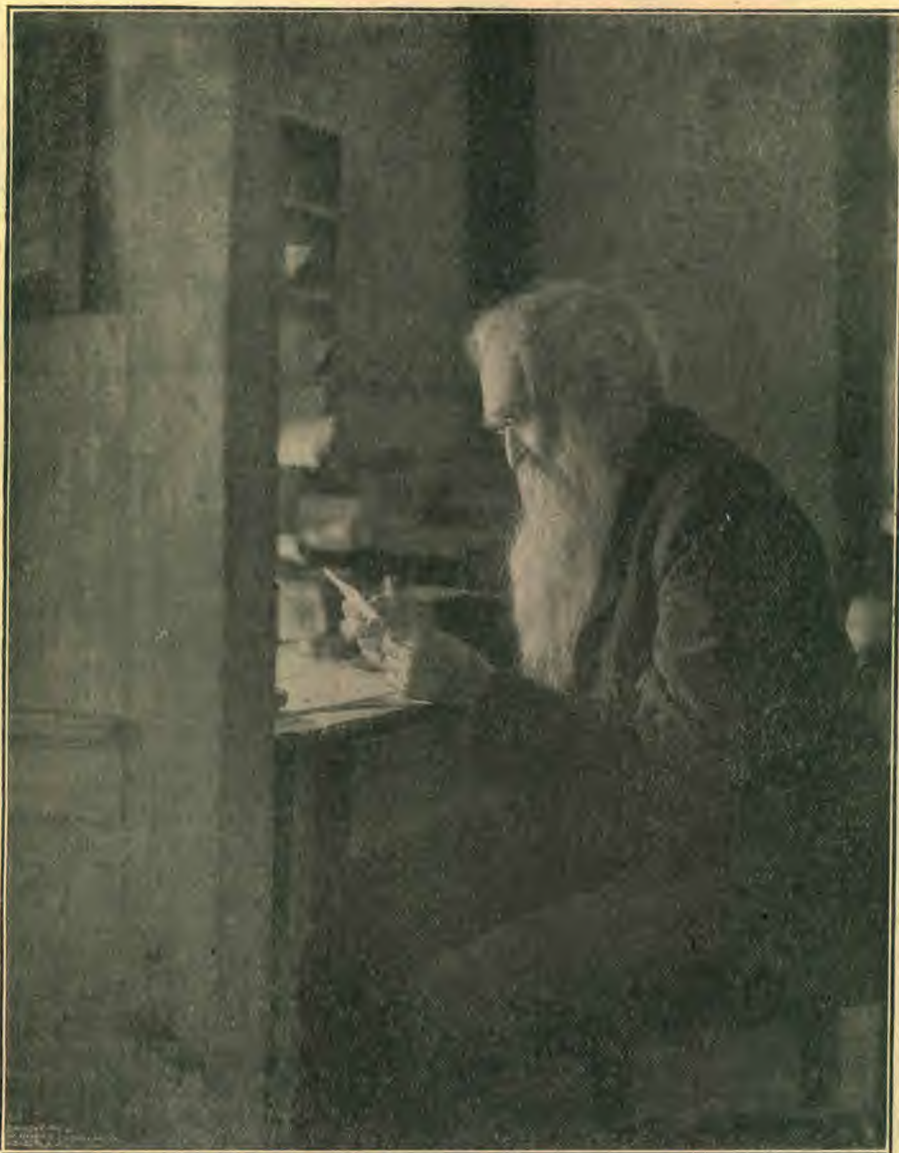


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE OLD POSTMASTER

STILL another State school has joined the increasing number of those offering credit study courses on the liquor problem. Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon, in response to the petition of the O. A. C. prohibition league, has offered a one-unit lecture course under the head of "National Vitality," in the department of practical sociology. The lectures will be given by specialists inside and outside the faculty. Those arranged up to date are: "The Physiological Effects of Alcohol," "The Progress of Sanitary Science," "The Chemical Effects of Alcohol Upon the Human System," "Political Aspects of the Liquor Problem," "The Economic Significance of the Liquor Problem," and "Alcohol and Disease."

THE Ohio colleges expressed themselves very strongly in the recent campaign for State-wide prohibition. Under the influence of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, hundreds volunteered for active service in spare time. Thus from Otterbein University twenty-five volunteered. At Wooster fifteen students aligned themselves under the city dry committee. From Ohio University six speakers and two quartets were out almost every night. Ohio Wesleyan University furnished several teams of field workers. Mount Union had twenty volunteers. Baldwin-Wallace supplied two or three quartets, and enough speakers to make a total of thirty-three holding evening meetings in schoolhouses and noonday meetings in local factories. At Muskingum four teams of speakers and two quartets sought to persuade New Concord and its neighborhood to vote dry. At Granville, Denison University sent out twenty students for meetings in schoolhouses, churches, and on the streets. Ohio State University had a voters' tag day, and the Oberlin Prohibition League made a directory of student voters for the dry committees of their home counties. Owing to a peculiarity of the Ohio election law, students are severely restricted from voting in the college towns.

A Memory of Bishop Hedding

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, for many years the distinguished pastor of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York City, in a sermon delivered at the Sea Cliff camp meeting Aug. 28, 1872, in a passage referring to Bishop Hedding, said:—

"The bishop was attending a conference at Schenectady, and was the guest of an old friend of mine who lived next door to the church where the conference met. On Sabbath evening he was too much exhausted to attend service in the extreme heat of the weather, and kept his room, from the window of which he could hear the sermon. After service Dr. Rawson, Brother Beckley, and myself went up to his room to see if we could render him any service before retiring. We found him sitting in the dark, his face buried in his hands, and sobbing as if his heart would break. With some alarm we asked him if he was sick or in trouble; his only reply was, 'No, no, my brethren; you can do nothing for me.'

"His tears fell fast, and his breast seemed to heave in its agitations more and more, until we became alarmed, and excitedly asked, 'What is amiss, bishop?'

"At last he said: 'Dear brethren, I have been sitting here listening to that brother while he was preaching. I could hear every word, and I have been examining my poor old heart to see whether it loved the Lord Jesus as much now as it did when I was your age, my boys.'

"As he spoke, his lips quivered and tears fell fast. I said, 'And what, bishop, is the result of the hour's investigation?'

"'O, my child, the result is written in the Word! I can say with Peter, 'Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.'"

"I would rather have such wealth as that than all the riches in the world."—*Selected.*

A Student's Sabbath Evening Meditation

'Tis Sabbath evening. The last faint rays of the day have faded into the somber shades of night. A hush falls over all nature as the day which God has blessed is silently ushered in. The breezes chant sweet evening hymns as mother nature rocks her children to sleep. Night's curtains are rolled back from the heavens, and the beautiful "forget-me-nots of the angels" now bedeck the sky, while tonight my soul is drawn to thee, thou Creator of the universe. Then as I realize that another week's toil and labor is done, it is sweet to think that thou dost know each trial and temptation which I have borne, and that thou dost care. But sadness sweeps over me when I remember that thy will has not been wrought in all my ways during the week which is now gone forever. Many times have I faltered and stumbled, but only when was forgotten thy divine life. Just now thy forgiveness I plead as in humble contrition I bow, and I know thou hearest my faintest plea.

But O, I am so weary tonight after the toil, discouragements, and disappointments of another six days, and I long to lay my tired head on thy kindly bosom and lie gently lulled to rest, in the embrace of thy powerful arms.

So as evening steals on and I must seek repose, grant that I may sweetly rest in thy great love and care; and when the first rays of another Sabbath morning dawn, may I awake to enjoy the blessings thou hast in store for me on this thy day.

HAZEL PEARL LYLE.

Extracting Oil, Gas, and Ammonia From Bricks

CLAY found in the neighborhood of Peterborough, England, contains so much bituminous matter that bricks made from this clay not only burn of themselves in the kiln, but are capable of yielding oil, gas, and ammonia when heated in a retort, and patents have recently been taken out for utilizing these products that have heretofore gone to waste. The plan is to place the green bricks in a retort and extract the oil, gas, and ammonia. The bricks will then be burned in the usual way by the use of fuel, and the waste heat from the kiln will be utilized in heating the retort for extracting the by-products from the next batch of bricks.—*Popular Mechanics.*

IF we knew the inner life of many of the people we meet, we should be very gentle with them, and should excuse the things in them that seem strange or eccentric to us.—"Making the Most of Life."

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The Youth's Instructor

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National Geographic Magazine

A SMALL FARMER'S TEAM IN RUSSIA. THE WHOLE FAMILY AT WORK

A Trip to Finland and Russia

N. Z. TOWN

THE first stage of our journey to Finland and Russia just before the war was to the Russian consulate in Stockholm, Sweden, to get the required Russian stamp on our passports. This done, our party took the boat in Stockholm harbor, and sailed out while listening to a good old Adventist hymn, sung by the choir of the Stockholm church, who had come down to the wharf to say good-by.

