

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

December 30, 1913

No. 52



Education Notes

TWELVE American universities have endowed funds of over \$5,000,000.

Kauai, Hawaiian Islands, has twenty-seven open-air schoolrooms in regular use.

Three Chinese are among those studying forestry at the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, New York.

How to bind dilapidated text-books so that they look almost as good as new is taught in manual-training classes at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

A Social Service Bulletin is published by the Washington, D. C., public library, for the purpose of making known to social workers the latest information in their field.

There were five schools and one hundred and fifty pupils in the Brooklyn kindergartens organized by Supt. Wm. H. Maxwell fifteen years ago; now there are forty thousand children in the kindergartens of Greater New York.

The division of education of Harvard University and the city of Newton, Massachusetts, maintain a joint fellowship for research in education. The holder of the fellowship is a member of the faculty both at Newton and at Harvard. He conducts investigations and experiments in the Newton schools with the active cooperation of the Newton teachers, and the results are published by the university.

The board of education of New York City has just secured an appropriation of \$79,000 with which to operate during the coming year after-school play centers in 163 of its school buildings. Each of these play centers will accommodate from 250 to 350 schoolchil-

dren. The school yard and the school gymnasium will be used for this purpose, and will remain open from 3:30 to 5:30 P. M. The expense consists of \$2.50 for the director of the center and \$1 a session for extra janitor service, making a total of \$3.50 for an afternoon center accommodating approximately 300 children, or about one and one-sixth cents a child.

THIS year's Irish-potato crop fell 100,000,000 bushels short, says the Secretary of Agriculture.

"OUR incomes are like our shoes: if too small, they pinch; if too large, we stumble."

CONGRESSMAN TAVENNER, of Illinois, alleging that manufacturers are in league to overcharge, urges that Uncle Sam manufacture supplies.

WE cannot Christianize and alcoholize a citizenship at the same time. The fundamental work of the church is to Christianize. This is why there is no concord between Christianity and the liquor traffic.

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LIFE AND HEALTH :: Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 30, 1913

No. 52

Sweet Sabbath Day

NELLIE M. BUTLER

SWEET Sabbath day, divinely blest,
How oft I find in thee sweet rest,—
Sweet rest from labors of the week,
As I unto my Father seek
For guidance while I bow in prayer
And feel his benediction there;

Or as I read his Holy Word,
It seems to me as if I heard
The same sweet story that he told
To holy men in days of old.
I know that he is ever near—
The Comforter—to bless and cheer.

And then at morn or twilight dim
I love to meditate on him,—
Just let him come and take control
Of all my thoughts and fill my soul,—
And thus I taste of heaven's peace
And of the joys that never cease.

I love to think, when sets life's sun
And all our work on earth is done,
Of that blest Sabbath over there
When we in that bright city fair
Shall worship God around his throne,
And he will claim us as his own.

Then we shall bring our offering sweet
And lay it down at Jesus' feet;
The sheaves we've gathered here on earth
Will be esteemed of greatest worth.
We cannot tell how glad 'twill be,
That glorious rest when we are free,

Free from all sin on earth below,
No more of pain or tears or woe;
But shining like the stars so bright,
We'll dwell fore'er in heaven's light.
A happy Sabbath that will be,
The Sabbath of eternity.

Responsibility of the Young

B. B. DAVIS



NEVER before in the earth's history has young blood flowed so freely in all the arteries of man's activities as today. Go where you will, young shoulders are bearing heavy burdens. The world fairly throbs with the beat of youthful hearts.

Youth seems to be especially adapted to meet the needs of changing situations. I think it is this characteristic of youth which led God's servant to write in Volume VII of the "Testimonies for the Church," "The Lord has appointed the youth to be his helping hand." Scripture records, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

To whatever occupation of the world we may look, be it science, or engineering, or any other, we find most of the real problems being worked out by young men. The same is true of missionary endeavor. Think of our own young people who are in the foreign fields. Are they not carrying heavy responsibilities? Almost every city in America will point with pride to its Y. M. C. A. building. Why?—Because this organization is composed of the best blood in the city, the young men who are doing things. Likewise the organizations of Y. W. C. A. and the Epworth League represent activity, life, responsibility.

Responsibility means opportunity, possibility. When some young man is chosen to be private secretary to an ambassador at a foreign court, we say, almost enviously, "What an opportunity is his!" True! the opportunity for hard work,—long, tedious hours, and probably a degree of responsibility he has not known before. But if he does his work well, he returns at the end of his appointment qualified to bear greater responsibility. After all, the amount of good we do in this world is measured by the amount of responsibility we bear. "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world," is a familiar quo-

tation. "Our youth" includes every young person in our ranks. We may not wish to accept the responsibility, but it is ours nevertheless. Youth is not averse to bearing responsibility; it is anxious to, and the reason so many are yet unwilling to accept this trust is because they have never seen the great need of those who are stretching forth their hands from the dark places of the earth and pleading for help.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is Christ's command to his followers, those whom he has appointed to be his helping hand, the youth. Not all are called to be missionaries or ministers in the ordinary sense of the term; but all may be workers with him in giving the glad tidings to their fellow men who have not heard nor heeded. To all, great or small, learned or ignorant, old or young, the command is given. Shall we accept the responsibility?

We are all familiar with many Bible illustrations of young people who, when responsibility was placed upon them, did not shrink from duty. "Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Listen to her brave answer: "I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

It was a youthful generation that finally entered the land of promise, after forty years of wandering in the wilderness.

Joseph, a mere boy, did for Egypt what three generations of patriarchs had failed to do.

The way in which Daniel and his companions accepted responsibility and the result of their faithfulness are well known to us all. They had the same responsibility that many of us have,—the responsibility of

choosing what our school life shall be. Were Daniel a student at one of our schools instead of at the Royal Academy of Babylon, what kind of life do you think he would live?

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for his children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached. Before the student, there is opened a path of continual progress. He has an object to achieve, a standard to attain, that includes everything good, and pure, and noble. He will advance as fast and as far as possible in every branch of true knowledge. But his efforts will be directed to objects as much higher than mere selfish and temporal interests as the heavens are higher than the earth."

Every youth, whether in an organized school or in the broader school of life, has been endowed with talents for which he is responsible. We say of a certain young person that he is talented. He can sing and play well; he can write poetry; he can paint a beautiful picture. These talents are given to the few; but there are greater talents given to us all. If we will to use them, they will accomplish more for God than the ones just mentioned. These greater talents are speech, cheerfulness, goodness, helpfulness, and their kindred. Shall we return them to the Master with an increase?

Time is a sacred trust placed in our hands to be used as we will. The following quotation from Volume VI of the "Testimonies for the Church," may be suggestive: "The hours so often spent in amusement that refreshes neither body nor soul, should be spent in visiting the poor, the sick, and the suffering, or seeking to help some one who is in need." The young person who has learned how to use spare moments to advantage will accomplish much in life, while his companions look on and wonder why they cannot receive the same promotions.

"Without health, no one can as distinctly understand or as completely fulfil his obligations to himself, his fellow beings, or to his Creator. Therefore the health should be as faithfully guarded as the character."

"In the instruction of the youth the effect of apparently small deviations from the right should be made very plain." Let us, then, take more responsibility concerning the body temple which has been given into our keeping.

"The love of Christ constraineth us" to give "the advent message to all the world in this generation." What a responsibility! It is yours, mine. Shall we take it? Success in any line demands a definite aim, an aim worthy of our endeavor. Such an aim is set before the youth of this denomination. The heaven-appointed purpose of giving the gospel to all the world in this generation is the noblest that can appeal to any being.

The whole world is opening to the gospel. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. From Japan and China and India, from the still darkened lands of our own continent, from every quarter of this world of ours, comes the cry of sin-stricken hearts for a knowledge of the God of love. Millions upon millions have never so much as heard of God or his love revealed in Christ. It is their right to receive this knowledge. And, young people, it rests with us who know these things to answer their cry.

"Live for something; have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view.
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst not to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely;
But they drifted with the tide."

What Are You Gathering?

"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son," the inspired proverb says. Prov. 10:5. In its simplest form, the reference is to the gathering and laying up of food in the summer days, but the principle has a wider application. Life has its summers and winters, its times of health and sickness, its times of plenty and want, and in those seasons of need must feed from the stores laid up in the days of abundance.

Youth is a summer. It is a time for gathering knowledge. It is a time for the forming of habits. A youth-time diligently improved prepares one for whatever comes in the sterner years.

The same law applies in spiritual life. In our times of quietness we may store in our hearts the resources we shall need to draw upon for meeting temptation.

