

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A TREE WONDER

This is a picture of an ancient tree at Nanziang, China. The interior has rotted out and been burned till there is not a splinter of wood left, nothing but the bark, which is full of holes. Yet the leaves of the tree are as green as those of any other. Elders O. A. Hall and R. C. Porter are standing by the tree.



PRIZE fighting has been prohibited in California.

BUFFALO, New York, has adopted the commission form of government.

THERE are now twelve suffrage States, and fourteen prohibition States.

HON. JOSEPH CANNON goes back to Congress to serve his twentieth term.

DURING the last fiscal year 1,197,892 immigrants were admitted to this country.

WESTMINSTER Abbey has been insured for \$750,000 against damage from airship bombs.

THE Democrats will have a majority of fourteen in the Senate of the next Congress.

MORE than a month ago the people of New York had given to the European relief funds one million dollars.

It is estimated that the army and navy expenditures of the British in the war amount to almost \$5,000,000 a day.

REV. EDWARD JUDSON, son of Adoniram Judson and Sarah Hall Judson, recently died. Mr. Judson was born in Burma in 1844.

THE city of Budapest has just employed as street sweepers five hundred of the women left without means of support at the call to arms.

THE author of, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," Mrs. Rose Thorpe, is now living in San Diego, California. The poem was written in 1867.

A FIRM in Worcester, Massachusetts, has received an order from the allies for 250,000 sweaters, in addition to a large contract for underwear.

SOME months ago Congress appropriated \$40,000 to help pay the expense of bringing the fifteenth session of the International Congress Against Alcoholism to this country.

NEAR Ardmore, Oklahoma, a farmer by the name of A. L. Schumacher, we are told, has in his possession a sword that has been used in every war in which the United States has been engaged.

H. K. SKADALL, the inventor of a contrivance for playing the violin alone, has succeeded in developing his invention so that it plays the piano and violin at the same time in a perfectly harmonious duet.

THE United States Steel Corporation expends annually the sum of \$7,240,000 for its various branches of welfare work. Since 1906 the company has spent \$5,000,000 on sanitation and precautionary, or safety-first, measures.

PRESIDENT MORSE of the Panama-Pacific Exposition says that in spite of the war conditions nearly ninety-five per cent of the nations have completed their arrangements for exhibition. He says there is no foundation for the rumors concerning postponement.

THE breaking out of the European war stopped the formation of plans for the installation of a telephone system across the Atlantic Ocean. The company hopes to install the lines when peace is restored. Conversation between Chicago and London will then be possible.

NOVEMBER 28 at the Chicago stockyards fifty-one hundred horses awaited shipment to the European war fields. Large war demands are also being made upon tanneries, leather companies, clothing manufacturers, canning companies, wagon dealers, and boat companies.

CHARLES M. COX, the great business teacher of Boston, the man who has done his share for his community, town, and State, says: "Cooperation is the remedy for our industrial ills, and cooperation carries with it honest good-fellowship. It's a poor system of civilization wherein a person born rich considers himself superior to the one who works; we've got to reverse that—we ought to reverse it—and consider the worker 'way above the unworker."

CAMPHOR growing is now one of the profitable industries of Florida. One Florida nursery alone sells annually from 15,000 to 16,000 trees. The camphor tree is not easily killed; and even if a hedge gets nipped by the cold, a new growth will spring up. Planters in Florida and elsewhere in the South have found camphor growing more profitable than orange growing, owing to this ability to revive. Our Agricultural Department is doing all it can to foster camphor growing. The statement is made that an acre of closely set camphor trees will yield eight tons of "trimmings," from which 180 to 200 pounds of camphor gum can be extracted.

### Bible Sunday

THE third Sunday before Christmas was commended as Bible Sunday throughout Christendom. The object of the day is expressed in the following resolution:—

"At present there is no provision in the scheme of Sunday school lessons for a periodical review of the Scriptures as a whole, and it is suggested that the third Sunday before Christmas be taken as an annual review day, when the Bible shall be the special subject of consideration, not only in the Sunday schools, but in the press, in the churches, and wherever men meet, to the end that there may be the widest challenge for its acceptance as the word of the living God."

### "Inspiration to a Better Life"

THE foregoing is the title of a booklet of poems by Miss May Wakeham, sister of Elder W. H. Wakeham, who has spent many years in foreign fields. The booklet is very attractively illustrated, has a hand-painted cover of pretty design, and is tied with ribbon. Altogether it is one of the most interesting of inexpensive gift books. Miss Wakeham is glad to fill orders for birthday, graduation, or Easter presents. She will use any color of ribbon, or paint any flower design that is desired. Price, sixty cents. Order of Miss May Wakeham, Port Townsend, Washington.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

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No. 51

## Peace Hymn of the Republic

O LORD, our God, thy mighty hand hath made our country free;  
From all her broad and happy land may praise arise to thee.  
Fulfill the promise of her youth, her liberty defend;  
By law and order, love and truth, America befriend!

The strength of every State increase in Union's golden chain,  
Her thousand cities fill with peace, her million fields with grain.  
The virtues of her mingled blood in one new people blend;  
By unity and brotherhood, America befriend!

O, suffer not her feet to stray, but guide her untaught might  
That she may walk in peaceful day, and lead the world in light!  
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, unequal ways amend;  
By justice, nation-wide and sure, America befriend!

Through all the waiting land proclaim thy gospel of good will;  
And may the music of thy name in every bosom thrill.  
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, thy holy reign extend;  
By faith and hope and charity, America befriend!

—Henry van Dyke.

## Almost Home

T. E. BOWEN



OW cheering the lights in the cottage on the hill as we round the bend on nearing home! We know that by the fireside yonder are loving hearts to be made glad by our coming.

So earth's weary pilgrims are almost home. The lights in our Father's house are in sight, just a little way ahead. We are passing some of the last mile-posts pointed out so long ago by God's faithful penmen. Unerringly we have passed those outlines so far along the journey, and by this we may know that we are not only on the right path, but that the journey's end is just ahead.

A few days ago I had the privilege of sending birthday greetings to my wife's mother, who was rounding out a full generation of threescore and ten, having been born in 1844, and had reached her seventieth birthday anniversary on what is proving another very eventful year in the history of God's work on earth.

When we stop to think that Jesus during this whole period has been ministering in the most holy place in the sanctuary on high; and when we contemplate what has developed this present year in Europe in the terrible struggle going on there among nations, with events slowly but apparently surely shaping for the fulfillment of the last event mentioned in the prophecy to take place before the Lord finishes his work of ministry on high,—as we review all this, surely we cannot but assure our hearts that we are "almost home."

It was forty-five years ago this present winter that the venerable and then aged Elder R. F. Cottrell, grandfather of Brother R. F. Cottrell now in China, came to our neighborhood in Cattaraugus County, western New York, and opened meetings in our country schoolhouse. I was then four years old, but can distinctly remember those charts he hung up on the old schoolhouse blackboard. That fierce-looking beast, with blood dripping from its great iron teeth, I can still see. From that time my mother, who was then a devout Baptist, believed in and faithfully lived out the third angel's message. To her consistent life and her earnest prayers I owe the beginning of my Christian experience; for it was she who won my heart to God.

At that time Elder Cottrell, in common with all other Seventh-day Adventist ministers, preached that

the time would come when Turkey would be driven out of Europe to seek its capital elsewhere, likely somewhere about Jerusalem, in the Holy Land. No one has known all these years what might be the event that would precipitate this change of Turkey's headquarters. During the passing years this event has seemed imminent so many times that the danger now is that we shall think that that which has been repeatedly averted may be again, and so shall not really sense how near this focal event is which is the last penned by the prophet to take place among nations prior to the ushering in of "the day of the Lord."

Over the blackboard in this old schoolhouse the teachers used to place high up on the plaster the current year. I well remember that on reaching the last day of the year, it was quite an event in our school life to see the old figure erased and the new one put in. The year 1874 having passed, the 4 gave place to a 5; then followed 6, 7, and 8. As each change was made, I wondered in my boyish heart whether the world would continue until another figure should be written in. I was at the old home long enough to see the two figures at the right changed to 84, and then I left to enter another school, and a little later "the work." Thirty years have since rolled by, and I must confess the same query of those old school days again comes fresh to mind, and I cannot but ask myself anew, How many more changes in the calendar figures shall appear before the end comes?