When we went down to our cabins, we were met by a young woman attendant, who greeted us with, "Your passports, please." These she took from us to get the police stamp which one must have on one's passport before entering Russian territory. As the sun did not set until nine o'clock, we had opportunity to enjoy the beautiful scenery as we sailed toward Finland through the Baltic Sea. The green foliage of the bahks of the mainland and of the many islands we passed, the white cottages with their red-tiled roofs, and the smooth sea, all made a very beautiful scene.

The next morning we landed in Abo, Finland. Before taking the train to Helsingfors, we visited a Finnish vegetarian restaurant for our breakfast. Here we had our first introduction to the Finnish method of serving meals. As we entered the dining room, we found a long table in the center, set with the plates,

knives, forks, and the food, from which we were to help ourselves. There was no one in attendance. We found a general supply of oatmeal, milk, butter, fruit, baked potatoes, buttermilk, and other things, to which we helped ourselves, then retired to a smaller table. We could go back and help ourselves from the large table as many times as we desired. When we had finished, we paid the young lady at the entrance. The price was one Finnish mark, or a little less than twenty cents.

From Abo we traveled by train to Helsingfors, where the Finnish annual conference was held. About two hundred and twenty-five of our people were gathered at this conference. More than fifty young people were present to take instruction in the colporteur work. We had an enthusiastic class, but had to conduct the meetings with two interpreters. The picture on the next page represents a group who took a very enjoyable trip out to the summer home of Professor Suchsdorf. Professor and Mrs. Suchsdorf are very earnest workers in the Helsingfors church. He is one of the head physicians of the municipality.

At the close of the Finnish meeting I accompanied Elder J. T. Boettcher and his daughter on a trip to St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, by train. As we left Helsingfors in the evening, Elder Boettcher se-

cured for us a Russian "Pullman." We were traveling third-class, so it was of course a third-class Pullman. As the price was only fifty cents, we were curious to see what such a Pullman is like. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. Like most of the trains of Europe,



THE GUESTS OF MR. AND MRS. SUCHSDORF, OF HELSINGFORS, FINLAND

At the right in front is J. T. Boettcher, president of the West Russian Union.

this train had compartments with seats facing each other, each compartment seating ordinarily eight persons. But these Pullmans admitted twice that number, as there were upper and lower berths. The seats were of solid boards. On one side there was a hinged board which was doubled back onto the seat in the daytime, but at night this was turned over to fill the space between the seats and make the berth. At one end there were wooden pillows to lie on. After the train started, a woman attendant came through and furnished each of us with a gray blanket. But, as to the hungry man every bitter thing is sweet, so to the tired man even a board to stretch on is welcome. Contrary to what might be expected, we enjoyed a good night's rest.

The following morning, as we neared the Russian border, we were notified to prepare our luggage for examination. First two officials came through to give us warning, then the conductor followed to emphasize what they had said. Later two other officers came to examine the luggage, and lastly an officer to search out suspicious characters and demand passports. Evidently Elder Boettcher and I appeared rather suspicious, as we were the only ones in the car whose passports were asked for. However, they had the necessary stamps, so were returned to us at once.

After visiting the clean, well-kept cities of Norway, Sweden, and Germany, Petrograd strikes one as being a dirty, ill-kept place. The Neva-strasse in the center is a very beautiful street and well paved, but out a

little from the center the pavements are poor and ill-kept, and things look dirty generally. One of the finest business edifices in Petrograd is that of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Since the outbreak of the war the papers report that the large factories of the Singer Company in Russia have been taken over by the Russian government for the manufacture of arms.

The Russians are a pious people. One sees in the street cars and on the streets men and women continually crossing themselves as they come near a church or a shrine or any place where they feel that they should invoke the assistance of the saints.

To one visiting Russia for the first time, some of the native customs seem very strange. One wonders what advantage it is to have those great wooden bows over the horses' necks. Another thing which looks peculiar is the padded cab driver. These men wear peculiar-shaped stiff hats, and pad themselves under their outer garments, until some of them are several feet broad; and the more one is padded the more aristocratic he is supposed to be.

In this country our young men think that to be well dressed they must have a good suit well pressed, and a neat collar and tie, but the Russian young men evidently have other ideas. If they can wear a bright yellow, red, or blue shirt all of one color, and let it hang outside their trousers, with perhaps a fancy belt around the waist, then they are prepared to promenade the streets with a sort of look-at-me air.

Over the spot where Alexander II was killed by an anarchist's bomb the Russians have erected a beautiful church called the Church of the Resurrection. The portion of the street and sidewalk where the emperor was killed can be seen in the church just as it was at the time of the tragedy. The whole church is made of small mosaics. The beautiful figures of the apostles and saints on the inside of the church are also of mosaic work. It is a wonderful edifice, and the attendants take great pride in showing it to visitors. Our attendant gave me a handful of the different colored small mosaics of which the building is made.

For some time our Russian publishing center and tract society at Riga operated freely, but the authorities finally ordered the place to be closed. The society was then organized under a private name, but this also was closed. Then Elder Boettcher made efforts to get



O. E. REINKE, PRESIDENT OF THE EAST RUSSIAN UNION, WITH FAMILY

permission to open a tract society in Petrograd. In this he succeeded. He also succeeded in getting permission to locate in another part of Riga from where they were at first; so at the present time, instead of having one center from

which to send out literature, they have two. One of the police officers told Elder Boettcher that he could not understand why nothing seemed to be able to shut off Adventists; when their work was closed up in one place, they got permission to open in another.

When I was ready to leave Russia, my passport had to be taken again to the police authorities to get their stamp on it before I could leave. I traveled alone by train back through Finland to Abo, and when



National Geographic Magazine

A RUSSIAN SCENE — CAMERA-SHY BUT NOT ALTOGETHER UNWILLING

I went aboard the boat, to my surprise my passport was again demanded for another police stamp.

But notwithstanding this lack of liberty in Russia, the last warning message is making progress. No restrictions which the Russians can impose are able to stop it.

A War Incident

THE war had called for a mobilization of all classes, from the 1914 men in actual training, back to those under forty-eight years of age. This put Mr. Thomas, the unconverted husband of one of our sisters, at once into the active army. Thus the breadwinner was removed, and a wife and four children left without support. A food ticket was promised, that is, a dole in cash of thirty-five cents per diem per head of family; but the crowds that swarmed at the city hall to beg for relief prevented ticket holders from presenting their claims for several days.

Once after a day of waiting, as Mrs. Thomas and her children were returning in a market cart belonging to their grandfather, the mule met two vehicles just at a point he usually passed before turning into the side road leading to the little cottage. Seeing he could not pass, the animal tried to swing into the track anyhow, and of course very suddenly, as mules do; the consequence was that the cart was upset, and all were pitched down the embankment a few feet, mother and children all in a jumble. The cart hung over them, balancing on the hub of the hind wheel, but the angel of the Lord held the mule. It is a young and active animal, and had it moved only slightly the cart must have crashed down on the mother and children, for the hub rested on a loose jutting rock. Her brother, who had come over to see the grandfather, was working in a field just below, and he rushed to the help of, as he supposed, his mutilated sister. When he saw what God had done, he could but say,

though not a believer, "This is the work of your God." All the family have been greatly moved at God's protection of Mrs. Thomas. It was the grandfather of this family for whom God sent rain during drought last year when he decided to keep the Sabbath of the Lord.

And now I must tell you of the way the Lord is showing his love for this sister with regard to her husband. They are now in receipt of the government support, and her husband is on local duty instead of at the front, and is able almost daily to sleep at his home.

This is how he told me it came about. Mustered on the wharf with the rest of his regiment, who were being shipped across to France, the sergeant of his section said to Mr. Thomas, "Are you not Thomas? You have a bunch of kids, haven't you?" "Yes," said Mr. Thomas; "but my country calls, and I am glad to obey." "But," said the sergeant, "should you not rather serve at home?" "Of course I should," answered Mr. Thomas. "Well," wait till your name is called; and if you do not hear it, wait till all are aboard and the anchor up, then go and ask at the dispatching officer's office why your name was omitted, and you debarred from shipping with your company."

His name was not called. He therefore did as counseled. "Can you cycle?" asked the officer, when informed of his omission. "Indeed I can," replied Mr. Thomas. "Well, then, go and commandeer at any cycle depot or store the machine you fancy, give your number and report to the cycle corps commander."

On four subsequent occasions men were mustered for shipment to replace fallen comrades. Each time Mr. Thomas was ordered to answer the call, and stood with the others ready for shipment, yet God always protected him.

