was a lack of hope. Men kept muttering, "It's no use." The owners of the mine stood apart, looking sad and gloomy. Everybody was covered with grime; and when the sun set, employers and workmen concluded, in despair, that they might as well give up. Just then a buggy drove up. The youngest member of the firm leaped out. He had been away at the time of the accident. He was pale, but his eyes were shining. "Dead? Not a bit of it," he cried, cheerily. "They had enough food to keep them alive longer than this. Hello boys! Why, you've made tremendous headway! You must be near the men. Give me a pick and come along. We'll have them out in no time." He had thrown off his coat, and was hard at the digging. "Give them a cheer to let them know we are coming. Now, all together,—women and all! One—two—three—hurrah!" He put new life into them all. A rousing cheer rang out. Hours passed. His courage did not flag. The women ran for food and stimulants. The gangs worked eagerly, and at intervals a cheer went up. At the last shout the leader threw up his hands for silence. A feeble cry was heard. The men were saved, and they owed their lives to the enthusiasm of that young man.—*The Boys' World*.



The Test and Reward of Honesty

NOW I call that good luck," said Allen Murray across the tea-table to his mother. "Here it is week after commencement, and I'm the only fellow in the class who has struck a job. They say that Mr. Brady is pretty cranky. He just jumps on you all over if you don't walk the chalk-line; but as for that, I've made up my mind to suit him, and I will." Allen's teeth closed firmly together.

"Why, with thirty-five a month as a starter, we'll be regular aristocrats, won't we?" he ran on merrily.

"Just wait and watch us after we belong to Brady's Coal and Lumber Company!" and his mood became more serious.

"In two years I ought to save enough money to pay off the mortgage and—let me tell you right now there will be no more baking for you, with a wage-earner in the family. You can tell your customers that henceforth you are to be a lady of leisure," he said, smiling affectionately at his mother.

True to his expectation, Allen found the man who worked for James Brady must keep his eyes open.

"Murray," said Brady one morning during Allen's first week of service, "Brown, who usually drives this team, is sick. You jump onto his load of coal and take it around to the I. X. L. Laundry on Exchange Street. I'll send a man around to help you unload."

Upon Allen's return he was summoned to the office. "You delivered that coal to the laundry on Exchange Street?" questioned Brady curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why on earth did you go down East Street? Don't you know that Wabash Street would have been at least twenty-five rods nearer?"

"Yes, I knew it, but I didn't think of it at the time," stammered Allen.

"Well, after this think, then. That's what I'm paying you for," said Brady sharply as he turned to his desk.

"I'll warrant you I don't make that blunder again," muttered Allen as he returned to his work.

Mr. Brady found no ground for a second reprimand. He even made the discovery that he rather

liked this straightforward, alert young fellow who looked one square in the eyes. As a matter of business, it paid to have some one in the company who could help out the bookkeeper if need be; who could turn in a letter for signature correct, clear, concise, or whose muscular arm could shovel coal with the steady swing of a stoker.

"Brady is really becoming quite genial," said Allen to his mother over a year later. "He asked me today if I thought he and I could run the business while

Rhodes went up in the mountains for a month. You know that Rhodes's lungs are in bad condition. Brady is sending him up there, footing the bill and all that. Rhodes intimated as much to me last night, and said the boss told him, 'If you ever so much as thank me, Rhodes, I'm not sure but I'll discharge you on the spot.'

"Mr. Brady is kind-hearted for all his apparent curtness, and the men fairly swear by him. He does the fair thing and the square thing every time. They know they can bank on that," Allen went

on loyally, as his mother listened with interest.

"Why, Martin O'Brien would lay down his life for Brady if necessary. You know it was Martin's boy, Joe, that Brady sent up to the hospital for that operation, and the boy can walk now as straight as I can. I was in the office when O'Brien, with tears in his eyes, came to thank Brady. The boss just clapped his hands over Mart's shoulders and said, 'That's all right, O'Brien! You know I haven't any boys of my own, and of course I have to look after those in the company.'

"Half of Brady's gruffness comes from his nerves. He looks miserable, and in my opinion ought to be taking a rest himself," said Allen, with real concern in his face.

"You have it straight, Jim, you have about reached your limit." Dr. Stuart leaned back in one of the leather chairs in Brady's private office and looked critically at the haggard face opposite.

"You may have your choice," he continued, "either drop everything and take six months off,—I'm giving

December Days

I USED to like the June days best, but *that* was back in June;
And then it seemed that August was the best of all the year;
Along came crisp October, and I sang another tune;
December's now my favorite—O, just because it's *here*!