Like the muffled tread of a thief that day approaches when our Lord in heaven shall return from his ministry in the most holy place, as he comes with the clouds (angels) to the Father to receive his kingdom. Dan. 7:13, 14. No natural eye on earth will behold this event. Yet this is the *one* event of the ages for which we should be ready; for here the die is cast that seals the destiny of the whole world. Every soul must abide by the decisions and choices up to that time made. It *may* be the choice of eternal life with Christ in glory; or, perchance, it may be the destiny of the lost.

But that day hastens. Prepared or unprepared, we shall have it to meet. The history of nations is closing. The next great kingdom to be set up is that one Peter and James and John, led on by Judas against Christ's will, were so anxious to see set up, with their Master made king. He is now about to receive his



kingdom. The Father alone knows the *time*. This one event he has kept in his own power (Acts 1:6, 7), but events on earth are fast taking place, making it necessary for Jesus to take the kingdom. The vital questions with us all are: Are we subjects of that kingdom to come? Are we ready for Christ to take his kingdom?

"One sweetly solemn thought,  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer to my home today,  
Than e'er I've been before.

"Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
Nearer the crystal sea."

#### Glad Night

GLAD night! Holy night!  
When a Saviour came, a dark world's light;  
Came from a throne all thrones above;  
Came because of his wonderful love;  
Came because he pitied us so,  
Lost in sin and engulfed in woe;  
Came to weep at a dead man's grave,  
And give him back to a sister's love;  
Came to comfort, to bless, to cheer,  
To wipe away the mourner's tear,  
To tell him to look beyond the grave,  
That from death and hell he has power to save;  
Came to open the portals wide  
Of the heavenly mansions he went to provide,  
After Calvary's hill, where he paid the debt,  
After Gethsemane's bloody sweat,  
After the agony, after the loss  
Of earthly companions, after the cross;  
Came to tell us he's coming again,  
Coming in power, coming to reign,  
Coming to wipe the blight, the curse,  
The stains of sin from our beautiful earth.  
Hushed then shall be the clamors of war,  
The booming of cannon shall be heard no more;  
But forever and ever in songs of joy  
Shall the saved in glory their time employ,  
And sorrow and sighing forever shall cease;  
For at last is the reign of the Prince of Peace.

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.

#### The Study of Our Mission History

It will be good news on the mission stations that the Missionary Volunteers are to take up a field-by-field study of our own missionary story. The study will bring the fields and their needs closer than ever to the hearts of our young people, and deepen the interest in the work in the regions beyond.

It is not such a long history. Just forty years ago Elder J. N. Andrews, our first foreign missionary, crossed the sea. The children of that time do not count themselves very old yet, by any means. And within these forty years we have seen the providences of God leading us on from land to land; we have seen the Lord opening closed doors again and again, breaking down the gates of brass and cutting asunder the bars of iron that blocked the way of access to waiting souls. And the Lord, who has led us on and prepared the way, is calling now by his providences more earnestly than ever. As the young people follow this study, they will hear the Macedonian calls sounding from over every sea. They are in time, thank the Lord, to have a part in the finishing of the work.

So may the Lord bless the societies in the study of our missionary history. It will be found that young people have had a large part in the making of the history. Consecrated youth has all along been called to the picket line of the missionary advance. And still there is hardness to be endured, languages to be learned, and souls to be won to the Lord Jesus. Our young people will respond to the call. May the

study deepen their determination to secure the thorough preparation and the home experience, then, as God may guide to any place where he wants us to go, to do what he wants us to do. W. A. SPICER.

#### A Missionary Experience in Africa

NESTLING at the foot of the Great Range, on the Lofoi River, is the Lufira Valley Mission. A cardinal defect of this place is a tendency to be drowned like a rat. Only the other day we groaned (or growled?) in the capital as we *bought* a few drops of water; now here is this feast-or-famine Africa giving us too much. The other night we were all in our first sleep when the great boom of on-coming torrent broke on the outlying hamlets, and then came a stampede from all directions to us in the center; for we are known to be on the highest spot in the vicinity. There was, however, such impetuosity in the rush of the dark, devastating waters that it became quickly evident we were all far too low, so the next thing was to rush for the nearest trees and ant hills. In this stampede mothers lost sight of husbands and little ones, and those separated kept up a wild-beast howling to one another in the pitch dark from their different perches. No time for looking after mere material belongings, as in a case of water slowly rising upon us—nothing heard but that booming coming down the valley, above which were the shrieks, "Water! Water! Fly! Death has come!" The shrieking soon subsided into a brave acceptance of this that means to them so much of desolation, destitution, and death; for as the waters have already risen waist-deep in ten minutes, there is no knowing where they will stop. Shivering round a smoking and flickerless fire of green wood, there they stand on ant hills. Ant hills we had always thought only a blight on the beautiful valley scenery, but now precious life belts for the whole community.

Mr. Thompson and I climbed up on the roof of our grass house after rushing about in the water, making more or less futile attempts at salvage work,—human life, of course, ranking first,—and you are hereby permitted to think of this midnight perch of ours in wet garments as indicating the most miserable night we ever passed. We stuck on to the high-pitched roof with pious pertinacity, constantly pinching ourselves into wakefulness, for the tendency to doze is very tempting; but in that event so also is the other tendency to go clear over the edge of the thatch into the flood.

A crescent moon rose about one o'clock, lighting up a scene as bleak-looking as it was cold and miserable: our little mission settlement wholly under water, only the tops of banana trees appearing to mark the paths; and not only our special spot, so flood proof as we thought it, but the whole country, as far as the eye can reach, one vast, pale stretch of water reflecting the moonlight, and looking all the more ghastly on that account when we thought of the hamlets submerged and tragedies enacted in the darkness.

The longest night I ever spent in my life was on that roof top watching for the day, and never was sound so welcome as the first shrill clarion of a surviving cock on a tree branch. Then when the eastern sky grew red, and finally the sun rose to answer all our questionings begotten in the darkness, we were speechless; for here was a great lake—Mweru, some called it who were born there. Look! glistening red in the rising sun, whole herds of antelopes crowding



one another off the ant hills, each paltry peak their true Mt. Ararat in the deluge. See, too, the swimming snakes darting about, heads erect and fangs menacing. Add to this a thousand rats drowned and drowning. The crocodiles, too, have leaped the banks and are wallowing in new fishing ground. Fancy an oily crocodile with unconquerable levity sailing in triumph into your submerged kitchen! He does not need to cook to eat, albeit he has come to eat the cook.

It took three days for the waters to assuage; and for more than a week, everywhere we moved was through sinking quagmire. On venturing into our houses again to get a notion of the damage sustained, the terrible smell of decomposing food, etc., drove us back. To inventory the loss is impossible, and after searching in vain a reasonable time for anything once possessed, you give it up, and reckon it among antediluvian possessions and memories.—  
*"Thinking Black," D. Crawford.*

#### An Evening Reverie

WHEN the day, with its duties and pleasures,  
 Bursts forth from the dawn's blue and gold;  
 When she lays at my feet all her treasures,  
 Her moments of value untold,  
 It is then that the heart leaps with gladness,  
 And the eye gleams with joy and delight,  
 As I banish all feelings of sadness,  
 All thoughts of the darkness of night.

Each day's golden hours are all weighted  
 With duties which must be begun,  
 While each fleeting moment is freighted  
 With tasks to be grappled and done;  
 For there's joy and exhilaration  
 In the gripping of hard, stubborn work.  
 Life is action. No matter the station,  
 There's no room on earth for the shirk.

But when night her dark mantle is spreading  
 A pall over nature's calm breast,  
 And the moonbeams their pale light are shedding  
 Over valley and hillside and crest,  
 It is then that the heart-throbs are turning  
 Toward the loved ones so far, far away,  
 With a deep, inexpressible yearning,  
 As homeward our thoughts wing their way.

And straightway on love's glowing altar  
 Our evening oblation we lay,  
 And our heart cry we tenderly falter,  
 As for loved ones we earnestly pray;  
 Then we think of the glad some tomorrow,  
 When tears shall be all wiped away,—  
 No heartache, no sickness or sorrow,—  
 And we long for the breaking of day.

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL.

