

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 2



FULL equal suffrage now prevails over nearly one half (forty-nine per cent) of the total area of the United States.

THE Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Matthew, New York City, is celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It was founded in 1664, when New Amsterdam was made New York.

RECENTLY Secretary Bryan spoke to five thousand students in the University of Michigan, and asked them to pledge with him to abstain from the use of intoxicants. Practically the whole number stood up to make the pledge.

THE University of Pennsylvania has sent out a party of archeologists to make explorations and excavations in the Nile country. This company, headed by Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, a very successful excavator in Egyptian soil, expects to begin digging for hidden treasures this month.

Two German vessels surprised the East coast of England on December 16, and bombarded four towns, demolishing many buildings, and killing and wounding many persons by shells. This has greatly aroused the wrath and patriotism of the English, so that they are rushing to arms.

THE report of the Rockefeller General Education Board states that an efficient college should enjoy from its endowments an income of forty or sixty per cent of its annual expenditure. Our schools ordinarily have no income from such a source; so it is not strange that current receipts, which are less than in the undenominational schools, cannot meet all expenses.

THE "thinking horse of Elberfeld," Germany, which Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer, described in one of our June magazines, excerpts of which article were in the INSTRUCTOR, was killed in battle. He was attached to a German battery. If it is true, as some suppose, that the horse's apparent intelligence was due to spiritualistic influences, his death cannot be regarded as a calamity.

CITY managing is a new profession. In March, 1908, Staunton, Virginia, put its government into the hands of one man. The movement has spread until now there are nineteen cities that have adopted the commission-manager form, and others are considering doing so. The University of Michigan has established a course designed to fit men for the duties of city manager, a course requiring work in nine different departments.

MR. GUTZON BORGLUM, foremost American sculptor, said that Corot before he died made an invoice of all the drawings and paintings which had come from his hand, even rudimentary sketches. These totaled about 800; and yet we are told that already "Corot landscapes" have been imported into this country, and entered through the customhouses to the number of 3,600. For these, wealthy Americans have paid from \$1,000 to \$20,000 apiece.

THAT the Danish Folk high schools for "grown-ups," which have made possible the recent wonderful development in rural Denmark, can be successfully transplanted in modified form to the United States, is the conclusion reached by H. W. Foght, of the United States Bureau of Education, in a bulletin just issued. Mr. Foght has studied both the Danish schools and the American rural conditions at first hand, and he believes that what the Folk high schools have done for rural civilization in Denmark they can do for the United States.

Webster's Reward for "Good Work"

AN insurance case was brought to Daniel Webster when he was a young lawyer in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his client full justice, a journey to Boston would be desirable, in order to consult the law library. He would be out of pocket by the expedition, and for the time he would receive no adequate compensation. But he determined to do his best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston and looked up the authorities, and gained the case.

Years after, Webster, who had meanwhile become famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had suddenly been taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case.

"I told them," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this I finally consented to do. It was my old twenty-dollar case over again; and as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquirements. So you see, I was handsomely repaid in both fame and money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end." — *Selected.*

A Call to Service

O, WHAT are you doing to speed on its way
This glorious message of truth?
It's due to the world — must be given today;
How many are there of our youth
Who'll lay on the altar their lives at God's call,
In sweet consecration to give
Their hearts' fullest service, their talents, their all
That poor dying sinners may live?

Not long may we linger, in idleness wait,
Not long may the careless delay;
For soon will be sounded the verdict, "Too late;"
Now, now is the time to obey.
The glorious coming of Christ draweth near,
Even now he is just "at the door."
We know not the hour when our Lord shall appear,
But ere then probation is o'er.

Then hasten, that blest invitation to you
Will soon be forever withdrawn.
Your crown that is waiting to some one more true
May be given when "that day" shall dawn.
O give to the dear, loving Saviour your heart
And enter his service today.
To win precious souls is a heavenly art,
And meets his approval alway.

T. A. ZOLLER.

ONLY now and then is a pearl found and worn, but there are myriads of pearls beneath the waters of the sea. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 12, 1915

No. 2

The Bow of Promise

A RAINBOW round the throne I see,
It meaneth much to you and me;
The red is symbol of Christ's blood,
That touches, cleanses sin's dark flood,
And saves the soul.

The blue reminds us of the blow
That bruised Christ's cheek when here below;
The green, the freshness of the grace
That gives a glory to the face
Of him who prays.

Humility, the violet,—
And all the arch in colors set,
Above man's hatred, far above,
Shines forth a symbol of God's love,
O Saviour mine!

O bow of promise, circling there
Around the throne in colors fair,
O let thy glory be unfurled
Forever o'er our little world!
O Jesus come!

—Eliza H. Morton, in "Star Flowers."

A Singular Chicken Story

S. A. NAGEL



WE are just now passing through one of the most singular experiences that we have ever met in China. I know that what I relate in the following paragraphs will seem more like a fairy tale than fact, but every bit of it is true. It shows plainly the character of the people among whom we labor, and the terrible hold idolatry still has upon them.

Yesterday, while on my way to visit an outstation, a man stopped me at a tea house by the roadside, and said that he had heard that if one ate a chicken in Wai Chow he would die, and he wished to know if it was true. I replied that I had not heard of it, and that it surely was not true, and then passed on.

Returning home to Wai Chow this afternoon, I was surprised to find every one here talking about the same thing; so I called in my boy and asked him about it. He is a Christian,—a member of our church,—and yet I noticed even he became a bit excited as he told me of this strange circumstance.