The first was a general muster at the barracks. Three other men bore the same name as he. He stood in the very center, several ranks deep. He was therefore neither in the front nor rear nor at the wings, yet an unknown officer called him out and sent him off on special duty as dispatch bearer. By the time he returned all were gone, and he was left with three other cyclists. The second occasion these same four were ordered to join their company, and were at the wharf in the act of leaving, when Thomas was again called. An officer came up and said, "Are these cyclists? Give me one immediately for important dispatch." Mr. Thomas was just talking with his officer, at the moment, so he said, "Well, Thomas, I think you would better go, for the other men have gone forward. Sorry to have to leave you, however; better luck next time."

On another occasion, each time under new officers, and in company of other units, he was retained while the rest left for France. Thomas was beginning to fear men would look at him as a shirker who did not want to go to the front, and was troubled about his honor in the eyes of the rest, when a new general muster was made at morning parade, and a call was given for a volunteer to go to the front immediately as dispatch cyclist. Only one called for, to leave at once, and no time to say good-by.

Not an answer, not a hand up. When Thomas saw that, he said to himself, "I have four children and a wife, and these have certainly no more than I, but I am ashamed to see none volunteer." So he called out from the back, "I'm game, my captain." "Very good, stand forward," came the answer, and he obeyed. "What is your name?"—"Thomas." "Very well, Thomas, you are the oldest man here. These fellows should every man of them have volunteered. Stand here, Thomas; I'll show these fellows how to serve when called." He called out a fine-looking man, and said, "I only wanted to test you men. We need men like Thomas here to stiffen you fellows. I shall have to retain him. You," speaking to the man, "will leave immediately. Report to headquarters at once."

Mr. Thomas has now been given charge of the military distribution of meals to unsupported families of soldiers, and is doing his duty faithfully and tactfully. He is also officers' mess room man and general attendant. He is very heavily worked, but so far has been able to bring his soldier's pay home regularly to his family. His wife gave him a pocket Testament, which he considers his "charm." He understands God is doing all this, and not man. Thus, instead of making trouble for his Adventist wife, he now looks to her God for protection. Is not this a wonderful proof of God's individual aid and answer to prayer?

R. T. E. COLTHURST.

The Morning Watch

At a New York banquet, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, for a long time the head of the Society of the King's Daughters, sat beside a German professor of science. In the course of the conversation Mrs. Bottome said, quite naturally for her, "The Bible says so and so."

"The Bible!" remarked the professor. "You don't believe the Bible!"

"Yes, indeed, I believe it," replied Mrs. Bottome.

"Why, I didn't suppose that any intelligent person today believed the Bible!"

"O, yes," was the answer. "I believe it all. *I know the Author.*"

A personal acquaintanceship with the author of a book gives us either a favorable or an unfavorable impression of a book. If he is a strong, beautiful character, we have confidence in his production; if he has a weak character, we are doubtful about the character of his book. A personal acquaintanceship with the great Master Penman of the Scriptures will give us confidence in the Bible. He caused it to be written for our special benefit. It contains words of truth and life. Personal acquaintanceship with God and confidence in the Word go hand in hand; both may be secured in the morning watch. Shall we not become stronger, nobler, better Christians during the coming year by a faithful observation of the morning watch?

R. F. FARLEY.

New Year

I AM singing of days and of years to be,
In songs of victory;
I am tuning my voice and my heart to sing
Thanksgivings unto my King;
For the wildwood will echo the feathered throng
And the crystal airs will bear the song
That all the fields shall sing.

I am dreaming a dream of the months far away
That follow New Year's Day,
For I cannot beyond the present see,
But dream what they have for me;
And over the brooks with the pebbles green,
Where the fence-nook wild roses and yarrow are seen,
Is summer's jubilee.

And I look o'er the future, decked with flowers,
And I think what a hope is ours;
For beyond the vistas of New Year's Days
Are the fields of immortal praise;
And after years old and new are gone,
Will break an endless New Year's dawn
Where life is glad always.

B. F. M. SOURS.

How the Work Is to Be Done

WHEN I was a boy, I was afraid of lightning,— I can feel now the shivers I used to have,— and I was just as afraid of one kind as another; all lightning was lightning to me. When I saw the sheet lightning, I was as frightened as when the thunderbolts were popping around my head; and I used to go to bed. I had been taught that a feather bed would keep off the lightning, and as the result I stayed in bed a good deal of the time, especially in the summer, when in the evening the sheet lightning is a common thing. As soon as I saw it, I would crawl into bed and lie there and tremble with fright. As I grew older, however, I became wiser. I saw that there was a difference in lightning; that the sheet lightning had no hurtful purpose; that it was God's great laboratory for the burning up of poisonous miasmas, of germs that float in the air. But there is another form of lightning that we can well afford to hide from—the thunderbolt that comes shooting, popping, snapping, hitting all around us. That thunderbolt you may look out for.

Now, all this is for the purpose of saying just this: Christian work is divided into two kinds, general and personal. The work of the sheet lightning character is the work that the preacher does, the work that the teacher does; it is that general work of permeating the atmosphere, of creating sentiment, of building up sentiment for higher and better things. That is the sheet lightning work. The work of the thunderbolt character is that done by the individual, and it is this that makes the other work count. The general worker will never move this world. The work of the individual is the work the church has got to come to, or else it

is some day going out of business. We have relied too much on the preacher. God never intended him to do it all. It was God's method to hunt the individual; and Jesus Christ preached the greatest sermons to individuals. The early disciples did their work with the individual. Andrew found the Messiah, and told his brother about him. For centuries the world had been groping in semidarkness, looking up for the appearing of the morning star. Prophets had prophesied and poets had sung concerning the Christ. One day Andrew found him, and went for his brother and said, "We have found the Messiah. . . . And he brought him to Jesus." That is your work and mine.—*Dr. Len G. Broughton, in Golden Age.*

A Temperance Letter

FOR some time past I have been receiving occasional copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, apparently sent to me by some friend who seems to be greatly interested in this particular line of work; and I wish to say that I am not only pleased and grateful to get these papers, but I am interested, yes, most soulfully interested, in the work of the INSTRUCTOR, and most especially the Temperance number, a copy of which I have just received.

There is no man or woman on this wide earth who is more deeply interested in the suppression, yes, the total extermination, of the hellish traffic in alcoholic liquors than I am; and when I say that I know something about this awful traffic, I mean that I *know*; I do not mean that I have read or heard something that somebody has *said*, but I positively know by actual experience, and I would to God that I could show every young man and young woman in this broad land of ours the awful results of the liquor traffic. I wish that they could see it as I have seen it; not, however, by actual experience, for may God have mercy on the man or woman who has gone through what I have, all on account of the accursed drink.

There is one thing that I should like for every man who is a voter in this great country of ours to do,—of course the saloon keeper will not do this, but you voters and you dear mothers can and should do it,—and that thing is to sit calmly down and write a personal letter to the Congressman from your district, make a personal appeal to him, show him that you are interested in the stamping out of the cursed liquor traffic in this country, urge him to make this fair land of ours free from the darkest stain and the most dreadful curse that has ever marred the beauty of our country. Now do not get the idea that he will not pay any attention to your appeal, for he will; that is what he is there for, to do his people's will. This effort will cost you only a two-cent stamp and just a few moments of time; so why not start to drive home just one entering wedge that will eventually drive the demon alcohol from our dear country?

My only hope and ambition in life is to see the curse of rum driven from our country, and there is nothing I can do in this great fight that I am not willing and ready to do. I am also greatly interested in keeping our boys and girls on the farm, out of the cities with their attendant temptations; for I know only too well that a large percentage of the country boys and girls who go to the city, go down to utter ruin and degradation. I know the road that they travel; having traveled it myself, I know every crook and turn in that road.

This is one of the vital questions of the day with us as a nation. If one will only read the history of the most powerful ancient nations, one will readily see that we as a nation are repeating history. And where are these nations today? What happened to ancient Rome? What happened to ancient Greece? Where are their power and glory? And can you tell me why?

Endless volumes could be written on this inexhaustible subject. Let fathers and mothers of this great nation get busy saving our boys and girls; they are the hope of our country, the hope of our homes. For the love of Heaven, do not allow yourselves to sit calmly aside and say, "O, my boy [or my girl] is all right, and I do not care further than that!" How do you know that your child is all right?

Boys and girls are being caught in the devil's snare every day and night. What assurance have you that your boy or girl will not be the next to go down? It is time to wake up. We have been asleep too long already; we have allowed ourselves to become too deeply engrossed in the art of making money, and we have lost sight of the fearful dangers with which we are surrounded.