#### Incidents of the War

THE morning service in a Roman Catholic church in Canada had just ended, and as the congregation passed out of the building, the European war and Canada's part in the conflict had a large part in its thought. No one that morning expected to hear music of a martial tone, music that would suggest the war zone, but suddenly the great organ pealed forth the marching song of the English soldier, "Tipperary." The congregation hesitated for a second, astonished; but as the music continued, its spirit became contagious, and with lightness of foot the people passed out, many of them humming the song so well known to the men marching to the firing line, many of them to death.

#### Salvation Army Hymns

Songs of the Prince of Peace, incongruous as it may seem, have been heard on the field of battle in Belgium and France. Hundreds of men from the Salvation Army missions in Great Britain answered Lord Kitch-

ener's call for service, and stories of their bravery are coming back from the front.

One of the wounded served as a motor driver in the Royal Field artillery. Before the war he was bandsman in the Salvation Army, and telling of the fighting, the militant Salvationist said:—

"Shells were bursting all around us, and I was struck by a splinter. It was only a flesh wound, however, so I bound it up and went ahead with my work. First it seemed the enemy was getting the better of us, then they would retreat, and so the battle went all day. Comrades were falling all around me. The Germans were falling in hundreds. So thick were the dead of the enemy that when the order to advance was given, we simply had to force the motor over heaps of dead bodies.

"While following the retreating Germans, six of us got lost. For four days we tramped without anything to eat or drink. On the third day our tongues were hanging out from thirst, and two of the men went mad. It was on the fourth night that we fell in with the British ambulance section, and one of the first sounds I heard was a wounded man in one of the wagons singing:—

"I'm a child of the King,  
 A child of the King.  
 With Jesus, my Saviour,  
 I'm a child of the King."

"I learned that he was a Salvationist; and later, in the stillness of the night, I heard a clear voice in another part of the camp, singing:—

"Then we'll roll the old chariot along,  
 And we won't drag on behind."

The song was taken up in other parts of the camp until it swelled into a chorus of voices that made the air ring with the old Salvation Army song."

#### A Praying Regiment

A British infantry regiment, upon receiving an order to advance and take a German position, knelt for a moment in prayer. Then the men, knowing that their charge was to be terrible in cost, sprang to their feet, and with fixed bayonets clambered out of the shelter of the trenches.

From the German position came the thick hail of the machine guns. The attacking soldiers sang as they pressed forward. Many fell. Finally those that remained took the position after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. This was only one of the many similar incidents revealing the courage not only of French and British soldiers, but of the men of the Fatherland as well, for the Germans have to their credit many acts of bravery.

#### The Humanity of Soldiers

A writer in the *World's Work* for November, gives to us this glimpse of the British soldier "when the battle is over:—

"There is another thing that struck me enormously, and that is the humanity of the British soldier when the fighting is done. In the battle he is superb. He puts into the fight all his energy, all his indomitable pluck, and he deals terrible blows at the enemy. But when the battle is over, his first thought is of humanity. The British do not exult over their enemy's losses. They try to snatch from death as many of their enemies as possible. After the battle the men with whom they have just crossed blades are no longer enemies. They are, in their eyes, just poor wounded

(Concluded on page ten)



## Conflict and Victory

MEADE MAC GUIRE



ONE who is actively engaged in soul winning cannot help being impressed with the terrible intensity which is more and more apparent in the great forces at work in the world. God is reaching down, exerting all his infinite resources to save men. The great rebel commander is marshaling all his forces to destroy them, and poor lost souls are alternately lifted by the power of divine love, and hurled down by the waves of human weakness and satanic influences.

To one who is in sympathy with Christ in his work and understands his Word, it is Armageddon in the spiritual world. Perhaps today, in the city where you live, a thousand have fallen "at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand," sore wounded, stricken with sin, vanquished by the enemy in this last great struggle. O that we might sense the reality of this picture and hasten to join the ranks of the physicians and nurses who are seeking to save these spiritually wounded and dying!

Sometimes the pathetic cry comes in a letter: "O, I have failed again! Do you think there is any hope for me now?" The suffering of the soldier mortally wounded on the battle field is not to be compared with the agony of the soul wounded by sin and sinking in despair.

"The intense agony of the soul that has been overcome by Satan and is feeling worsted and helpless—how little it is comprehended by those who should meet the erring ones with tender compassion! Most pitiable is the condition of one who is suffering under remorse; he is as one stunned, staggering, sinking into the dust."—*"Special Testimony," No. 9.*

Thank God, the weary and wounded and despairing may yet rise up and conquer self and sin. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but "this is the victory, . . . even our faith." True, they often say, "That is the trouble; I have so little faith." But we need to assure them that it does not require great faith to appropriate a little salvation, but just a little faith to appropriate full and complete salvation. Jesus always emphasized the "little faith." Not, If you have faith as a mountain, you can remove a mustard seed, but, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," you can remove mountains. We must encourage the weak to exercise what faith they have, and not to despair because they have been overcome and beaten, and are cowards, and tremble before the enemy. How can one be brave unless he is afraid? In a fierce battle two officers came together, one daring, reckless, the other pale and trembling, hardly able to hold the reins of his horse. "Man, you're afraid," said the first. "I know I am. If you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away." There is many a hero in the ranks about us if we but knew. And there is a secret of victory in the daily life for the tempted and often defeated. It is found with him who said, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." What we need is more prayer.

It is written of Origen that one morning he left his room without the usual prayer. His enemies seized him and took him before the judgment seat and said, "Origen, you must give up your Christ or give up your life." "Then I will give up my life." Then they showed him the rack, and asked if he was willing to be bound there and have his limbs stretched until

they were dislocated. The old man said he was. But when they put him on the rack he weakened, and said, "Let me loose." They loosed him, and he recanted, and wrote his name "renegade," giving up Christ and all. Afterwards he said, "The reason I recanted today was because I went forth from my room without the usual prayer." "Watch and pray," says the Master, "that ye enter not into temptation."

A minister in his sermon was telling how Cecil was greatly tempted and shaken in his faith. He could not be quiet, and, greatly troubled in mind, arose at two o'clock in the morning and fought the battle against doubt and unbelief, and conquered them. As the preacher came down from the platform, a man met him, and taking his hand, said, "I fight my battles at two o'clock in the morning."

Here is the secret of victory for the weakest and most helpless who is willing to pay the price. O, let us pray more for victory, and then with the power of a living experience we can point out the way to the wounded and discouraged about us!

### The Place of Song in Christian Service

(Concluded from issue of December eight)

To begin to select and sing the best of Wesley's hymns would mean a long service. Charles Wesley is credited with six thousand hymns. How maimed and incomplete would be the hymnal that omitted "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," or "O for a heart to praise my God!" And who could fail to include "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," of which Henry Ward Beecher said, "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat upon the earth." Few hymns have ever been written that parallel in dignity and beauty Charles Wesley's "Love divine, all love excelling."

"It was Charles Wesley who sang the doctrines of the Methodists into the hearts of believers; and his evangelical fervor is such that he has made all Christendom his parish in a grander sense even than his administrative brother, John."—*Duffield.*

Poor Cowper, melancholy, sad, and insane half his life, and always tormented with religious fears and doubts, was nevertheless the author of many of our finest hymns. Perhaps it was the very sadness of his life that gave him such depth of feeling. It is recorded that during an attack of melancholia he decided to kill himself. He called a carriage, and directed the driver to take him out to a certain spot and leave him to accomplish his end. But, providentially, the coachman failed to find the place, and Cowper was diverted from his purpose. Returning home, the poet wrote:—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Some others of Mr. Cowper's hymns are:—

"O, for a closer walk with God!  
A calm and heavenly frame."

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"Abide with me" was written under most pathetic circumstances. The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, its author, "relinquished society, culture, and everything to follow Jesus." He was a curate of a church on the Devonshire coast of England. His burdens were many, and finally his constitution broke under the trying strain and he was compelled to give up to the disease



afflicting him — consumption. After a most touching farewell sermon to his parishioners, he dragged himself to his room, and in a few hours had written:—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!"

Among the hymns of Lyte are, "Pleasant are thy courts above," "Far from my heavenly home," "Jesus, I my cross have taken."