Tomorrow is the first day of the Chinese tenth month. Although China has adopted the foreign calendar, the people here in the interior still reckon by the old system. This year has thirteen months. The first of their tenth month comes on November 18.

Some time ago all the heathen priests combined to tell the people that because they were not faithful in worshipping their idols, Pho Sat—chief of the idols—was going to destroy all the people this year. This, of course, frightened all the ignorant among them; in fact, a large majority believe it.

Now they have started the story that if any one eats chicken after tomorrow, he will die. For days the people have been going to their gods to inquire about it and in nearly every case, they say, the idol has told the people not to eat chicken. As the result, most of the farmers have already either sold or eaten all their fowls. We can hardly find an egg in the whole city, and chickens that a few weeks ago sold for fifteen cents a pound can now be bought for four cents. After tomorrow I expect they will be glad to give them away.

It is amusing to hear the stories the Chinese tell. Some say that they have killed their cocks and found that they were just ready to begin to lay eggs. Others say that they found little children in the gizzards of their fowls. One man yesterday brought a gizzard into town, and the people tell me that they could see

where a child's head had begun to grow in it. Then there are others who tell me that where their chickens should grow wings, they were growing feet; and some say that a few hens will have men's heads and be able to call people, and that every one whom they call will die.

This has never before occurred in China, yet the poor people really believe these things. You could not hire one of them to eat a chicken after tomorrow. And this must go on until the end of the year. The Chinese feel badly over this, for at New Year's time they always eat more chicken than anything else. The children look forward to that time and their chicken with great pleasure.

Previous to this experience I would not have believed that the priests had such a hold on the people. They could easily use this power against the foreigner and his doctrine did not God open up the way for his truth to go. As you no doubt know, we are just on the verge of another revolution in China. Armed bands are all about us. We are told that this time they will attack missionaries and their property, so as to implicate other nations in the trouble. Pray for your missionaries that God's power may attend their efforts while yet there is peace.

The Two Roads

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he has passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried in his anguish: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over the dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in distance athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young, his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall have passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain. "O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"
—Richter.

Sabbath Day

We won't give up the Sabbath,
God's holy, happy day;
We will not yield its sacred hours
For all that men may say:
The link that binds our earth to heaven,
And draws our souls on high;
The precious harbinger of rest
In homes beyond the sky.

We won't give up the Sabbath,
Our heritage from heaven;
The gift of God to rich and poor,
The day of all the seven;
The hours of rest for weary minds
And tired and foiling hands;
The day when open wide to all
The gate of heaven stands.

We won't give up the Sabbath,
Though pleasures tempt and try;
We will not sell our day of rest
At Mammon's tyrant cry.
The ancient and divine command
Our guide and strength shall be;
We'll holy keep the Sabbath day
From sin and labor free.

We won't give up the Sabbath;
Its hours are all the Lord's;
And precious peace and purest joy
The holy day affords.
Lord, help us all to value more
Thy boon to mortals given;
Enjoy the Sabbath rest below,
And then the rest of heaven.

—Selected.

Young People of Africa

THE young man whose picture accompanies this article is Brother Kegtling, a Basuto who is attending our mission school at Emmanuel, north Basutoland. He sincerely loves the last gospel message to the world, and has received Christian baptism and joined our

church. We have the hope that as Brother Kegtling secures an education, he will make an efficient worker among his people, who are among the most powerful tribes in Africa. Such young men are worth laboring for, and no doubt will act an important part in the gospel work.

It is hard to reach many of the old people in Africa with the gospel, as they seem to be set-



tled and grounded in their tradition and superstition; but the young people are more easily reached. They desire something better than the kraal life, with its ignorance and primitive customs. They have heard of the great wide world, and how other people do, and they desire to learn; and many of them have a longing to make their lives useful. For such young people our missionaries are earnestly working.

A few months ago when the writer was visiting in Rhodesia, central South Africa, he called at a native heathen village where most of the people were living a very primitive life. Among others that gathered around to see the white man were the two girls shown in the accompanying picture. As we saw how they were dressed, and how particular they were to wash before the picture was taken, we could see that they desired something better than the kraal life. But they

are not allowed to come to our school, their parents fearing if they do the village will lose them, and they are wanted for wives by the heathen young men of their tribe. There are thousands of such young men and women in Africa, and we believe that God wants many of our young men and women of America to come to this field to act as teachers in establishing small schools where these



young people can secure at least the rudiments of an education. Such young people should be diligently sought out and led to Christ, and we trust that as the result of our mission work many of these boys and girls may find a home in the kingdom of God.

W. B. WHITE.

THE Past belongs to Gratitude and Regret; the Present, to Contentment and Work; the Future, to Hope and Trust.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Naples, Herculaneum, and Pompeii

(Concluded from last week)

MRS. W. T. BLAND



THE emotions experienced in visiting Pompeii differ as widely as do the views and temperaments of the visitors; but in any case it is a unique experience. Nowhere else can one so step back into the past, leaving century on century behind, and bring himself into intimate relations with the earliest decades of our era. Pompeii differs so essentially from all other places that some time must elapse before one can be sufficiently forgetful of the usual everyday world and its life to comprehend, in any proper sense, the meaning and spirit of that which surrounds him. He is in the midst of a past so distant that it has no resemblance to the present. The dainty dwellings of a refined and luxurious people are here, but how simple in taste and arrangement! These small homes, with their succession of tiny apartments, could not satisfy the needs of modern life. The court, with its fountain in the center, was the gathering place for family and friends. The men lived in the forum, the baths, the gymnasium, or the theater, and prided themselves on their city, its acropolis, and its edifices. Individual pride as we now know it, and the strife by which every man endeavors to surpass others in his personal attainments and mode of life, were turned into widely different channels in this city of antiquity. Public life was first, private life secondary.

