

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXII

December 15, 1914

No. 50

## The Answer

Life, Death, and Love once stood beside a field  
Where men had fought with sword, and gun, and shield;  
And as they stood, Life spoke with bated breath  
And said, "I wonder when the foes will yield?"

Then Death, with hollow eyes, looked at the men  
Who gasping lay about his feet, and then,  
"I think," he said, "when all the world is drenched  
In blood, the strife will finish — only then!"

But Love looked far away with tear-filled eyes.  
"My friends," he said, "beyond the sun there lies  
A land where flowers bloom with perfume sweet,  
Where no one suffers pain, and no one dies.

"And in this country at the rainbow's end  
There lives a King who is a helper, friend;  
Who pardons sin and washes guilt away,  
And when men know his love, the war will end."

— Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in *Christian Herald*.



THE Armenians, who have suffered much at the hands of the Turks, are now said to be offering their services to the Russians by the thousands.

THE foreign population of the United States equals the combined populations of Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, and Switzerland.

PRINCE SABAH ELDINE, nephew of the sultan of Turkey, sent the following message from Paris to his uncle: "In drawing your sword for Germany your government condemned Turkey to death."

THE United States Public Health Service rendered recently its first verdict upon Dr. Frederick F. Friedmann's purported tuberculosis cure, to the effect that his "turtle serum" was not only no cure for tuberculosis, but often rendered the subject into whom it was injected more susceptible to tubercular infection, rather than more resistant.

THE immigration authorities of the United States are planning to employ in government service the aliens whom they think will come to this country in great numbers after the war. The districts where their labor is needed will be known to the post-office authorities, and upon their arrival at the different ports of entry these foreigners will be sent to fill the available positions.

By a decision of the Supreme Court handed down recently, the greater part of northern Minnesota has been added to the dry territory. A long conflict has existed between federal agents seeking to enforce the laws against the introduction of intoxicating liquors into the Chippewa Indians' country, and the saloonists and other sellers of intoxicating liquors. The decision of the court forever settles the contest, and many saloons will be driven out.

ON November 14 the "Christmas Ship" sailed from Brooklyn for Belgium. It carried more than 100 carloads of presents,—14 carloads of children's clothes, 5 carloads of women's clothes, 1 carload of soldiers' clothes, 2 carloads of shoes, 1 carload of merchandise valued at \$13,000, 2 carloads of food, 25 carloads of miscellaneous presents, 29 carloads of assorted presents, and 18 carloads of individual small parcels, and 5 carloads of children's toys.

AN appropriation of \$7,500 was recently made by the Carnegie Corporation for the erection and equipment of a public library building in College View, Nebraska, on condition that the village agree by resolution of the village board to maintain the library at a cost of \$750 a year. The board took favorable action on the resolution, and plans have been laid for the erection of the building. It has not yet been definitely decided where the library will be located, but it is thought that it will be built on the southwest corner of the campus. Such a library will of course be greatly appreciated by the college as well as by the village.

AFTER three years of suffering, Orear Eversole, aged twelve, of Frankfort, Kentucky, is dead as a result of injuries received at the hands of his playmates, who used him as the victim to be burned at the stake in the reproduction of a moving picture they had witnessed. The lad's companions represented themselves to be Indians, and young Eversole a pioneer. He was tied to the stake in the old Statehouse yard, and leaves were piled around him and set on fire. The youngsters danced a war dance while the flames crept close to young Eversole, and before he could be rescued he was badly burned. His injuries caused blindness, and later he lost his mind.—*Washington Post*.

## Kiao-Chau

IN 1897 two German missionaries were murdered in China by a Shan-tung mob. Germany by way of reparation secured from China Kiao-chau (ki-äo-chou') on a ninety-nine-year lease. This is the territory that recently surrendered to Japan after a brave resistance.

"Kiao-chau lies on the southern coast of the Shan-tung Peninsula, which juts out between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. The name, Kiao-chau, stands for the entire German leased territory, including Kiao-chau Bay and the land on both sides of the entrance and shore of the bay, with an area of about one hundred and seventeen square miles, where Germany had complete control of the government and administration. It is bounded on the north by the Paisho River. But beyond the river there is a neutral zone of about thirty-two miles, measured from any point on the shore of the bay, over which the Chinese government could not issue any ordinances without the consent of Germany. . . .

"It was Germany's intention to make Kiao-chau the German Gibraltar of the Far East. And this much is certain, that Kiao-chau was the best-fortified place owned by any European power in the Far East. Two or more lines of fortification, consisting altogether of twelve forts, guarded the leased district on the land side."

This German leasehold was recently captured by the Japanese, who are fighting on the side of the allies in the present war. After a brave resistance, the German fortress surrendered; but the city was in ruins. Japan promises to return the leasehold to China after the war.

### The Message

ALTHOUGH an empty life of sin  
Has always been my part,  
Alone, tonight, I've won the fight,  
And pledged another start.  
In that still hour on bended knee,  
Within my heart there grew  
A hope divine as I read this line:  
"I will always pray for you."

Before me, through the flowing tears,  
I saw a figure stand;  
Close, close she came, and breathed my name,  
And held my drooping hand.  
And now when hang the leaden skies,  
And I am feeling blue,  
I bend my ear, these words to hear:  
"I will always pray for you."

—I. N. Mate (a prisoner).

A SMALL bag of unslaked lime hung inside of the piano will catch dampness and prevent rust of the wires. In winter, when the fires are going and the atmosphere becomes too dry, it is well to keep a plant in the room with a piano, but the plant will require more frequent watering. Wipe the keys daily with a cloth moistened in alcohol. If a small linen bag filled with camphor is hung on a small nail on the inside of the piano case, it will prevent moths from getting into the felt.—*Selected*.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 15, 1914

No. 50

## Dual Lives

WE lead two lives,—the outward, seeming fair,  
And full of smiles that on the surface lie;  
The other, spent in many a silent prayer,  
With thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.  
The weary, weary hours of mental pain,  
Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone,  
The wishes, half-defined, yet crushed again,  
Make up the silent life we lead alone.

So, happy visions that we never voice  
Gild all this silent life with sweet romance.  
That they will fade like sunset's clouds, we know:  
Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.  
This hidden life,—we little know its power  
To strengthen us for either good or ill;  
Whether we train our thoughts, like birds, to soar,  
Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

Not those we love this silent life may share,  
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;  
Our secret chamber, none may enter there,  
Save One who never seeks repose.  
And if beneath his eye we do not quail,  
Though all the world may turn from us aside,  
We own a secret power that shall prevail  
When every motive of our life is tried.

—Selected.

## Rotorua, the Wonderland of New Zealand

E. M. GRAHAM



IN North Island, New Zealand, a little over one hundred miles to the south of Auckland, is a wonderful hot spring district. In January, 1913, the writer, with some friends, spent a few days at Rotorua (ro-to-ru'ä), the most central place for reaching the different sights in the district.

At Rotorua a large sanatorium has been built by the government. There are a number of other buildings on the grounds, from the old bathhouse to the fine new pump room. The grounds are beautifully laid out, are well kept, and are open to all without charge. On entering the main gate, the first thing that attracted our attention was steam rising from the pond, to which we made our way. There, in the midst of the cold water, were small circles of mud, from which were shooting columns of boiling water. They would rise to the height of six to ten feet, then drop down, boiling away in the circles until up they would go again for a few minutes. They have a characteristic odor, which once smelled will never be forgotten.

Walking through the grounds toward the old bathhouse, we came upon a "Rachel" pond. This was about twenty feet in circumference, with water as clear as crystal, of a bluish color, boiling furiously. It is said to be bottomless, and certainly looks as if it were.

The old bathhouse has rows of private baths, and big swimming baths for men and for women. The baths are made of cement, set into the floor. There are Rachel baths, priests' baths, and mud, vapor, and sulphur baths. Most of these are for diseases of different kinds. We tried the Rachel baths, and liked them. The water is very soft, makes one's skin delightfully smooth, and has a soothing effect.

The new bathhouse is a large building with two wings. The center is the pump room, a lofty hall, with a large gallery, where concerts are given in the evenings during the visiting season. Here the visitor may call for glasses of the different medicinal waters, which to my taste are all equally unpleasant, though some like them.

In the wings are the bathrooms. These are luxurious, and consist of a dressing room, with velvet-

covered couch, long mirror, and carpet, and the bathroom proper, which is tiled in brown or dark red. The bath is of white marble, and is set into the floor. The water bubbles up from a pipe in the floor of the bath, and each bath is fitted with hot and cold shower, and a bell to ring in case an attendant is wanted.

Behind the sanatorium is Lake Rotorua. It is about eight miles across and somewhat longer. On its shore in the sanatorium grounds are many spots where there are little boiling pools of water or mud, and one part of the lake itself boils furiously.

Two miles from Rotorua is Whakarewarewa, and the smell of it extends fully five miles away. The government has inclosed the hot springs part of it, and visitors are expected to engage guides to take them around, as it is hardly safe to wander alone. The guides are licensed by the government, and are all Maori women.

To reach the gate of the inclosure a bridge over a narrow stream is crossed. The Maori children dive from this bridge, feet foremost, into the river below to catch the pennies thrown in by the tourists. When the supply of pennies runs short, the children play about in the warm spots in the water. They seem to live in the water, and swim like fishes.