"Jerusalem the Golden" was written by Dr. John Mason Neale. It is a portion of a paraphrase of the hymn of Bernard of Cluny. By his scholarly and painstaking labors in translating ancient and medieval hymns, Dr. Neale opened the eyes of Christians to the treasures of the Christian past. Such hymns as "Jesus, the very thought of thee," "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" "O happy band of pilgrims!" have become a part of English life. What is called the Oxford movement satisfied, as Dr. Arnold said, "that keen longing for beauty and sweetness" which is of so vital interest, and seemed to inspire hymn writers in the very same way that the revival of the Wesleys had a hundred years before.

Says a writer in the *Academy*: "The greatly enhanced popularity of congregational singing has, no doubt, been the principal cause of the large number of hymns that have been written within the last half century. . . . But although the bulk of our hymn books has been added to considerably within the last generation or so, the old numbers have not lost their favor. We still sing the Wesleys and Toplady, and even Tate and Brady."

The church cannot afford, for any reason whatever, to allow her musical standards to become low. The products of the great masters of hymnology must ever be kept before us to edify us and keep aflame the finer attitudes of Christian devotion. The sweet dignity of the older hymns may well be given precedence over many of the newer ones set to inferior music, and capable of arousing only the surface emotions. If these lines, sketching so briefly the origin of some of our most-loved hymns, arouse in some a greater interest in hymnology, the writer's wish will have been satisfied.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

### Eliminating the Trajectory

A BRITISH ex-soldier was telling about the wonderful new rifle with which the king's army is now equipped.

"You have read of their effective marksmanship in the present war," he said, "and may have given the English soldier more praise than is his due. To the new service rifle belongs much of the credit, for the trajectory up to two thousand yards has been eliminated."

"Is that so?" said I, mentally searching the strange faces in my vocabulary for Mr. Trajectory, who had been eliminated from the British army upon the arrival of the new service rifle. Presently I recalled the old sharpshooter's musket, with adjustable sights, that boys back home use in the hunting season. Those sights were trajectory calculators.

I later learned that the United States regulars were also armed with the new rifle. Now if you consult the dictionary, you will learn that the word trajectory is thus defined: "The path described by a projectile moving under given forces, as by a cannon ball in flight," etc. I suppose the "given forces" are the projectile power of gunpowder or other explosive,

and the law of gravity, or the attractive power of the earth.

Boys and girls, have you "eliminated the trajectory" from your life's aim? The projectile that falls before it reaches its mark, describes a trajectory. Let us learn the lesson. The missile yields to the attraction of the earth, and, losing the power that started its flight, gradually sinks and falls. That is always the result of yielding to earthly attractions.

You started in the Christian life some time ago. You were fired with the power of the gospel message to aim for the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. You aimed for an education; you aimed for a life of Christian service; you aimed for a godly character; you aimed to be a soul saver; you aimed to reach at last the throne and receive the crown of the overcomer. Has your aim described a trajectory? Have you yielded to earthly attractions, and are you sinking instead of rising in your Christian experience? The analogy differs in a vital sense, and in this is our hope. The power of the projectile force in any earthly weapon must in a brief time be spent. Not so the power that begins the projection of the Christ life in the soul. This power is a renewing, constantly increasing force, driving on from victory to victory, mounting from heights to greater heights; and rather than being hindered by the attractions of earth, it is helped mightily by the greater attraction of heaven.

From now on may sin's trajectory be eliminated from the life. May the attraction of the world cease to pull us down, while the drawing power of heaven and the impelling power of Christ's love project us swiftly forward to reach the aim of God's purpose in our lives.

S. W. VAN TRUMP.

### The Oak Leaves' Song

I HEARD a sweet song as I was coming to the church this dark, cold day. There was not a bird to be seen anywhere except a chirping sparrow that cannot sing at all. What made the music, do you suppose?

Some dry, brown leaves hanging on an old oak tree. I looked up at them and thought, "O, you old withered things! Why don't you fall off like the leaves of other trees? And what are you singing about this cold day?"

Then I remembered that just under the stem of each leaf is a tiny bud, growing for next summer, and that it is not strong enough yet to do without the leaf stem to cover it from the ice and cold. The old, withered leaf was still needed and still helping, you see.

Then I thought, "They are making that sweet music just as if to tell us that we are to be cheery no matter how chilly and gloomy the weather is." God lets the leaves stay on as long as they have work to do; and just so, I am sure, he will let you and me stay in this world while we can be of help to others.

And don't you suppose that he likes to hear our sweetest, cheeriest music when the days are dull? Other people need to hear it most then; you know that; it seems to help more in dark weather.

So stand up and sing the "God will take care of you" song while the oak leaves are doing their singing out in the winter air.—*Lee McCrae, in Sunday School Times.*

EVERY true cross-bearer learns to carry his cross as if it were an ornament.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*





# 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."



## The Fixed-Up Christmas That Suited the Whole Family



**W**HAT do you want for Christmas, mother?"

"Nothing, child, nothing," was the reply. "I'm tired to death of things."

This house is so full of clutter and stuff that it tires me just to think of it."

"Bravo!" cried Nell, "And —"

"Second the motion," said father.

"Why don't we just renovate this year?" inquired Billy. "Paper my room with plain red oatmeal paper, and take down the lace curtains. That's all I want."

The five of us left at the breakfast table caught up the idea at once.

"Why not do it?" demanded our youngest, Clara. "All I want for Christmas is some new hair ribbons and a new frame for my Sistine Madonna."

"Say," broke in father with warmth, "why not put things in order this year? Have grandfather's clock fixed up, buy a new rug for the hall, put new frames on old pictures, and give Billy that new red wall paper he is so crazy about?"

When an idea starts in our family, it goes until something is accomplished. This one gathered momentum and enthusiasm as it grew, and made our holidays the merriest we have had since we "children" grew up.

The newly papered walls in Billy's room couldn't be a surprise, but nearly everything else was, and never did gifts please more than those we gave last Christmas.

When the red walls were complete, we turned our attention to Billy's furniture. The iron bed was treated to two coats of white paint; then down from the attic came, by the aid of father and brother, the old roomy bureau, which Billy declared was just the thing for his endless papers. This was painted white, also; and when the lace curtains were removed from the windows, our brother's happiness was complete.

Mother had complained that our old-fashioned attic contained too many scrap bags. So Nell and I turned our attention to the pieces, and before the holidays arrived we had made use of the contents of three bags. Old underwear and stockings, with covers of gingham, went to fashion a full year's supply of holders. From the larger pieces we made four dust caps, two small aprons, a short gingham petticoat for Clara, and, wonder of wonders, a shirt waist apiece for mother, Nell, and me.

After this we removed three pictures from the house walls, and selected new frames for them. One was Clara's Madonna, one a wonderfully fine engraving that seemed new after its old frame was replaced by a soft brown one, and the third was a queer old photograph of mother in her wedding dress.

Then Nell and I rummaged through the attic once more. A really fine old "sleepy hollow" chair was there, pushed back under the eaves, its upholstery

gone, the frame scarred and dusty. This we sent away to be refinished and newly upholstered; and when father saw it on Christmas morning, he was boyishly pleased with his "new" chair.

Another thing we discovered was a little, old-fashioned china clock, very quaint and dainty. We had the works put in order at small expense, and gave it to Clara.

The rummaging fit seized us now with redoubled strength. A ransacking through the boxes on our bedroom shelves brought to light some pretty pieces of silk, satin, and lace, which all women treasure so carefully. We made Clara a boudoir cap, recovered mother's bureau pin cushion, constructed a sofa cushion for Nell's room, and a workbag for me.

Next we explored the dining room closet. Tucked away on the top shelf, we found two pieces of worn and tarnished silverware which had been wedding presents to mother. These were plated and had not withstood the wear of thirty years very well. One was a cake basket of exquisite design, the other a slender silver vase. When these had been replated, since for sentiment's sake we did not wish to dispose of them, they were really beautiful.

In the meantime father was busy, too. "Your mother has wanted a plate rail in the dining room for ten years," said he. "I want her to order that rail as my Christmas present to her."

Hardly sooner said than done. In a week the rail was up, and nothing could have pleased mother much more. We used to miss her, and upon searching would find her in the dining room in silent raptures over the pretty plates and bits of china whose beauty had been hidden in the great closet until now.

Father showed marked originality in his fixing up. He sent Billy's bathrobe to the cleaner, bought a new shade for the living room lamp and a medicine chest for the bathroom; put up a long-desired shelf in Nell's closet; fitted casters to the heavy bureau in Clara's room; bought bath soap and untold brushes for the whole family; presented me with thread enough to last a year, and subscribed to three magazines.