When men build a great ship to go upon the sea, they pile away in its keel tremendous strength, stanch ribs, immense beams and stays, and heavy steel plates. They are building the vessel for the ocean, and they make it strong enough to endure the wildest tempest. So human lives should be built in the days of youth, not merely for the sweet experiences, but to meet the sternest buffetings and the sorest testings that any future may bring. Principles should be fixed in the heart so firmly that nothing can swerve the life from them.

How valuable the morning watch can be made in helping thus to build strong characters! Perilous times are ahead of us. We do not realize the temptations that will come to us to shake our faith in God and in his truth. Are we cherishing the moments now to build a solid foundation? Are we getting close to God so that we can bring the sunshine of his love and truth into our hearts and lives? A few moments at the beginning of the day will help much in storing up for winter's need.

L. M. GREGG.

Character Building

WE are living in momentous times. Truly never before have we or others come in contact with the present evils as we now meet them. Read a daily paper, and what do you see?—Perhaps in the head-lines some disreputable scandal; next, some country just on the verge of warfare. And every one is wondering anxiously what will be the outcome of it all.

Now, the question to you and me is, What are we doing? And it is certainly a serious one. Are we, in the hours and days that pass, building strong characters, improving our dormant talents for service? As young people we do not stop and think often enough that for thousands of years this present time was prophesied of, and was looked forward to by millions of souls. We are the carriers of this wonderful third angel's message, "the gospel to all the world in this generation." Again I ask, Are we improving every moment, every hour, to the speediest and most thorough preparation for service?

The world of work does not so much need men with great intellectual powers as it needs men and women of strong characters. "The world needs young men and women whose ability is entirely controlled by a steadfast purpose."

God never gave a greater work to man than that of character building. Never before have we come in contact with evil as now. So much the stronger should our characters be to meet these perils. The success with which we meet in doing this great work will not go unrewarded. Think of it! Honor we shall

have among men, and a crown of glory waiting from the Master.

The mere possession of unused talents increases our accountability to God for the proper use of them. We must not bestow our affection on our friends only, but on God's other children as well. Some must be shown the way of salvation; others must have their physical needs ministered to.

God's standard is perfection. What, then, is ours to be?—Perfection, and nothing short of it. Some one said, "Let thy passion for perfection redeem thy failing way." The secret of attaining to God's standard is faith. Life would be one great victory if doubt and unbelief had not come into man's life. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; . . . being rooted and grounded in love." Eph. 3:17. Goethe said, "We are shaped and fashioned by what we love."

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.

"God put you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be;
Think he has chosen you for it,
Then walk loyally."

MARIE BRUMMETTE.

Striking Something

DURING my rambles through the forest I came upon a young man standing at a place where two hills sloped down into a valley, and he was engaged in firing out through the narrow slot of open space that the proximity of the hills afforded.

I watched him with curiosity for a while as he continued firing. Finally I approached him and inquired whether he had shot anything.

"Not yet," he replied, "but I shall hit something soon. Yesterday I walked through here and saw a great flock of birds go by; a turkey and a pheasant also flew past as I watched. Today I have brought my gun, and I am shooting out through this narrow place so that when the birds fly past, I am almost sure to strike something."

I laughed at his simplicity, and went my way; but the words, "I am almost sure to strike something," kept repeating themselves in my mind. At first I thought the man must be mad. But no; I had often heard the same words from the lips of intelligent people. The more the words persisted in coming before me, the more I excused the young man. He might have been ignorant of the first rudiments of hunting only, and his lack of knowledge in that direction cost him a day's time and some small change at the most.

I see about me young men and boys blissfully unconscious that they are shooting away time, youth, and energy as stupidly and as blindly as that young man shooting at invisible birds, expecting to strike something. "What are you doing to guarantee your future?" I ask. "O, I am almost sure to strike something!" is the reply.

A young man from my home town came to visit me in the city. He was a fine fellow, and I had hoped much for him; but he had never studied, had never encouraged his mind along any definite channel.

"What are your plans here?" I asked.

"Well, I have a letter from the minister at home, and father has several friends in business; I am almost sure to strike something. This is a big town, you know."

He struck a job in the stock-room, and at the end of five years was made shipping-clerk in a failing concern.

In the class with me at school was a fellow to whom nature had given about everything desirable but plan and purpose.

Everybody predicted a bright future for Tom; nobody was more confident than Tom himself. He had the means to go to college, and told me he meant to do so. "To study what?" I asked, for it never occurred to me that a sane person would go to college without a definite end in view.

"Haven't fully decided," was the answer. "Perhaps law, maybe medicine, possibly literature. There's plenty of time."

He tried law, decided he didn't like it, and wasted a year on medicine. Literature couldn't hold him either, so he left college and became a bond salesman for a prominent house. When he'd flunked at that, I took him to task. "Tom," I asked, "what do you really mean to make of yourself?"

"O, I don't know! I'll finally hit upon something."

At present he's an indifferent kind of clerk in a general store.

I talked with my friend's son in his senior year at a university. I looked over his subjects and found not one that had a tendency to fit him for any particular useful walk in life.

"What do you expect to do when you have finished?"

"Well, I have made a lot of friends here, and then you know the old man is pretty well fixed; I am almost sure to strike something."

He struck something: just what the man struck who fell down the air-shaft—the bottom.—*Tobias Martin Bray, in Ambition.*

The New Leaf

ANOTHER leaf is turned. The yet unwritten page
New resolution brings. Thou to thy soul engage
A better self, and on its altar lay
Atonement of repentance to the New-year's day—
Break secret fetters that have held thy heart.
May joy enfold thee, and grace its peace impart.

—A. H. McQuilkin.

Some New Books

Boys and girls and young people interested in natural science will find in a set of books recently published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, a series of chapters admirably adapted to their tastes. The set called the Romance Series comprises a half-dozen or more books dealing with the subjects of chemistry, botany, astronomy, exploration, bird life, insect life, etc.

There is an old saying to the effect that knowledge begins in wonder. This is certainly a truth. These books must win their way because they recognize the value of appealing to the sense of wonder, "the wonder spot" which resides in every soul. The style is so vivacious, so stimulating, clear, and smooth, and the story is made so fascinating that even the inanimate phenomena of chemistry and astronomy are as interesting as a piece of fiction. The works are indeed romances. The authors are men of unquestionable scholarship; nevertheless, they have written so simply and yet so charmingly that even those who have no former knowledge of the subjects will be pleased and instructed. These books are worthy a wide circulation. The price is \$1.50 a volume.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.



The Uca (Gelasimus) Pugilator

AN awe-inspiring name for a very small creature! Yet while to those not familiar with the Latin language the name may seem and sound ridiculously ponderous and out of place in its application to so diminutive an object, still we must always bear in mind that scientists give names to things under investigation with the distinct purpose of presenting something that will materially aid the student in rightly placing and classing the thing being studied.

Some crabs swim, and are therefore classed as



FIDDLER-CRABS

“swimming crabs.” These can be recognized by examining the hind legs, which are flattened out in the shape of the blade of an oar, and which they use to propel themselves through the water. Scientists call these crabs *Portunidae*, which means “paddling” crabs.

The majority of crabs, however, are walking crabs, having round legs not adapted to paddling, but very powerful pushers, by means of which they are able to scurry over the sandy beaches with great rapidity, or to climb rocks or over obstacles.

There are many different forms of walking crabs, each with a distinctive Latin name, classed into four separate families, or groups. These groups are again subdivided into eighteen different genera, or tribes, each with its proper name. Through these classifications and many subdivisions it is possible quickly and accurately to place any specimen presented in the family and group to which it belongs.

The little creature I am writing about is placed in the *Uca* genus and given the name of *Gelasimus pugilator*, which means laughing fighter. His appearance and odd conduct quickly convince one that he is correctly named, although, singular as it may seem, he never laughs or fights if it can possibly be avoided; and though this seeming contradiction is not explainable, yet if you ever see one scurrying over the beach, you will at once realize the appropriateness of the name.

On many beaches, more especially in warm regions, and usually on the hard surfaces just in front of high-water mark, singular markings will be seen in the sand, with countless holes, possibly twice the size of the diameter of a lead-pencil. Around many of these holes will be seen heaps of small pellets of sand generally piled up methodically into pyramids or cones. All this is the work of the little crab *Gelasimus pugilator*,

called locally in America the fiddler, in England the calling-crab.

The little creature seldom measures over one and one-half inches in length by three quarters of an inch in breadth. The male carries an immense claw,—proportionately longer than the entire length of its own body,—which it holds aloft while, with open jaws, it waves it defiantly back and forth, much as a musician moves the bow over the strings of a violin. It was quite natural for the fisherfolk of our coast to call the little fellow a fiddler. Long before it obtained this name, however, the fishermen of the British Isles had given it the name of the caller, because of the hailing motion of the ever-moving claws.