They spent a greater part of their gay lives out in the open air. They well knew how to live. They recognized the bath as one of the most sane and wholesome luxuries of life. Their public baths were as splendid as their temples. Cleanliness came as far in advance of godliness as it now sometimes lags behind.

Vesuvius, Italy's Volcano

No other mountain in the world has so terrible a reputation as Vesuvius. The Alps, Andes, Rockies, and Himalayas are from four to seven times as high, but they are dead mountains. Vesuvius is alive. The other great volcanoes — Etna, Pelée, Kilauea, and the rest — live also, but they live farther from the haunts of man. Vesuvius rises almost in the suburb of the most populous city in all Italy. Vesuvius, moreover, has a history; it lives in literature as a titanic traitor, as a willful thief, as an avenging Nemesis, and as a cruel and merciless assassin. It has betrayed successive generations; it has repeatedly robbed industry of its reward; it has visited the sins of the past upon the children of the present; it has slain its tens of thousands; and the end of its career of treason and destruction is not yet.

Vesuvius is surrounded by a little world of towns and villages; about 2,000,000 human beings dwell within sight of the Vesuvius cone. Beneath these modern towns that lie along the shore at the base of the old Vesuvius there lie ancient towns that have been buried more than eighteen hundred years. Of these the richest was Herculaneum, of which a small portion only has been brought to light. The areas of excavation are not so large, but richer in results than all the widespread diggings of Pompeii, for here were found the finest bronzes of antiquity, and in one of these houses a library of books in the form of papyrus scrolls. Practically no books have been found in Pompeii, which was a city of light-minded, effeminate

pleasure seekers. But at Herculaneum dwelt men of wealth and culture, and fortunately for us their treasures of art and literature were more tightly sealed than those of the frivolous people of Pompeii.

Herculaneum was entombed by masses of hot ashes mixed with water; this stuff fell from the skies and flowed down from the mountain side, filling every chink and cranny of the city. Then this volcanic mud solidified — became fixed like an imperishable cement. Then after the city was thus sealed there came down from Vesuvius, in the course of centuries, many successive floods of mud and lava. These later flows were spread above the vanished city, and sealed its embedded treasure all the more securely. Then new towns and villages sprang up and covered the site. Thus excavations at Herculaneum have been rendered costly and difficult. The modern houses must be purchased and cleared away. The ancient houses must then be literally picked and quarried out. We descended into an ancient theater, passing first through the basement of a modern dwelling. Like other theaters of antiquity, this one was originally open to the sky — filled only with fresh air and sunshine; now it is filled with adamant mud, save where these tunnel-like passageways have been cut, through which we go down to the stage and the dressing rooms, which are like subterranean dungeons.

There is one section of the theater from which we may look up and see the sky. We are down in a well one hundred feet below the level of the modern town. The best things in Pompeii were dug up by the survivors themselves, who knew just where to look and what to look for; but here they could not dig, and hidden Herculaneum is today nearly as rich in treasure as it was the day that Vesuvius sealed it up. The little that has been found and taken out fills the richest rooms of the National Museum in Naples. Pompeian bronzes are tawdry and inartistic compared with those of Herculaneum.

The excavation of Pompeii is being done by the Italian government, and like all government jobs, it has been and is being very slowly done. At the present rate of progress another fifty years would be consumed before Pompeii could stand free from every vestige of that volcanic stuff with which Vesuvius covered it in the year A. D. 79. The work, however slow, is admirably done. The ancient streets and structures are laid bare and clean. We see the doors through which the gay Pompeians stepped into their crowded streets; we see the stepping-stones for wet weather touched by their sandaled feet; we see between these stepping-stones the deep ruts worn by the wheels of ancient carts. These grooves, or ruts, in the stone pavement make more impression on the visitor than all the beautiful and curious Pompeian things he sees in glass cases at the museum.

We try to imagine what it was like in the year 79. We think of the frivolous populace; of the kind, rich nobleman Glaucus; of the jealous, intriguing priest that Bulwer Lytton so graphically describes; and of the devoted, self-sacrificing blind flower girl, Nydia, who, having traversed these streets in the dark for so many years, could now find her way amid the almost midnight blackness of this terrible storm of ashes and lava. And how she piloted so many persons

to safety, finally losing her own life in her labor of love for others.

So, with time and thought and that subtle power which helps us to appreciate conditions which we have never known, we attain a fuller sense of what has happened here, and involuntarily Moore's song recurs to us:—

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

We see at nearly every corner one of the fountains where the Pompeians quenched their thirst with water flowing out of marble mouths, now dry and gasping as in agony. Think of the tales those marble lips could tell could they but speak, for those marble eyes witnessed both the glory and the destruction of this city through whose silent, roofless houses we are wandering this day.

When we emerged from the theater, Vesuvius loomed before us in awful grandeur, while the sea sparkled and shimmered merrily, as if mocking all desolation. And, as if in contrast to the terrible things which in our imagination we had just witnessed, we thought, as we looked out over the great Mediterranean, that who of our nation could fail to take courage and thank God for Paul's journeyings off, to spread the gospel of Christ which from these shores has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, for the salvation of men.