Clara was not idle, by any means. She mended six pairs of mother's stockings, and presented them to her in a new bag; made a linen bureau cover out of a left-over piece and some new lace; replaced the broken glass in a small picture frame; put her bureau drawers in perfect order as a surprise to Nell, who is very neat; tied our accumulation of bits of string into neat little rolls, and made a new bag to keep them in. After this, it troubled her that she had spent no money on her precious family. So she bought new blotters for all the desks in the house; gave Billy a substantial ruler and a whole pint of ink; presented Nell with a typewriter eraser, a pencil sharpener, and a small address book; while for me, bless her! she got two sizes of manuscript envelopes.

Billy, too, was very busy. First he implored mother



to let him "chuck" certain things about the house. There were half a dozen of these, among them a what-not, which father had insisted on keeping until now; a hideous hand-painted monstrosity done by a cousin long since dead; and a somewhat moth-eaten bear rug from the hall. Next he removed the machinery from an old sewing machine (also from the attic), and spent several days tinkering in the barn. The result of his labors is as convenient a work stand as I ever saw, and mother was delighted with it. Somewhere on our big, rambling place he discovered an odd-shaped basket. I don't know where he got it, but it is a beauty. This he painted green and attached three brass chains to it; hung from a bird-cage hook in my room, filled with a small fern, it is beautiful. He treated a small iron pot (found under the tool house) in the same way for Nell, only in her case the plant is a scarlet geranium. His gift to Clara was a shirt-waist box made of lumber which he found stored in the barn; this he covered with burlap which he unearthed in his rummage, and had dyed dull red at an expense of fifty cents.

What did mother do? Her gifts to her family were gifts to the house, and consisted of a rug to the hall, and repairs to our grandfather's clock, which chimes so sweetly now. But the gift that pleased us most was an old-fashioned braided rug, made with consummate art from careful selections from the old woolen rags found in our inexhaustible attic.

In the construction of our Christmas presents there had been much rummaging, and much useless "stuff" had been disposed of, until father declared that it was more like house cleaning than holidays. We had put in order much that was worth our attention, and had disposed of much that was not. On Christmas night after a day of pleasant and exciting surprises such as we had not known since childhood, we agreed that once in a decade or so such a holiday was tremendously worth while.—*Ethel Hallet Porter, in Woman's Home Companion.*

#### His Lamp

His lamp am I —  
To shine where He shall say.  
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,  
Nor for the light of day,  
But for dark places of the earth,  
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth;  
Or for the murky twilight gray,  
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,  
Or where the light of faith grows dim  
And souls are groping after him.  
And as sometimes a flame we find,  
Clear-shining through the night,  
So bright we do not see the lamp  
But only see the light,  
So may I shine — his light the flame —  
That men may glorify his name.

— *Annie Johnson Flint.*

"THE will of each man or woman is like the compass of a ship — where it points, the ship goes. If the needle directs to the rocks, there is wreck and disaster; if to the open sea, there is clear sailing. God leaves the will of man at perfect liberty; his divine love neither constrains nor compels. We must ourselves learn the ways of right and wrong; and having learned, we must choose."

"LIFT up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,  
And be ye glad of heart,  
For Calvary and Easter Day —  
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day —  
Were just one day apart."



#### Burning Coal Beds



As everybody knows, fires are constantly taking place in coal mines, and these, with the resulting explosions of gas and coal dust, frequently cause terrible destruction of life and property. But it is not so generally known that these fires in coal beds often get beyond the control of the mine owners, and burn for long series of years. In Nova Scotia there are several instances of mine fires burning for ten or twenty years; and at the last accounts there were some still burning there. In the hard-coal region of Pennsylvania, however, we have some even more instructive examples of how persistently coal seams will burn when once ignited.

Thus, several years ago a fire started in a portion of the Mammoth Vein belonging to the Girard estate, and because of a legal dispute as to who owned it, the fire got about six months' start before any effective means could be adopted to put it out. It was in an old, worked-out mine, and after about six months of work in getting the burning area walled off from the good coal, two good-sized streams of water from the hills were turned in on the raging mass. Several violent explosions occurred as the water came in contact with the hot rocks, but the fire was finally put out.

The area here involved and flooded was about a mile long, but only about four hundred feet wide; the fire seems to have affected only the loose coal and the coaly shales, for the solid parts of the anthracite veins were afterward found to have been only slightly burned. That is, this fire had not had quite time enough to get down to real business. But think what a fire might result if this great seam of coal, about thirty feet thick, with other beds of coal above and below, should be allowed to burn for years and years; and should it extend to the great depth of two thousand feet or more, to which this Mammoth Vein extends, we can easily see that we should have enough heat generated to make a good-sized volcano.

Then, too, if the rocks along with the coal should be limestone, as they are in England and in many other coal regions, and a large amount of water should be let in on the burning mass, the resemblance to a volcano would be greatly increased. For there is no doubt that this is the way in which true volcanoes are produced. Water is as necessary as heat to have a volcanic explosion; but the heat is produced by the burning of coal and other carboniferous deposits, such as oil and gas, deep underground, in association with limestone, the latter being converted into lime by the heat, and the addition of water slaking it, and thus, if possible, adding to the fury of the intense heat.

In 1859 a fire started in a worked-out part of the Summit Hill mine, which is also in a part of the Mammoth Vein, Pennsylvania. Not much attention was given to the matter for several years; for it was not then realized how much damage may come from one of these burning masses, nor was it known how rapidly it could extend itself to other parts of the same beds.

The first account I have of this fire is from a copy of *Mines and Minerals*, May, 1899. This said



that the fire had burned over an area of forty acres, in a vein of coal fifty feet thick and two hundred feet beneath the surface. The account in this journal says, "The ground in the vicinity has a baked appearance," but beyond a strong *smell of sulphur* and a few puffs of smoke here and there, one would hardly suspect what is going on below the surface.

At this time the owners had become desperately in earnest in getting the fire out, and had then spent nearly a million dollars in their efforts. The account quoted from described the elaborate works constructed to get the fire under control by walling it off from the rest of the beds and flooding it; and the writer expressed the firm confidence that the great skill thus displayed would soon be successful.

Not so, however. For in *Mines and Minerals* for June, 1901, or over two years later, the same gentleman gives an account of another visit to this place, and reported that the fire was still burning, having apparently got around the barriers erected two years before. He also declared that the evidence of heat in the beds underground was much more pronounced. I quote a paragraph from his description:—

"The rapidity with which it travels is remarkable. Gangways driven in the old workings toward the fire are found to be themselves on fire, when no signs indicate its presence. The shutting off of the air currents by the barriers of culm washed in, causes the fire to be seemingly endowed with intelligence in the manner in which it searches out new passages, and the remarkable rapidity with which it takes advantage of all openings. From the gradual shutting off of its air supply, drawn mainly through the old workings, the fire in some places is being forced upward toward the surface, making use of the cracks and crevices of the rock to get air. Especially in one locality is this evident, in a space probably three hundred feet square. Here the surface has a baked appearance. All vegetation is dead. The atmosphere has that blue, hazy appearance indicative of a fire, while the tremulous or wavy appearance of the air shows its heated condition. The fumes of sulphur, together with the heat, make it impossible to stay any time in the locality. The surface is seamed with cracks. In the daytime they emit puffs of pale-colored smoke, while their edges and the ground in the vicinity are covered with a white deposition of sulphur. At night, hundreds of small blue flames are seen playing over the surface, with here and there a large one. The rock in many places glows with a dull red to white heat.

We should remember that the fire was really two hundred feet below the surface, and hence that the heat must come up through this thickness of rock.

A very remarkable feature brought out by this fire, which at the last accounts I have had was still burning, is that it will often burn the coaly slate rock beds between the benches of coal before burning the coal itself. This slate rock of course often contains a large amount of carbon, and is more open in its structure. Besides, shaly rock often contains oxygen, and thus the fire could derive its oxygen from these rocks, instead of being entirely dependent upon the air for its supply of oxygen. As will appear later, we have some examples of burning coal beds in Colorado, which have been burning for hundreds if not thousands of years, and in beds so deep that the fire could not possibly get its oxygen from the air, but must extract it from the adjacent rocks. But more than this, we have the experimental knowledge that if coal and iron oxide are placed in a sealed vessel and a current of electricity passed through them, the oxygen in the ore will unite with the coal, and the latter will burn just as truly as if it were exposed to the air.