As these creatures scurry over the beach before you or disappear in their holes, you will notice that some are a dingy brown black in color, while others have backs of brilliant crimson or nearly pearl white. The ones with ornamented backs are the males, having the big claws, and are the ones selected by the fishermen for bait, being used by them in ground-fishing.

When the tide goes out, leaving a hard, firm beach, and the surface of the sand begins to dry under the effects of the sun, the little fiddlers retreat into their holes, the female, as she passes inside, pulling over the piles of sand pellets so that they tumble down about her head, acting as a barrier against attacks of enemies.

Around the entrance to the homes of the males there are no heaps of pellets. Watch a male as he enters his hole, and you will perceive that as he enters backward and draws his big claw in after him, it exactly fits the hole like a plug, making it impossible for an enemy to enter and attack him.

There are three varieties of *Gelasimus*,—the pugilator, with a bright-colored carapace, or upper shell; then a smaller variety found in salt marshes, and a third, much smaller, and of a dingy black color, living in muddy mouths of small streams.

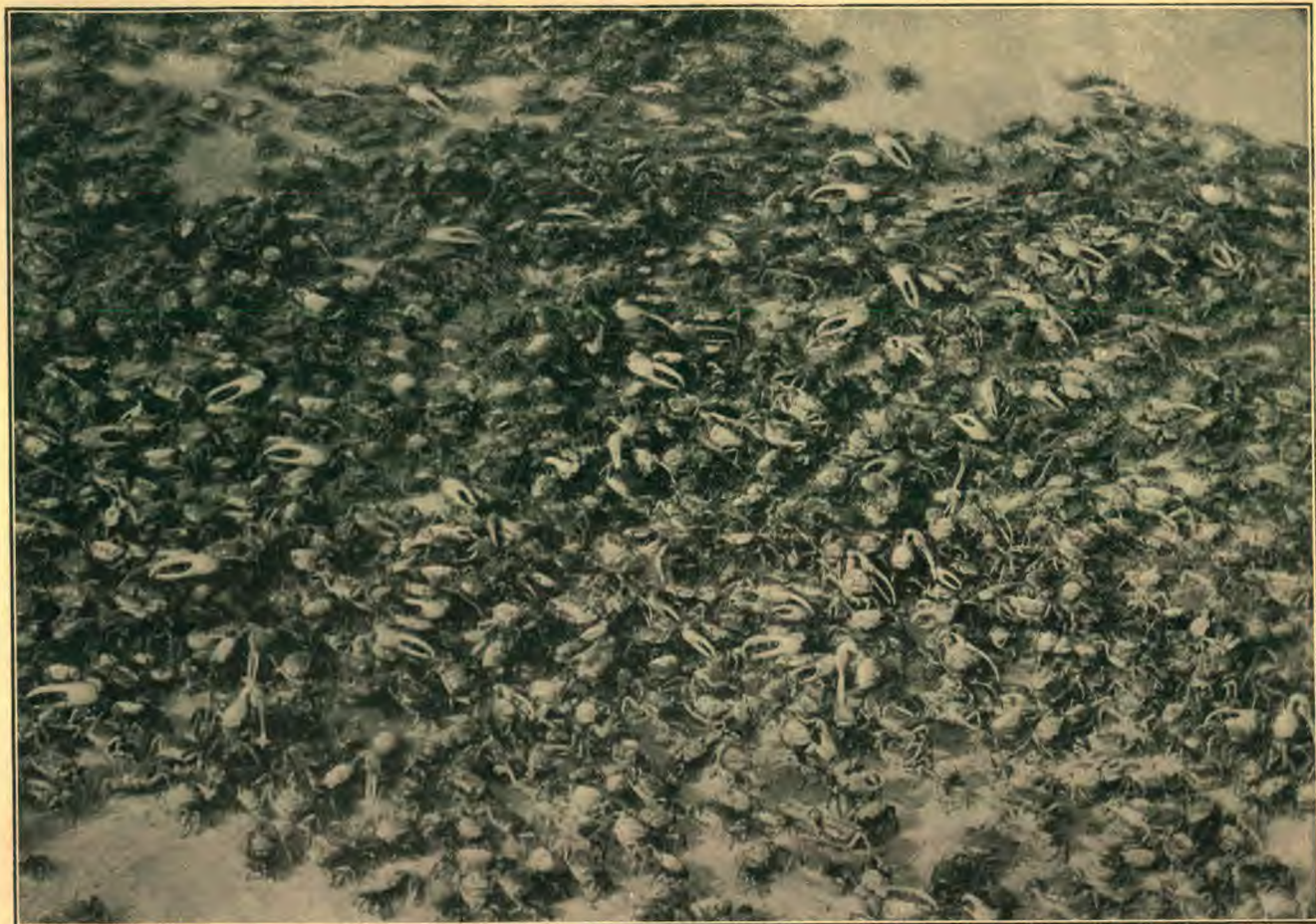
In sheltered, quiet locations where the winds and



HOMES OF FEMALE FIDDLER-CRABS

the seas are never boisterous, and where fishermen do not make too frequent raids upon them, these crabs increase in numbers marvelously. There are beaches on the coast of Florida, for instance, where for miles the surface is literally covered with these crabs. The illustration on the next page gives a fair idea of the countless numbers to be seen in such places.

When alarmed, the crabs follow the leaders, or those that happen to be in the front, so that it is a common sight to see thousands, all moving, say, diagonally to the right, as if by mere impulse, and then



BEACH COVERED WITH THE GELASIMUS PUGILATOR, OR FIDDLERS

quickly veering to the left as some alarm arises, or swaying to the rear as if blown back by the wind, and all the movements made as by one creature with many vertebral hinges — thousands moving as one creature. The effect is weird and ghostlike.

Where the crabs are not so numerous, they make no effort to run far when disturbed, each one endeavoring to reach its hole. As a fiddler will generally tumble into the first hole he comes across when alarmed, it frequently happens at such times that one will reach his home only to find it already occupied. In such a case, he will seize the claw of the intruder and unceremoniously yank him to the surface, quietly slipping in himself as he tosses the other aside. Undaunted and unabashed, the ejected crab will scurry away to find some other hole he can appropriate, possibly to be again ejected; probably, however, to remain in peaceful possession, as so many thousands are eaten by fish or caught by fishermen for bait that there are always vacant holes to be obtained, until the waves, lashed by a storm, come roaring up on the beach, destroying the opening to the homes of these odd and innocent creatures, which nevertheless are safely housed in the sand a few inches below the surface. The next low tide and fair day will find the little fellows busy repairing their homes.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

A Sad Incident and Wonderful Animal Senses

WHILE the senses in man have become dulled and in some ways almost deadened, the senses are remarkably preserved in many animals. I shall relate an incident that, though sad, is true.

About twenty years ago I was sent by the president of the Missouri Conference into Douglas County, from

which a call had been sent in for meetings to be held. The part that I visited was composed of rocky, broken hills, quite heavily wooded with pines and oak.

One day a boy was playing on a side-hill some distance from his home, and close to the top of a tree that had been cut down to make the body of the tree into "boards"—hand-made shingles from two to three feet in length. A man hoeing in his field about a quarter of a mile away, heard the boy scream, and looking up, saw a panther spring from the body of the tree upon the boy, who had turned to run. The man called a neighbor and ran to his house for his gun. They both hastened toward the place; but before they had gone far, they saw the panther rise from the prostrate boy, and, passing by the stump of the tree, run over the hill, where it was lost to sight. They first ran to the boy. He was dead, and the blood had been sucked from the side of his neck. They ran to the top of the hill, but could find no trace of the panther.

The boy was tenderly carried to his home. A party gathered, and a large part of the day was spent in hunting for the panther, but without success. Their dogs would not undertake to trail it. Very few dogs can be induced to trail a panther. As the day was about spent, they called a council, and it was decided to send twelve miles away to a man who had four large, fierce hounds that had shown a willingness to trail and attack any dangerous animal. Two men rode the twelve miles, reaching the place after dark. The man was willing to go, but said there would be no use to go before morning, as nothing could be done in the darkness. He did not believe that his dogs could scent the trail by that time, but he would try them.

They arrived at the place late the next day, as the distance to travel was far. The dogs were taken to the place where the child had been killed, and many

times they were taken as nearly as possible where the panther had gone to the top of the hill. For more than half an hour the effort was kept up to locate the trail, but was fruitless. The flinty ground had lost all trace of the steps that had been made the day before.