We divided into little parties of three and four, and took different routes back to our hotel in Naples. The experiences which came to us on our way back brought us again completely into everyday life.

Our little party went into a restaurant to get some lunch. When the itemized bill came, in it was found, among other things, "One egg, twenty-five cts." This seemed an exorbitant price until it was remembered that in Italy cts. stands for centesimi, five of which are equivalent to our penny.

Italians pick up American slang readily. Several ladies stepped into a fruit shop and made some slight purchases. When they started to go, the very polite owner said, "Skidoo," meaning, "Call again."

As two of our most attractive young matrons were passing a shop where several good-looking Italian gentlemen were lounging, they heard one gentleman distinctly say to another, "The signora Americana is a banana." They had heard some pretty American girl referred to as a "peach," and as bananas in Italy are so much more rare and expensive than peaches, the compliment was so much the more appreciated.

But several of us had all the experiences we thought we cared for at one time, and very sedately took a cab back to the city. When we alighted at our destination, I said to my friend who was with me, "You pay the cabby, I fear he will cheat me," for we had heard many times that the Italians were inveterate gamblers, and that one must be constantly on guard. She consented, and handed him the exact change, one franc—a little less than twenty cents in our money—and two coppers. He thanked her with all the graciousness of sunny Italy. "Now there at last is a grateful Neapolitan," said she. But he called her back, saying, with the utmost politeness, "The signora has made a slight mistake." In his outstretched hand lay her two big coppers; but the franc which she had given him was not a franc, it was a bright nickel coin, worth only four cents, a new coin, very similar in design and size to the silver franc. Of course, with many apologies my friend hastened to add another

franc to what she had already given him, for we were much mortified that we had cheated the honest driver. But we learned later that the moment one's back is turned, the cabby slips away the silver coin, and puts one of those deceptive nickels in its place, and charges the error up to the traveler.



Second Week

- January 8. Genesis 26, 27: A lover of peace; the supplanter; a bitter harvest.
January 9. Genesis 28-31: The vision of angels; tithing again mentioned; the deceiver deceived; the return to Canaan.
January 10. Genesis 32, 33: Met by angels; a night of wrestling; a changed heart and a changed name; the reconciliation.
January 11. Genesis 34-36: Family troubles; death of Rachel.
January 12. Genesis 37-39: Envy; from sonship to slavery; cast into prison.
January 13. Genesis 40-42: From prison to palace; "it is not in me;" honored and exalted; the sons of Jacob buy corn of Joseph.
January 14. Genesis 43-45: Joseph and his brethren; the test; sorrow turned to joy.

Bible Biographies

Some of the biographies in the book of Genesis are better known, and have more strongly influenced the world for good, than the lives of the greatest men of history outside the Bible record. The account of the life of Enoch, brief though it is, shows that evil surroundings need not hinder godly

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 Secretary.)

living. He is a type, too, of those who at the close of human history will live pure lives in a corrupt world, and who, like him, will not know death. Noah, a "preacher of righteousness," is an example of loyal steadfastness of purpose in giving an unpopular message to an unheeding, careless people. The faith of Abraham, "the friend of God," has been a strength to Christians in every age. The selfishness of Lot, and the destruction that overtook his worldly possessions, point the reader to the vanity of trusting in earthly riches. What character so stands for cunning as the crafty Jacob's? or whose life so inspires confidence in God in the hour of trouble as that of this same man when his heart was changed, and he became a "prince with God"? Joseph has been the model for purity, brotherly kindness, and filial affection from the days of Moses. These biographies, so briefly told, are like stars shining in the darkness, and have guided many to the way of life.

A Year at His Feet

"WHAT will be the result of a year's tuition under the Spirit? A year with the wonderful Teacher will so change you that you will hardly know yourself. In one year of following his voice, with all your life

conformed to him, what developments in love, in humility, in patience, in spiritual discernment, in faith, in wisdom, in light on God's Word, what change in outward life, what increase of power for service may be yours!

"Think what we might learn in one year in heaven by talking with God, hearing him speak, being under the influence of his presence. But here under trial is the place to be changed into his image. Our association with him, and the degree of his power over our lives, are limited only by the degree to which we yield to him.

"The comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things.' Great sums are paid for the most competent instructors, but who can estimate the value of such a teacher? The poorest may have the best."

Such an opportunity is offered in "A Bible Year," the outlines of which begin in this number of the INSTRUCTOR. We do not say that it is absolutely essential for you to follow this outline week by week, but we do say that it will be very helpful to you, and will go a long way toward insuring your success in the course.

But one thing is absolutely essential if we are to live successful Christian lives, and that is a knowledge of God's Word. We should put our mental and spiritual powers to the stretch in the study of the great truths of the Bible.

Charles Dudley Warner, a great magazine writer, says: "A fair knowledge of the Bible is in itself almost a liberal education, as many great masters in literature have testified. It has so entered into law, literature, thought, the whole modern life of the Christian world, that ignorance of it is a most serious disadvantage to the student."

Ruskin, the great art critic, tells in his autobiography how his mother "established his soul in life" by making him read and commit large portions of the Bible to memory. He says: "To this discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. I count it, very confidently, the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of my education."

Spurgeon said: "I should like to see a huge pile of all the books, good and bad, that were ever written, prayer books and sermons, and hymn books, and all, smoking like Sodom of old, if the reading of these books keeps you away from the reading of the Bible; for a ton weight of human literature is not worth an ounce of Scripture: one single drop of the essential tincture of the Word of God is better than a sea full of our commentings and sermonizings, and the like."