As already stated, this fire was still burning a few years ago; and if it were to go on and increase until a large part of these great coal areas in Pennsylvania were being consumed, it would seem that we should have enough heat to make any volcano on earth; for

the coal beds in this part of the State make up about seventy-five feet of actual coal in the various beds one above another, or about 150,000 tons to the acre, or 96,000,000 tons to the square mile. Hence the supply of fuel would seem to be amply sufficient.

The deeper also this burning took place, and the more limestone there happened to be in between the beds of coal, the more favorable would be the conditions for producing a true volcano. Besides, it would need a liberal supply of water, after the fire was well under way; and this is why almost all the volcanoes now active are situated around the margins of the oceans or near the sea.

The old idea that volcanoes were simply blowholes for the interior of the earth, which was supposed to be hot to the melting point, has been long known to be a mistake. Such an idea was all imagination. There is no scientific proof that the interior of the earth is hot. Almost all scientists now acknowledge that the interior of the earth must be more solid and rigid than steel. Hence, it cannot be liquid, and it cannot be hot enough to produce a volcano without being liquid.

Volcanoes have no more to do with a molten interior of the earth than have the smokestacks of locomotives.

GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE.

Lodi Academy, Lodi, California.

### Incidents of the War

(Concluded from page five)

fellows. This solicitude, great-hearted as it is, after hard fighting, will always redound to the honor of the British army."

### Gaining the Respect of the Enemy

The late Lord Roberts was desirous that his soldiers should command the respect of those against whom they are fighting. "May I give a word of caution to my countrymen," he said in the *Hibbert Journal*, "against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies? Let us avoid what Kipling during the Boer War described as 'killing with the mouth.' Let us rather devote all our energies to defeating our foes by the superior fighting of adequate numbers of British soldiers in the open field. When we read the charges against the German troops, let us remember that gross charges absolutely untrue were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa; but whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our hands clean, and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect."

Were all the bravery, all the men, and all the money now being squandered so prodigally in Europe, devoted to the cause of the Prince of Peace, what a blessed thing it would be! The Christian, the child of God, has but one enemy,—sin,—and in his fight against it he has at his command all the resources of the Infinite. He is sure of victory; and when it is forever gained, righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. The day of eternal victory is just a little distance in the future, and when it dawns Christ will be all and in all, and war forever at an end.

WILLIAM SLOAN.

TIME is exactly what we make it—in the hands of the wise, a blessing; in the hands of the foolish, a curse: in the hands of the wise, a preparation for life eternal; in the hands of the foolish, a preparation for self-condemnation and irreparable loss. What is it in your hands?—*Orison Swett Marden*.





### Work for Little Followers

THERE'S always work in plenty for little hands to do.  
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;  
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,  
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There is room for children's service in this busy world of ours,  
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers;  
And their help at task and toiling, the church of God may claim.  
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer,  
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.  
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some soul to look above,  
Finding rest, and peace, and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you, swift and jubilant they ring;  
O, the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King!  
Fearless march on royal service; not an evil can befall  
Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which only children are glad enough to sing,—  
Songs that are full of sunshine as the earnest hours of spring.  
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,  
As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for little ones to do,  
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;  
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,  
Weary hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

—Selected.

### The Boy Painter Who Stood Before Kings



LITTLE more than one hundred and seventy years ago there was a young boy living in one of the small towns of Pennsylvania who was always drawing pictures. His father and mother were Quakers, and he was trained up in the Quaker religion, but that did not prevent him from practicing his favorite diversion. His parents and all the neighbors predicted wonderful things for him.

When he was only six years old, he was tending his baby sister one summer afternoon, keeping the flies away from her with a feather fan. As the child lay asleep in her cradle, the boy felt a strong desire to draw her likeness, so that he might always see how sweet she looked. Now little Bennie, for that was the boy's name, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look that vanishes in a moment may be made to last for a hundred years, but he had an inspiration which was worth as much as knowledge.

A goose-quill pen, paper, and two bottles of ink, red and black, were upon the table; and the boy, using the means at hand, began tracing a likeness of the sleeping infant upon one of the sheets of paper. He was so busy at his labor that he did not hear his mother's entrance into the room. Only when she spoke, did he know that she was near him.

"What art thou doing, Benjamin?" asked the Quaker matron, noticing that the boy was trying to conceal something he evidently did not wish her to see.

Benjamin blushed and hung his head, and then answered slowly, "I was only trying to make a picture."

"A picture, my son!" and then she caught sight of the beloved lineaments of the sleeping child. "Why, Benjamin, it is a picture of little Sally!"

Her kisses and words of praise were ample compensation to the young artist, and from that day for-

ward Benjamin dreamed of nothing else but being a painter. But there were many obstacles to be overcome before the world would hear of him.

It is interesting to note how little by little the poor Quaker lad worked his way along the rough pathway of fame. His greatest trial was a lack of suitable colors. Chalk and charcoal for a long time furnished the principal means of outlining his sketches, but finally he was made happy in adding to these. In those early times the Delaware Indians were numerous in Pennsylvania, and every year a party of these warriors paid a visit to Springfield, where Bennie lived.

On one of these occasions the old chief gave the boy a bag of the red and yellow paints with which they were accustomed to daub their faces. About the same time his mother presented him with a piece of indigo. He had now three colors to paint with, and he could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue, and orange by mixing the red and the yellow. Doubtless the happy lad showed his appreciation of the red man's gift by making his picture in his aboriginal costume, with feathers, tomahawk, and bow and arrows.

During all this time the young artist was without paintbrushes, nor could he secure any without sending purposely to Philadelphia. This was a sad lack. However, being an ingenious boy, he resolved to make some paintbrushes for himself. So he surreptitiously clipped the end of the house cat's tail, and although we have no means of knowing pussy's attitude in the matter of helping along in the fine arts, we do know that Benjamin managed thus to manufacture a paintbrush which did satisfactory work for many a day.

When Benjamin was about twelve years old, a Mr. Pennington, a Quaker friend and rich merchant of



Philadelphia, came to visit his parents' home. Upon entering the house the visitor was surprised to find the walls of the sitting room and parlor covered with landscapes, flower pieces, and Indians' heads, the handiwork of the young painter. When he learned that the boy was such a genius, he asked him to show him his stock of colors. As he saw the red and yellow ochre and the piece of indigo, and the brushes made of the black cat's tail, the good man was still more amazed, and declared that "apparently little Benjamin had been born a painter."

Not long after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, Bennie received a package, which upon being opened proved to be a paint box with many cakes of paint of different colors and several brushes of various sizes. Inclosed with the paints and brushes were also several squares of canvas such as are used by artists for painting pictures upon.

Nothing else in all the world could have made such an acceptable gift as this, and Benjamin could hardly sleep that night for thinking of the pictures that he would paint. For a number of weeks the boy was busy with his paints and brushes, and his productions showed so much truth and fidelity to nature, and so much skill in the laying on of colors, that his parents felt convinced that their son had a gift which should be cultivated.

Accordingly, a meeting was called of the most eminent men of the society to talk over the matter. The Quakers were plain, practical people, and according to their ideas it was not right or proper for people to engage in occupations that could be of no real and sensible advantage to the world. But in their discussion they had to admit that a beautiful picture might convey as much instruction to the mind and be as much benefit to the heart as a good book or a wise discourse. Very wisely they decided that Benjamin was intended by Providence to be a painter.

So with his parents' consent the young painter went to Philadelphia, and afterward to New York, where he soon showed the talents that were his in a large degree. Later he went to Europe, and the last forty years of his life he spent in England. The poor, plain young Quaker lad who was born in the wilds of America, became the greatest and most successful painter of his time. King George III engaged him to paint a number of historical pictures, many of which have been copied and are familiar to you. He introduced new features into his paintings, which created an era in the history of British art. His "Death of Wolfe," "Christ Healing the Sick," and "Death on the Pale Horse" rank among the highest specimens of mural art.