There is a Maori settlement around the inclosure, and the family cooking is done in holes dug in the ground, which is almost everywhere full of hot mud and water.

In the inclosure are springs of boiling water, pools of thick boiling mud, geysers which shoot up and spray out water which petrifies everything it falls on. We saw some old sacks and a straw hat which had been turned into stone. In one part of the river which runs through the place you can put your hand in and feel the cold water flowing above, and hot water beneath.

There is a cave where an old Maori chief once hid himself from his enemies; but they found him, killed him, and cooked his brains in a round hole which is now called The Brain Pot. They ate his brains, thinking by this means to become as wise as he was.

On the opposite side of the main road from the inclosure is a boiling lake, and by it a bathhouse, in



which one may have a "spout bath." The bather on entering a door finds himself in a small dressing room. Out of that another door opens upon cement steps which lead into what resembles a prison cell, except that near the top the room has a large window. The bather pushes up a wooden stick which has notches



MALFROY GEYSERS, SANATORIUM GROUNDS

to regulate the flow of water, and in it rushes. The heat is carefully regulated, but he can make it hotter or colder as he pleases. He stands under the spout and lets the water pour upon him, and the sensation is delightful. When the water is as high in the cell as wanted, he pulls out a big wooden plug, and it runs out just as fast as it pours in, so keeps level.

From Rotorua there are a number of trips which may be taken. One which we took was the lake trip. At ten o'clock one morning we boarded a launch on Lake Rotorua, and set off to cross the lake. At first it was calm, but soon we got into rough water, and our motor launch danced like a cork, causing some of the party to rejoice when the land on the other side was reached. A short walk through the woods brought us to a stream where a punt awaited us. In this we were taken up the stream, which was as clear as crystal, and had thickly wooded banks. Soon we came to the Hamurana Spring, which bubbles up from a deep hole under the water. Twelve million gallons of water come up every day with such force that nothing can sink there. One of our party threw a penny in, and it danced about in the water until at length it lodged on a ledge at the side of the hole. The water is deliciously cool and fresh to drink.

We returned to our launch, and went down the lake, at the far end of which we entered a narrow, winding passage through which we reached another large lake, Lake Rotoiti. On each side of this passage were Maori houses, and on the lake dugout canoes. The hills, mountains, lakes, trees, and flowers of this vicinity make a beautiful scene.

At the far end of the second lake we again left the launch, walked by a river which runs into it, to the Okere Falls and rapids. They are very pretty, with high rocks on each side, covered with bushes, ferns, and trees.

After this we returned to our launch, which took us back to the channel and part way through to a bridge, where we found a buggy waiting to take us

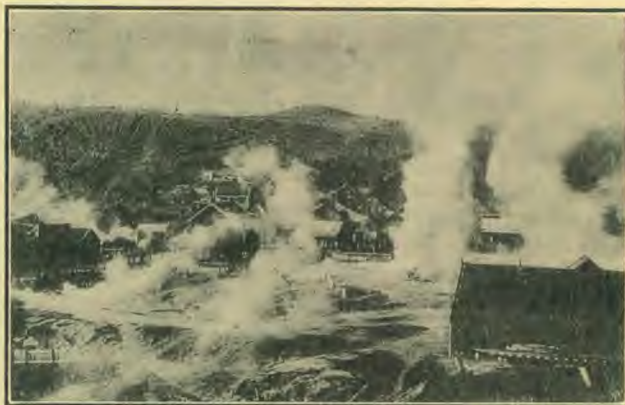
the rest of the trip. After a drive of several miles through hilly country, we reached Tikitere.

Here a Maori woman as guide took charge of us, as no one is admitted into this place without a guide. This woman insisted on our keeping close to her, though none of us had any desire to stray away. Here are the Gate to Hell, Dante's Inferno, The Devil's Mouth, The Devil's Porridge Pot, Satan's Glory, and other places as bad. Most of them are full of slimy black mud, which boils furiously, and spits itself up in all directions in a vicious way. Tikitere is a ghastly place, worse than even Whakarewarewa, and the smell can neither be imagined nor described.

We drove to the top of an old crater, in which far below us was a lake, looking desolate and cold. There is only one narrow path leading down to it. From there we returned to Rotorua, and went on to Ohinemutu, the old town by the lake. Here is a small boiling lake and many pools. In one place a hot stream runs along one side of the road, and a cold one along the other side. The Maoris wash their clothes in one and rinse them in the other. They boil their kettles and pots in the little pools that are to be found everywhere.

Another morning we started at ten o'clock in a buggy, and drove eight miles through hills, and lovely woods consisting of tree ferns, ferns, and flowers. The first part of the drive was through hills which had been burned bare by a tremendous bush fire, started by a careless smoker throwing down a match. It burned

for three weeks, and destroyed miles of forest. Here, too, we saw the great crack made by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. It is three miles long, and forty feet deep, in some places twenty feet wide, in others quite narrow. It is forty miles from the place of the eruption. What terrible force must have been let loose to make this tremendous crack in the ground!



WHAKAREWAREWA

At the end of the eight miles we were fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and here we found Blue Lake, lying in what was evidently once a crater. It is a yard or two from the shore, and shelves suddenly into a hole that is said to be bottomless; for no bottom has been reached, though many soundings have been



DIVING FROM THE BRIDGE

made. The water looks almost as blue as the sky. The lake is surrounded with hills, except for the narrow

(Concluded on page ten)



## Earning One's Own College Expenses



PROBABLY there are hundreds of those who read these lines who are looking forward to a college course. Many who wish to enter college next year are uncertain how the bills are to be paid. They know that they must depend—in part, at least—upon their own efforts. So they read eagerly any suggestion that comes to their notice as to ways of earning money for their purpose.

One of the most helpful talks to young people who are considering the problem was written recently by a man who had carefully observed college students—both boys and girls—as they worked to pay the inevitable bills. This is the talk, which was printed in the little bulletin of Huron College, South Dakota:—

"A certain man was greatly troubled by rats in his barn. Finally, he made an agreement whereby he was to pay the village loafer ten dollars for killing one hundred rats. The lazy fellow, securing a short, stout stick, went to the barn, sat down on a box, and shouted to his employer, 'Now bring on your rats!'

"So it is, occasionally, that a boy, who is somewhat shrewd in driving a bargain, says to us, 'Will you promise me work?' Formerly we promised with great readiness, knowing that numerous jobs could be secured by college students. The bargain made, the young man would enter the college office, sit down, and say in substance, 'Well, I'm here; bring on your work.' If it happened that we did not have a place to offer the boy at the moment, we would tell him that there was plenty of work in town, and that by looking around he could undoubtedly find a place to work. And then our composure would be somewhat disturbed by the gentle reminder that we had promised work to him, and the implication was that we ought to go out seeking remunerative employment for him. However, our first duty in this matter is not to hunt work for boys, but to search for boys who in turn will be able to find work for themselves. When we have found a good, dependable boy, we always promise him that he can get work.

"In fact, rats and jobs are quite alike: if you wish to be sure of getting them, you will have to go after them. Hustling counts in getting jobs, as in catching rats.

"Some boys think that they are willing to take a job in order to get a college education, but in reality they want a position. It is to be noted, too, that reliable boys first get 'jobs' and then get 'positions' that are much sought by all and are held only by those who have demonstrated their worth in humbler places.

"The boy who goes to college expecting to earn money to pay expenses is in the position of a man who comes to town as a stranger and opens a mercantile business on the main street. At first the merchant is little known and does little business, but—if he always renders prompt service and delivers only goods of high quality—his trade gradually increases. Time and again we have seen a student go out expecting to earn twenty-five cents by beating a rug, who met his appointment so promptly and did his work so well that in the end he not only earned a quarter, but had also established the foundations of a friendship that later resulted in giving him a place yielding enough to pay board and room.

"College men should remember that they are not privileged characters in business matters. People are willing and glad to give them a chance to do what

work they have to be done, but they are not willing to pay them first-class wages for second-class service. If a boy is employed to attend to a furnace, he must remember that the fire must be replenished promptly in the early morning, even on a cold, dark winter morning; and that coal is needed for the fire each evening, even on the evening when he has a 'date' at the dormitory; and that the ashes must be carried out, even on the afternoon when the most interesting football game of the season is being played. It is a fatal mistake to assume that just because one is a student, one will be privileged to neglect his work on certain occasions.

"Last fall a Mr. Blank entered the president's office and matriculated. On leaving he announced that he had some money, but needed to earn more during the year. Within a week a call came for help from a lady of the town. Mr. Blank was sent to do the work. The following week a call came from the same lady, with the condition that we must not send Mr. Blank. She explained that he had arrived an hour late the week before, and then had torn the parlor curtains in taking them down, and had thrown them in a heap on the floor, amusing himself as he worked by puffing a cigarette. Frequently after that he came to us asking that we find work for him. From time to time he did get odd jobs, but never twice in the same place. At the end of a few weeks he left school, saying that he could not find any work to do; that he had no chance to help himself.