"Finney's biographer tells us that, in trying to master Blackstone's Commentaries and law books, he found constant reference made to the Mosaic institutions, as if it were acknowledged by jurists that there the foundation of all law, as of all morality, was to be found. So the lawyer's clerk, who had already decided that there was nothing in Christianity for him, bought a Bible and began to read it from cover to cover. It spoiled him for the law, but made him one of the greatest spiritual leaders of his generation."

May it do that for many of our Adventist youth.

M. E. KERN.

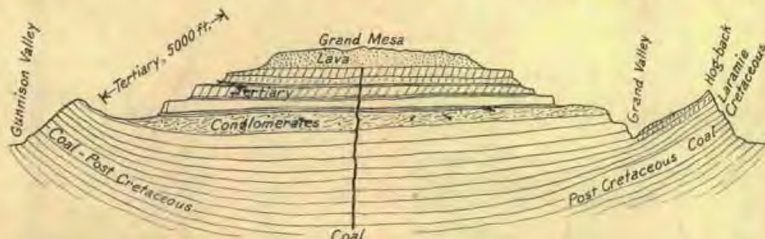


Burning Coal Beds

(Concluded)



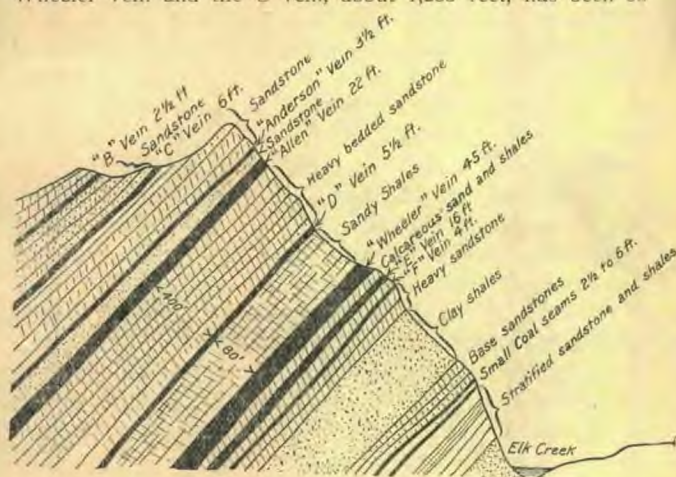
OVER twelve years ago, when I was first investigating this subject of burning coal beds, Mr. P. C. Coryell, manager of the Coryell Coal Mine, at New Castle, Colorado, supplied some very remarkable facts from that vicinity which helped me to understand how fires in coal beds may extend themselves



to great depths underground, and how such fires have been known to produce all the characteristics of true volcanic phenomena.

The accompanying illustration represents a mountain of inclined strata, called locally a hogback, at the base of which runs a small river. This hogback thus forms the bank of this stream, and extends in a great semicircle for several miles, while on the top, or back from the stream, extends a great mesa, or tableland, fifty or sixty miles across. I quote Mr. Coryell's description of these conditions:—

About 250 feet vertically above the river on the end of this ridge the rocks and shale in proximity to the Wheeler vein are decidedly brick red, showing the effects of former heat. At 1,000 feet vertical the entire formation between the Wheeler vein and the C vein, about 1,200 feet, has been so



fused and contorted with heat that the evidence of stratification is lost. At a point about two miles west of New Castle, and extending about a mile farther, the formation above the Wheeler outcrop is hot enough to make it uncomfortable to walk upon, and the rock and shales have been fused to a slag. Hot sulphurous vapors escape with a roaring sound through fissures in the claggy mass, and at several points between New Castle and Meeker the entire hogback has been so fused that all signs of stratification have disappeared.

This gentleman thought that by getting back far enough or far enough beneath these burning beds he could tap them where the fires had not yet extended. Three unsuccessful attempts to thus get back of the fires were made, the second and third of which he describes as follows:—

(Concluded on page nine)



God's Love

BENEATH the snow the flowers sleep,
Beneath the ice the rivers creep
Unseen, silent, to the sea;
All crystal are the hills and vales,
All glittering the dells and dales,
Mountain top and languid lea.

And yet behold the ocean wide,
Restless its unceasing tide,
Winter, summer, never still!
How like to God's great love the deep,
Active always, ne'er asleep,
As resistless as his will!

—George Taggart, in *Christian Herald*.

Ashamed of Father and Mother

MANY a girl who has been given the advantages of a training which her father and mother were denied, is sometimes sorely tempted to be ashamed of those she loves with all her heart.

It is well to look at the case frankly and candidly. The girl who assumes the position of mentor to her father and mother makes a serious mistake. Sometimes parents are sufficiently observing to profit by what their children have learned through advantages not theirs when young, but if they do not acquire this simply and naturally, it is probably because it is too late for them to learn. To be continually correcting them, calling their attention to grammatical errors and blunders in etiquette, will make them uncomfortable and unhappy without accomplishing anything worth while.

Because they are not up to you in some things gives you no reason to be ashamed of your father and mother. On the contrary, you may have countless reasons to be proud of them. You know some things they do not, but probably your ignorance is abysmal concerning a number of things with which they are perfectly familiar. Many a father has made a fortune for his children, but though he gives them the advantages of an education and a start, he cannot give them the brains by which he won his success. He made the fortune. They cannot even keep it. And so, many a mother, affectionately patronized by her better-educated children, is vastly their superior in point of ability and really wide knowledge. There is hardly a practical crisis to which she is not equal. There is hardly one to which they are equal.