The owner of the dogs decided that it was too late. But while they lingered, talking over the sad death, the dogs were running here and there, and near the top of the hill one of them stopped and bayed. The owner asked, "Did the panther pass that point?" "It did, as nearly as we can tell." He then said, "We shall find him yet." They began again with fresh courage. The dogs also now knew for what they were looking, and every faint scent helped them. For an hour or two their progress was slow. The trail would be found, then lost. The scent became slowly more distinct, until they finally followed with little trouble. The horsemen followed from place to place until they were many miles from their starting-point. The dogs were running abreast, finding no trouble. As they came to an open stretch of woods with here and there a tree, the dogs ran into this open tract and directly toward a tree top that had been blown off while the leaves were green, although they were then dead. Instead of passing around this, they with savage growls sprang into the fallen top, and the next instant the panther sprang out and ran up the standing portion of the tree. From that position it was soon despatched with the guns of the horsemen.

The marvelous acuteness of the sense of smell which could pick up a trail and scent footprints upon the flinty soil nearly twenty-four hours after they were made, is wonderful. Once man stood at the head of all the animal kingdom in the perfection of his senses. Had they not been dulled by sin, with its hardening effects, who can imagine or conceive the extent of breadth and quickness to which he might have progressed?

CLARENCE SANTEE.

Down With Sulphur in Food Products!

THE Bureau of Chemistry, under my administration, did not ask manufacturers to do impossible things. It showed them how to make better catchup without, than with, benzoate of soda. In like manner it showed them how to make a finer, more palatable, and more wholesome dried fruit without, than with, burning sulphur. It also proved by experiments on healthy young men that sulphurous acid was injurious to health. But the question of the effect of sulphurous acid and sulphites on digestion, as well as that of benzoate of soda, was referred to the Remsen Board nearly six years ago. With the ponderous, slow-moving deliberation befitting the members of the board, they have been considering the question ever since.

Meanwhile varying doses of sulphur in different forms of foods, especially molasses, meats, and dried fruits, have been given to a long-suffering public, without stint. It has even crept into the candies of the little children. And the manuscript which tells the manufacturer how to make a better product without using sulphur fumes lies yellowing in a pigeonhole in the Department of Agriculture while half a hundred manufacturers grow rich and the rest of us suffer. Tell your grocer and your butcher you will take no more fruits, molasses, sirup, or meats that contain sulphurous acid or sulphites.

As I walked among the retail grocery stores of Chicago recently, I stopped before many windows and saw dozens of bottles of catchup displayed, and on the la-

bels of each one I read, "Contains no artificial color nor benzoate of soda."

Who will be the first grocer to display on his dried fruits the proud legend, "Contains no sulphurous acid"?

When the producers of dried apples, peaches, and apricots appeared before me to ask me to remit the sentence against poisoning foods with burning sulphur, they told a pitiful tale, weighted with disastrous prophecies of the future. It was not only stated that the fumes of burning sulphur were useful for preventing that dark color so desirable in prunes and so much feared in peaches and apricots, but that it was impossible to dry fruit in the sun without a preservative of this kind.

Won't Eat His Own Goods

One man in particular declaimed so feelingly of what would happen when the sulphur fires were extinguished that even the court was moved to tears. The next evening I opened the door of my room to an appealing knock, and the tear-compelling orator for burning sulphur stood before me. He was evidently laboring with a burden on his mind, and I tried to make it as easy for him as possible. At last he said: "My wife has read in the papers a synopsis of my address before you yesterday, and has written me that I must make an addition to it. She instructs me to tell you that she allows no sulphured fruits on our family table, and so, every year, we dry enough for our own use without sulphur."

It was a most humiliating confession, but it must have been good for his soul. What a splendid thing it would be for all of us and for the dried fruit industry of California if every housewife in the country would join the California wife in a similar demand. The pestiferous practise of sulphuring dried fruits would speedily disappear.

Eat Prunes and Raisins

While I was in California, I was impressed with the magnitude of these two industries. When one drives for miles about Fresno and Hanford and looks over the apparently endless acres of prune-trees and raisin grapes, he begins to appreciate the magnitude of the industry. Prunes and raisins are the two kinds of dried fruits that can be recommended to the consumer without an "if" or a "but." They have not had to pass through purgatory or Hades. They are innocent of the odor and taste of burning sulphur. Alas! so much cannot be said of the dried peaches, apples, and apricots. Not only are these saturated with sulphur fumes at the time of drying, but also again and more severely so when they fall into the packer's hands. But the consumer does not demand pale prunes. In fact, he wants them black. And the raisins are good enough with their natural color. So these two great products of the California orchards escape adulteration. These dried fruits retain the delicious aroma and flavor of the fresh fruits. They can be eaten freely without danger from the presence of added chemicals.

But none of these considerations affect in the slightest the following facts, which were disclosed at the completion of my experiments on feeding sulphurous acid and sulphites to my "poison squad:"—

1. Sulphurous acid and sulphites cause headache, dizziness, heartburn, and indigestion.

2. The kidneys are called upon to excrete nearly all, if not quite all, of this added sulphur, thus throwing an immense burden on an organ too frequently overworked under prevailing practises of eating and

drinking. During a long period of time, organic trouble of a serious nature might well be induced.

3. There is no evidence whatever that these bodies are other than pure drugs, devoid of food value, and within a period of twenty to thirty days they produce markedly harmful effects on the health.

Why run the risk, especially when a better product can be made without artificial bleaching?—*Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.*

Talking in Their Sleep

"You think I'm dead,"

The apple-tree said,

"Because I have never a leaf to show,

Because I stoop,

And my branches droop,

And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;

But I'm alive in trunk and shoot,

The buds of next May

I fold away,

But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"

The quick grass said,

"Because I have parted with stem and blade;

But under the ground

I'm safe and sound,

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

I'm all alive and ready to shoot

Should the spring of the year

Come dancing here;

But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"

A soft voice said,

"Because not a branch nor root I own.

I never have died,

But close I hide

In a plump seed that the wind has sown;

Patient I wait through the long winter hours.

You will see me again;

I shall laugh at you then

Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

An Impertinent Interruption

ONE should be always ready to speak a word for God, but it should always be the word "spoken in due season." Humility and earnestness should characterize us when we approach a human being on the most vital of all truths, the eternal existence of men. How we dislike the snob, the person who is ever ready to deny his faith in God, and who regards it as an evidence of superior wisdom to flaunt his unbelief in the presence of others. One such case ended in a well-merited rebuke by a quiet business man. As the Rocky Mountains were being crossed, and for the first time the business man viewed the vast range of snow-clad peaks, he said to his companion:—

"No man, it seems to me, could look at that scene without feeling himself brought nearer to his Creator."

A dapper lad of eighteen, who had been chiefly occupied in caressing his mustache, pertly interrupted, "If you are sure there is a creator."

"You are an atheist?" said the stranger turning to the lad.

"I am an agnostic," raising his voice. "I am investigating the subject. I take nothing for granted. I see the mountains, I smell the rose, I hear the wind, therefore I believe that mountains, rose, and wind exist. But I cannot see, smell, nor hear God. Therefore—"

A grizzled old cattleman opposite glanced over his spectacles at the boy. "Did you ever try to smell with your eyes?" he said quietly.

"No."

"Or to hear with your tongue? or to taste with your ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why do you try to apprehend God with faculties which are only meant for material things?"

"With what should I apprehend him?" said the youth, with a conceited giggle.

"With your intellect and soul; but—I beg your pardon——" here he paused; "some men haven't breadth and depth enough of intellect and soul to do this. That is probably the reason that you are an agnostic."

The laugh in the car effectually stopped the display of any more atheism that day.

The person who knows and experiences in his own life the power of truth, will invariably be modest. Quietness and assurance are characteristics much to be cherished in these days of bombast and bluster. They are fruits of the Spirit of truth which are highly prized by the Creator; and they make us retiring, yet fearless when opportunity is given to speak for God.

JOHN N. QUINN.

New Idea in Schoolroom Ventilation

DELIVERING the air to each individual desk by means of blowers and funnels is a step taken by authorities in a Minneapolis school to overcome "stuffiness" in



the schoolroom, and is an interesting departure in ventilation practise. The air, taken from a window in the basement and humidified, washed, and heated, is blown through main ducts to individual funnel-shaped orifices at each desk, in such direction and in such quantities as positively to remove exhaled breath from the vicinity of pupils' heads, without in any way making an unpleasant draft. The vitiated air is removed from the room by means of an exhaust-fan, which draws the air through numerous openings in the ceiling. Later trials convinced the school authorities that air may be used over and over without any disagreeable results, when kept moving and delivered at the level of the pupils' shoulders steadily and in proper volume. In the latter experiments, however, a standard ozone generator delivered one part in 1,000,000 to the returned air, to the satisfaction of pupils and teachers. —*Popular Mechanics.*

For the New Year

THESE are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

PRAYER AND POWER

No Prayer, No Power; Little Prayer, Little Power; Much Prayer, Much Power

He that saves his time from prayer shall lose it. But he that loses his time in prayer — communion with God — shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings.