The June days are joy days,
That bring the end of school;
And August days are boy days,
For swimming in the pool;
October days are sport days,
When down the ripe nuts fall;
December days are short days,
But jolliest of all.

With skimming o'er the frozen lake and coasting down the hill,
There's not a dreary moment in the day for girls and boys;
The snow man by the captured fort with battle joy must thrill—

But *he* can't read beside the fire, and dream of Christmas joys!

O, May days are gay days,
In southland or in north;
July days are high days,
Especially the Fourth!
Then fall days, football days—
I'm quarter-back, you know;
But December, please remember,
Brings Christmas and the snow.

—Edward N. Teall, in *St. Nicholas*.

you the minimum time,—or in another six months your business will drop you, and about all you will need will be your six feet of earth."

"Nonsense, Doctor! I'll take a couple of weeks or a month off, and run down to the seashore. How will that suit you?"

"Six months and a sea voyage," said the doctor; "it's the only thing I'll consider."

"Why, man! do you think a fellow can pull up every time you doctors get scared, and go to Egypt or some other outlandish place? What will become of things? Maybe you don't think it, but it takes a little brain work to run this business of Jim Brady's. Who'll run things while I'm prancing around the globe? Tell me that, will you?"

"Well, you won't live long if you don't get out of here; I'll promise you that!" exclaimed the doctor warmly.

Brady's eyes twinkled. "You're an old granny, Doctor, or else you're trying to get even with me for the time I whipped you when we were boys at Shelby's Corner."

The doctor laughed.

"No use in talking, Jim. I'll order your stateroom on the 'Celtic' for the sixteenth."

For fully twenty minutes after the doctor left, the head of Brady & Company sat with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets staring intently at the floor. He touched a bell sharply. Bob, the boy, appeared.

"Look Murray up and send him here at once," he ordered.

"See here, Murray," said Brady, as Allen entered the private office in response to his summons, "here is a little matter I want you to look after. I sold Bradshaw & Company coal too low. You see to it that every ton delivered to that firm is at least one hundred pounds short. That's all." Brady turned to his letters.

Allen stared blankly.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Brady irritably.

"Do I understand you mean to—to cheat them?" stammered Allen at last.

"Understand that you are to obey orders. I'll give them," said Brady imperiously.

The stalwart figure of Allen Murray straightened. His face turned white under its healthy coat of tan, but his eyes met those of Brady coolly and unflinchingly. "I can't do it, Mr. Brady," he said, quietly.

"Why not, if I may presume to ask?" Brady's eyes, keen and piercing, were upon him.

"It's a question of honesty, sir."

"O, it's honesty, is it?" Brady's voice was full of sarcasm. "If you can't obey orders, I'll find some one who can."

"Very well." Allen wheeled about.

"Wait a minute, Murray," said Brady in a conciliatory tone. "You have done good work since you have been here. I'll give you an advance of twenty dollars a month and three days to consider the matter."

Allen left the office puzzled beyond expression. He had known Brady to discharge a man for measuring lumber incorrectly. He could not understand it.

"Hello, Allen! You look as if you'd seen your grandmother's ghost," sang out Bob as Allen passed through the outer office. "Boss jump on you very hard?"

"I'm discharged."

"You are!" Bob peered down the corridor in amazement at Allen's fast-retreating form.

Young Murray felt humiliated that the twenty dollars' increase kept recurring to his mind. He would not consider it, and yet—twenty dollars would mean two hundred and forty a year. It was no mean sum to be rejected.

"Expenses had been heavier than he had anticipated during his three years with Brady. The house had reached a condition where repairs had been necessary. Then, the thriving town had voted all walks must be flagstone or cement; and Murray's corner lot had proved an increased expense.

Barely were these three demands settled before his mother was taken seriously ill. Not only were the services of a trained nurse required, but a maid had been necessary to look after the housework. Recently a doctor in presenting his bill had suggested that a change of scene might hasten Mrs. Murray's convalescence.

"Doctor's bill not yet paid, girl to hire all winter, a mortgage of six hundred dollars hanging over the place, and mother needing a change of scene,—that's a nice prospect, especially when you're out of a job," thought Allen bitterly. How that two hundred and forty would help pay expenses. Under the circumstances, would he not be justified in complying with Brady's demands?—No; in plain English it was stealing. There was no way getting around that.