If your standards are not high, you will be very likely to undervalue your father and mother and feel ashamed when you should feel proud. If you put character and brains in their proper place, there will be very little danger of your making that mistake.

"My mother is such a wonderful woman," said the daughter of a house to which riches had come late. "You see, father didn't make his money till the oldest of us children were nearly grown up. Mother did her own work, and the sewing for us girls, besides. She nursed us when we were sick, and kept a sharp eye on us to be sure we didn't neglect our studies. She never thought it a bother to have our friends come to dinner, and she wasn't too busy to take an

evening off, for a jolly time, once in a week or so. When I think how much she did, and how well she did it, I feel very small. Such a mother as mine is an inspiration." — *Alonso Macmillan, in Young People's Weekly.*

The Standard Make

"ISN'T there danger of injuring the typewriter when one throws the carriage back so hard in rapid writing?" asked a stenographer of the repairer who was making some adjustment to her machine. The mechanic smiled as he replied: "That make of machine is put up to stand that very thing. These heavy standard make machines are built to stand hard knocks, and they hold out for years and years of pounding; in fact, as long as the pieces of the machine hang together, it usually turns out good work; the main thing is to keep it clean, and oiled sufficiently to keep all friction eliminated."

Every one of us has a life machine, and to each is given the power of determining whether it shall be a cheap, light-weight machine or one of the standard make, ready to stand all the hard knocks that come to it, ready to turn out first-class work year in and year out. The cheaper machines often look just as attractive as those of the standard make, if not more attractive. Some cannot even distinguish the difference in the work of the machines; but take them into an office together, give them equal usage, and in a short time only the standard make machine remains to do the work.

The price of these standard make life machines keeps many a one from purchasing; they are the one price the world over,—hardship and discipline,—and it is far better to purchase them in youth than in later years; in fact, seldom do we see one of mature years willing to pay the price.

I once knew a young woman who, though far from being an invalid, could not stand it to work in hot weather; only a few kinds of food could she eat, because she did not like the others. She was not accustomed to children; they worried her. Most things did. In short, there were only a few things in life that exactly suited this girl. She had never learned to endure hardship. She had not realized that it is good for one to bear the yoke in his youth. Her life machine was not of the standard make.

Last winter, not far from the little town of —, a scourge of what was supposed to be smallpox broke out. It had been brought by immigrants from Mexico, and so severe was the disease that nearly every adult died who contracted it. The health officers faced a serious problem. Men must be procured to bury the dead, and nurses to care for the living. In the town lived a dear old woman whom everybody called "Aunt Tenney." A veritable good Samaritan was she, whose life daily said to all about her, I am among you as one who serveth. And so to her the health officers came in their need. That life of service was now nearly spent. Frail was the frame, but the character within was truly of the standard make. And when her friends came to her with their protestations, telling her she was taking her life in her hands, that the disease might not be smallpox, but even the dreaded black plague, her answer was, "No one is dependent upon me, and even should I take the disease, it can at most cheat me out of only a few days of life." So into the home where death claimed four of its victims, calmly she went. Can you doubt for a moment that

she was one of the standard make? Ah, I tell you that even in old age its qualities will tell, and perfect is the work turned out from such machines.

It is a fine thing to be able to appreciate all the beautiful and esthetic in life. To have epicurean tastes, to exercise the skill of an artist in furnishing one's home, to dress in the finest textures, with nothing to offend the eye,—all these things are good, we say; but better is it, when occasion demands, to be able to eat our hoe cake with a relish, and to walk cheerfully and even joyously about over clean-scrubbed floors, wearing our honest homespun. There are those who would enjoy to the utmost the delicate, luxurious things of life, yet who are willing and glad to forgo them in order that more of their fellow creatures may be told of the lasting luxuries that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

It is a fine thing to have one's own conservatory, to have cut flowers on the table or desk throughout the snowy days of winter. It is a nice thing to be able to enjoy to the utmost the highest classical music, and to have all one's surroundings harmonious; but it is a finer thing to take the odor of the God-made flowers into one's very soul, and let the fragrance of the life be breathed out in places where cut flowers are unknown; and it is a blessed thing when no grand strains of melody peal forth, when everything is in-harmonious without, to be able to strike up a little tune on the inside, that is bound to drown the discord without and make even our everyday voices sound forth sweet melody.

Good, common, solid, everyday persons are the kind that are needed today,—persons who can do hard work and yet keep cheerful and kind; in short, persons who can stand hard knocks. The standard make machine is in demand. Mayhap the others might hold out for one day in the week, but not for the constant pounding day in and day out which must come in everyday service.

But even with the standard make machine there are some things which must be watched, or good work cannot be turned out. Sometimes a stenographer is in such a hurry to begin the pressing duties of the day that he does not take time to see that his machine is in good order. The parts must be kept clean and bright, and a little oil added to prevent friction and keep the machine running smoothly. If this is not attended to, some part of the typewriter may whet. Particles of the eraser must not be allowed to accumulate; the slightest rubbish of any description must be removed, and the type must not be allowed to clog up during the day, or the work will be blurred and not first-class.

Occasionally the typewriter ribbon may catch on something, and the stenographer mechanically pound away, thinking he is writing all the while,—the click is almost the same,—but when he examines the work, the letters are piled one on top of another, and all the effort has been worse than useless.