—GEO. M. ROBISON.

A Prince Who Took the Upper Berth

AN American traveler, who tells the story in a letter, was traveling in Norway. He bought a ticket for Trondhjem, and engaged and paid for what the company called a first-class berth. But when he came to take the train, he found himself put into a second-class compartment, with three other men, one of them a consumptive. The berth assigned to him was an upper one; and altogether he felt injured and angry. Losing his temper, he began to complain loudly.

The conductor, a big Swede, listened patiently, but said he could do nothing. The American became more and more angry. One of the other three men, who had listened without saying a word, now came forward. He had a lower berth he said, but he was quite willing to exchange. Would the gentleman take his berth and give him the upper berth? The American jumped at the chance. The obliging passenger was a quiet, pleasant fellow, and they fell into conversation.

Next morning, the obliging passenger left the train at a way station. He held out his hand as he said good-by to the American. "I hope," he said, "that sometime you will think of Prince Bernadotte." Then came the American's turn to feel chagrined, when the other passengers told him, as the train went on, that it was indeed the second son of the king of Sweden who had changed places with him. Prince Bernadotte they told him, further, had renounced the succession in order to marry the woman of his choice, and had taken up missionary work. He was on his way, at this time, to preach among the Laplanders.

This incident can only suggest the humbleness of God's Son, who, when he came into the world, gave up the throne in glory and took the lowly place of a carpenter's son that he might become the world's Saviour. He was not recognized as the Prince of Glory. So the best that the world offered him was a birthplace among the cattle and a cradle in a manger. He was not received with honor by the Jewish king, for Herod sought to kill him. Humble shepherds were the first to visit him. But so great a person was he that angels from glory announced his birth to the world. The world would have been amazed had it realized that the Prince of Glory had taken this humble place in its midst.—*The Expositor.*

To Be Honored

CHARLES MICHEL DE L'EPÉE, the universal benefactor of the deaf, was born in Paris, France, in 1712, and died in 1789. It was he who invented the manual, or hand, alphabet, and gave to the deaf their first means of communicating with mankind.

Before the day of De L'Epee the deaf were the outcast of society, condemned to the lowest station in life. They were ordinarily treated with extreme cruelty. Through this man they were led into mental and spiritual light, and he awakened an interest in them that no other person had succeeded in doing.

To commemorate the devoted, unselfish, and self-sacrificing labors of De L'Epee, the National Association of the Deaf recently appointed a committee to raise funds for the erection in America of a statue of their benefactor.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club

WITH farm help so hard to get and the fast-growing weeds such prolific producers, the Liberty Bell Bird Club of the *Farm Journal* (Philadelphia) calls the attention of the farmer to the wage earners on his place that he usually regards as pillagers and thieves. It has the government report for its statement that the American sparrow family saved the sum of \$89,260,000 to the farmers in 1910 by consuming weed seeds.

The song sparrow's diet consists of three fourths weed seeds, while the tree sparrow consumes one fourth of an ounce of noxious weed seeds a day. Half the food of the quail is undesirable weed seeds. Several thousand pigweed seeds have been found in the stomach of a single quail. The crop of a ring-necked pheasant from Washington contained 8,000 chickweed seeds and a dandelion head. More than 72,000 weed seeds have been found in the stomach of a wild duck taken in Louisiana in February, which shows that this bird is more valuable to the farmer alive than trussed on somebody's table. Weed seeds form the largest single element of food of the horned lark, and are also a large part of the daily diet of the meadow lark, bobolink, blackbird, chipping sparrow, and chickadee. The mourning dove is a strict vegetarian with a never-flagging appetite for weed seeds.

When a single plant of purslane is said to produce 250,000 seeds, black mustard from 10,000 to 15,000, and other field pests are as productive, the farmer should realize how important it is to protect his swift helpers who earn their own board, seek their own shelter, and if they could speak for themselves, would ask only that they should not be destroyed while they are cheerfully working in the farmer's fields and orchards.

While it is hard for one farmer to keep thoughtless hunters and other bird enemies from killing or driving away the little field helpers, united, the farmer folk can save many a feathered "field hand," which, in grati-

tude for protection, will pour out glad songs and give useful service.

The farmers in Warrick, Vanderburg, and Gibson Counties, Indiana, have organized themselves into a farmers' tricounty union to protect the birds. Farmers in different parts of the country, with their boys, are joining the Liberty Bell Bird Club of the *Farm Journal*, by signing and sending in the following 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."

The club badge button is sent free to each person who signs this pledge. There is no cost of any kind in joining this club.

The Drink Question

GOVERNMENT in the Canal Zone is somewhat autocratic in character. There are no referendums or initiatives possible there. The governor issues an order, and, presto! there is a law thenceforth to be obeyed. This method of legislation has its compensations, however unsuited it might be to the needs of the republic that owns the canal.

Lately it occurred to Governor Goethals as desirable that the canal should become dry. Accordingly, he issued an order that makes it a total abstinence waterway. Listen: "Pilots checking ships through the canal, and all masters of tugs, mates, and others employed in the navigation of the waterway, are forbidden to take even one drink." Not one!

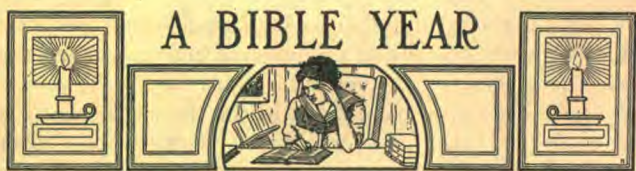
Doubtless the theory upon which this order was promulgated was identical with that governing the action of the managers of many of our great railway systems, who direct the discharge of employees found taking a drink of intoxicating liquors. The navigation of the canal, like the operation of a railroad, calls for clear brains, undimmed eyes, and steady hands. There is too much constantly at stake to hazard loss or disaster upon the nerves of a drinking man.

There has been a radical change during the last generation of the public viewpoint with relation to the drinking habit. Men who drink are found not so efficient as men who abstain from drink. Even the man who only takes a drink occasionally is not habitually as dependable as the man who never drinks. The remorseless intensity of competition, the increasing severity of the demands the business of life lays upon the individual, are forces working constantly for total abstinence.—*Los Angeles Express*.



THE HAND ALPHABET FOR THE DEAF

In all modern times there have been artists who, through the avenues of the good, the beautiful, and the true, have wrought a way into the hearts of the people. It is this power to feel with humanity as soul to soul that endears any artist to the masses.—*Caroline Williams LeFavre*.



A BIBLE YEAR

Read the Bible Through in 1915



IN an almshouse in southern Pennsylvania a blind man sought refuge when seventy years old. He had lived a wicked life. Some ladies came there to visit and read the Bible. He remembered the promise he had made to his good wife at her deathbed. He opened his heart to the gospel and was converted. The Bible was all new to him; and as they read to him on their visits, he drank it in as a thirsty man quaffs water. When the supper bell rang, he begged them to go on: 'I would rather have you read than go to supper.' Even when he had his sight, his education had never gone further than to know his letters. But now, this old blind Christian hungered to learn to read that he might be able to read God's Word for himself.

Instruction books for the blind were obtained, and he toiled patiently over them day after day with his fingers roughened by years of labor, until he could read the Bible for the blind. He committed and recited perfectly the fifteenth chapter of John. Soon he said to the ladies, 'The reading is now nothing to the thinking of it out.' Surely the almshouse had become a sanctuary."

I was deeply impressed when a boy by the picture in "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," called "The Forbidden Book,"

and the quotation, "God's Holy Word was prized when 'twas unsafe to read it." I still ask myself, Do I prize this Holy Book, which is now so easily obtained, as they did in the days when copies were scarce, expensive, and even forbidden? And I wonder if our young people prize the Word of God as they should!

When I first learned of Seventh-day Adventists, they were known as a people who carried their Bibles with them, and were Bible students. In those days I heard of a remark made by a prominent opponent of our work, to the effect that there were only thirty thousand Seventh-day Adventists, but every man, woman, and child was a preacher. There are now, I presume, thirty thousand Seventh-day Adventist young people. Would that these words were true of them! But that cannot be unless we are Bible students. We cannot consistently expect God to speak *through* us until we allow him to speak *to* us. And let us never forget that God speaks to men through his Word.

When the temple of Solomon was built, its innermost sanctuary was called "the oracle." See 1 Kings 8:6. There God made his will for the people known to his servants. Now the veil of the temple has been rent, as it were, and we have free access to the living oracles of God. And if we reverently listen to God's voice in his Word, we shall be ready, like Moses, to

go out to the people with faces all aglow with the brightness of his righteousness and love.