"Another boy entered college last fall. He came into the president's office with a frightened sort of air. His coming to college was unannounced, and we knew nothing of him. With something of a struggle he managed to tell his name, age, and place of residence. A little questioning led to the information that he had heard of students helping themselves through college, but that, while he could not stay long without earning some extra money, he feared he was not fitted to do anything. On being asked what he was willing to do, he replied, 'O, I'll do anything, if I can only get a chance!' The light in his eye as he spoke made us think that he meant just what he said. We do not know how this big, timid young fellow got his first job, nor what it was. In fact, after the first conversation he never mentioned the subject of a job and his chance to get one. But when school was over in June, we met him on the train traveling to his home. Pulling a little account book out of his pocket, he showed us the record of his year's business. He had arrived in town with forty dollars cash; his father had paid his fifty-dollar tuition bill; all other bills he had paid out of his earnings; and he was leaving town with fifty dollars cash in his pocket. In nine months he had made about two hundred and ten dollars. Probably he could have done better in his studies if he had not done so much 'outside' work. But it was doubtless better for him to get what he did in the way he did than not to have been in college at all. It is, moreover, a fact that some of our best students earn, during the school year and the summer vacation, every cent that is spent in going to college.

"Working one's way through college is a hero's job. We are inclined to believe, however, that the average youth, when fired by a genuine ambition, has enough heroism to get an education in that way. We



have no desire to lead any one to come to a college in the belief that the task will be easy. Things that are worth while are expensive. A really wise, far-seeing young man is willing to suffer and to endure in order to attain a high, far-distant goal. Only foolish folk look for 'snaps.' The boy who is looking for a soft place has one already—under his hat. If you want to work your way through college, we urge you to do so not because the job is easy, but because it is worth while.

"We have been talking all the time as if only boys have a chance to help themselves through college. That is not true. One girl here had one hundred and fifty dollars given to her, and she earned considerably more than one hundred dollars during the school year. Nearly any girl can work for board and room in some one of the good homes. Each year the demand for girls in such positions is greater than we can supply.

"Remember that a student who has a job counts for just as much in college social life as any other student.

"If you want a job, come and get it. Everything comes to him who waits, but not while he waits."—*The Wellspring.*

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### "Suppose"

A SOLDIER was one day found by himself enjoying the flowers and pleasures of a beautiful park. He was arrested, court-martialed, and shot. "Just because he was found in a park harming no one?" you ask. Yes, he was positively injuring no one, but was putting in his time napping and enjoying things generally. But while he was thus busying himself pleasantly, his comrades were in action. "This was different," you say, "he ought to have been in the ranks with the rest." And so he had. Suppose we look into another army a moment.

"Suppose some one were to offer me a *thousand dollars* for every soul that I might earnestly try to lead to Christ; would I endeavor to lead any more souls to him than I am endeavoring to do now? Is it possible that I would attempt to do for *money*, even at the risk of blunders or ridicule, what I hesitate or shrink from doing now in obedience to God's command? Is my love for money stronger than my love for God or for souls? How feeble, then, my love for God! Perhaps this explains why I am not a soul winner."

"Suppose I were to be asked how many persons I *had persistently tried* to win to Christ during the past month, or even during the past year, what would my answer be? How many have I even spoken to? How many have I on my prayer list now? If I am not interested enough in the salvation of others to even have a daily prayer list, is it any wonder that I am not a soul winner?"

"Suppose I were to see a blind man unknowingly approaching the brink of a high precipice, and that I were to sit by without concern or any effort to warn or save him from certain death, would I not be as guilty of his death in God's sight as if I had murdered him outright? The death of a body which might have been but was not prevented is a terrible thing; but how about the preventable death of a human soul, perchance of many souls, for which *God may hold me responsible*? If my murder of another's body by neglect is an unspeakable crime, what shall be said of my murder by neglect of another's soul?"

These quoted suppositions are presented by one who knows not the importance of the warning message of Revelation 14. Now let us suppose a little further.

Suppose the warning contained in the third angel's message against the receiving of a certain wicked thing into the life and heart was known in your neighborhood only by yourself, and that you did no more than you are doing now to warn these people of it, do you think you would be clear before God in the day of judgment?

Suppose these neighbors and friends were to ask you when the day of salvation has passed, "If you knew these things were coming upon us, why did you not tell us?" what answer could you give them?

Suppose that every other member of the church to which you belong were doing no more than you are doing to warn the world of Jesus' soon coming, when might we look for him to appear in the clouds of heaven?

Suppose I fail to do for those about me that which the Lord designed I should do, when he left the light of the third angel's message to shine upon my pathway, how am I to expect them to know these things? and upon what can I base my hope for a heavenly reward?

Suppose no other believer in this solemn message was doing more than am I to send it to the ends of the earth in this generation, when might we expect the words of the prophet John to be accomplished when he wrote, "And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads"?

Suppose we all take these things home to ourselves, and think and pray about them in earnest at least for one week in our private devotions, and listen to what the Spirit may say to us as to what we should do individually.

T. E. BOWEN.

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### Our Artificial Life

THE apostle John entreated his fellow Christians, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." 1 John 5:21. But I fear that too many of our day think that this exhortation is no longer appropriate, that it has long been out of date.

We live in an artificial age, doubtless the most artificial the world has ever seen. The people of our age have no sympathy for the natural tastes and simple habits of Abraham in his shepherd's tent, or of the fishermen of Galilee who became the first heralds of the gospel. True, the Christian can develop a Christ-like character under even the most artificial conditions, just as the human body can be trained and prepared to endure alike the polar frosts and the tropic heat. In the same way a Christian character can be developed in a shepherd's tent in such an age as that of Hammurabi or in a modern metropolis, in a Russian prison or in free America. But he who would develop such a character must learn to discriminate between the artificial and the natural, between the transitory and the eternal, between those influences that tend to strengthen and develop character and those subtle, ambient influences that tend to weaken and degrade.

Why should it be necessary to speak of particular habits and customs in our modern life, to show that we are surrounded on all sides by idolatry? The patriotic Roman of the time of Nero or Domitian could not cross a threshold, greet a friend, enter a carriage, or take a bath without making some pious movement of



hands or head to show his remembrance of the national gods, or, by refraining from it, showing that he was a Christian and a citizen of another country. But in about the same way the subtle influences of our modern artificial life, the idolatries of our modern world system, our modern Babylon, have so diffused themselves and become a part of everyday conditions, that he who would keep himself unspotted from them must be on duty long hours, and take no moral vacations. The prize ring, the fashion plate, the comic and the sporting pages, the "movies," the baseball bulletin, the card table, "the coffin nail," the yellow metal,—these are the names of a few of the national gods which so many millions of our age are taught to worship religiously from the cradle to the grave; and he who brings them no offerings or burns them no incense is already considered about as unsocial, as unpatriotic, as were those who for similar scruples were compelled to act as human torches to light the grounds of the emperor's palace or to feed the lions in the arena.

These are a few, a very few, of their modern names; but the tutelar spirits behind them are the same as in the olden time, and there is little to choose between the ancient and the modern forms under which they are invoked. We are certainly surrounded by a system of subtle, all-pervading idolatry; and the apostle's exhortation to his little children to keep themselves from idols has by no means expired by limitation.

GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE.

*Lodi Academy, Lodi, California.*

### Readable Paragraphs on Music

"STOP the mother's lullaby, and the baby lips from cooing an answer; stop the boys from whistling, and the busy man from humming at his desk; silence all the birds, the murmur of the brook, and the whisper of the wind in the trees. Impossible?—Of course it is; just as impossible as to stop the sun from shining. Music is so much a part of our existence as to be indispensable; therefore music is a necessity."

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form.—*Plato.*

In Germany, in France, in Italy, the young women and men of the family sing together the great airs from the operas. And so good music is a part of the education. It is this family singing that makes a great musical nation.—*Gadski.*

"Rubinstein estimated that sixty per cent of the Germans understood music initiatively, thirty per cent of the French, eighteen per cent of the English. The American percentage is no higher than the English."

The laws of musical sound are now ascertained to be as certain and constant as the laws of other great forces in nature.—*Dr. John Wilkes Bernhart.*

Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.—*Napoleon I.*

Give the people music of the right sort, and you drive away many of the great social problems now troubling the capitalists.—*Paderewski.*

"Music is a parable, telling in sounds which will not change of that which is worthy of worship, telling it to each hearer just in so far as he by nature and circumstances is able to understand it. By music men may be helped to find God, who is not far from any one of us, and be brought again within reach of that tangible sympathy—the sympathy of their fellow creatures."

Music is indisputably the fittest medium for the thought that cannot be conveyed by speech, and one well might call the inmost essence of all vision music.—*R. Wagner.*

Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated.—*Plato.*

"There's music in the sunshine,  
There are songs for us to sing,  
For the world is full of music—  
Be still and hear it ring."

"May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense!  
So shall I join the choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

I have never written the music that it was in my heart to write. Perhaps I never shall with this brain and these fingers, but I know that hereafter it will be written, when instead of these few inlets of the senses through which we now secure impressions from without, there shall be a flood of impressions from all sides, and instead of these few tones of our little octave there shall be an infinite scale of harmonies; for I feel it. I am sure of it. This world of music into whose borders even now I have scarcely entered, is a reality, is immortal.—*Mozart.*

"God opened the windows of heaven,  
And sent out a beautiful bird.  
A sigh and a gleam like the joy in a dream  
It leaped into life at his word.  
God fashioned its pinions and plumage,  
He painted its beautiful wing,  
He placed in its throat a glorious note  
And said, 'Go forth and sing.'