Sometimes with our life machines we do the same. We do not take time to prepare for the day's work, our mind's rubbish is allowed to accumulate, we do not take time to keep our sins forgiven, and with no communion with the Master Mechanic our machine does a miserable job that day. Sometimes we peg away, conceitedly thinking we are accomplishing great things,—the sound would indicate that we were,—but when the work is examined, it is all as filthy rags.

Something has caused the machinery to catch. Perhaps it was some little jealousy, envy, or pride; possibly only a little criticism. O, at such times as this, let us make quickly the needed adjustments before more of the work is spoiled!

Perhaps some part of the life machine gets to whetting. We have not used the oil of grace to keep down friction. We must remember that for a big day's work where our life machine is in constant use, more oil will be needed, and we can claim for such days the promise, "He giveth more grace."

The call today is especially for those who can endure hardness as good soldiers. The light-weight machines will not meet the need of the hour. Everywhere is the standard make in demand. Let every machine be in readiness, clean and bright, and let the adjustments be made for speed; for now is the time to put to the supreme test every quality of the standard make.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

Burning Coal Beds

(Concluded from page seven)

In 1890 we again sank a slope 200 feet below the former, and extended our entries under the old works; and at a point about 4,000 feet from the slope mouth, ashes were again encountered; thus the fire had eaten to a point 160 feet below the river. A shaft was later sunk 350 feet below high river water, and at a point less than 3,000 feet back into the mountain hot ashes were again encountered in the Allen vein. At this point the Allen vein has a cover of about 2,000 feet.

As the fire on this vein running into the mountain dipped about 15° to 20°, and as no one has worked back far enough to get beyond the burned area, it is impossible to say how far this fire extends.

Mr. Coryell is of the opinion that these fires have been burning for several thousand years, and says that he does not think that depth has any influence on the fire at all. He says that these fires probably started on the surface in some ordinary way, but continued underground in the shape of a chemical decomposition, extracting oxygen from the adjacent ores and rocks.

Further correspondence brought out the fact that the surface of the great mesa, or table-land, not far from this hogback ridge is largely covered with lava and basalt rock, which have undoubtedly come up from the burning mass of coal beds below.

In the vicinity of New Castle there are several extinct volcanoes that Mr. Coryell says give plain evidence of having been formed by burning coal deposits. We need not go into the particulars of these matters here, but he concludes with a sentence that is expressive and to the point:—

The volcanic districts in tropical countries are only doing today what this district has gone through from one to five thousand years ago, and doubtless have no more connection with the central portion of the earth than our extinct craters had.

This idea of volcanoes being connected with an imaginary molten interior of the earth, is one of the most childish and unscientific ideas ever put forth in the name of science; and it has had a very evil influence on the science of geology in many ways. The statement given in "Patriarchs and Prophets," chap. 8, par. 12, as to the cause of volcanoes, has more true science than any work on geology that I have seen.

GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE.

Lodi Academy, Lodi, California.

If God gave you gayety and cheer of spirits, lift up the careworn by it. Wherever you go, shine and sing.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Uncle Sam's Health Report

THE United States Public Health Service issues a weekly report. This report contains information of the current prevalence of disease, the occurrence of epidemics, sanitary legislation, and related subjects. In the report dated Feb. 28, 1913, there is given unusual and interesting data concerning tobacco using, in an article by Charles Wardell Stiles, professor of zoology, and S. B. Altman, assistant, Hygienic Laboratory, United States Public Health Service. This report says:—

In taking the clinical histories of 96 boys and 83 girls (a total of 179 children), in connection with certain studies on hookworm disease, record was made of their answers in reply to the question as to whether they dipped snuff and chewed or smoked tobacco. These children vary from eight to eighteen, and nearly all of them are in attendance at seven schools in County Z of one of our South Atlantic States. The answers obtained have been tabulated in reference to the presence or absence of a privy at the house or farm where they live, on the assumption that better sanitation (as presence of a privy) and increased refinement (such as absence of snuff dipping) would probably parallel each other. In not all cases could we obtain reliable data, so that our statistics as to the number who chew, dip, and smoke represent simply the number who admitted the habits. The data may be summarized as follows:—

So far as can be judged from the figures presented by these cases, boys from homes not yet refined enough to have privies are more likely to dip snuff and to chew tobacco, smoking being more prevalent among the boys from the more refined than from the less refined homes. Statistics for the girls agree in general with those for the boys.

It may be admitted that the foregoing statistics are not sufficient to quote as definite proof, but so far as they go they are distinctly in harmony with our personal experience extending over many years, that as we go among people without privies we find that this primitive and filthy condition is generally paralleled with an increase in tobacco chewing and snuff dipping.