Almost as wonderful as a fairy tale is the life story of this boy painter who stood before kings. He was president of the Royal Academy of England for many years, and amassed a great fortune. King George offered him the honor of knighthood, but he declined it, preferring to remain plain Benjamin West.—*Fred Myron Colby, in Youth's World.*

### The Kind Rat

THERE are instances on record of almost human kindness manifested by some of the smaller animals to their fellows. We generally think of the rat only as an exceedingly ferocious little rodent, and as a scourge. Rev. Mr. Ferryman, of England, gives us an example exhibiting a degree of tenderness toward the disabled and aged rats which we could wish all boys and girls would imitate.

Walking out in the country one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing every now and then. The gentleman stood perfectly still, and the whole line of rats passed close to him. His astonishment was great when he observed an old blind rat holding a piece of stick at one end in his mouth, and another rat holding the other end of the stick, thus conducting his blind companion

E. C. JAEGER.

### Parent-Made Matches Don't Bind Children

A MAGISTRATE in a Canton court has recently ruled that a marriage arranged entirely by the parents is not binding on the children.

It is still the custom in China for parents to select mates for their children, who, as a rule, do not see them until the wedding day or a day or two before the momentous event. This applies only to the marriage with the first wife. The second, third, and fourth wives, and those subsequent, may be selected by the man himself.

Of recent years, especially since the revolution, a number of marriages on the Western lines of selection have taken place, and have been preceded by courtships.—*Washington Post.*

### Bethlehem's Babe

WONDROUS Babe in Bethlehem's manger,  
Son of God to earth come down!  
Who could think this little Stranger  
Of such royal birth and crown?  
O, what wonder angels sing  
Glory to their newborn King!

Why, then, do we thus behold him  
Born among the sons of men?  
Ah! 'twas wondrous love that brought him,  
Linking man to heaven again!  
Earth, receive thy gracious King,  
Let the reign of peace begin.

MRS. E. M. PEEBLES.



THE SWEETEST OF WATER BABIES



## The Liberty Bell Bird Club



HE artist and editor of the Liberty Bell Bird Club department of the *Farm Journal*, Philadelphia, Mr. Chas. P. Shoffner, is

preparing a most interesting and instructive exhibit of the Liberty Bell Bird Club work, to be placed in the Palace of Education and Social Economics at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco.

Here, bird-house architects, contractors, builders, or would-be landlords may find models of summer cottages, winter apartments, bathing facilities, and eating places that bird residents like best. The bird student will be helped to find an answer to the ever-recurring, "What bird is this?" The bird lover who wants to help save our feathered friends from ruthless slaughter will have an opportunity to sign the club pledge:—

"I desire to become a member of the Liberty Bell Bird Club of the *Farm Journal*, and I promise to study and protect all song and insectivorous birds, and do what I can for the club."

Every one who signs this pledge and sends it in to the club will receive its badge button without cost of any kind, at any time.

Mr. D. O. Lively, chief of the department of live stock of the exposition, and a member of the Liberty Bell Bird Club, considers an educational exhibit of this kind a significant feature at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which, he reminds us, is an educational institution in the broadest sense, and adds:—

"One of the leading instructive features connected with the department of live stock is a showing of children's pets, as we believe that the care of pets by children is a vitally important element in their training, and teaches them qualities of heart and mind which cannot be obtained in any other way."

"I doubt if the *Farm Journal* realizes the economic importance to future generations of its Liberty Bell Bird Club movement," says Col. Ike T. Pryor, ex-president of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, and vice president of the National Live Stock Association, also an enthusiastic worker for the club. "The preservation and protection of insectivorous birds is imperative and essential to our existence. Without these birds little or nothing could be grown or matured by the farmer. Insects of various kinds would multiply to a point where vegetable and animal life could not exist, without which the human family could not long survive. This club should have the support and cooperation of individuals inhabiting every country on the globe."

"Birds save more of the nation's wealth each year than can possibly be estimated," states Prof. C. P. Bull, ex-manager of the Sixth National Corn Exposition, now professor of agronomy in the University of Minnesota.

Five members of a second-reader class in a South Dakota rural school celebrated the first Christmas of the Liberty Bell Bird Club of the *Farm Journal* by having a real Christmas tree for the birds near their schoolhouse.

The cedar tree which had been the center of their



A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR  
THE BIRDS

own jolly Christmas festival, was taken out of the schoolhouse by an older pupil, while the little folks made Christmas baskets to hang on the tree. After this, whenever they ate their dinners, the children carefully placed all the remaining crumbs in small baskets, which were then hung on the birds' Christmas tree, where the feathered guests eagerly gathered to enjoy their feast.

This year the Christmas problem of how to remain a sincere and cheerful giver at this season of greatest demands is to be solved by many members of the *Farm Journal* Liberty Bell Bird Club in a way to eliminate much useless and unappreciated giving.

The Christmas tree which has delighted the little folks in the home or schoolhouse, will not, as heretofore, be thrown on the trash heap after it has been stripped of its glittering baubles. After it has been carefully set up outdoors in a safe and sheltered spot, the little hands which reached out so eagerly for its gifts will now place others upon it—garlands of bright berries, sheaves of golden grain, baskets of suet and bread crumbs—for the little feathered folk. A vessel of water, free from ice, will be placed near by for the bright-eyed visitors to drink or bathe in.

Where there is a suitable tree standing near the home or school, it can easily be converted into a Christmas tree for the birds by fastening gifts of food to its branches.

There is no cost to any child in joining the club, nor after he belongs. The badge button of the club will be sent free to each one who signs the pledge and sends it in to the club.

### The Morning Watch

OUR MASTER'S INVITATION.—"Come ye yourselves apart."

OUR MASTER'S COMMAND.—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

OUR MASTER'S EXAMPLE.—"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

OUR MASTER'S PROMISE.—"Lo, I am with you always." "And thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."

THE SERVANT'S RESPONSE.—"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee." "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."

RESULTS.—"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned."

"If trying circumstances sometimes tempt us to give up something good begun, let us think of Stephen of Colonna, who, when his assailants thought him conquered, and asked, 'Where is your fortress now?' placed his hand on his heart, and said, 'Here, and one whose strength will laugh a siege to scorn.'"







4. When was this mighty Deliverer first promised? Gen. 3:15.

5. Through what two great ancestors was he to come? Gal. 3:16; Jer. 23:5, 6.

6. In what manner was he to come? What was he to be called? Isa. 7:14.

7. Where was he to be born? Micah 5:2.

8. Where do we find a history of his birth? *Ans.*—In Matt. 1:18-25. Who was Matthew? Note 1.

9. Why was his book called "Gospel" of Matthew? Note 1.

10. How long does Matthew say it was from Adam to Abraham? Note 2. How many generations was it from Abraham to David? How many generations from David to the carrying away into Babylon? Yet how many more generations was it before God fulfilled his promise and sent his Son? Matt. 1:17. Note 3.

11. When God's promises, then, are long delayed, of what may we still be sure? Heb. 10:23, last part.

12. Why does Matthew spend so much time telling about Christ's ancestors? Note 4. Compare the prophecies referred to in questions 5-8 with the first chapter of Matthew, and note how many infallible proofs there are that this Jesus was indeed the Saviour, the Son of God.

13. What was God's Son named? Why was he named Jesus? Matt. 1:21, margin. From what is he able to save all "that come unto God by him"? Memory verse.

14. From how much sin, or iniquity, is he able to save? Titus 2:14.

15. Why is he able to save "to the uttermost"? *Ans.*—Because he is "God with us." Matt. 1:23.

#### Notes

1. "The penman was by birth a Jew, by calling a publican [collector of the Roman tribute] till Christ commanded his attendance, and then he left the receipt of custom to follow him, and was one of those that accompanied him all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out, beginning from the baptism of John unto the day he was taken up. Acts 1:21, 22. He was therefore a competent witness of what he has here recorded."—*Matthew Henry's Commentary, Vol. 1, "Introduction to Book of Matthew."*

2. About 2,000 years. (See Genesis 1, margin; and Genesis 12, margin.)

3. It was forty-two generations, or about 2,000 years, from the time God made the promise to Abraham, before the Saviour was born, and about 4,000 years after he was first promised to Adam.