"Not 'for the ears that listen,'  
Not 'for the shouts that ring,'  
Not 'for men's praise of thy glorious lays,'  
But merely, O bird, 'go sing.'  
Did it doubt? Did it pine and falter?  
Did it furl its beautiful wing?  
Because nobody heard, did that wonderful bird  
Lose heart and refuse to sing?"

"Nay, over the wide world, speeding  
Far over the mountain's crest,  
Away and away to the ends of the day,  
To sing in God's wilderness.  
And over the lone world watching,  
Where never a step is stirred,  
In the midnight's flow, God's ear bends low,  
For the song of his pilgrim bird."

"It is the Love-Spirit that reveals to us our privileges and responsibilities, as the recipients of the favors of God. If you have the healing gift, if you have collected a fund of knowledge, if you have an inspired art power, if you are a magnet to draw riches, if you can charm or rule men, if you have any gift or blessing, then your place is at the feet of the race, with 'I serve'—*Ich dien*—upon the crest of your divine privilege and honor."

The history of the songs of the Bible is full of suggestion as to the uses and benefits of music and song.



Music is often perverted to serve purposes of evil, and it thus becomes one of the most alluring agencies of temptation. But, rightly employed, it is a precious gift of God, designed to uplift the thoughts to high and noble themes, to inspire and elevate the soul. As the children of Israel, journeying through the wilderness, cheered their way by the music of sacred song, so God bids his children today gladden their pilgrim life. There are few means more effective for fixing his words in the memory than repeating them in song. And such song has wonderful power. It has power to subdue rude and uncultivated natures; power to quicken thought and to awaken sympathy, to promote harmony of action, and to banish the gloom and foreboding that destroy courage and weaken effort.—“*Education*,” pages 167, 168.

O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! O that we could put songs under our burden! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

#### A Nation Lifted From Drunkenness to Sobriety in a Day

WHAT prohibition has done in Russia it will do in the United States and in any country where it is made operative. Marvelous indeed is the transformation already effected in Russia by the prohibition which means that not a drop of vodka, whisky, brandy, gin, or any other strong liquor is obtainable from one end to the other of a territory populated by nearly 170,000,000 and covering one sixth of the habitable globe. Michael Demitrovitch Tchelisheff is the man directly responsible for putting an end to Russia's great vice, the vodka habit. The word prohibition in Russia must be taken literally. It means that a vast population “who consumed \$1,000,000,000 worth of vodka a year, whose ordinary condition has been described by Russians themselves as ranging from a slight degree of stimulation upward, has been lifted almost in one day from a drunken inertia to sobriety. The nation has been compelled, virtually overnight, to abandon its enormous daily consumption of vodka, a liquor that contains a particularly large percentage of alcohol, and become abstemious to the extent of letting no liquor pass its lips.

“On that day when the mobilization of the Russian army began, special policemen visited every public place where vodka is sold, locked up the supply of the liquor, and placed on the shop the imperial seal. Since the manufacture and sale of vodka is a government monopoly in Russia, it is not a difficult thing to enforce prohibition.”

#### Drunkenness Has Vanished

“From the day this step was taken, drunkenness vanished in Russia. The results are seen at once in the peasantry; already they are beginning to look like a different race. The marks of suffering, the pinched looks of illness and improper nourishment have gone from their faces. There has been also a remarkable change in the appearance of their clothing. Their clothes are cleaner, and both the men and the women

appear more neatly and better dressed. The destitute character of the homes of the poor has been replaced with something like order and thrift.”

#### Unattended Women Now Safe

“In Petrograd and Moscow the effect of these improved conditions is fairly startling. On holidays in these two cities inebriates always filled the police stations, and often they lay about on the side walks, and even in the streets. Things are so different today that unattended women may now pass at night through portions of these cities where it was formerly dangerous even for men. Minor crimes and misdemeanors have almost vanished.”

Rapid are the movements of men and of nations in these times, but none too rapid can be the movement which will obliterate every vestige of the liquor traffic wherever the sun shines. With the minds of men no longer muddled by alcohol, the Spirit of God can do his work of enlightenment much more effectively; and with the mind free from darkness, God will be glorified in the transformation of lives bound by habits of sin. May the day of universal prohibition hasten on apace.

JOHN N. QUINN.

#### The One Big Book

THIS is a world of books. They are the first things that drop into the cradle after the rattle falls to the floor, and they are the last that old age lays away.

There are schoolbooks, tons upon tons of them; and scientific books, tiers upon tiers of shelves; and books of travel and history, which will keep talking to you about the interesting things on this earth all through life; and works of fiction, which delineate human activity in myriad forms, its love and hate, its pathos and pleasure and suffering, its appetites and perversions, its powers and prejudices, its achievements and defeats.

But there is a Book that is infinitely beyond all these. It reveals the Being who *created* the men that wrote these other books, and swung into space the *world* they walk on. That great Builder of the universe cared so much for frail, impotent men that he dictated carefully the writing of this one big Book, and gave it to them.

In it are recorded the words, the wishes, the commands, of him who “inhabiteth eternity,” whose countenance is as the sun shining “in his strength,” whose eyes are “as a flame of fire,” whose voice is “as the sound of many waters,” and whose throne is set in the midst of lightnings and thunderings, round about which is a rainbow and before which is a sea of glass. Let us assimilate every word of this wonderful Book. Indeed, we shall be most unwise if we do not.

Did ever another book have such an author? Were ever words so vital and interesting recorded? These words are a message from a far-away and beautiful land of which we know but little; and every letter of them, if we will let it, will be a letter of fire, burning into our souls, and giving us an intimate acquaintance with its divine Author. And this acquaintance will make us over new; will transform our appetites, our pleasures, our viewpoints of life; will flood our bodies with waves of health; will purge our moral and mental fiber of all dross, and bring us to that infinite perfection from which we can leap forward at his beckoning hand to fullness of beauty and joy, to realms of glory and life and light, to endless day with him forever. O, what a book!

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.





# THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you."



## My Mother

We sit in one big chair, for mother's little,  
And rock and talk, all in the firelight's glow.  
She pats my hand,—perhaps you think it's funny,—  
It's somehow easier to visit so.  
She loves to read the very books I do,  
That tell of Lancelot, and all the rest;  
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero,  
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best:

She knows about the school, and what I study;  
She likes the boys, remembers nicknames, too.  
I tell her everything that I am doing—  
Why, bedtime comes before we're nearly through!  
She's glad I am a boy, and growing taller;  
She isn't sorry that my hair does curl.  
My mother is not like a grown-up lady;  
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.

—Alix Thorn.

## Thanksgiving to God



VISITOR in northern Michigan tells of being led by his host to the mouth of the famous Calumet and Hecla copper mine a little before five o'clock in the afternoon. "Stand here and listen," said his friend.

There was silence for a moment, and then, coming from the earth beneath their feet, faint sounds were heard. They grew stronger and more distinct as the men waited, seeming like the weird melodies played by the wind on telegraph wires. Nearer and nearer they came, mingled with the creaking of machinery, and resolving themselves at last into the familiar notes of "Nearer, my God, to thee." In a moment the cage reached the top of the shaft, and the day shift of Welsh miners, who had been singing their way up from a depth of hundreds of feet, stepped out, and, baring their heads, joined in, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then quietly turned homeward. "They do this every night when their work is done," said the host. "It is their expression of praise and thanksgiving."

We do not glorify God so much as we ought to; nor do we recognize with due gratitude his gifts.—*Selected.*

## How They Lost Their Home

THEY bought things they did not need, because they were cheap.

They subscribed for everything they could pay for on the installment plan.

They did not realize how easy it is to get into debt and how hard it is to get out.

They tried to do what others expected of them, rather than what they could afford.

They thought it small to insist on having an agreement or understanding put in writing.

They could not say "No," and were afraid to tell their friends, "I cannot afford it."

Their sons thought they must "sow their wild oats," as well as other "fellows of their set."

The daughters thought it beneath them to work for a living, but were bound to dress well.

They drew their money out of the bank to put it to some wildcat scheme, and lost it.

They did not do business in a business way, because they were dealing with relatives or friends.

They never formed the habit of putting in the bank money which they did not immediately need.

They put off payments on everything possible because it would be so much easier to pay tomorrow than today.

They signed important papers without reading them or knowing their contents, just because they were asked to do so.

The extravagance of the children, who had not been trained to economize or to take care of their pennies, swamped the home.

They feared the people with whom they had dealings would think them suspicious if they asked for a receipt for the money.

When the shoe began to pinch, they "really did not see where they could retrench." Habit had made luxuries seem necessities.

They entertained too expensively, and a great deal more than they could afford, because they wanted people to think they were in good circumstances.