Mr. Murray had been a carpenter as to trade, a philosopher in life, a noble man as to character. Over and over again he impressed upon the mind of his son his view of right living. Like faint ghosts of his childhood days, these precepts passed through Allen's mind at this crisis of his life. "I remember," he mused, "how often father used to say, 'I'd rather have you honest and truthful, my son, than the richest man in the State.'"

When Allen turned into the yard at noon, the question was settled. Mr. Brady could have his answer then and there. He would look for another job.

"I'll keep it quiet from mother until I'm settled in other pastures," he said, summoning a smile to his usually bright face as he entered the house.

"Do you need another man?" inquired Allen, the next afternoon, of the superintendent of a large establishment on Main Street.

"O, if you had been around this morning, Murray, I might have given you something! There's nothing now. I'm sorry," he added, looking kindly at the square-shouldered young fellow. He had known Allen way back in his newspaper days.

At the next place the proprietor asked him where he had been working.

"At Brady's," answered Allen briefly.

"Why did you leave Brady?"

That was a poser. Allen hesitated. His sense of honor forbade going into details. "It was over a question of honesty," he answered at last.

The man smiled insolently.

The color flamed into Allen's face at the look. That his explanation admitted of two interpretations had not occurred to him.

"We're not wanting such help," said the man curtly.

"Catch me making that kind of an idiot of myself again!" muttered Allen under his breath as he stalked angrily out of the shop.

Places were just filled, he might call next week, or they required no more men. It was not so easy, after all—this obtaining work when one was out of a job.

Allen recalled a series of articles written for a prom-

inent magazine, the personal experience of a college man seeking work in Chicago. At the time he had considered them overdrawn; in the light of his present experience they appeared true to life.

On the afternoon of his second day, he came upon a foreman overseeing a gang of workmen digging a sewer.

"That's better than to be tramping around looking for a job. My coal shoveling may do me a good turn now," he said, smiling grimly as he walked over to the foreman.

Had young Murray seen the smile of satisfaction on James Brady's face as the latter drove around the corner with Dr. Stuart behind a span of Brady's high-steppers, he would have felt puzzled indeed.

"Doctor," exclaimed Brady, "do you see that boy?"

"Bless me, if he isn't working with a gang of dagos! He's the right stuff. We'll telegraph for the stateroom at once."

That night Mr. Brady received the following note. It was brief and to the point:—

Mr. James Brady.
DEAR SIR: No inducements you may be able to offer can alter my decision of yesterday. It is still a matter of personal honesty.

Thanking you for past favors, I am,
Yours truly,
ALLEN MURRAY.

Two hours after the receipt of the letter another in James Brady's well-known hand was left at the home of Allen Murray. It said:—

MY DEAR MURRAY: With you it was a question of honor; with me it was a question of honor and business. The two are, in my opinion, inseparable. It is absolutely essential that the superintendent of Brady's Coal and Lumber Company be honest, not because it is the best policy, but because honesty is right. You have come out of the test the purer, the stronger, the braver for it, as I was confident you would.

I have the honor of offering you the position of superintendent of Brady's Coal and Lumber Company at the salary of two thousand dollars a year.

Dr. Stuart, not satisfied with worrying all his other patients into the grave, has taken it into his hands to banish me to Timbuktu or the north pole—perhaps he knows where; I'm sure I don't. I leave on the New York express tomorrow evening. If you will run up in the morning, we will talk over a few matters that may be of interest to our new superintendent.

Most cordially yours,

JAMES BRADY.

—Selected.

"RECOGNIZED responsibility is spiritual athletics."

Trees for the Birds

CHRISTMAS trees for the birds added to the happiness of the holiday season for the children of Colorado last year, and provided food for thousands of little feathered friends that would otherwise have suffered during the snow-storms which came late in December.

One line in *Our Dumb Animals*, "Don't forget the birds' Christmas trees," caught the eye of a reporter in Greeley, Colorado, as she was searching for an inspiration for a future story, a few weeks before Christmas time. Being interested in birds, a story was written in which a plea was made that the little songsters be included in the plans for the Christmas festivities.

The children of the city were fascinated with the idea, and after beginning their preparations for the birds' celebration, accounts were printed in the Greeley papers. The stories found their way to the Denver papers, and were copied all over the State, starting the birds' Christmas campaign in various places.

Small trees were selected by the children, in their home yards, sometimes pine-trees, more frequently fruit-trees. Those who were not fortunate in having a home-grown Christmas tree, induced their fathers or elder brothers to secure tree branches, which were fastened in boxes.