"In the first fourteen, we have the family of David rising, and looking forth as the morning; in the second, we have it flourishing in its meridian luster; in the third, we have it declining and growing less and less, dwindling into the family of a poor carpenter." The Saviour "was born when the seed of Abraham was a despised people, recently become tributary to the Roman yoke, and when the house of David was buried in obscurity; for Christ was to be a root out of a dry ground. Note, God's time for the performance of his promises is when it labors under the greatest improbabilities."—*Matthew Henry.*

4. "It was promised to Abraham that Christ should descend from him (Gen. 12:3; 22:18), and to David that he should descend from him (2 Sam. 7:12; Ps. 89:3; 132:11), and therefore, unless it can be proved that Jesus is a son of David and a son of Abraham, we cannot admit him to be the Messiah. . . . This, therefore, the evangelist undertakes to make out."—*Id.*

### I — The Lineage and Birth of Jesus

(January 2)

#### Daily-Study Outline

Sab. . . . . Read the lesson scripture.  
Sun. . . . . Lineage of Jesus. Questions 1-4.  
Mon. . . . . Birth of Jesus foretold. Questions 5, 6.  
Tues. . . . . Meaning of the name Jesus. Questions 7, 8.  
Wed. . . . . Prophecy fulfilled. Questions 9-12.  
Thurs. . . . . Read "The Desire of Ages," chapter 4.  
Fri. . . . . Review the entire lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 1:1-25.

#### Questions

1. What title does Matthew give to his book? Matt. 1:1. Note 1.

2. Why is Jesus called the son of David? Isa. 11:1-5; Jer. 23:5, 6.

3. Why is Jesus called the son of Abraham? Gen. 22:13; Gal. 3:16. Note 2.

4. Look through the genealogy of Christ in Matt. 1:2-16, and note the names that are familiar to you. How many generations were there from Abraham to David? From David to the Captivity? From the Captivity to Christ? Verse 17.

5. By whom and to whom was the birth of Christ foretold? Luke 1:26-31.

6. What did the angel instruct Joseph to call this child of miraculous birth? Matt. 1:21.

7. Why was this name to be given? What is the meaning of the name Jesus? Verse 21, last part. Note 3.

8. What is the meaning of the name Christ? John 1:41. Note 4.

9. What prophecy was fulfilled in the birth and naming of Jesus? Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:22, 23.

10. Who was this Jesus, born into the world by the Holy Spirit? 1 Tim. 3:16.

11. How does John declare his eternal existence and his manifestation in the flesh? John 1:1-3, 14.

12. Being thus Immanuel, "God with us," creative power manifested in human flesh, what was he to do for those who put their trust in him? Verses 12, 13.

#### Notes

1. Whether this title is meant for the entire book or not, it is very suitable for the first part. As the book of Genesis includes much more than the genesis of the heavens and the earth, so may the book of Matthew contain much more than the mere generation or lineage of Jesus.

2. Abraham and David were two great lights in the history of the Jews. All Jews prided themselves on being sons of Abraham and subjects of the royal house of David, this especially as the Messiah was promised as the seed of both. Since Jesus was of the lineage of both according to the flesh, it was fitting that he should be called son of Abraham and son of David. Abraham is the spiritual father of all that believe (Rom. 4:11), and David was the prototype of Christ as the king of the true Israel. Christ was frequently addressed as "Thou son of David," but preferred to style himself more broadly "The Son of man," emphasizing his relationship to the human family as Elder Brother.

3. Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. See Acts 7:45 and Heb. 4:8, where Joshua is plainly referred to. The meaning of Joshua is *Jehovah-salvation*, or *Jehovah-saviour*. Thus Matthew interprets the name Jesus, when he says, "He shall save his people from their sins."

4. Christ is the Greek equivalent of Messiah, meaning *anointed*. This is why the expression "the Christ" is sometimes used, the term Christ not being originally a proper name. Thus Jesus Christ means *Jesus the anointed*.

"Should Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,  
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn;  
If thou wilt give thy heart a manger for the birth,  
Christ will again become a child upon the earth."

#### Notice

THE quotations on page thirteen, under the heading "The Morning Watch," are taken from the last number of the Missionary Volunteer post card series. This card can be obtained for 10 cents a dozen, or 70 cents a hundred. A set of assorted cards, sixteen in number, can be obtained for 15 cents. Order through your tract society or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

APPROXIMATELY \$48,000,000 is deposited in the postal savings banks of this country. Great Britain before the war had more than \$859,000,000 in similar deposits, while France exceeded \$329,000,000, and Italy \$324,000,000.



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## Daylight Enough

"THERE is daylight enough left," Napoleon once said, "to win another battle." And that is the attitude that we should take in these closing hours of the world's history. Instead of being disheartened because we see the night of the world closing in upon us, we should say, There is daylight enough left to win another battle for God and truth, and then we should arouse ourselves to renewed consecration and redoubled diligence. This done, victories must be recorded in the books of heaven. Let us then remember that "there is left daylight for victory, strength for achievement, time for winning, with nothing at all reserved for failure and defeat."

## Football in Disfavor

THE British press has recently expressed great indignation against the hitherto universally popular game of football. The reason for this sudden change is because the love for the game seems to drown out all thought and feeling of patriotism. Recruiting rallies for the army were held at the football matches, and at London's principal match only one recruit was obtained, though the game was watched by 15,000 persons; and none was obtained at Nottingham, where there were 7,000 spectators, and none at Brighton.

This evident lack of love for country drew from the *Pall Mall Gazette* the observation that "it is time to eradicate the football cancer." The *Standard* said: "Is football such a passion that nothing on earth can stop it? Vigorous youth should be persuaded that this is not the time for the development of any passion save love of country." The *Westminster Gazette* said, "There is only one way in which the football association can put itself right in the eyes of the public, and that is by discontinuing its program."

A colonel, who lost a son at the front, and was himself returning to the firing line, appeared at one game and pleaded with the men to enlist. "As a soldier, I say, Come, your country needs you." Then his words were drowned by shouts when the teams came on the field, and no one responded to his urgent plea.

Speakers at all the various rallies were equally powerless to arouse enthusiasm; for in the country-wide movement only one recruit was gained.

We have long known that devotees of the ball game, moving picture shows, theaters, and other forms of

pleasure are rarely interested in answering the call for recruits for the heavenly kingdom; but we were not cognizant that the passion for pleasures had obliterated patriotism as well as Christianity. But the Bible states that it shall be characteristic of the last days that men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. We must each guard ourselves lest the enemy, through some apparently innocent pleasure, wean our affections from eternal things to those of little consequence. Is it not time to have but one interest, and that to be concerning the things that shall not pass away when earthly elements are dissolved? Surely conditions of the present hour admonish us to this oneness of purpose and act.

## One Harvest Ingathering Service

ON Sunday evening, November 22, a large audience gathered at the church on Grant and Miller Streets, Portland, Maine, to listen to the rendering of an unusually interesting and helpful program given by the children and young people. Songs and appropriate recitations told the story of twenty centuries. The Babe of Bethlehem stood for the first century; so the songs and recitations related to him. Pagan persecutions was the theme of the second and third centuries, apostasy that of the fourth and fifth.

The Dark Ages was the subject considered to represent the eleventh to the fourteenth century. When the eighteenth century was reached, the signs of the Saviour's coming was the topic considered; the harvest time was the topic for the nineteenth and opportunity for service for the twentieth century.

It is evident that the program was an inspiration, else the audience would not have responded so generously. The funds for the mission fields and the relief of those in distress were augmented by a gift of \$106.46.

## Poisoned Truth

THERE is such a thing as poisoned truth. And the fact that the truth which is poisoned is real truth does not make the poison less dangerous, but more. Dr. W. B. Riley, of Minneapolis, in warning his congregation against the perils of the Millennial Dawnism which Pastor Russell is so widely teaching, explains: "I say this, not because Mr. Russell teaches no truth; he teaches a vast deal of truth, and therein is the danger. Men are easily deceived when hurtful heresies are so carefully mixed in with divine revelation as to cover them from the sight of the unsuspecting; and yet the truth of the revelation in which falsehood is hidden no more saves the man who devours it than does the luscious flesh of the full ripe peach into which strychnine has been deftly injected, save from poison and death the man eating it." Of course, it sometimes happens that one will be blessed by the truth in a false system without apparently being injured by the falsehood. In such a case one succeeds in eating an unpoisoned part of the peach. Thus God can use even the work of the adversary to defeat evil. But our safest course, when it is said of this or that new doctrine that "there is so much that is beautiful and true in it," is to insist upon knowing whether it also contains that which is in deadly opposition to the teaching and person of him who alone is truth, our Lord Jesus Christ. If it does, let us shun it.—*Sunday School Times*.