The North American Division and General Conference Committees in their recent session, in considering the needs of our young people, voted that we encourage all our youth to read the Bible through during the year 1915. And we shall be glad to have all the older members who can do so also join the circle.

To encourage systematic and continuous reading we plan to make an assignment each week in the INSTRUCTOR. We shall also give short introductions to the books of the Bible, and a few helpful notes and suggestions.

There are young people who say they cannot get interested in the Bible. In many cases they do not know how the Bible tastes, because they have taken such little bits. We do not read other books that way; why the Bible? Let such enter upon this course, and follow it faithfully. Let them sit down and, in some cases, read a whole book through, and thus get a general view of the purpose and contents of the books.

There is a feast of good things awaiting those who will enter upon and persevere in this course of reading.

If Andrew Carnegie, who has given so much money to build libraries, should deposit a large sum of money with the General Conference treasurer, and authorize him to give a thousand dollars to every young person who reads the Bible through during 1915, I wonder if more would read it than will without such an offer. Can it be that we would do for money what we will not do for the spiritual treasures which a careful reading of the

A Bible Year

Please enroll my name as a member of the Bible Year Course. I will make an earnest endeavor to systematically read the Bible through during 1915.

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

(Fill out this blank and send to your Missionary Volunteer Society.)

Bible will bring to us? The Bible student has been admonished to "sink the shaft deep into the mine of truth that he may obtain celestial gold — that wisdom which will make him wise unto salvation."

Some years ago a plan similar to this was adopted by the United Societies of Christian Endeavor. Mr. Amos R. Wells, the editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*, said in regard to it: "A call was made for the names of all that would undertake to read the Bible through in accordance with this plan during the year; and without advertisement or urging, more than nine thousand sent in their names. Hundreds, and even thousands, of these expressed themselves as thankful for the plan, and said that though they had often proposed reading the Bible through and had frequently set out upon the task, this plan had furnished just the stimulus and aid needed to spur them to its completion."

If the people of the popular churches responded like that, what ought Seventh-day Adventists to do? With the things we have long looked for fulfilling about us so fast that we can hardly realize what is happening, with the coming of the day of God hastening on, how earnestly should we read and study our Bibles!

We can read the Bible through in a year by reading twenty-three chapters a week, three on each com-

mon day and five on Sabbaths. Let all who propose to take up this course of reading fill out the accompanying enrollment blank, and send it at once to their conference Missionary Volunteer Society. (A list of the North American Division Missionary Volunteer Societies, with their addresses, is given on page fourteen in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR.) *Do it now.* Begin your reading New Year's Day. M. E. KERN.



Burning Coal Beds

(Continued)



WE have seen how coal mines frequently get on fire and burn for many years. We have now to consider some examples of coal beds burning naturally; that is, beds that have taken fire and burned for long periods of time without ever having been interfered with by man.

Thus when Sir Alexander Mackenzie discovered the river that has since borne his name, and explored it in 1789, he found many examples of the coal beds along the banks having been burned out in prehistoric times, while in about 65° north latitude, or just within the arctic circle, the fires were still burning. And when some members of the Canadian Geological Survey again explored this same region almost a hundred years later, or in 1886, they found the coal beds still burning for five or six miles along the banks near the junction of the Great Bear Lake River and the Mackenzie River, while "redeemed shales, baked by former fires, were noticed for a much greater distance."

These fires are probably still burning; but the coal seams are quite thin, and are situated so near the surface of the ground that most of the heat generated probably passes off into the air, resulting in few effects like those produced elsewhere.

In a letter to the writer, Dr. Robert Bell, then director of the Canadian Geological Survey, mentions several cases of burned-out coal beds near the Saskatchewan River in Alberta, one example being on the North Branch about sixty miles above Edmonton, "where a thick seam of lignite was burned for a short distance underground to a breadth of a quarter of a mile back from the river, in prehistoric times, and the rock which was in immediate contact with the coal has become more or less fused, and is said to resemble somewhat certain volcanic products."

Not very many persons seem to be aware of the enormous areas in North Dakota and Montana where the lignites, or brown coals, have been burned out, producing striking results on a large scale. Of these Dana has the following to say:—

"One of the regions thus burned over, on the Little Missouri, is twenty to thirty miles broad by two hundred miles in length. . . . Fragments of pumice have been found on the Missouri as far south as Pierre, and the early explorers supposed them to be the products of unknown volcanoes high up in the mountains." — *Manual of Geology*, pages 266, 267.

In describing the effects produced in this region, this author says that the heat "has changed clays to hard and sometimes to porcelain-like rocks, usually

reddening them, and also to beds of a half-fused cellular or scoriaceous and pumice-like character, looking like the products of a volcano."

These beds also are not far below the surface of the ground, and are not very thick. But suppose that some of the vast areas here mentioned had been deeply buried, so as to store up the heat in the rocks. And suppose that the coal beds themselves had been as thick and as numerous one above another as in Pennsylvania, Vancouver Island, England, or the Latrobe Valley in Australia, where a single bed of the brown coal is 260 feet thick, and the total of the various beds one above the other is the enormous amount of 780 feet of coal. The thick beds of limestone, which often underlie the coal or are interbedded with it, would be burned to quicklime, and perhaps even miles of other rocks melted with the intense heat. For it is only by such deeply buried deposits that we can have the proper conditions ready for the inflow of a large quantity of water, without which we can never have a true volcano. A flood of water breaking in upon this fiery mass of lime and melted ore would act like a heavy blow upon nitroglycerin. To say nothing of the heat, which would if possible be increased in fury, the resulting explosions would shake the whole country to its foundations. The confined steam and other gases would struggle for an outlet, and having found or made one, vast fountains of vapor, ashes, and melted rock would be vomited forth upon the trembling earth, spreading destruction for miles around.

It is a well-known fact that volcanic eruptions are always preceded by the disappearance of the water in the wells and springs for miles around. When the people living near Vesuvius or Etna notice that the water has gone dry in their wells or springs, they know that there is going to be an eruption of the neighboring volcano. And during some eruptions there and in the Hawaiian Islands the sea water has been observed pouring down in torrents into fissures to the depths below. Water from some source, either sea water, surface water, or water from some underground reservoirs, is as absolutely essential to a volcanic eruption as is heat itself; for steam is one of the chief substances ejected during an eruption. Indeed, what is usually called the "smoke" from the crater is in reality mostly steam and clouds of fine cinders, like the clinkers from a boiler all powdered up. If a quart or two of water is thrown on a hot coal fire, a very similar result is seen on a very small scale; however, I do not wish to advise any of my readers to try this experiment.

Steam has enormous powers of expansion. When water is changed into steam, it tends to occupy 1,700 times its original volume, which is over five times the expansive force of gunpowder, and nearly twice that of guncotton; but even this tremendous expansive force increases with superheating, or with a further increase of temperature above the boiling point; so that at 962° F., or about half the heat required to produce red-hot iron, the pressure of the steam is about 1,000 atmospheres, or about 1,000 times 14.7 pounds' pressure to the square inch, which it has been calculated would be sufficient to lift the weight of nearly *eleven miles* of overlying rock. Surely a few hundred tons of water thus exploding down in the depths of the earth would be sufficient to blow out almost any quantity of rock or melted ore from the chimney of this underground furnace.

GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE.

Lodi Academy, Lodi, California.



A Little Scrub



THE queer feeling persisted, though Joseph had never in his life been so happy before. That was why the queer feeling surprised and bothered him. He could not give it a name. "Tisn't *scaredness*," he ruminated in his little grown-up way, "but it's some relation, I guess. Right when I feel like jumping up 'n' down I'm so happy to this house, it comes back inside o' me. I don't know," his little thoughts added soberly, "whether it's in my soul or my stomach."

Joseph was sitting beside the Angel Cat and her babies, waving a great fan back and forth above them. The Lady had said, "Take care of them for me," and fanning was taking care. Joseph's thin little arm ached with the steady swing-swing, but it kept on. "For me," had not the Lady said? Well, what was *aching* for her!

There were four silver babies in the great, soft-lined basket, and the Angel Cat licked them industriously. She was herself very beautiful, indeed, with her silken silver hair sweeping about her and almost hiding the funny babies. But, privately, Joseph did not admire the funny babies, though even in his short stay he had become aware that they were in some way very remarkable. He knew that the Lady admired them greatly—and, of course, the Angel Cat. They had come the night *he* came; that he knew, too. It was perhaps as well that he had not yet found out that of the two comings, the little blind cats' had been much the more important.

Things had happened fast to Joseph. He was a little dizzy—in his stomach or his soul—when he remembered the last three days. Sometimes he wondered that he had not cried at all.