In many places

the children gaily decorated the trees with strings of pop-corn. Pieces of suet, said to be excellent food for birds in cold weather, were tied in the trees, and little cups were placed in the branches, filled with grain, sunflower seeds, and crumbs. A genuine Christmas dinner, with enough courses to satisfy the most fastidious bird, was provided, and the children were so delighted with the appreciative guests that flocked to the feast that they kept the trees replenished with food during the entire stormy season.

A greater love for birds was inculcated in the children, as well as the development of the virtues of kindness, generosity, and unselfishness. The movement bids fair to be an annual feature of the Christmas festivities, as the children are already talking of the birds' Christmas trees for the coming season.—Edna A. Andrews, in *Our Dumb Animals*.



REMEMBERING THE BIRDS



M. E. KERN
C. L. BENSON
MATILDA ERICKSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
N. Am. Div. Secretary
Field Secretary

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, Jan. 3, 1914

Suggestions for the Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Testimony Study (five minutes).
3. Jesus as a City Worker (fifteen minutes).
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
5. Our Modern Cities (twenty minutes).
6. Social Meeting and Closing (five minutes).

1. Song; review Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; special music; minutes; report of work and offering.

2. "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, pages 89-96. "The work in the cities."

3. "Jesus as a City Worker." Have this topic considered in three five-minute talks. The following will cover the subject nicely: (1) Jesus and his experiences in Jerusalem. Luke 2:21-38, 41-52; John 2:13-25; 3:1-21; Luke 10:25-37; 10:17-24; John 9:39-47; 10:1-21; Matt. 21:1-14; 24; 23:37; 25:1-46; John 13:1-17; Matt. 26:21-25; John 17; Mark 14:26, 32-42; Matt. 26:47-58, 69-75; 27:1, 2, 11-66; John 20:26-29; and pages referred to in Scriptural Index in "Desire of Ages." (2) "Jesus Among the Gentiles at Tyre and Sidon." Matt. 15:21-28; Mark 7:24-30. Use also pages referred to in Scriptural Index in "Desire of Ages." (3) "Jesus and His Wonderful Work in Capernaum." John 4:46-54; Matt. 4:13-16, 18-22; Mark 1:21-34; 2:1-14, 23-28; 3:1-12; Luke 7:1-10, 36-50; 8:40; 9:29-39; 8:41-56; Matt. 13:53-58; John 6:22-71; Matt. 15:1-20. See pages referred to in Scriptural Index in "Desire of Ages."

4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment. Gen. 2:2, 3; Ex. 20:8-11. The leader should announce these texts to all the society one week before the quiz, asking each one to commit them to memory. Then appoint some one to conduct the quiz.

5. "Our Modern Cities." Two papers, each ten minutes long, will introduce this subject: (a) "The Environment and Playgrounds of the Children;" (b) "Tenement-House Life." Material for these papers will be found in the new publication *The Church Officers' Gazette*, under the Missionary Volunteer Department.

6. Social meeting and closing. Repeat in unison the Missionary Volunteer pledge.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending Jan. 3, 1914

Suggestions for the Program

"The New Year"

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Bible Study (ten minutes).
3. General Exercises (twenty minutes).
4. Plans for the New Year (ten minutes).
5. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Singing; sentence prayers; secretary's report; report of work done; Morning Watch texts. While these texts are on the Gospels, let us follow Jesus from place to place through Palestine. Each week when the Morning Watch texts are rehearsed, let a Junior, who has had a week's notice, name, and if possible, locate, all the places mentioned in the Morning Watch reading assignments for the past week. It would be well to have a large map of Palestine drawn for this purpose.

2. Ex. 12:2; Deut. 11:12; Job 8:7; Prov. 1:7; 10:27; Luke 16:4 (first clause); Acts 11:26. Pass these texts on to the Juniors, and have them read clearly and distinctly. They all are good New-year's texts.

3. a. An alphabet for the new year; b. "Farmer Crehore's New Year." Material for both in *Church Officers' Gazette*.

4. Three things every Junior should do to become a stronger Christian: Breathe, i. e., pray; eat, i. e., study the Bible; and exercise, i. e., do missionary work. These things may well be called the "three daily essentials." Every Junior should be encouraged to observe the Morning Watch faithfully; and every Junior should be a member of a working band. It may be well in some societies to have several Christian Help bands, a periodical band, etc. All bands should be prayer bands, but special prayer bands may be organized to pray for certain individuals or to plead for definite victories. If bands for

work and prayer have not been organized, will you not do so without further delay? See also note to Junior leaders in this paper.