They let enough money slip through their fingers to pay the mortgage several times over, but because the date of payment was so far away, they thought there was no danger of losing their home.—*Selected.*

## The Business Man's Method

MANY years ago I was preaching in a country church, and was invited to stay all night in the home of a certain man in the community. It was up in the mountains. When I got there, I found a little log cabin with three rooms, and the man had nine children. Of course those were large rooms, but even at that they were crowded. After a while it came time to have family prayers, and then we went to bed. I slept with five children, and they were the kickingest lot I ever saw. Of course, there was no chance for me to sleep much, hence I was glad when a man at the gate called and asked permission to spend the night. I was getting lonesome, and was glad for anything to break the monotony. The man of the house got up and went to the door, and stood there and rubbed his eyes. I heard him say, "Yes, if you can put up with what we have, you can come in." I thought, "I know you won't put him in this bed, for there isn't room in here to breathe, now." He brought him in and set him down, and they began to talk.

Before long, the visitor took out some bottles, and began to pass them to the man and to his wife, who had got up. I peeped further to see what it was they were passing around in bottles. I discovered that it was molasses. He was a drummer from Baltimore, and he was visiting the farms with his samples of mo-



lasses. When he left that farmhouse, he had sold them a barrel of molasses. He went to every farmhouse in those mountains; and his success was revealed about a month later when I was down at the station in my town and saw a string of box cars; and one of the young men said to me, "What do you think is in these cars?" "I don't know. What?" "Nothing but molasses! I never saw so much molasses in my life; I have gone around here licking molasses until I am afraid the bees will get me." But I understood all about that. It was the result of the work of that man who went from house to house. That is the way business men are doing business.

What a great lesson it should be to the Christian church. If the Christian church should get half as much concerned about the winning of men for Christ as the world is about winning men for business, we should have those with whom we come in contact saved in a short time.—*Dr. Len G. Broughton, in Golden Age.*

#### Publicity Methods in the Time of the First Angel's Message

THE speed with which the truth of the first angel's message was carried to the four corners of the earth in the years previous to 1844 is marvelous to contemplate. It is a revelation of God's resourcefulness when a quick work is demanded and facilities (from man's viewpoint) are few and crude.

One of the greatest preachers of that time was Joseph Wolff. He was a modern Paul. With a fortitude born of strong conviction, he traveled the wilds of Asia. Like Paul, he was beaten and robbed, stripped of his clothing, and sentenced to death, time and again. Yet he never faltered. He carried the message in spite of everything.

It is wonderful to note the network of influences which were wrapped around him, and which advertised him all through the darkened lands of the Orient. By passports, letters, friends, and in other ways, he was looked after, watched, and protected in those lands where even today, after seventy years of advancement, it is difficult to labor.

He lectured in tents, palaces, dwelling houses, halls, temples, synagogues, under trees, on the prairie. He preached as he rode horseback, as he lay under condemnation to death, bound hand and foot. He explained the prophecies to soldiers, sailors, sheiks, mullahs, officers, beys, sultans, kings, and princesses. He sat up all night to read and study with interested hearers.

He also had some interesting ways of communicating his message in a more public manner. In some places he adopted the method of what we should call billboard advertising. He addressed the people by posting proclamations where the people were accustomed to gather. Speaking of this work, he says:—

"The proclamations which I issued at Meshhed and at Lahore, calling on the people to turn to Christ, and which I fixed up in the streets, the latter of which was sent officially to the governor-general of India, may encourage a missionary in working boldly in Christ's vineyard."—*Journals, page 336.* Again he says: "Mizra Baker, one of the secretaries of Abbas Mizra, assisted me in composing addresses in the Persian language, directed to the Jews of Meshhed, which were stuck up on the walls of several shops at Meshhed. In these I cited several prophecies respect-

ing our Lord Jesus Christ, and exhorted the Jews to turn to him as their Saviour."—*Id., page 106.*

Wolff mentions in his diary that in 1837, while in Washington, D. C., "on a motion brought forward by the ex-president, John Quincy Adams, in one of the houses of Congress, the House unanimously granted to me the use of the Congress Hall for a lecture, which I delivered on a Saturday, honored with the presence of all the members of Congress, and also of the Bishop of Virginia, and of the clergy and citizens of Washington." In the records of our national Congress for 1837 may be found a paragraph referring to the action of Mr. Adams. C. E. HOLMES.

#### Try Praising

A MISSIONARY in China lost his ordinary happy feeling. Nothing seemed right to him. He prayed, but the clouds remained. He read the Bible, but no light came. His mind seemed dark, weary, clouded. One night he visited a mission hall in Shanghai. On the wall he noticed a text, "Try praising." He said, "That is God's message for me." He began to praise God for his goodness, and the light dawned once more.—*Selected.*

#### Rotorua, the Wonderland of New Zealand

(Concluded from page four)

place through which the road enters and skirts it.

Crossing a low hill, we came to Green Lake, which is seventy-two feet lower than Blue Lake. It is larger than Blue Lake, and not nearly so deep, and is distinctly green in color.

Two miles farther on is the buried village of Te Wairoa. Still another two miles and there is the beautiful Lake Tarawera, a feast for the eyes. On the other side, over thirty miles away, are the remains of Mt. Tarawera. In 1886 its top blew off, and the mud fell thickly for hours, and was carried over country to the distance of eight miles against the wind and forty with it. It was this that buried the village of Te Wairoa. There we walked over the tops of the buried houses. The chimney of the schoolmaster's house was seen above the ground. He was standing by his wife's chair when the eruption occurred, and was killed. She escaped alive, but was badly injured. After the catastrophe she heard the people walking over her, but could not make them hear. She was dug out the next day. There were other buildings, partly or almost entirely buried. Several hundred people were killed.

One Maori house, called Sophy's Whare, sheltered sixty persons, all of whom were saved. It had a sloping roof, and when the mud became heavy on it, some of the people would rush out, climb onto the roof, push the mud off, and rush in again. In this way they saved it from being crushed by the weight of the mud.

The roar of the eruption which blew off the top of the mountain was tremendous. It must have been a terrifying experience. The celebrated pink and white terraces were destroyed at this time.

There are other equally interesting places in this vicinity. Tourists from all parts of the world find Rotorua and its neighboring places of unique interest.

DIFFICULTIES are laid in our path, not for stumbling-stones, but for stepping-stones.—*"The Hidden Life."*





### The Croaker

ONCE, by the edge of a pleasant pool,  
Under the bank where it was dark and cool,  
Where the bushes over the water hung,  
And the grasses waved and the rushes swung,  
Just where the brook flowed out of the bog,  
There lived a grouchy and mean old frog,  
Who'd sit all day in the mud and soak,  
And do just nothing but croak and croak.

Till a blackbird whistled: "I say, you know —  
What's the matter down there below?  
Are you in pain, or sorrow, or what?"  
And the frog answered: "Mine is a gruesome lot —  
Nothing but dirt and mud and slime  
For me to look at the livelong time.  
'Tis a dismal world," he sadly spoke,  
And voiced his woes with a mournful croak.

"But you're looking down," the blackbird said;  
"Look at the blossoms overhead;  
Look at the beautiful summer skies;  
Look at the bees and butterflies;  
Look up, old fellow; why, bless my soul,  
You're looking down into a muskrat's hole!"  
But still, with gurgling sob and choke,  
The frog continued to croak and croak.

But a wise old turtle, who boarded near,  
Said to the blackbird: "Friend, see here,  
Don't waste your tears on him, for he  
Is miserable 'cause he wants to be;  
He is one of the kind that won't be glad,  
And it makes him happy to think he's sad.  
I'll tell you something,—and it's no joke,—  
Don't waste your pity on those who croak."

—Joe Lincoln, in *Association Men*.

### The Doctor's Story

**W**ON'T you take a glass of wine?" said an old doctor to me one afternoon, when, as a stranger, I had called on him at the request of a friend. He resided in a seaport where I was temporarily staying, and, having like myself lived abroad, it was thought that there would be much in common between us. "Shall it be Marsala or port? Which do you prefer?"

"I take neither, thank you," I said. "I am an abstainer, and have been one from my youth."

"Nonsense! You need a stimulant. Have some hot whisky and water, then; unless you would rather have a drop of 'old Scotch' neat, or shall it be 'Irish'?"

"You are very hospitable, but, as I have told you, I do not drink."

"Ah, well, you teetotal fellows are the ruin of us doctors."

"How is that?" I inquired.

"You can stand much more, and rally more quickly, than the moderate drinker. Even the insurance companies will tell you that; for they accept lower premiums from abstainers, who get many advantages over their other clients. I was only testing you, trying you, young man, to see what you were made of, and whether from fear of giving offense to one so much older than yourself, or for the sake of politeness and sociability, you would accede to my proposal."

Inwardly he gave a sort of chuckle, and a broad smile spread over his countenance as he exclaimed:—

"Had you yielded to my offer, there would have been nothing for you to drink; for I have myself taken nothing for years,—though I'm not pledged,—and I may say that I've enjoyed much better health without than with alcohol. The stimulant and tonic which you want, young man, are plenty of fresh air, good exercise, and simple and nutritious food."

My tempter was well past fourscore years of age,

and proved a most interesting character, and some of his reminiscences may be recorded here.