No large growth in holiness was ever gained without taking time to be often and long alone with God.— Austin Phelps.

"He who neglects regular prayer and Bible study is like a town whose telegraph- and telephone-wires are down, and whose railroads and other means of communication are cut off. A disused Bible is a wire down. Neglected prayer is a blockade on the main highway. The hurry and rush of secular life that preclude daily intercourse with Heaven is a Chinese wall of exclusion from God."

As those who keep clocks wind them up daily, lest the weights should run down and the clock stop, so we must set apart some portion of every day for meditation and prayer, lest our hearts should so far descend, through the weight of the cares of this world, that our course in godliness should be hindered and stopped.— Cawdry.

"I think all the victors who have overcome, whose bright names star the heavens and will shine forever and ever, made and kept their hours of prayer. If these souls had not insisted on being alone in the deep mid-silence between themselves and God, their great deeds might never have been attempted; but it is certain that they could never have been done."

It is said that every morning, during General Gordon's journey in the Sudan, there lay outside his tent a handkerchief. By this token the whole encampment knew that the great general was praying. No foot dared to enter the tent while the handkerchief lay there. No message, however pressing, was sent in. Every one knew that General Gordon was having his morning communion with God. Refreshed and strengthened, he came forth from his tent for the burdens and duties of the day.

We, no less than this great general, need the same preparation for life's daily duties.— G. B. Thompson.

Learn a lesson from the birds. They do not wait until they have had their baths, dressed their plumage, and scoured the country for their breakfasts. As soon as light begins to tinge the eastern sky, their little throats begin to warble their songs of joy and thanksgiving.

If the Son of God had need of secret prayer, and set the example of going alone the first thing in the morning, how important that we, his children, should follow his example.— Mrs. S. C. Collier.

Face the work of every day with the influence of a few thoughtful, quiet moments with your own heart and God. Do not meet other people, even those of your own home, until you have first met the great guest and honored companion of your life— Jesus Christ. Meet him alone. Meet him regularly. Meet him with his open Book of counsel before you; and face the regular and irregular duties of each day with the influence of his personality definitely controlling your every act.— John Timothy Stone.

Young men, young women, your best life is dependent upon an uninterrupted communion with God; and it is to help you establish this communion that the Morning Watch Calendar has been prepared. The 1914 calendar will guide you in a systematic study of the New Testament and in memorizing the choice or key verse in each day's assignment. It contains a sunset table, which can be used in all parts of the United States and southern Canada.

Prayer is the unseen wire stretched from the very heart of God to the heart of man. It is just as real and certain as electricity and gravitation; it is no more mysterious; it is no less practical. It is just as reasonable to expect to accomplish something by this means as by any other law or invention.— Cortland Myers.

January

With the gift of Christ, all the treasures of heaven were given to man.— *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. 8, page 26.

The Beatitudes are Christ's greeting to the whole human family. He seems to have forgotten for a moment that he is in the world, not in heaven; and he uses the familiar salutation of the world of light.

An earnest, prayerful study of the sermon on the mount will prepare us to proclaim the truth.— *Testimonies*, Vol. 7, page 269.

	READ	LEARN		READ	LEARN
Th. 1.	Matt. 1	21	Sa. 17.	Matt. 10:16-42	16
Fr. 2.	Matt. 2	11			
Sa. 3.	Matt. 3	11	Su. 18.	Matt. 11:1-19	6
			Mo. 19.	Matt. 11:20-30	28-30
Su. 4.	Matt. 4:1-11	11	Tu. 20.	Matt. 12:1-21	15
Mo. 5.	Matt. 4:12-25	22	We. 21.	Matt. 12:22-50	36
Tu. 6.	Matt. 5:1-16	8	Th. 22.	Matt. 13:1-23	23
We. 7.	Matt. 5:17-32	17	Fr. 23.	Matt. 13:24-43	38, 39
Th. 8.	Matt. 5:33-48	44	Sa. 24.	Matt. 13:44-58	46
Fr. 9.	Matt. 6:1-15	9-13			
Sa. 10.	Matt. 6:16-34	19-21	Su. 25.	Matt. 14:1-14	14
			Mo. 26.	Matt. 14:15-36	16
Su. 11.	Matt. 7	14	Tu. 27.	Matt. 15:1-20	9
Mo. 12.	Matt. 8:1-17	13	We. 28.	Matt. 15:21-39	30
Tu. 13.	Matt. 8:18-34	26	Th. 29.	Matt. 16	24, 25
We. 14.	Matt. 9:1-17	8	Fr. 30.	Matt. 17:1-13	5
Th. 15.	Matt. 9:18-38	37, 38	Sa. 31.	Matt. 17:14-27	20, 21
Fr. 16.	Matt. 10:1-15	8			

Special Prayer.— A closer walk with God. A greater burden for souls. Greater faithfulness in home missions. Greater interest in foreign missions.

SUNSET TABLE	Belt 1	Belt 2	Belt 3	Belt 4	Belt 5
Friday, January 2	4:30	4:40	4:43	4:49	5:06
" " 9	4:37	4:48	4:50	4:56	5:11
" " 16	4:46	4:55	4:57	5:03	5:18
" " 23	4:55	5:03	5:05	5:11	5:24
" " 30	5:04	5:10	5:13	5:18	5:31

If you would succeed in your Christian life, have a little talk with Jesus every morning.

Let the Morning Watch Calendar help you to keep this appointment faithfully.

The Morning Watch Calendar

Only Five Cents

Order From Your Tract Society

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"The Beginning of Things"

DID you put that onion in the soup, Louie?" A tall, sallow-faced woman came into the room as she spoke.

A little girl of ten years sat there on a straight-backed wooden chair, making figures on a slate. The kitchen was hot, and the child's face was flushed.

She was a pretty girl, with clear gray eyes fringed with long lashes. Her abundant auburn hair was braided in two braids down her back, and tied together with a string. She wore a faded gingham dress, and her shoes were old.

At the question she rose quietly and put her slate on the table.

"No, I haven't, Mrs. Judson; I will now."

The woman looked at her disapprovingly.

"For the land sakes," she ejaculated, "what are you trying to do *now*?"

"Just working an example," replied the little girl, cheerfully.

"You're always porin' over them books," said Mrs. Judson with a half-frown; "you'd much better pay attention to the common things of life."

The little girl smiled, revealing a deep dimple in her cheek. "You forget I have a sister," she said gently, "and Helen wants me to study and learn. I can't get on very fast alone, but I must keep on trying, for you see, Mrs. Judson, *sometime*

Helen and I are going to live together, and then I can go to school every day and not be behind in my classes."

Mrs. Judson's grim look did not relax.

"Sometime! yes, it looks as if it would be *sometime*," she replied tartly. "Here it has been six long months since she went away, and she ain't ready to take care of you yet. Where your shoes and clothes are to come from is more than I know."

"The very idea of her thinkin' she can do newspaper work! That's been the trouble with all of your family, Louie; your pa died as full of schemes as an egg is of meat, and your ma wasn't much better. And now the same traits are croppin' out in you and Helen."

The little girl flushed, then the flush receded slowly. "I'll get the onion now, Mrs. Judson," she said dutifully.

"Hurry, then, and right after dinner I want you to scrub these two kitchen tables, and get down on your

hands and knees and clean the floor. If I've got to board you, you'll have to work, that's all there is to it."

"The managing editor wants to see you, Miss Perry," said the office boy as he put his head inside the door where a girl sat busily writing.

She was slender and sweet-faced; her eyes were brown, so was her hair, and her mouth was firm. She wore a white shirt-waist and a blue skirt. The skirt was shabby and worn, but it was well brushed, and there wasn't a spot on it, and if there *was* a patch on the shirt-waist, it was so dainty and white no one had noticed it. She rose quickly, and replied, "I'll come at once, Billy."

The editor looked up as she entered his particular sanctum. He was a tall, gruff man of fifty or thereabouts.

"Sit down, Miss Perry," he said.

The girl took a seat. There was a silence. The editor broke it.

"Well, Miss Perry," he said finally, "it is a long lane that has no turning, isn't it? I've good news for you. You've been doing work here for how long?"

"Six months, sir."

"With no salary?"

"None to speak of, sir," answered Miss Perry.

"Well," resumed the managing editor, briskly, "that is over and done with. The upshot of it all is, we like your pluck and industry,

your courage and energy, and we also like the way in which you wrote up Mrs. Crawford Dale's party. The lady was much gratified; she called us up over the phone and expressed her pleasure."

There was a pause.