5. Song; repeat the membership pledge in concert.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7—Lesson 12: "From Exile to Overthrow," Chapters 34, 35

NOTE.—Last week a busy conference secretary wrote: "I have just finished the last book in the last back course, and am now taking the current courses." Are you doing as well?

1. In two and one-half months how many perished in the besieged city? What further effort was made by Josephus to get the Jews to surrender?

2. Describe briefly how the courts and the temple were destroyed. How fully were the prophecies fulfilled?

3. What happened to those who persisted in rejecting the message of the Messiah? How will it be in these last days to those who reject his message?

4. What was done with the captives at the end of the siege? What number does history record as being taken captive and killed during this siege?

5. Describe the celebrations of this triumph by Vespasian and Titus.

6. What lessons have we learned from the history of God's chosen people?

Junior No. 6—Lesson 12: "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," Pages 34-58

NOTE.—It was in his little log cabin that Lincoln began to prepare for the White House. "O," he said, as he was wandering about in the backwoods of Indiana, "I'll study and get ready, and then maybe a chance will come!" This is what it means to join the Reading Course at this time. God wants you to "study and get ready," for he wants to use *you* in his great closing work. Do not disappoint him. Study these great principles in this little book. They will help you get ready for a life of usefulness.

1. Quote the beatitude here mentioned. Tell what righteousness is, and how it may be obtained. How may we be brought close to Christ? When we have Christ in our hearts, what shall we be led to do?

2. Cite all the beatitudes studied so far. Is it natural for the human heart to manifest mercy?

3. Cite the next beatitude mentioned. What "purity" is here meant? What will be manifested in the lives of those who are planning to live in the new earth?

4. What beatitude is mentioned in this chapter? How may we have peace, and what will it help us to do?

5. Name another of the beatitudes. What may all expect who follow the Prince of Peace? But of what is this an evidence? Quote some special promises the Lord has given to those who are persecuted for his sake. How is the character of God often revealed?

6. Name another of the beatitudes. Is it natural to feel happy under such conditions? Who is our great example? Can evil report harm us? What does the persecution of God's people do?

To Leaders of Junior Societies

You will be interested to know the general plan for the Junior Society lessons for 1914. The suggestive program will be printed weekly in the *INSTRUCTOR*. The program helps have outgrown the multigraph, and from now on will appear in the Missionary Volunteer section of the *Church Officers' Gazette*, except such overflow matter as now and then may find its way into the *INSTRUCTOR*.

Each regular society lesson will contain a brief Bible study on Bible heroes, Bible cities, or Bible animals, and a study on foreign missions or on "The Children of the Poor in This Country." There also will be several special programs.

The department is sparing no pains to make these society lessons both interesting and practical. Every leader is invited to help in making them the best that can be produced for the children. Press in additional illustrations, interesting facts, etc. Assign parts early and insist on thorough preparation. Write your Missionary Volunteer secretary or this department about any difficulties you have in using the lessons.

We trust that every Junior in your society has a Morning Watch Calendar, and will use it faithfully during 1914. There is room for all in the Missionary Volunteer Reading Circle, and the department would be delighted to send to each Junior in your society a Reading Course certificate before 1914 closes. All the Juniors are invited to enter the race for the Standard of Attainment goal as soon as they can.

In the matter of raising money for missions, we look to the Juniors for help. Will not the members of your Junior Society join in raising \$25,000 for missions during 1914? Two and one-half dollars from each Senior and Junior Missionary Volunteer for the year will make that splendid contribution to the mission treasury. The regions beyond need

help. Schools must be built, homes provided, dispensaries equipped, native workers supported, and boys and girls educated. It is our privilege to help. Shall we not say to the Mission Board, "We can do it, and we will"? M. E.

Senior Missionary Volunteer Society Lessons for 1914

THE January lessons are on the subject "Our Modern Cities," and will cover the home life of the millions living in these congested centers; the street and alley play-grounds of the rising generations, showing their vice-producing tendencies; the child sweat-shop life; the newsboys and their temptations; also the work of Jesus and Paul as city workers, and the messages borne by the spirit of prophecy on the necessity of entering our large cities and on the methods that should be used. In discussing these topics, concrete examples are used, which will afford ample material for interesting and soul-stirring society studies.

The local society has the greatest latitude in adapting their suggestive lessons to its needs. The Missionary Volunteer Department, however, urges enthusiastic, loyal cooperation on the part of all the societies in helping to make these studies uniform throughout the fields.