Dr. Belleville was "stone blind," as he himself described his affliction; but his eyes were open, and he had a shrewd, keen look, and intellectual appearance, which showed that his severe trial was being borne with fortitude and patience. He was a tall, erect man of gentlemanly aspect, one whose manner and bearing betokened him a practitioner of the old school. He was very bright and cheery, and I soon made the discovery that he knew and realized the love of his Heavenly Father, of whose care through many years he never tired of speaking.

"Well," I remarked, "since you have been facetious enough, Dr. Belleville, to probe a stranger on the temperance habit, may I inquire from you how you became an abstainer?"

"Some years ago, after I had sold my large London practice, the continuous strain of which, at my age, had affected my health and nerves, I retired for rest and quiet, to live near a pretty country town in the south of England. There were fewer than two thousand inhabitants, and yet there were no less than a dozen public houses, all of which seemed to be in a thriving condition. I used to tell the men that they ought to save their money, and not spend it in drink; and they would retort by asking me what I had taken at luncheon or dinner. My reply always was: 'I am a moderate man; two glasses of wine a day hurts neither my body nor my pocket, while you fellows who spend at least three shillings a week out of your wages, might put by nearly £8 per annum by going without your beer.' That sum I knew was far less than their actual expenditure; for the score of not a few at the Dragon, the Bear, the Lion, and other houses with equally appropriate names, was three times as much, and many spent more than half their earnings in drink."



"Although the men took kindly to me, and were always deferential and respectful, yet I inwardly felt that I was making, in the matter of temperance, no headway with them. It seemed to me they loafed about, wasting their time, and that they spent their hard-earned money all too freely. Wages ought to have gone to wives and children in their cottage homes, many of which were wretched in the extreme, owing to the ravages of drink. Things went on like this for a considerable time, and I was far from satisfied, as I felt that my influence as a Christian man ought to be of greater service.

"Walking down the road leisurely one day, I saw a group of men who seemed to pull themselves upright when they caught sight of me. One put his slouch hat on straight, another pulled his necktie in the middle, and I could see — for blindness had not come upon my eyes at that time — that they were expecting me to stop and have a word with them.

"'Well, men,' I said, 'it's a pleasant, bright day. I wonder you're not in your cottage gardens digging up potatoes or attending to your flowers, now that your work is over.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' said they, 'but we like a bit of a chat together.' 'Yes, yes, no doubt, and a glass of beer.'

"Then one of the fellows stepped forward, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, exclaimed: 'Sir, we right down appreciate your thought for us men, but there's an old proverb which says, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and I think what's good for the patient should be good for the doctor, and "example is better than precept." I know you won't take our thoughts amiss, sir, but them's the 'pinions of all of us.'

The doctor turning to me as he related his story, continued:—

"Those words went through me like an electric shock. I had never so much as given it a thought that I was their stumblingblock. The speech, made in the presence of so many, hit me hard, as no doubt it was intended to do, for I saw that they considered my glass of wine was as much to me as their beer to them; and I declared there and then that I would never drink again, and then the men — many of whom were really fond of me — tossed their caps into the air, lifted me shoulder high, and carried me home, singing, 'He's a jolly good fellow.'

My doctor friend had been a well-known practitioner, — both at home and abroad, — private physician to one of England's wealthiest and noblest families, and had mixed with all classes of society. In his time he had been a very handsome and commanding-looking man, whose skill and experience were eagerly sought. His portrait was painted by three of the best and most widely known artists, and his striking long hair made him, as one of them considered, a fit subject for "Samson," in which character he has figured in one of England's famous portrait galleries. I looked at him with respect and admiration, and rejoiced that he had been led to take the definite step of which he had told me.

"I'm nearly ninety," he continued, "and you, young man, are but a chicken." I frankly admitted my lack of experience in comparison with his own, and he related story after story for my edification. He rambled on, and when he came back to the drink question, I explained to him how seriously ill I had been, my

life having been despaired of by three physicians, upon which he said emphatically:—

"It was, humanly speaking, because you were an abstainer that you pulled through. A man naturally weak who does not poison his constitution with alcohol has far better chances than a strong man who is even a moderate drinker. In my old age I enjoy better health than I ever did. A basin of gruel at bedtime is far more effective as a nightcap than spirits and water. Since the day I gave up my wine, I have never advised alcohol, even in minute doses, and before that very rarely indeed, and only in the most extreme cases. If you are cold, or feel a cold coming on, a rubdown with turpentine will set you right; but never fear fresh air, young man; take plenty of exercise, and don't mollycoddle."

Dr. Belleville and I had to part after much more pleasant conversation, and I shall never forget the look on the old man's face as I said:—

"If we do not meet again on earth, we shall do so in the heavenly city, where 'shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth;' but where those who 'have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' have an abundant entrance ministered unto them."

"Yes, yes!" he said, "the blood of Christ, the precious blood of Christ! what more is needed? what more?" — *Courthope Todd, in the Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.*

### Her Best Work

THE long years of study were over, and Grace Archer was graduated, with good rank and an honorable record.

Ever since she could remember, it had been her dream to win a place of honor and usefulness as a teacher, to be spoken of as a success, to gain a salary that should make petty economies unnecessary and permit her to give welcome gifts to the home circle or to gain glimpses of life at the seashore or in fine hotels or even to enjoy a trip to Europe. Why not? Others had done so. And she meant to do good, to help her pupils, and to go down in their lives as an uplifting memory.

But the long vacation was nearly over, and no place had offered itself. Teachers' bureaus had swallowed up her little money, but had apparently forgotten her.

It was not until the very week before the opening of the schools that any position presented itself, and that seemed to be as small as could be.

Up in a mountain town, ten miles from a railroad, nestled a small sleepy village, with a school of three grades. The "high room" called in pupils from the country around, and required two teachers for its fifty or more pupils, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty. Grace Archer's name had been given to the school board, and she was offered a place at a salary of seven and one-half dollars a week.

"Ridiculous!" her friend said; but she would not be "left out in the cold," as she expressed it; and the soft hush of the mountain road, on a September day, gathered her into its heart as she came to the cluster of houses set as in a cup around a tiny park, with the white church spire, the two stores, and the two-story, gray-tinted school building. On the upper floor of this building were the assembly room, and a long, narrow room for herself and her classes.

Here, as Grace Archer used to say in later years,



began her "real education." They were not dull pupils that were sent into that long room, by any means. Many of them drove miles over the hills, studying their textbooks on the way, and were ready with questions that made of their teacher a night student as well as themselves.

With all her enthusiasm Grace entered into her new work. It was a very subtle delight to be the center of so much girlish thought, and sometimes to have a hand slip into her own with the whispered word, "How did you ever happen to come up here, Miss Archer?"

She wondered at it herself, sometimes. She seemed to be of so much importance—her every wish deferred to, her opinion sought so constantly—that she concluded that her own worth in the world must be something. Yes, this year of probation, or beginning, was a wise thing, after all. She knew now that she could make a success as a teacher. The next fall should find her in more fitting surroundings.

She was standing by her window one night after school, when Allie, a girl of eighteen, the most brilliant and troublesome pupil in school, entered, and walked to her side.

"Miss Archer, will you tell me how to make such a woman as you are?" she said simply.

In her longing to help this questioner the teacher forgot all shyness, and, before they separated, they knelt together, and the questioning soul was consecrated to the service of the Saviour. That was the beginning of an awakening in the spiritual life of the school, for one and another came to the weekly meeting established by these two, asking, seeking, and finding. As a sequence to this the small church in the village gathered new members and new courage, and the Sunday school woke to new life.

The year wore on to its closing. One night, the week before examinations, two papers came to the teacher. One was from the committee of her own school, asking her to resume her position for the coming year, at an increase of one dollar a week in salary. The other letter was from a trustee in a city school, who had visited the mountain town, and now offered her a position with twice her present salary. She could have a week to decide. But she said to herself that she did not need an hour. In her thought the question was decided. She did not regret the year in the village school; she had learned many things. But now a suitable place had presented itself, and it would be foolish to let it pass.

With a strange reluctance, however, she said nothing of her decision to any one. It was almost sunset on the day of the final examination. She had been listening to essays to be read in public on the morrow. She was alone in her room, and again Allie entered.

"Are you coming back next year, Miss Archer?" she asked.

"Probably not," was the reply.

"Then that finishes my education," the girl replied with a firm set to her lips.

"But your parents' wishes, Allie."

"I cannot help it. I am going into a store in the city, where I can go and see things. If you were here, I could stand things; but I will not come without. So there!" And the door closed—not gently.

It opened again for a tall, ungainly fellow, with broad brow and earnest eyes. "Here is the geometry you lent me, Miss Archer," he said. "I never could see into it before. You've made it plain as day. If I can have one more year with you,—and it looks

now as if I might,—I'll begin to see college plain; and then I'll be ready for work. I mean to be a minister some day, Miss Archer. I never thought of it until you said, one day, that life ought to be given to what was worth while."

This time she had only a handclasp to give. Tears dimmed all the beauty of the green hillsides as she looked again from her window. But when she turned away at last, the decision was made to remain just where she was. "I have found my work here," she wrote that night to the trustee of the city school.