"Mrs. Crawford Dale," continued the editor, "is one of the foremost leaders of society in our city, I might say *the* leader. Her favor is no light thing. You seem to have the knack of getting on with people. You have made friends for us in other instances that I might mention.

"Therefore we have decided to give you the position left vacant by Miss Knowles. The salary will be eighteen dollars a week; the duties of it you are familiar with."

Helen Perry's fine eyes filled with tears. Eighteen dollars a week, and she had been reduced to grim want these terrible six months! Only her courage and her faith had kept her up, and the thought of Louie,



SUBJECT: HOW TO TREAT PETS

her little sister. She could scarcely keep the sob out of her voice.

"Thank you, sir," she managed to say; "I'm most grateful."

She stopped suddenly. The tears were running down her cheeks, her hands were trembling. The managing editor looked at her.

"You're pleased, then?" he said.

"Pleased, and, most of all, thankful. You see, sir, I have nobody belonging to me but a little sister ten years old. We have never before been separated, and this position will bring us together again. I felt, if I had but the opportunity, I could do newspaper work, so I left her on a farm and came here."

The editor looked at her. Something of her fine courage touched his heart.

"I see," he said slowly, "and it has been a struggle."

Helen Perry half smiled. It was not necessary to tell *him* of the times when she had had no money for car fare, and nothing for her dinner; that part of it was over, and — safely. She drew a long breath.

"Yes," she answered, "it has been a hard struggle. But," she added, "somehow I never gave up; I always had hope. My father was like that; he never gave up, though he had more burdens than most men."

"Good!" he answered, "and to your song of hope you might add talent and cheerfulness as well, which are all fine assets. Now, Miss Perry, as you take your new position the first of the year, and as that is only three days away, it is in order, I suppose, to wish you 'a happy New-year.'"

"Quite in order," smiled Helen.

"How about this little sister now? Isn't she a necessary adjunct to your New-year's happiness?"

"Indeed she is, sir; I can scarcely wait to see her — but —" She hesitated.

He drew his check-book forward.

"I'm going to write you a check for your first two weeks' salary," he said, "so that you will have something to start with. What is it going to be — house-keeping or boarding?"

"Housekeeping, sir. My little sister writes me every week of the new dishes she is learning to make, in honor of our keeping house together some day. She little dreams it is so near at hand."

"I'm glad you've decided to keep house. My wife and I will look in on you some evening, if we may, when you get located."

Helen flushed. "Nothing would please me more. And I won't try to thank you."

"Don't! I dislike it. Do your work as well as you have been doing it; that is all the return I want. Well, good day, and good luck to you. Bring your little sister in to see me when she arrives. I love children."

"I will, sir, and thank you again."

"There ain't no sense in folks makin' so much of New-year's," grumbled Mrs. Judson. "I think Thanksgiving and Christmas are enough, consequently we'll have a boiled dinner."

Louie looked up. The two were in the old farmhouse kitchen together. Mrs. Judson was mending socks, Louie was sewing patchwork.

"A boiled dinner!" O, she didn't like boiled dinners! A sudden wave of homesickness welled up in her little heart. O, if Helen would only come!

Louie looked into the grim face opposite.

"But New-year's means the beginning of things,

doesn't it, Mrs. Judson?" she asked gently. "Ought not we to celebrate that? Mother used to say that New-year's meant a great deal to people. To those who had made mistakes, it was another opportunity to start again; to those who had been trying hard, it promised better things."

Mrs. Judson had stopped to stare.

"Well, if you ain't the oddest child I ever saw, but that was just your ma's way of looking at things. But she died in the same old rut like the rest of us will. It stands to reason that as last year was, so this year will be. There ain't a-goin' to be any great change, accordin' to my way of thinkin'. It'll be about like the last one, only with more trouble in it, perhaps."

Louie sighed. Thanksgiving had been a failure, so had Christmas, and now New-year's was to be like the others. She brushed a tear away quickly.

"Just look at your sister," went on Mrs. Judson, "starvin' along in the city. How much better it would have been for her if she had stayed where she belonged. *She* was a good hand at housework."

The child's eyes filled again. She looked out of the window at the wind-swept fields. The skies were leaden. "Helen," she whispered, "if I could only see you again! It has been so long, and tomorrow is New-year's day." She choked back a sob. "I won't cry, I *won't*," she whispered. "Tomorrow is the beginning of things."

And then suddenly the door flew open and Helen stood in it. There was a rush of small and flying feet, and little Louie was lost in a close and tender embrace. The child clung to her in speechless joy, unable to say a word.

After the first rapture of the meeting, Helen took her on her lap, a shabby, neglected little figure in her patched dress and old shoes.

"I've come to take you away, Louie," she said unsteadily. "I've got my position at last, and I get — sister, little sister, just think of it! — eighteen dollars a week! You shall have some new clothes, darling, and some pretty shoes with velvet tops."

"And I've rented the dearest little flat you ever saw. There are three rooms with the cutest cupboard and kitchen, and we'll do our own housekeeping and cooking, and you shall go to school every day."

"And in the evenings, O, I won't tell you *what* we'll do in the evenings; you will have to guess."

"Louie, Louie, don't cry," for the child was sobbing wildly. "Don't you know that tomorrow is New-year's day, and we have a lot to do? We must go back to the city this evening, dear. We'll have our New-year's dinner in our own little flat, and bend your head while I tell you one thing we are going to have."

She whispered something, and Louie lifted her swollen eyes.

"Ice-cream!" repeated the child in an awed voice, "are we going to have ice-cream?"

Helen nodded smilingly, though her heart was full. How she thanked her Heavenly Father for the promise of the new year. She hugged the shabby, ragged little figure to her with a sob of happiness.

"So you see, little sister, tomorrow is going to be the best day of our lives," she said. "And we won't cry on New-year's eve, Louie; we will say, instead, this —"

She paused.

"*What* do we say to each other on this day of joy, little sister?" she asked.

Louie lifted her head.

"We say — we say — Happy New-year, Helen," she whispered huskily.— *Susan Hubbard Martin, in the Lookout.*

The Boys to the Front

THE following extracts from resolutions adopted by the Ohio Boys' Congress, four hundred and fifty boys, sixteen to nineteen years of age, held in connection with the Ohio Sunday-school Convention at Lima, Ohio, on Oct. 6, 1913, will be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR:—

I. Resolutions of the Committee on Chivalry

1. That we respect our mothers as akin to Jesus.
2. To respect girls and women as we respect our mothers.
3. By all means in our power to promote a Girls' Congress.
4. To be moral, and to maintain morality among the girls, and in conversation with boys.
5. To be true and square with the girls.
6. To be polite and courteous to all girls.
7. To protect girls from vices and vicious people.

II. Resolutions of the Cigarette Committee

Resolved, That the Ohio Boys' Congress condemn the cigarette habit because it is harmful, physically, mentally, and morally; because it stands in the way of the advance of Christianity; and,—

Resolved, That this congress lend itself individually and collectively to the suppression of the evil.

III. Resolutions of the Temperance Committee

Resolved, That the Boys' Congress of Ohio stand by their colors and do their best to put down the curse of drink.

Resolved, That we do heartily indorse the movement of the Lincoln-Lee Legion, and carry it out to the best of our ability.

Resolved, That we do not sanction any law which protects the saloon and the church alike.

Resolved, That we shall stand always against the saloon and its evil forces.

Living in the Cellar

I REMEMBER reading some time ago of a talk a man had with his little son one Sunday when they were looking at the pictures in an illustrated Bible. Among them was a reproduction of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World." You know it well—that picture of Christ standing outside the closed door of a house. The hinges are rusty, the portals overgrown with weeds and ivy, and the Suppliant whose hand knocks seems to get no response. The father told the little boy the story it portrays—of Christ standing there and knocking, seeking admission.

After some thought the little boy said, "Father, did he get in?"

"No; I don't think he did, son."

"Why didn't he get in?"

"I don't know why. But I am sure he didn't."

"Was it because they did not hear him knock?"

"I don't know, boy. I don't see quite how they could help hearing him."

The little fellow thought for a while, and then said: "O father, I think I know! They must have been living in the cellar. That's why they didn't hear him."