We recommend the use of any or all of the following works in preparing to present this month's lessons: The Bible; "Ministry of Healing;" "Desire of Ages;" "Testimonies for the Church;" "Gospel Workers;" "Acts and Epistles;" "Patriarchs and Prophets;" Oxford Concordance; Nave's Topical Bible; "Waifs of the Slums," Benedict; "The Challenge of the City," Strong; "The Leaven in a Great City," Betts; "The Tenement-House Problem," De Forest; "The City the Hope of Democracy," Howe; "A Ten Years' War," Riis; "How the Other Half Lives;" "The Battle With the Slum;" "The Making of an American;" "The Bitter Cry of the Children," Spargo; "The Growth of Cities," Weber; "The American City," Wilcox; "The Burden of the City," Horton; "Poverty," Hunter; "Hull House," Addams. The following magazines furnish good material: *Literary Digest*; *Missionary Review of the World*; *Review of Reviews*; *The World's Work*.

One of the most effective means to arouse and hold an interest in your society is to aim at definite goals, then hit the mark. One new feature running through these lessons is the weekly quiz on Standard of Attainment texts. This can be made very interesting when every member makes preparation and takes part enthusiastically. Give the reference, and call on some one to quote the scripture; or give the thought and ask for the reference; questions may be asked and answered by quoting these texts; and objections advanced by those not of our faith may be briefly stated, then some individual be called upon to refute them. The object of this doctrinal study is to prepare every Missionary Volunteer to become a Member of Attainment.

C. L. BENSON.

Use of Trials

As weeds grow faster in a fat and rank soil, so our corruptions grow and thrive, and are ready to overrun our souls, when our outward state and condition is most prosperous and successful; and, therefore, God's love and care of us constrain him sometimes to use severe discipline, to nip those luxuriations, and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyments; which else, he sees, we should only turn into provision for our lusts. —Bishop Hopkins.



I — Israel Leaves Sinai

(January 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 9: 15-23; 10: 11-13, 34-36; 11: 1-3.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 374-379.

MEMORY VERSE: "He led them on safely, so that they feared not." Ps. 78: 53.

Questions

REVIEW.—Where is Mt. Sinai? Find it on the map, and learn all you can about the mountain and the surrounding country. What multitude of people once camped at its base? For how long? Tell some of their experiences while there. Make an outline drawing of the tabernacle which they built, showing which way it faced, how it was divided, and where the furniture was placed. For what purpose did they build the tabernacle? Ex. 25: 8. Who gave the pattern?

1. When the tabernacle was completed, how did the Lord show his approval and acceptance? Ex. 40: 34, 35; Num. 9: 15.

2. How did this pillar of cloud appear by night? Num. 9: 15, 16.

3. Who was in the cloud? When the children of Israel followed the cloud, whom were they then following? Ex. 13: 21.

4. How does the memory verse express the same thought? Ps. 78: 53, first part.

5. Of what beautiful pastoral scene did this remind David? Verse 52.

6. How long has the Lord promised to guide his people? Ps. 48: 14.

7. How does he guide us now? Ps. 119: 105; 73: 24; Isa. 30: 21.

8. When the cloud was taken up, what did the children of Israel do? What did they do when the cloud stood still? Num. 9: 17, 19; note 1.

9. By day or by night, what must they always be ready to do? Verses 21, 22; note 2. What may we learn from this?

10. What comfort may we derive from the fact that the cloud was seen at night as well as by day? Ps. 121: 5-7; 139: 12.

11. When did the Lord give them the sign to go forward? How long had the cloud remained at Mt. Sinai? Num. 10: 11; 9: 1.

12. How many days' journey did the children of Israel go? Describe the country through which they passed. Num. 10: 12, 33; Jer. 2: 6.

13. What prayer did Moses offer each time they went forward, and each time they camped? Num. 10: 35, 36.

14. How did the people show great ingratitude and lack of faith? Num. 11: 1.

15. What was their place of murmuring called? Why? Verse 3.

16. Why does the Lord tell us of this experience? 1 Cor. 10: 10-12; note 3.

17. Commit to memory Ps. 78: 12-24, as well as the memory verse.

NOTES.—If you will study a little of this lesson *each day in the week*, you will learn it much more easily.

Study the taking down of the tents and tabernacle; and

make for your teacher a sketch of the order of march. See Num. 10:14-28; 7:6-8; 4:25-33; 7:9; 4:5-15.