For four years Grace Archer remained faithfully at her place in the village. Then, when Allie returned from two years of seminary training, fitted to do good work, strong in character, and glad to remain with parents and in her own town, Miss Archer accepted the call to a larger school. Yet, after twenty years of most successful teaching, she says today, "I feel that my best work was done in that quiet little village. My intimate association with small classes gave me a knowledge of character and human nature that I could never have won in the larger classrooms. The devotion of my pupils taught me unselfishness. If I were called upon now to forget any four years of my life, those spent in that hill-town schoolroom would be the last ones chosen. For there I believe I received my own best lessons and came nearest to my own highest ideals."—*Howe Benning, in American Messenger.*

We don't suppose that flowers know how sweet they are.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Senior Society Study for Sabbath, December 26

#### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
  2. Quiz on Standard of Attainment (five minutes).
  3. Holiday Opportunities (ten minutes).
  4. "New Year Resolutions" (ten minutes).
  5. "A Psalm for New Year's Eve" (five minutes).
  6. Consecration and Resolution Service (twenty minutes).
  7. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; sentence prayers; secretary's report; review of Morning Watch; reports; offering.
  2. Righteousness by faith. John 1:12; Rom. 6:16.
  3. Talk. The one preparing this may consider the subject under such topics as, opportunities for the student at home on vacation, opportunities for our society, opportunities in the winter's missionary campaign, opportunities for better lives.
  4. Make the article "One's Resolution Is One's Prophecy," given under the Junior society lesson of December 26, in the *Gazette*, the basis of this talk, suggesting definite resolutions that your young people should make, emphasizing especially "My New Year's Resolve," in the Morning Watch Calendar for 1915. Ask for volunteers to repeat this from memory. Repeat it in concert. Do not let this part of the meeting drag.
  5. Recitation. See *Gazette*.
  6. Encourage every one to take part. An excellent resolution to start with would be the pledge of the Christian Endeavorers, to "take some part in each meeting, aside from singing, if opportunity is given." Surely those who are truly Missionary Volunteers will not fall below this standard. The leader might also present "The Three Daily Essentials" as a subject for resolution. To resolve to carry out these essentials for Christian living is to resolve to keep the morning watch and its inevitable result—working for souls.



## Junior Society Study for Week Ending December 26

### Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
2. "New Year's Resolutions" (ten minutes).
3. "One's Resolution Is One's Prophecy" (ten minutes).
4. Recitation (five minutes).
5. Talk by the Leader (ten minutes).
6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Singing; number of sentence prayers; report of work done; review of Morning Watch texts; "Christ in Song," No. 67.
2. Let this article in the *Gazette* be well read.
3. The splendid resolutions of Bible heroes, found in the *Gazette*, may be given by one person, or each character may be given to a different Junior, letting him read or tell in his own words, the resolution of his particular hero.
4. The leader can supply any poem, story, or special music that he desires for this New Year's program. No doubt all can find something on this subject that they will be glad to use.
5. A few words about plans for the new year, faithfulness in reporting, in observing the morning watch, etc. If time permits, the children may also be given opportunity to express their resolves for the new year.

## Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

### Senior No. 8 — Lesson 11: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 1 to 3

1. MEMORIZE, if possible, the poem on page 5.
2. Why is Christ called Immanuel?
3. What is the secret of all acceptable service?
4. How only can Satan's power over man be broken?
5. When was the plan of redemption formulated?
6. What Old Testament symbols are types of Christ's earthly ministry?
7. Why was it necessary for Christ to come to earth as a man to save men? How long will he retain his human nature?
8. What was the mission of God's chosen people, and how did they fail in their duty?
9. In what way did God overrule this failure for the accomplishment of their mission and his purpose?
10. Forsaking idolatry, to what other extreme did Israel go?
11. What fundamental principle of heathenism did they adopt?
12. What expectations did the Jews have regarding the Messiah?
13. What three civilized nations were most influential at the time of Christ's advent? What had each contributed toward preparing the way for the spread of the gospel?
14. Why was Palestine a suitable place from which to spread this gospel?

NOTE.—If you were to make Jerusalem the center, and describe a circle with a radius of one thousand miles, it would take in all the principal nations of the ancient world.

### Junior No. 7 — Lesson 11: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

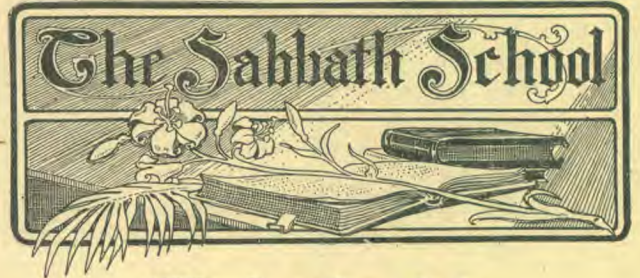
#### The Story of Abraham

1. Who was Abram? Where did he live? What message came to him from the Lord? What promises were made to Abram at this time? Describe the journey to Canaan. Why did he live for a time in Egypt? In his journeys, how did Abram honor the true God?
2. Who was Lot? Why did he wish to separate himself from Abram on their return to Canaan? What part of the country did he choose for his home? Tell how Abram rescued Lot when he was carried away captive. To whom did Abram pay tithes? What does this show?
3. What special promises were again repeated to Abram? To what was his name changed? What is the meaning of the name Abraham?
4. Who visited Abraham one day as he sat in his tent door? How did he entertain these travelers? Who were they? Tell how the Lord revealed his purpose to Abraham. For what did Abraham plead? What assurance was given him?
5. Describe the visit of the two angels to Sodom. What terrible warning did they give? How did they help Lot and his family to flee? In what city did they find refuge? What sad fate overtook one member of the family?
6. Who was Ishmael? Why were he and his mother sent away from the home of Abraham? How did the Lord show his care for this child when he was fainting in the desert?
7. When Isaac was a young man, what did the Lord command Abraham to do? Tell how exactly Abraham obeyed God. How was his faith honored?

8. When Isaac was forty years old, what did his father do? For what sign did Eliezer ask, that he might know the maiden whom the Lord would choose to be the wife of Isaac? Tell how this sign was given.

9. Where did Eliezer spend that night? When did he start on his return journey with Rebekah? Who went with her?

10. How old was Abraham when he died? By whom was he buried, and where?



### XIII — Brave Queen Esther

(December 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 2 to 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14: 11.

#### Questions

1. What other notable Jew was carried away captive from Jerusalem by King Nebuchadnezzar? Esther 2: 5, 6. At the very first opportunity, where did he return? Ezra 2: 1, 2. And yet when the building of the temple was stopped, where do we find him again? Esther 2: 5. In what country was Shushan the palace? Dan. 8: 2. See map. Note 1. What can you say of its magnificence? Esther 1: 5-7.

2. Who was the king of Persia at this time? How far did his kingdom extend? Verse 1. Describe the character of Ahasuerus. Note 2.

3. Who was the queen of Persia? What did King Ahasuerus one day command his chamberlains to do? What did Queen Vashti refuse to do? Why did she refuse? How did the princes advise the king to punish Vashti? With what success? Verses 9-12, 19, 21. Note 3.

4. What did his servants next advise the king to do? How did the king receive this advice also? Esther 2: 1-4.

5. What poor orphan was brought with these maidens unto Shushan the palace? To what nation of captives did this maiden belong? Who had adopted her when her parents died? How had the Lord specially blessed Esther? Verses 5-8.

6. In the eyes of the king, how did she compare with all the other maidens? What great honor did he confer on her? How did he make it an occasion of joy to all his subjects? Verses 17, 18.

7. But what had Esther not yet revealed to the king? Why had she not done this? Verse 20. Although Mordecai was an adopted father, what commandment did she gladly obey? Ex. 20: 12.

8. What great service did Mordecai do for the land in which he was a captive? Esther 2: 21-23. In obedience to what command of God? Jer. 29: 7.

9. Yet to whom did Mordecai refuse to bow down, even though the king commanded it? What reason did he give for not doing it? Esther 3: 1-4. Note 4.

10. What wicked thing did Haman therefore seek to do? How did he plan to accomplish his purpose? With what result? Esther 3: 6-15.

11. How did the king's decree affect Mordecai? What widespread sorrow did it bring upon the Jews? How did it affect Queen Esther when she heard that



Mordecai was in sackcloth? What did she send to him? But how did he show that he refused to be comforted? How did she finally learn what the trouble was? Esther 4:1-9.

12. How was her obedience to Mordecai sorely tested? What would she have to risk in order to do as he said? How did Mordecai help her to see that the Lord had had a hand in her being made queen at this particular time in the history of his people? What did he have faith to believe, even if she refused to be the instrument? How did she stand the test? What additional virtues are here revealed in Queen Esther? Verses 10-17.

13. How did the Lord open the way before her faith and courage? Esther 5:1-3. Think over this experience, and see if you can find the real secret of her success.

14. What did she twice ask of the king before she made her real petition known? What effect did this have upon Haman? Verses 4-14.

15. What always follows close on the heels of pride? Prov. 16:18. How did Haman's fall begin that very night? How was the second step taken early the next morning? Esther 6:1-14. How did the third quickly follow? Esther 7:1-6. What was the fourth and last? Verses 7-10.

16. What experience did the despised people have who humbled themselves in dust and ashes, and cried unto God? Esther 8:1-17.