—*Stuart Holden.*



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

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

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, Jan. 10, 1914

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Jesus' Home Life (ten minutes).
3. Testimony Study (five minutes).
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts (five minutes).
5. "Child Labor" and "Newspaper Boys" (twenty minutes).
6. Closing Exercises.
1. Special music; prayer; song; Morning Watch texts for the week reviewed; minutes; report of work and the offering.
2. Jesus' Home Life. Chapters 7 and 9 in "Desire of Ages," also any other material accessible.
3. "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, pages 97-108; also Vol. VII, pages 34-36. Let some one give a synopsis of these chapters.
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment texts. Lev. 23:32; Isa. 58:13, 14; Eze. 20:12. Announce these texts to all the society one week before the quiz. Urge all to learn them and thus become qualified to pass the Bible doctrines examination at the close of the year.
5. Tenement-House Life and Child Labor. Two ten-minute papers, one on "Child Labor," the other on "The Newspaper and His Real Life." Material will be furnished in the *Church Officers' Gazette*, together with a bibliography of books and magazine articles.
6. Closing exercises. Repeat in unison the Missionary Volunteer pledge.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending Jan. 10, 1914

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (fifteen minutes).
2. Bible Study (ten minutes); A Young Hero.
3. Foreign Missions (fifteen minutes); "Pitcairn," the dedication and first trip.
4. Recitation: "The Need of Haste in Mission Work."
5. Closing Exercises.
1. Singing; sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; review Morning Watch texts; follow plan suggested last week.
2. Have the following texts read clearly and distinctly by different Juniors: Hero's birth and occupation, Gen. 4:1, 2; offering, 3-7; death, 8; also 9-15; 1 John 3:12; Heb. 11:4. Have some one draw two altars on the board.
3. Material in *Gazette*. Glean also from other available sources.
4. See *Gazette*.
5. Brief testimonies on "What I will do for missions during 1914." Close by repeating Gen. 31:49 in unison.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 7 — Lesson 13: Review on Book "From Exile to Overthrow"

IN answering these questions the book may be used. *Answer any ten.* Write out your answers, attaching your name and address, then send your paper to the Missionary Volunteer secretary of your conference.

We are sure you will thoroughly enjoy reading the next book, "From Judaism to Christianity." It will be an entire change, and a real inspiration. Have your book in time to begin the first lesson next week.

1. Give briefly a fulfilment of the prophecies of Eze. 34:3; 12:13.
2. Describe the conditions of the city and people when the Chaldeans were in power. Give the Scripture reference where this is referred to. State who next was used by the Lord to deliver his people, and why four young Hebrews are mentioned.
3. What prophetic period is brought to view in the fifth chapter? Give dates of beginning and ending of this period.

and state who was then used by the Lord to deliver his people.

4. Give a brief history of the rebuilding of the temple on the return from captivity.

5. Describe the plot laid for the extinction of the Jews, and tell the outcome of it.

6. What happened at the death of Alexander, and how were the generals treated by the Jews?

7. What was the first work of Judas Maccabees, and what memorial was established?

8. How did the Lord answer the prayer of Judas and the priests against Nicanor, and what may we expect him to do today for his people who are in trouble?

9. Mention some things of interest in the reign of Herod to the time of Christ.

10. What conditions were prevalent in the time of Paul, and what prophecy began to be fulfilled?

11. Mention the greatest sin ever committed by the Jewish nation, and what it meant to them.

12. Is it possible for the people today to commit the same sin? What lesson have you learned from studying this history?

Junior No. 6 — Lesson 13: "Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," Pages 59-80

MANY are still hesitating about joining our Reading Course. Delays are dangerous.

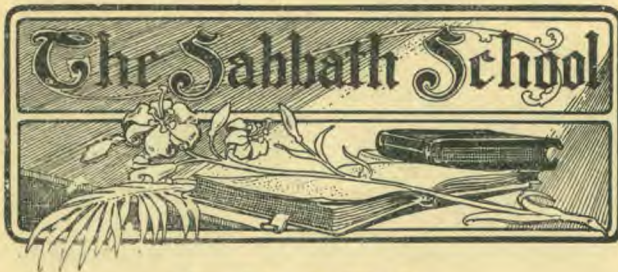
"Some wait ever for the morrow,
Present hours slip by;
So little can be done today,
What's the use to try?
Notice he who grasps the moments,
Every one that flies,
Is the man in life's short contest
Who obtains the prize."

What will you do?

1. What does the Lord call his children? Explain what this means.

2. To what else does Christ liken his people? Tell how this can be. Name some who have been "lights" in the world, both Bible characters and others. What lesson is there in this for us?

3. To what did Christ turn the attention of the people next? What was the difference between the teaching of Christ and that of the rabbis? State what it is to "fulfil the law."



II — The Quails Sent

(January 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 11:4-24; 31-35.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 377-382.

MEMORY VERSE: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37:3.

Questions

REVIEW.—How were the Israelites guided in their journeyings through the wilderness? Who is our guide? What is our pillar of cloud?

1. Why did the Lord bring the Israelites out of the land of Egypt? Ex. 6:5-8; note 1.

2. Like what did the Lord lead them? Ps. 78:52.

3. How tenderly did he care for them? Neh. 9:21.

4. How did he instruct them? With what did he feed them? Verse 20.

5. What did he give them to drink? Ps. 105:41.

6. How do we know that the Lord will provide for his people in these days? Memory verse; Isa. 33:15, 16.

7. Describe the manna, and the way it was prepared for eating. Num. 11:7, 8; Ex. 16:14, 31.

8. How did the Lord send it? Num. 11:9.

9. What does the psalmist call it? Ps. 78:24, 25.

10. How was this heavenly bread appreciated by the people? Num. 11:6; 21:5.

11. Like Lot's wife, what were they doing? Num. 11:5.

12. For what did they hunger and weep? Verse 4; note 2.

13. Compare their actions with those of Daniel and his fellows when they were tempted on appetite. Dan. 1:5-17. Which were more manly? Which showed more courage?

14. How does the Lord want his children to eat and drink? 1 Cor. 10:31. Why? 1 Cor. 3:16, 17.

15. Who knows better what is good for us, we or our Father in heaven?

16. Since they would not listen to reason, what did the Lord finally do? Ps. 106:15.

17. What kind of flesh did he send them? How was it sent? How much? Num. 11:31.

18. How did they show their eagerness for it? Verse 32.

19. What was the result of defying God and having their own way? Did it pay? Verse 33.

(Study a little every day.)

Notes

1. "God brought the Israelites from Egypt, that he might establish them in the land of Canaan, a pure, holy, and happy people."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 378.

2. "At the giving of the manna, just before Israel reached Sinai, the Lord had granted them flesh in answer to their clamors; but it was furnished them for only one day.

"God might as easily have provided them with flesh as with manna; but a restriction was placed upon them for their good. It was his purpose to supply them with food better suited to their wants than the feverish diet to which many had become accustomed in Egypt. The perverted appetite was to be brought into a more healthy state, that they might enjoy the food originally provided for man—the fruits of the earth, which God gave to Adam and Eve in Eden. It was for this reason that the Israelites had been deprived in a great measure of animal food."—*Id.*, page 378.

A Hero

WITHIN a kingly palace,
Behold him in his grace!
A youth, without a blemish,
Of beauteous form and face.

But more than outward beauty
Is his, for from within
Shines out a manly spirit
That is not quenched by sin.

The king himself appoints him
His own rich daily food,
With wine so red and sparkling,
And all that he thinks good.

But though he's young, and fearful
That he may grieve his lord,
He serves a greater Master,
And must obey his word.

He hears him gently pleading:
"Look not upon the wine,
It biteth like a serpent;
You're not your own, but mine;

"And if you glorify me,
Then to me now be true,
In eating and in drinking,
And whatsoever you do."

Enough! for he has purposed
That he will not defile
His body with rich dainties
That make him weak and vile.

He'll eat the pulse that strengthens,
And drink the water pure,
And trust his God to keep him,
And help him to endure.

And God does add his blessing,
And does not let him fall,
For soon he's ten times fairer
And wiser than them all!

— J. F. M.

II — Righteousness and Life

(January 10)

Daily-Study Outline

Sunday	"Sin shall not have dominion over you"	Questions 1-5; notes 1, 2
Monday	Not under the law; the test	Questions 6, 7
Tuesday	Servants of sin become servants of righteousness	Questions 8-12; note 3
Wed.	The wages; the gift	Questions 13-17; notes 4, 5
Thursday	Review of the lesson	
Friday	Supplementary questions	

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rom. 6: 12-23.

Questions

1. In view of the power of God's grace, what exhortation is given us? Rom. 6: 12.
2. What are we urged not to do? Verse 13, first part; note 1.
3. To whom should we yield? By virtue of what experience should we yield our members? Verse 13, last part.
4. Of what may the Christian believer be assured? Verse 14, first part.
5. Why should not sin have dominion over us? Verse 14, last part; note 2.
6. Does the reign of grace in our lives permit or encourage us to sin? What strong negative is used? Verse 15.
7. What mighty test does the apostle set before the Christian? Verse 16.
8. What were we all once? Verse 17, first part; Eph. 2: 2, 3.
9. But for what does the apostle thank God? Rom. 6: 17; note 3.
10. What did freedom from sin mean to them? Verse 18.
11. How did Paul speak? Why? Verse 19, first part.
12. What radical change in their manner of life did he exhort them to make? Verse 19.
13. When servants of sin, what was their relation to righteousness? Verse 20.
14. Of what profit was such a life? What was its end? Verse 21.
15. What fruit is seen in the life when freed from sin? What is the end of such a life? Verse 22.
16. What is the wages, or sure result, of sin? Verse 23, first part; note 4.
17. What is the inestimable gift of God? Verse 23, last part; note 5.