Fasten your INSTRUCTORS together when they come, so that you can refer to them in studying the review.

Notes

1. "There is no time lost while we are waiting God's time."
 2. "When the cloud was taken up, they removed, how comfortably soever they were encamped." They had to be in constant readiness to march upon very short warning.
 3. "Murmuring and tumults had been frequent during the journey from the Red Sea to Sinai, but in pity for their ignorance and blindness God had not then visited the sin with judgments. But since that time he had revealed himself to them at Horeb. They had received great light, as they had been witnesses to the majesty, the power, and the mercy of God; and their unbelief and discontent incurred the greater guilt. Furthermore, they had covenanted to accept Jehovah as their king, and to obey his authority. Their murmuring was now rebellion, and as such it must receive prompt and signal punishment, if Israel was to be preserved from anarchy and ruin."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 379.
- "Murmuring is the first-born of the devil, and nothing renders a man more like to him than murmuring. . . . It is a sin that breeds many other sins; viz., disobedience, contempt, ingratitude, impatience, distrust, rebellion. . . . The language of a murmuring soul is this: Surely God might have done this sooner, and that wiser, and the other thing better."—T. Brooks.

"Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

—Archbishop Trench.

I — Baptism and Its Meaning

(January 3)

Daily-Study Outline

Sunday	Shall we continue in sin?	Questions 1-3; note 1
Monday	The significance of baptism	Questions 4-8; notes 2-5
Tuesday	Crucified with Christ	Questions 9-11; note 6
Wed.	Dead to sin; alive unto God	Questions 12-16; notes 7, 8
Thursday	Review of the lesson	
Friday	Supplementary questions	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 6:1-11.

Questions

1. What provision has the Lord made to meet the multiplied sin of the world? Rom. 5:20, 21.
2. In view of this, what important question does the apostle ask? Rom. 6:1.
3. What emphatic reply does he make to the question? Verse 2; note 1.
4. What should we know regarding baptism? Verse 3; note 2.
5. With whom, then, are we buried in baptism? Verse 4, first part; note 3.
6. What does rising from baptism mean? Verse 4, last part; note 4.
7. Of what is such baptism a pledge? Verse 5; note 5.
8. What three great facts in the gospel does baptism represent? 1 Cor. 15:3, 4.
9. What of us is crucified, or dies with Christ? Rom. 6:6, first part.
10. For what twofold purpose is the old man of sin crucified? Verse 6, last part; note 6.
11. From what are those who are dead to sin freed, or justified? Verse 7.
12. Of what may we be assured if we die with Christ? Verse 8.
13. What may we know regarding Christ? Why? Verse 9; note 7.

14. Unto what did he die? How many times? Verse 10, first part.

15. To whom does he live his life? Verse 10, second part.

16. What then are we to reckon? Verse 11; note 8.

Notes

1. "God forbid:" In other words, it is abhorrent to think of God's forgiving sin in order that man may continue in sin. Sin is evil, and only evil; and if pardoning grace contributes to the transgression of God's law, God, in granting forgiveness, is working against himself and his own government. Then, too, the sinner who constantly slights the requirements of God is hardening his own heart against both obedience and grace. Rather, the pardoned sinner should say, How can I who am dead to sin, whom sin condemned to die, live any longer therein? His grace must not be received in vain. See Titus 2:11-14.

2. "Know ye not?" The question implies that such ignorance is inexcusable in Christians. All who were baptized into Christ were baptized into his death. He died "for our sins." Gal. 1:4. His death was for us, in our behalf. Baptism shows faith in his death to save us from the sin which causes death.

3. "With him:" Faith grasps his death for our death, his burial in consequence of sin, for our burial of the old man of sin. We are to reckon the buried man dead.

4. "Like as Christ:" Thank God, our Lord did not stay dead. Joseph's new tomb could not hold him. He who died bearing the sins of the world could not be held by death, for he was in his own character righteous. Acts 2:24. By the power of an endless life, which is victorious righteousness, Christ came forth from the dead; he bore the character, the glory, of the Father. Rom. 1:4. Even so by that same power we should walk in newness of life.

5. "We shall be also:" Planted in the likeness of Christ's death,—dying to sin,—we may know that the resurrection of life shall be ours. Every true baptism in Christ becomes therefore a pledge of the resurrection to life, and is to the world the beginning of a life that witnesses to the power of Christ.