"Prob'ly a girl Joseph would 've," he commented to himself, "when so *much* happened—dyin's an' buryin's an' comin' here. Maybe"—his thoughts halted a breath in sudden confusion—"maybe I *ought* to 've cried!" The quiet pride he had up to this moment felt in the importance of the dyin's and buryin's was crushed by this new sense of chagrin that maybe he had not done his part. He was suddenly ashamed that he had not cried.

"I could 've, I know I could 've," he sighed futilely. When the minister "blessed" him and called him a "child of sorrow"—he could 've then, or when they took him in to look at old Mary in her unaccustomed splendor of shroud and wreath—*then*. But now he reflected with shame that he had but gazed in dry-eyed awe.

There had been two dyings—old Mary first, and in strange and swift succession the dying of old Pete. Both old people had, in the sense of giving shelter and a measure of food and chastisement without

stint, "belonged" to Joseph. He had been "willed" to them in some peculiar manner by his young parents, long since dead. That the legacy had not been a welcome one had never been a matter of concealment from Joseph.

Voices were in Joseph's ear. He recognized the clear, sweet one that was the Lady's. It was so different from the voice of old Mary that one or the other, it seemed to him, could not be a voice at all. Perhaps the Lady's was a low song or a ringing bell.

"You must see my Angel Cat. She is so lovely! And, mind, you are not to laugh at her four little blind mice. They are sure to be as beautiful as their mother. Blue blood—the bluest kind of blue! I wouldn't take two hundred dollars for Angel."

It was the Lady and a calling friend. Joseph rested his tired arm and edged shyly away from the great basket. But the sweet bell rang on in his ear.

"The little fellow? O, I didn't tell you! Dr. Armstrong brought him over yesterday. He was living with that old couple that died so close together. The doctor is to look up a home for the child as soon as he can. I was perfectly willing to keep him a few days, of course— There, didn't I say she was an Angel! I'll enumerate her 'points;' she has all the good ones."

Joseph slipped away out to the great barn, his small brain full of fresh material for reflection. Some things seemed clearing up in the fogs of his mind. He had little incipient inklings, at least, of causes and effects. What most impressed him at this moment was the Angel Cat's superiority to himself. He faced it undauntedly—she had blue blood and was worth *more than two hundred dollars!* His blood when he cut himself was plain red (and for some reason red was inferior to blue), and he was worth—was worth—

Joseph sat down to ponder. He had never had occasion before to estimate his own money value; it offered difficulties to one to whom money of any value was an unknown quantity. He was conscious of his own limitations, yet on the other hand was not unduly humble; he wished merely to get at the truth of things.

"Of course I'm not near worth *that*," he concluded, judicially. "Prob'ly anybody'd take a hundred dollars for me quick enough. I guess that's puttin' me pretty high." Which conclusion had the effect naturally of considerably enhancing the value of the Angel Cat. Joseph, in spite of himself, felt envious.

In the soft hay near him a little sound attracted his attention; he followed it up to a hollowed nest wherein lay the barn cat with four little barn babies. Joseph could scarcely believe his eyes as he bent over

the nest in a flutter of excitement. Four babies, the same as the Angel Cat! How pleased the Lady would be to have four more!

The great eyes of the barn cat implored him for admiration. She purred in a loud, continuous stream; joy, anxiety, love seemed warring under her furry vest. To Joseph's admiring gaze the little blind creatures squirming about her appeared quite as beautiful as the four in the silk-padded basket. He gathered them up in his arms. He almost ran.

"Look! Here's some more!" he shrilled, piling them up in the Lady's lap. At his heels the barn cat, following in an agony of fear, said proud, maternal, imploring things.

"You'll have eight of 'em now. These were in the hay in a cunning little hole." But Joseph's and the barn cat's pride were short-lived.

"Take them away—take them right back!" the Lady said hurriedly. "The common little things! I shall tell Jacobs to dispose of them at once. *Joseph*, take them, quick!"

As he went he heard her talking on to the caller, who was still there. What he heard her say brought back the queer feeling—a wave of it from his crown to his little stubbed and shabby toes. He wanted to sit down a minute.

"If that wasn't just like a child!—but then, he's a common little thing himself. He can't be expected to distinguish between valuable cats and worthless ones."

"What will become of him, poor little thing?" the caller queried.

"O, Dr. Armstrong will have to dispose of him somehow! It ought not to be such hard work; Joseph is a nice little fellow."

The last sentence failed to enter Joseph's ear because of the jam of the other sentences there. One after another they had stopped in horror, unable to stir further. They were terrible sentences, full of some half-guessed, awful meaning. Joseph, staggering under the weight of them, his arms loaded with common barn cat babies, ran blindly into a big person in blue jeans. It was his chance, unexpectedly presented to him. Joseph began to speak in a breathless little rush of words.

"What's 'dispose of,' Mr. Jacobs? She said you'd do it to the kittens, an' Dr. Armstrong would do it to me. It's something they do to common little things; she said I was one, too. She said—O, what's 'dispose of,' *what's?*"

The man was investigating the squirming heap in the boy's arms. His rough face was whimsically kind. He had not taken in the soul appeal of the anxious human waif looking up into his face.

"See, lot of 'em, ain't there? Find 'em in the hay? I thought old Rat Catcher was up to something. Well, she'll have to set up nights to make the most of 'em; first *she* knows they won't be there!"

"What's 'dispose of'?" patiently persisted the boy. "She said you'd have to *dispose of* 'em."

The man laughed, still stroking kindly the blind morsels. "Sure, I'll have to dispose of 'em! Ain't worth their keep."

"*What's* 'dispose of'?" Wide-eyed, Joseph waited.

"Hey? O, why, drowndin'. That's the easiest way 't I ever tried. But I'll let old Rat Catcher have 'em a spell first."

"Drownd—" Joseph stared up with a ghastly little face. His short life had not been a beautiful life,

but there had never been real tragedy in it before. The dyin's and buryin's of old Mary and old Pete had appeared, in a way, mere happenings. But drowndin's—Joseph stiffened on his legs and sent his voice out sharply: "Shall you—You goin' to dispose of the Angel Cat's, too—what?" His fingers clutched at the warm heap of babies in a spasm of protection. They should have an equal chance with the Angel Cat's children.

The hired man laughed loudly. "Go 'way! Better take them little scrubs along with you, to save me the trouble of drowndin' 'em; you'd ought to know how it feels to be a scrub! Wanted to know if I cal'lated to dispose o' them little 'ristocrats up to the house! Go 'way, go 'way!" But it was the hired man who went away. His big laugh trailed behind him, a wake of scorn.

"I—see," Joseph ejaculated slowly. Enlightenment seemed opening before him in a wide chasm—he and the other little "scrubs" on the one side, the Lady and the "'ristocrats" on the other. He seemed to look a long, long way across. So, slowly, he went back to the nest in the hay and dropped with gentle little hands the barn babies into it. The barn cat raised her voice in fervent thankfulness.

Joseph was not afraid of "drowndin'" for himself; he was too wise for that. But, to his wakened and startled mind, being "disposed of" was a species of being drowned. Its very vagueness but added to its horror. He had awakened suddenly to kinship with the little blind barn babies.

"I am a barn baby," he said, with sad deliberation. "Only," he added, gazing down into the little nest, "only there isn't any barn cat to me."

He made his plans carefully. He had resolved upon saving his new kin and himself. It must be done, he felt, with promptness—tomorrow. The barn cat, which, for many reasons, could not be included in the plan of salvation, must shift for herself. She could find another nest and other children. Joseph reflected sadly that his rescue powers were limited; future generations of barn babies were beyond the reach of his saving.

The Lady, that same evening, having seen her beautiful pets safe in the silken basket for the night, remembered the little waif under her roof. She had directed that he be comfortably established for his brief stay, in a room above the kitchen. The fancy seized her now to go and look at him in his sleep—poor little waif! He was a quiet, uncomplaining little creature; she smiled at thought of his solemn, lean little face, uncannily thoughtful. He might be evolving wise philosophies while other children leaped and shouted.

"I hope Mary made his bed comfortable. I hope Dr. Armstrong will find a good home for him." The Lady's hopes were eminently kind. She mounted the stairs to the little room with soft-shod feet, her approach unannounced in the manner of Mary's approach. In the doorway she stood still, a low talking in her ear. The moonlight lay upon the bed, and in the moonlight lay the little waif. The Lady saw his face quite distinctly. He was talking in an odd, tender little tone. Another sound reached the Lady—of muffled complainings and stirrings.