Notes

1. "Your members:" We cannot keep the mind pure and right with God while we yield our eyes to look upon sin; our ears to listen to evil; our tongues to indulge in foolish, boastful, or obscene talking; our appetites to indulge things not for our good or God's glory. All these members have once been used in the service of sin; now they are to be consecrated to the service of Christ.

2. "Not under the law:" "Under the law" does not mean subject to the law, but under condemnation by the law, a sinner. Sin then has dominion, or lordship, over us. But when all is given to Christ, the grace of God pardons, the condemnation is lifted, and the favor, or the grace, of God overshadows us, a covering of protection. But that grace puts

the law into our heart. Heb. 8: 10. We are not then under the law, nor over the law, but with the law, in Christ.

3. "God be thanked:" The thought is not that Paul thanks God that the Roman brethren were sinners, but that although they were once slaves of sin, they obeyed God and yielded to his truth.

4. "Wages of sin:" The apostle's word is clear and explicit. The wages of sin, the sure result of sin's sowing, is death, a cessation of existence. How the infinite wisdom and justice of God is shown in this! In his perfect plan sin cannot be forever perpetuated: it means its sure end in its own fruitage; and he who chooses sin chooses its wages, death. Surely God is just in depriving man of life which he misuses.

5. "The gift of God:" Man is sinful and worthy to die. And even before man sinned, he did not earn life; it was given him of God to use to God's glory, which is ever for man's good. He gives it here by faith to those who "lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. 6: 12), and the power of this life divine works in the believer's life; and to those who keep the faith, enduring to the end, the life is given as a possession absolutely and forever at Christ's second coming, this mortal flesh being changed to immortality.

Supplementary Questions for Home Study

1. How does this lesson instruct us to form habits of righteousness?
2. What clearly shows which master we serve?
3. What is the wages of sin elsewhere declared to be? Matt. 25: 46; 2 Thess. 1: 9.

I Can't

I CAN'T's home was just the common, it had not a special mark;
But he made it—like some others—what it was, and it was dark.
When he got up in the morning, how he stretched with many a groan!
When his mother urged his dressing, "O," he grumbled, "let me 'lone!"

What he'd say when thus he mumbled, you could quite correctly guess,
As his clothes he tossed and tumbled; it was always, "I can't dress."
"I can't put away my night-dress, I can't find the proper place;
I can't bother with hair combing; I can't wash my hands and face."

When he reached the breakfast-table, when he saw the buttered bread,
When he saw the cream and oatmeal, not a single I can't said.
If his overworking mother asked his help in washing dishes,
More than time 'twould take to do it he would spend in idle wishes.

"Wish I was that big old turkey; he will never 'come to want."
"Wish pa wouldn't call me shirky. I don't like to work; I can't."
Play? He'd play like lively cricket, and he'd never say he couldn't.
If his work is done up promptly, there's no reason why he shouldn't.

If his help was badly needed, he was always true to name;
Morn and night you'd hear him droning, "I can't do it," just the same.
Strong and sturdy was his body for the things he liked to do,
But for those he didn't fancy, weak and limp, like worn-out shoe.

When he came to study lessons, then the "I can't's" fell a shower;
If he needed but ten minutes, he would stretch it to an hour.
Fresh or sleepy in the evening, you might know the words he said:
"I can't tend to teeth nor washing, nor undress and go to bed."

Let us look beyond the spring-time, for all habits swiftly grow;
What will come to I Can't later if he doesn't change, we know.

Larder will be often empty as he chants the same old note,
Battered hat, no shoes or stockings, and a very seedy coat.

See him down in that dark alley, to the garbage-barrel go:
They have offered to employ him if he'll only shovel snow.
"Yes," he says, "'tis true I'm hungry; but to shovel snow I sha'n't,
And you needn't stop to ask me, for—I really—well, I can't."

MRS. MARY MARTIN MORSE.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription	- - -	\$1.25
Six Months	- - -	.70

CLUB RATES

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	- - -	Each \$.85
Nine months at the rate of	- - -	.90
Six months at the rate of	- - -	.95
Three months at the rate of	- - -	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Children's Ingathering Services

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Bold Acts of White-Slavers

SOME time ago a Norwegian man, with his family, came to this country in company with a number of other immigrants. As they passed down the streets of one of our Western cities, a daughter of this Norwegian gentleman was escorted by her cousin, a young man who was somewhat familiar with the English language.

As they walked along conversing together in their native tongue, suddenly a strange man and woman stepped up behind this couple, and without giving any notice whatever, one took the young girl's left arm and the other quickly removed her right arm from that of her escort, and forcibly hastened her down a side street where a cab awaited them. As soon as the young man realized what had been done, he shouted in English, "Some one has stolen my partner! Some one has stolen my partner!" Then he ran down the street after his cousin, still shouting, and the rest of the amazed company followed in close pursuit.

When the strangers saw that they were in serious danger of being caught, they left the girl standing on the street corner, and made their own escape in the cab that was waiting to do them duty.

These white-slavers had not counted on any one of the band of immigrants being able to sound an alarm in English. They doubtless supposed they could easily make their escape before the service of officials could be secured.

Many innocent young girls have been the victims of the evil plans of the leprous white-slaver. Not all have been so fortunate in being rescued as the young girl just mentioned.

Only last year another young woman, a bookkeeper in a Western city and secretary of one of our Missionary Volunteer societies, one day received a telephone message, purporting to be sent by her brother, that her mother had been taken suddenly ill, and that if she would take the next car he would meet her at the end of the line with her bicycle. She hastened to take the

car, all unconscious of the deep-laid plans of white-slavers to plunge her into the depths of misery and degradation.

After she left the office, a young man felt that something might be wrong, and so he telephoned quickly to her mother. He found that she was well, and that no message had been sent to the young woman from her home. Then he bade the mother and brother hasten to the car to meet the girl. They reached the car just as she was stepping off, much to the chagrin of the strange man who was just about to address her. He had two bicycles with him, and only a short distance beyond stood an automobile, and in it his partner in the infamous traffic. Surely this young woman was snatched as a brand from the burning.

We are living in a time when our girls and young women must constantly look to God for protection, and be exceedingly cautious lest they be ensnared in some pitfall that will mean their everlasting ruin.

The Morning Watch for 1914

ONLY those who know from personal experience the sweetness of the morning hour spent in prayer and in study of the Word, know what one misses who fails to keep the morning watch.

The little calendar prepared by the Missionary Volunteer Department for 1914 will be a great help, if faithfully used, in making the morning watch a source of spiritual strength and joy. This calendar can be obtained for five cents from your State tract society.

The words of the following beautiful poem are suggestive in this connection:—

"So busy, O so busy!" is the cry on every side;
There's much to do, and workers few, while on the moments glide;
And weary hearts are fainting oft beneath their loads of care,
And willing hands have grown too weak the burden's weight to bear.

"No time to rest, no time to wait for strength to be renewed,
No time to tarry till the soul with power is endued;
The tasks increasing every day, this life so near its close;
'We cannot rest,' the toilers cry, 'until death brings repose!'"

"O burdened hearts, can it be true this is the Master's will?
Are you to labor every hour and never to be still?
These vessels are so very small, our cups will not run o'er
Unless we seek the Fountain's brink for filling more and more.

"Take time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his blessed word;
Wait there, like Mary, until your soul for love's best deeds is stirred;
Then break the alabaster box, and let its perfume sweet
Spread with the gospel's joyful sound, and make the earth replete."

Crowns for All

WHEN Napoleon was to be crowned emperor of France, he sent for the Pope to perform the ceremony, as was the custom. As that dignitary started to place the crown upon the emperor's head, Napoleon took it from the officiating clergyman's hand, and placed it upon his own head. He meant by this to show that his own might and wisdom had given him the crown; he had earned it. It had not come to him through lineage, legacy, or law. It was his by his own effort. But he had not power to keep that which he had earned.

There are crowns awaiting all those who love the appearing of our Saviour; but we can never earn them. They are the gift of him who redeemed us from eternal death; and it is not in the power of man to take these crowns from us. They are in the Giver's keeping, and only we ourselves can remove them. May we prize these crowns according to their real worth.