6. "The body of sin:" The body of sin is equivalent to, or essentially connected with, the old man. It is the essential sinfulness of human nature, that which clings like a clog, which binds like a chain, which imprisons the sinner like stone walls and iron bars, unless it is yielded to God, unless it is counted crucified with Christ, and buried forever.

7. "Death hath no more dominion:" It is well for us ever to bear in mind why it is that death hath no more dominion. When Jesus died, he died for our sins. He lives by the virtue of righteousness. That righteousness is everlasting; so also is the life. Nor can death hold dominion forever over those who are clothed in the righteousness wrought out by Christ.

8. "Reckon:" Christ died for you; "reckon" his death yours. Set it to your account. Count yourself as dying upon the cross, and the old man of sin buried forever. Jesus was raised from the dead for your justification; "reckon" his life yours, and by the power of that endless life triumph over sin.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

1. For what purpose does God bestow his grace?
2. What does it mean to receive his grace in vain?
3. What commands does Christ give concerning baptism?
4. For what purpose is anything planted?
5. In what planting is God glorified? Isa. 61:3.

Brave and True

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys.
A liar's a coward and slave, boys.
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys.
'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, aboveboard, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys.
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys.
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening," and "cramming."
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

—Comrade.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Children's Ingathering Services

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What Prayer Did

A NATIVE African became a Christian. He attended a mission school, and entered upon evangelistic work. He was married to one of the mission schoolgirls, and established a happy Christian home. As the years passed, Mary, the wife, developed that dread disease cancer of the nose. Great suffering followed. Finally she lay on her bed expecting death at any moment. Her husband, on what seemed must be the last day of her life, felt impressed that prayer might bring the healing power of God to his wife; so he got a friend to come to his house that they might together beseech God to restore to health the dying woman.

The two knelt by the bedside of the sick woman and earnestly besought God, if it was according to his will, that he would completely arrest the disease. God heard the prayer, and from that day to the present time no trace of the cancer has been observed.

Ex-Governor M. R. Patterson

MALCOLM R. PATTERSON, former governor of Tennessee, and a man of national reputation, heretofore a strong friend of the liquor traffic, and who while governor vetoed the State-wide prohibition law, was recently converted and has united with the Presbyterian Church. Nothing that has occurred in recent years has occasioned such commotion in political life. Mr. Patterson descended to the very depths, and his conversion, attested by the sincerity of his utterances, affords food for reflection. He says:—

"I know suffering and sorrow, and I have pitied it in others. I have felt my weakness and insecurity and need of help. I could not find it in my own mind and conscience, and could not discover it.

"I then cast aside all pride of opinion, all thought of what the world would think or say, and bowed my head before the throne of Almighty God and asked for strength and light. At last I found it there; my doubts are dispelled; the curtain of the night has parted, and the way is clear.

"From now as long as life lasts I am the uncompromising foe of the liquor traffic. Its ugly and venomous head should be struck wherever it is raised.

"In this mighty effort the friends of law and order everywhere from ocean to ocean will be enlisted, and every patriotic heart. When the victory is won, its fruits will be the richest and most stupendous ever won in any contest since time began."—*Selected.*

The Songs of Life

SOFT and low, soft and low, like a summer zephyr's sigh,
Crooning the song of the dawn of life,—
Sweet of its bitter, ease of its strife;
Soft and low, soft and low: a mother's lullaby.

Sweet and strong, sweet and strong, over the tax and toil,
Singing the joy of a young life's psalm,—
Shield of its sorrow, strength of its calm;
Sweet and strong, sweet and strong: the sword of youth, and the foil.

Clear and calm, clear and calm, with measured beat and slow,
Chanting the close of the vital lay,—
Peace of its turmoil, bond of its prey;
Clear and calm, clear and calm: the voice of the mourner low.
ARTHUR W. SPAULDING.

Killing the Dragon

A LITTLE boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father:—

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint, if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one."

"So you shall, my boy."

"When can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin today," said the father.

"Where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off to play contentedly with his sister. In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly, "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good night, he whispered: "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Italy's Temperance Growth

THE grape harvest of Italy is almost exclusively used for manufacturing wine. According to official statistics, only 2.5 per cent is used as fresh grapes, and even if the grapes that are exported and that are dried as raisins are added, there is not more than 3 per cent of the entire harvest which is not turned into wine. In view of such conditions, one cannot be astonished that the temperance movement has had much difficulty in gaining a firm foothold in Italy. The countries in which the temperance movement has been especially successful are Norway, Sweden, Denmark, North America, England, Germany, and Switzerland.