"There!—there, aren't you comfor'bler now? Aren't you warm 'nough? You oughter not cry when you're bein' *saved*. But there, there, there, maybe you're a-cryin' because you're scrubby little barn babies. I'm sorry! I'm one, too, so I know how it

feels. It's kind of — of awful, isn't it? Course — but we have to bear it — there, there! You'll feel better soon as you're *all* saved. I'll carry you 'way off tomorrow to a nice safe place, an' then I'll bring you up, you little mites o' barn babies, you! I'll do the best I can — there, now, you go to sleep! Ain't I goin' to be your saver?"

In the shadow waited the Lady, understanding creeping to her on the bridge of the earnest little voice.

"They weren't goin' to drownd me — not just. Only 'dispose of' me, but it sounds kind of *drowndy*, seems 's if. It's pretty bad to be disposed of any kind o' way, I guess. We'll go away an' not let 'em. You see, we're not *valuable*, that's it. You ain't, an' I ain't; we're scrub children. Scrub children are the kind they have to dispose of. You haven't bled, so I don't know the color o' yours, but *my* blood isn't blue a speck. Just plain red."

A little space of silence, then again the whimpering little cries and stirs. The voice of Joseph, too, again: —

"There, there — *there*, I say! *Can't* you be comf'able? I s'pose it's your mother, but I haven't got any, either, an' looker me not cry! You'll get used to it. O, my, I wish you'd be comf'able!"

The warmth of Joseph's sheltering little body, or of his warm heart, or the ultimate sleepiness of all babyhood, resulted presently in protracted silence. The barn babies and barn boy slept at last. Not until then did the Lady step into the tiny room, splendid unwontedly in its bath of light. She stood beside the bed. She was not quite, after all, the Lady. Her face, looking downward, was sweeter than the Lady's face.

"Five," she murmured, pulling down the quilts with lightest of finger-tips, "five babies to be saved. Little barn babies!" Something stirred in her soul, and, stooping, she set light lips upon the little barn boy's cheek. The Lady had never kissed a child's smooth cheek before — but this was not the Lady. This woman here in the moonlight, with the life stir in her soul, was another woman — a mother woman — for the moment. The mother taste was on her lips; she saw her life behind her as an empty, valueless thing. In a flashlight picture she caught the possibility of a worthier life ahead.

The barn babies stirred warmly and sent forth little muffled trills in their sleep; the barn boy's small, kind hand smoothed them in his sleep. A strange beauty was in his little sleeping face — or was it a gentle transfiguration vouchsafed him for the moment's use, while the Lady hesitated? The soft light filled the room — and filled the Lady's heart.

"There, there, there!" she murmured, smiling or crying, it did not matter. "*Won't* you be comf'able now? You mustn't be troubled when you're going to be *saved!* — you little kits, you little lonesome boy!"

In his dreams Joseph had found a "saver," but he could not know that when he woke she would still be there. — *Annie Hamilton Donnell, in The Mother's Magazine.*

It may be a grand thing to have our names written high on the earth, but it is a grander thing to have them written high in heaven. Strive, therefore, to overcome sin and selfishness to the last: the reward will be found to be greater than all the riches of earth, for it is a reward that will be forever. — *J. R. Howatt.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN *General Secretary*
 C. L. BENSON *Assistant Secretary*
 MATILDA ERICKSON *N. Am. Div. Secretary*
 MEADE MACGUIRE *N. Am. Div. Field Secretary*

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, January 9

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts for the week.
2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "The Character of God." See *Gazette*.
4. Talk: "Origin and Progress of Our Mission Work in Europe." See "Outline of Mission Fields," second edition, pages 6-8.
5. Reading: "Reports From our First Foreign Missionary." See *Gazette*. It can be arranged for several to take part in this.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending January 9

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts for the week.
2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "The Character of God." See *Gazette*.
4. Exercise: "Seven Thoughts on Love." See *Gazette*.
5. Talk: Our First Foreign Missionary. See Senior article "Reports From Our First Foreign Missionary."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 13: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 8 to 10

1. WHAT three annual feasts were observed by the Jews?
2. When twelve years of age, what new experience came to Jesus?
3. What lessons are there for us in this incident?
4. How does the record of Christ's private life bring him nearer to us?
5. How did he regard the traditions of the rabbis? What one thing did he hate? By what rule did he gauge his daily life?
6. Tell how Christ related himself to his associates.
7. What was the mission of John the Baptist?
8. How was he trained for this work, and in what way was he like the ancient prophets?
9. Where and at what time did John begin his ministry? What message did he proclaim, and how did it affect the people?
10. How did he describe the greater One to follow him?
11. What phase of the Messiah's work did he emphasize?
12. What was the significance of John's baptism?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 13: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of Joseph

1. NAME the twelve sons of Jacob. Why was Joseph more dear to his father than his other sons? What mark of special favor did Jacob bestow on Joseph? What served still further to arouse the hatred of his older brothers?
2. On what errand did Jacob send this beloved son? Tell how he was received by his brothers. What was finally done with him? With what lying story did the sons of Jacob deceive him? What did he say?
3. In whose household was Joseph sold to be a slave? Why was he finally cast into prison? Who gave him favor with the keeper? Relate the dreams of the chief butler and the chief baker, and their meaning. How were these dreams fulfilled?
4. What other incident led the chief butler to remember Joseph? Tell how Joseph was brought before the king. What assurance did he give Pharaoh? Relate the two dreams of the king, and their meaning.
5. To what position was Joseph now exalted? What did he do? Who came to Egypt for food when the famine began to be felt in all lands? Tell of the first visit of Joseph's brothers, and why they dreaded to return when their food was gone.
6. Relate the story of the second visit to Egypt. What test did Joseph prepare for his brothers? Why did he have his silver cup placed in Benjamin's sack? What did the brothers do when they returned to the palace? What dream was thus fulfilled?

7. Tell how Joseph revealed himself to his brothers. What did he tell them to do? What did Jacob say when he saw the wagons and the gifts?

8. Where did Joseph meet Jacob as he entered Egypt? What land was set apart for him and his sons? When the time came for Jacob to die, what did he ask Joseph to promise? Tell how Joseph honored this pledge. Where was Jacob buried?

9. How old was Joseph when he died? What oath did he ask of his brethren? What did he say God would surely do?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

78. WILL the Missionary Volunteer Department continue to offer gift books during 1915 for the finishing of three Reading Courses?

The gift book plan, we are sorry to announce, has been discontinued for lack of funds. The money used with which to purchase gift books was supplied by an individual. If the department had several hundred dollars for this purpose, the plan might be continued, but for the present it cannot be. We will issue the gift books to all whose names are sent in before Jan. 1, 1915, except that no books will be issued on the 1914-15 courses. We hope that all those who are taking the Reading Courses will realize that they are obtaining something of greater value than these gifts anyway.

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II — Visit of the Wise Men

(January 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 2: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Matt. 2: 10.

Questions

1. Whose is the dearest name in earth and heaven? What blessed assurance have we in Jesus? Matt. 1: 23, last part.
2. Who was the mother of Jesus? Matt. 1: 16. Where was he born? Locate the place on the map. Who was king of Judea at that time? Matt. 2: 1.
3. Who first heard the good news of the birth of Jesus? How did they hear it? Luke 2: 8-11. Why were the priests and leaders passed by and these humble shepherds given this honor? Note 1.
4. How did the angel seek to prepare them for the great poverty of God's Son? Verse 12.
5. Upon what "brightest picture ever beheld by human eyes," did they then look? With what heavenly music were their ears enraptured? Verses 13, 14.
6. How did the shepherds prove the angel's message true? Verses 15, 16. How far did they spread the good news? Verse 17.
7. Who came, from the people of another nation, to welcome the Saviour of men? Matt. 2: 1, last part. How far had these wise men come? Note 2. Why were they called wise men? Note 3.

8. When they reached Canaan, to what city did the wise men first turn? Verse 1. Why would they naturally turn to Jerusalem first?

9. What question did they ask? Why were they so certain that he was born? Verse 2. Note 4.

10. Who finally heard of the questions they were asking? Verse 3. Yet what could no one tell them? Note 5.

11. What shows that the priests and elders were not so ignorant as they pretended? Verses 4-6; Luke 2:17.

12. Concerning what did Herod now diligently question the wise men? What did he ask them to do as soon as they had found him? What reason did he give for this request? Matt. 2:7, 8. What made his sudden anxiety to learn about Jesus appear suspicious? Notice first part of verse 7.

13. What reappeared as soon as the wise men departed for Bethlehem? How did this cause them to feel? What wonderful thing did this star do? Verses 9, 10.

14. How were their faith and perseverance finally rewarded? Although so poor and unattended, how did the wise men show that they accepted Jesus as their King and Saviour? What naturally followed the giving of their hearts? Verse 11.