17. What lesson should we learn from these experiences? Luke 14:11.

#### Notes

1. "By the conquest of Babylon the Persians under Cyrus came into possession of Susa, and Darius Hystaspes and the Achaemenian princes made it the capital city. He founded the grand palace described in Esther 1:4, 6. It was cooler than Babylon, and, having excellent water, Susa was a suitable metropolis of the Persian Empire. The kings made it their residence the chief part of the year, leaving it only during the summer for Ecbatana, among the mountains."—*Schaff's Bible Dictionary*.

2. He was "undoubtedly the Xerxes of profane history. The story of his acts of caprice and cruelty recorded in the book of Esther agrees exactly with what we otherwise know of his character; for once he scourged the sea and beheaded the engineers because a storm carried away their bridge, and was guilty of many other crimes."—*Id.*

3. "It was against the custom of the Persians for women to appear in public. . . . If he had not been put out of the possession of himself by drinking to excess, he would not have done such a thing, but would have been angry at any one that should have mentioned it."—*Matthew Henry*.

4. "His refusal was pious, conscientious, and pleasing to God; for the religion of a Jew forbade him, (1) to give such extravagant honors as were required to any mortal man, especially so wicked a man as Haman was; . . . (2) he especially thought it a piece of injustice to his nation to give such honor to an Amalekite, one of that devoted nation with which God had sworn that he would have perpetual war (Ex. 17:16), and concerning which he had given that solemn charge (Deut. 25:17), 'Remember what Amalek did.'"—*Matthew Henry*.

### XIII — Review

(December 26)

#### DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

- Sun. .... Trials; seeking wisdom; frailty of man; the root of temptation. Lessons 1, 2. James 1:1-18.
- Mon. ... The ingrafted word; pure religion; God no respecter of persons; the judgment standard. Lessons 3, 4. James 1:19-27; 2:1-13.
- Tues. ... Faith and works; the tongue. Lessons 5, 6. James 2:14-26; 3:1-9.
- Wed. ... The tree known by the fruit; friendship with the world; its results. Lessons 7, 8. James 3:10-18; 4:1-8.
- Thurs. ... Judging; vanity of earthly things; last-day conditions; exhortations. Lessons 9, 10. James 4:9-17; 5:1-10.

Fri. .... Patience; prayer for the sick; saving a sinner; covetousness. Lessons 11, 12. James 5:11-20. Miscellaneous texts.

#### Questions

1. Who is the author of this epistle? What does the writer call himself? When we fall into trial, what are we to do? Where is the source of wisdom? To what are those compared who ask in a spirit of doubt? How great is the possibility of faith? Lesson 1.

2. To what are the rich compared? Will the accumulation of wealth bring peace to the heart? What is the wages of sin? By what are Christians begotten? Lesson 2.

3. What counsel is given in reference to hearing and speaking? What should Christians put away? What should they receive? What is the great mirror of character? How is pure religion defined? Lesson 3.

4. With what exhortation does chapter 2 open? Is there distinction of persons with God? Whom has God chosen as heirs of the kingdom? What is the standard of judgment? Lesson 4.

5. What question is asked concerning a faith that does not work? What is said concerning the faith of the fallen angels? What is the evidence of true faith? How was faith shown in the experience of Abraham? Lesson 5.

6. In what do many offend? What are those who control their tongues able to do? How is the unruly nature of the tongue illustrated? By what shall we be justified or condemned in the judgment? Lesson 6.

7. Can sweet water and bitter flow from the same fountain? How is the true nature of a tree shown? What do our words reveal? Describe the wisdom which is from above. Lesson 7.

8. What does James say is the cause of strife and fighting among the members? Repeat some promises concerning prayer. What was the example of Jesus in this matter? What hinders prayer? What is union with the world called? With what weapon should we resist temptation? Lesson 8.

9. What is said of the sin of judging? What did Jesus say concerning this sin? What is said concerning the uncertainty of life? Whom should we recognize in all the affairs of life? Lesson 9.

10. How is the distress coming upon the rich described? When does this especially apply? What conflict between capital and labor is mentioned? What exhortations are given to God's people? State the time and purpose of the latter rain. What example of patience is given? Lesson 10.

11. What instruction is given concerning praying for the sick? What instruction is given concerning confession to one another? What is cited as an example of prevailing prayer? Lesson 11.

12. Repeat the tenth commandment. Define covetousness. Repeat a warning given by the Saviour against covetousness. How extensive is God's ownership in this world? What is a tithe? When the tithe is withheld, which commandment do we transgress?

PURE glycerin will cleanse a cut and cause it to heal quickly.

Glycerin softens scrub water, is good for the hands, whitens wood.

One tablespoonful of glycerin to each pound of fruit in preserves prevents the formation of a sugary crystal coating on top. In stewing fruit, fresh or evaporated, two tablespoonfuls of glycerin to each pound of fruit and a pinch of salt and less sugar is a great improvement.—*New York Sun*.



# 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
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Three months at the rate of	-	-	-	1.00

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

## The Ministry of Tracts

J. HUDSON TAYLOR, founder of the China Inland Mission, was converted through the reading of a tract.

A diver, while working at the bottom of the sea, saw an oyster shell containing a piece of paper. It was a tract, the reading of which resulted in his salvation before he reached the surface.

Dr. J. W. Chickering wrote a tract entitled "What It Is to Believe in Christ." Before he died, he had the names of more than seventeen hundred persons who attributed their conversion to this tract.

Dr. Watts's tract, "The End of Time," was read at a gathering of young people. The result was the conversion of more than sixty persons.

Richard Gibbs wrote a tract, and through it Philip Doddridge was saved. Doddridge wrote, and William Wilberforce through reading his work was saved. He in turn wrote a tract which brought Legh Richmond to the knowledge of Christ. Richmond's tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," was instrumental in the saving of thousands. This one tract was published in more than fifty different languages.

The ministry of tracts is fruitful in much good. No special talent is needed for distributing tracts. Just order them, put some in your pocket, and on every suitable occasion hand them out.—*Selected.*

## Saved by Grace

I KNEW a man in central China, about fifty-five years of age, who had been an opium fiend for many long years. He had squandered his inheritance, had sacrificed all family interests, and had beggared himself. He was a sad object of poverty, broken in health, without money, home, or friends. This man came to our mission to find help. We began to read the Word of God to him, of which he was utterly ignorant, and we explained to him the religion of the Bible. After a few days he asked us to pray for him, and he said he would give his heart to the Lord. We told him we could not pray unless he gave up his opium habit, and this he said he would do, although the poor man did not know what that would mean to him. But the brethren laid his case before God in earnest prayer, and that man rose from his knees and gave up the opium habit, although he had used the drug from childhood; and as long as I was in China, I knew him to have absolute and complete victory over it.

Prayer is the power that gave this man complete victory. Don't you think that it can take the sin that is crippling you, and deliver you from bondage, what-

ever that bondage may be? It may be lust, it may be carnal desire, it may be appetite. Whatever it is, there is victory for you in Jesus Christ. It is simply a matter of whether you will continue in sin, or surrender it, and, on your knees in prayer, claim the promise of God for victory.—*Selected.*

## The Test of Christian Growth

Do you speak of the faults of others unnecessarily? Do you love to hear others praised when God has worked through them?

Can you rejoice to see another succeed when you have failed?

In every heart there is a supreme place—a sort of throne. Who sits in yours, an idol, self, or God?

Can you love Christ, without exerting yourself for the spiritual welfare of those for whom he died?

Do you give hard judgment on sins to which you have never been tempted, while you are full of excuses for your own?

Do you impute the lower motive in any case of ambiguous conduct, instead of "hoping all things," as love demands?

Can you recollect *six* times in your life that you ever denied yourself to the extent of *real inconvenience* from love to God?

Do you come up even to the Jewish standard of giving a tenth part of your income to God's service?

Do you try to find out subjects of sympathy, instead of dwelling on and aggravating the points on which you differ from those around you?

Do you ever pretend to greater knowledge than you possess? Or take unworthy means to hide your ignorance? Or appropriate undeserved praise?

Can you be said really to believe in God when the presence of a human being is a greater restraint upon your actions than the fact of his all-seeing eye?

Have you thought how much greater is the shame you feel when a sin is *discovered* than when it was hidden from the knowledge of others, although God saw it all the time?

Do you get real pleasure from your prayers, and from reading and meditation on holy things? or do you get through them to satisfy the demands of conscience, and are secretly glad when they are over?

—*Bible Truth Depot.*

## True Greatness

VARIED indeed are the opinions of persons as to what constitutes true greatness. Hence it is evident that all cannot be right.

Some have their ideal of true greatness in the pugilist, some in the warrior, some in the ability to acquire money—some in one thing and some in another.

In most cases our ideals of true greatness are the result of our early environment and education; and as these have not been the same in the lives of all persons, we are bound to differ in opinion.

The thoughtful and truly wise will not fix their ideals in things that savor of brute force, selfishness, mere outward show, or are in any way peculiar to the carnal mind; for these are in themselves vile, and are soon to pass away.

True greatness consists alone in moral character. One may not possess talent according to the popular view, but if he possesses untarnished moral character, he is truly great; and the law of God is that which determines the degree of his greatness.

J. W. LOWE.