15. Like the wise men, what should we give him first? Prov. 23:26. Then what should we give? Luke 14:33.

Notes

1. "Had the leaders in Israel been true to their trust, they might have shared the joy of heralding the birth of Jesus. But now they are passed by. . . . To those who are seeking for light, and who accept it with gladness, the bright rays from the throne of God will shine."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 44, 47.

2. "It is unknown whether they came from Persia or Arabia. Both countries might be denoted by the word East—that is, east from Judea."—*Barnes*.

3. "They were the learned men of the Eastern nation, devoted to astronomy, to religion, and to medicine. They were held in high esteem by the Persian court, were admitted as counselors, and followed the camps in war to give advice."—*Id.* See also "The Desire of Ages," page 59.

4. "The wise men had seen a mysterious light in the heavens upon that night when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared, and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomenon excited the keenest interest. That star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they were impressed that the star was of special import to them. They consulted priests and philosophers, and searched the scrolls of the ancient records. See Num. 24:17."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 60.

5. "To this question they doubted not but to have a ready answer, and to find all Jerusalem worshipping at the feet of this new king; but they come from door to door with this question, and no man can give them any information."—*Matthew Henry*.

II — Visit of the Wise Men

(January 9)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the Lesson Scripture.
 Sun. Birthplace of Jesus. Questions 1-4.
 Mon. Coming of the wise men. Questions 5-8.
 Tues. . . . Interview with Herod. Questions 9-13.
 Wed. Wise men worship Jesus. Questions 14-16.
 Thurs. . . . Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 59-63.
 Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 2:1-11.

Questions

1. Where was Jesus born? Matt. 2:1.
2. In what prophecy had the place of his birth been foretold? Micah 5:2; Matt. 2:6.

3. What historical facts connected with Bethlehem made it the fitting birthplace of Jesus? Luke 2:11; John 7:42; 1 Sam. 16:1. Note 1.

4. In what way was the prophecy concerning his birthplace fulfilled? Luke 2:1-7.

5. When did the birth of Jesus take place? Matt. 2:1. (In 4 B. C., as given in the margin of some of our Bibles.)

6. Who came to Jerusalem at that time? Matt. 2:1. Note 2.

7. For whom did they inquire? Verse 2.

8. Why had they come at this particular time? Verse 2. Note 3.

9. For what purpose had they come? Verse 2.

10. Why did their coming trouble King Herod? (Note the inquiry of the wise men in verse 2.)

11. What did Herod do? Verse 4.

12. What further inquiry did he make? Verse 7.

13. What charge did he give the wise men, and with what pretended motive? Verse 8.

14. How did the wise men find the particular spot where the child Jesus was? Verses 9, 10.

15. When they had found the child, what did they do? Verse 11, first part.

16. What gifts did they make to Jesus? Verse 11, last part. Note 4.

Notes

1. Bethlehem was the city of David. Here David was born, had his shepherd experience, and was anointed king. Christ was of the seed of David, and of the royal line. Bethlehem means *house of bread*. Jesus was the "bread of life," sent down from heaven. Joseph was also "of the house and lineage of David," and so went up to Bethlehem, the city of David, to be enrolled. In such a wonderful manner do the providences of God work out his purposes in the fulfillment of prophecy.

2. "Wise men," or better, "Magi." The word is Persian or Median. They were from a priestly caste, who doubtless had received light from the Holy Scriptures, through the influence of the Jews of the Dispersion.

"As these Magi studied the starry heavens, and sought to fathom the mystery hidden in their bright paths, they beheld the glory of the Creator. Seeking clearer knowledge, they turned to the Hebrew Scriptures. In their own land were treasured prophetic writings that predicted the coming of a divine teacher. Balaam belonged to the magicians, though at one time a prophet of God; by the Holy Spirit he had foretold the prosperity of Israel and the appearing of the Messiah; and his prophecies had been handed down by tradition from century to century. But in the Old Testament the Saviour's advent was more clearly revealed. The Magi learned with joy that his coming was near, and that the whole world was to be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 59, 60.

3. "The wise men had seen a mysterious light in the heavens upon that night when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared, and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomenon excited the keenest interest. That star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they were impressed that the star was of special import to them. They consulted priests and philosophers, and searched the scrolls of the ancient records. The prophecy of Balaam had declared, 'There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Scepter shall rise out of Israel.' Could this strange star have been sent as a harbinger of the Promised One? The Magi had welcomed the light of heaven-sent truth; now it was shed upon them in brighter rays. Through dreams they were instructed to go in search of the newborn Prince."—*Id.*, page 60.

4. "The Magi had been among the first to welcome the Redeemer. Their gift was the first that was laid at his feet. And through that gift, what privilege of ministry was theirs! The offering from the heart that loves, God delights to honor, giving it highest efficiency in service for him. If we have given our hearts to Jesus, we also shall bring our gifts to him. Our gold and silver, our most precious earthly possessions, our highest mental and spiritual endowments, will be freely devoted to him who loved us, and gave himself for us."—*Id.*, page 65.

REMEMBER that an anchor can be of no service that does not touch bottom.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The Youth's Instructor

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A New Year Motto

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused; he answered, soft and low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, "Nay; but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer softly fell,
"Yes; this one thing, all other things above:
God's will to love."

—Selected.

Good Counsel

TACKLE the work just in front of you. Strive in an honest way to do the best you can; and if, having done your best, there seems to appear the hand of some overruling Power which hammers you, take it like a good piece of steel, and come right off the anvil with a better temper and a keener edge.—*C. W. Post.*

Ready to Give His Right Arm

God's Spirit means complete submission and sacrifice. A month or two ago I was leaving a city of the Northwest. On the same train was one of our loyal missionaries, whom we love and honor. He had met with an accident on a Western train, and was going to be operated on. One of his men accompanied us to the station. This friend had been a rough, wicked man before he found the Master, but is now living in the daily presence of God's Spirit. He is appropriating the power which is transforming his life. Turning to his injured friend, and holding out his left arm, he said: "You know my old left here. You may need a bit of bone, or blood, or flesh, or skin. Anything in the old left is yours." Then, lifting his right arm, he said: "Anything in my old right is yours. I'll just stay here at home and wait for a message, and the minute you tell me to come I'll fly. Anything I've got is yours; but you must live, and you must have your strength and power." Across the car, all unknown to them, a man of the world let a newspaper fall over his face, and his eyes were filled with tears. In a moment the train was away, but I had gained a vision that night of a noble soul controlled by God's Spirit, whose whole life had been given to the Almighty—not merely a dominating influence of friendship and love, but a desire to do God's work in God's way, with his body and being.—*Selected.*

Mothers or Police?

FIVE million dollars in one year is the income that pensioned mothers in nineteen States will receive this year, under the system of which Judge Henry Neil is the father. This system is simple: A mother's business is to take care of her own children in her own home. If the husband and father dies, is ill, or deserts and leaves the wife and children dependent, they still must have three meals a day, shelter, clothing, schooling, and hope of progress. The old way was to force the mother to go out to do work for the children of some other mother. Her own children were placed in asylums, poorhouses, and other institutions. Now money formerly paid to asylums, hospitals, jails, and other institutions goes to the mother as a pension. It is a beautiful thing to help distressed mothers maintain their homes. It is contrary to the very law of our nature to separate a mother and her children. God loves the family. "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." Ps. 68: 5.—*The Christian Herald.*

Winter Store

DREARY will be the winter to him whose granaries are empty. But drearier and more desolate still must be the winter of old age to the man or woman whose mind and heart and soul have brought from the harvest only the joys that are chaff and the virtues that are mere windfalls, attained and adhered to only through easy convenience.

When that winter comes, as it must to many of us, we shall have only ourselves to turn to, and we shall find only that which we have sown and harvested in the bright spring and golden summer: the good grain, the sound fruit, the flowers, the high impulses, the sacrifices, the loves, yes, and the cheat, the chaff, the weeds, the windfalls, the hates, the jealousies, the low passions,—all these and nothing more, to sustain us or to render us desolate.—*The Christian Herald.*

Broke His Pledge

A TEMPERANCE family had all taken the pledge. At one time, when the father came home from a journey, he mentioned that he had broken his pledge by drinking some cider. It was a very warm day, and he could get nothing else to drink, so he said.

"Father," spoke up one of his little boys, "how far were you from James River when you drank that cider?"

"Fifteen miles."

"Well, I would have walked all the way to the James River and back before I would have broken my pledge." That father renewed his pledge and kept it.—*Selected.*

Twelve Things to Learn

- THE value of time.
- The need of perseverance.
- The pleasure of working.
- The dignity of simplicity.
- The worth of character.
- The power of kindness.
- The influence of example.
- The obligation to duty.
- The wisdom of economy.
- The virtue of patience.
- The improvement of talent.
- The joy of originating.

—Lee McCrae.