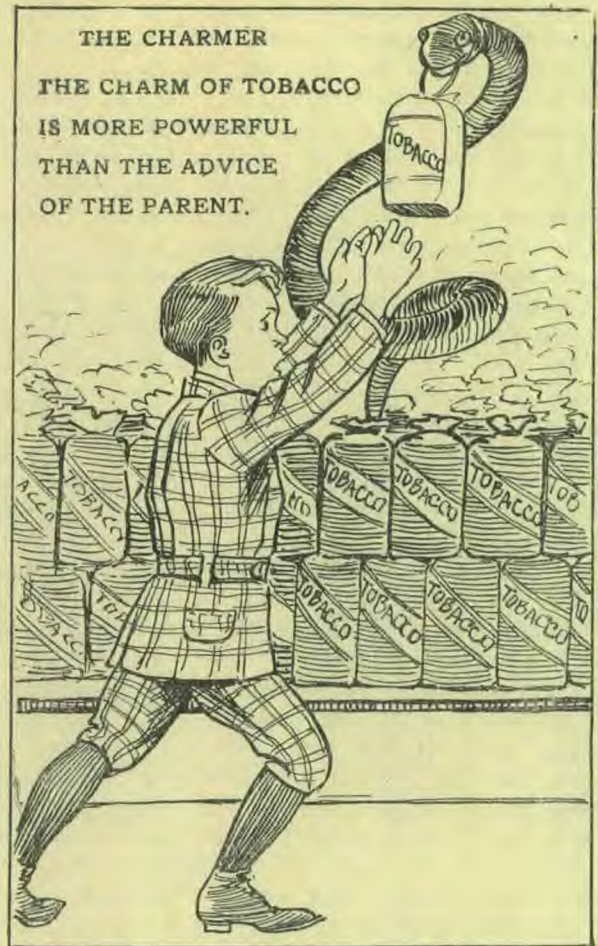
The report also gives an account of a girl of thirteen years who had been a heavy tobacco chewer for seven or eight years, having begun the habit on the advice of her family physician as a preventive against growing pale (undoubtedly in this instance, hookworm disease). The girl was so stunted in her growth that she appeared to be not more than eight years of age. While among the illiterate classes there is a widespread folk belief that snuff dipping and tobacco chewing are preventives against anemia, it is difficult to believe that a physician could be found living in this enlightened century that would advise a child to use tobacco; but the United States Bulletin says: "The case cited above represents only one of many instances we have met in the past ten to twenty years in which some ignorant country or cotton mill physician, who in all probability began his practice before the days of the State medical examining boards, has directly advised children to dip snuff and to chew tobacco as a health measure."

But the criminally careless or ignorant physician is not confined to one section of our country nor to one form of unwise counsel; for some physicians even today advise the use of brandy or fermented wines to certain of their patients. To the well-informed physicians of this age, it is criminal to prescribe alcoholic liquors or tobacco; but both have been done, to the great physical and spiritual detriment of the patient. May the passing of such physicians soon be a reality, not even a remnant of such ill-advised public service remaining to bring wretchedness and disease upon those to whom it is expected to bring only health and happiness.

Cigarettes and Fires

THE president of the Buffalo Association of Fire Underwriters, Mr. F. L. A. Cady, wrote to Mr. Manfred P. Welcher, field secretary of the Anti-Cigarette League of America, the following words:—

We desire to express our hearty accord with your endeavors toward the suppression of the cigarette habit. Our interest, of course, is primarily from the viewpoint of fire hazard. Underwriters have long emphasized the responsibility of smoking generally for numberless fires. It is generally accepted that the fire from a cigarette is more readily communicated than a fire from a cigar or pipe. We deprecate, however, all forms of smoking.



Courtesy of Mr. S. B. Goff, Camden, New Jersey

Mr. Edward F. Croker, ex-chief of New York Fire Department and president and treasurer, wrote to Mr. Welcher concerning cigarettes as follows:—

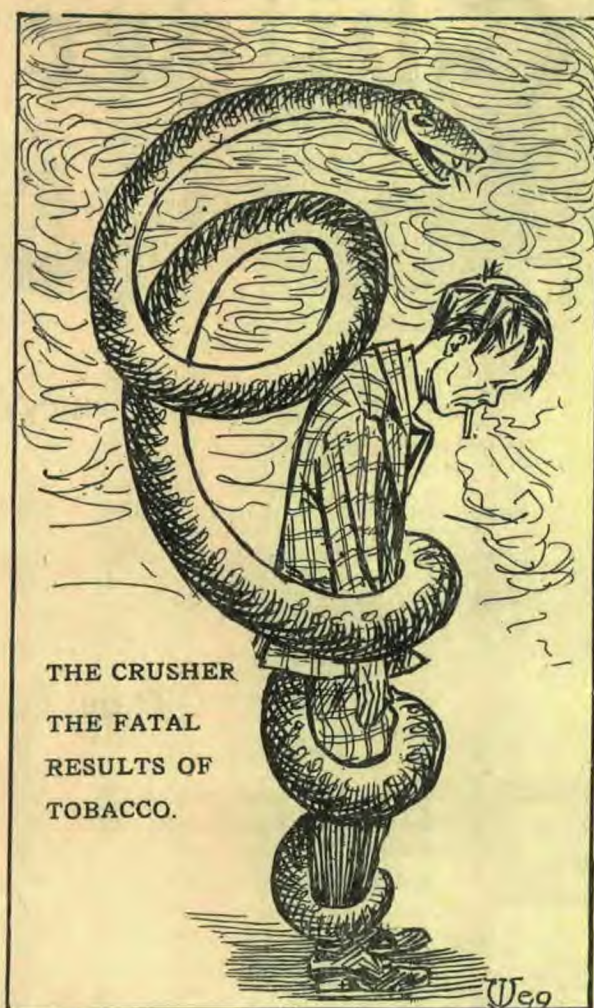
From an observation of fires and their causes, extending over a period of twenty-seven years, I have found that a very considerable percentage of fires have been caused directly by the use of cigarettes. I am certain that an examination of the fire losses in our cities and towns, the loss of life as well as property which has been caused by the cigarette-smoking habit, would be found to be appalling. The paper and light tobacco used in cigarettes hold fire for some time, usually until the entire remnant which has been thrown away has been consumed. The majority of cigarette smokers are careless in the disposition of these remnants, and usually throw or drop them wherever they may be. From the fire hazard point of view, the use of cigarettes cannot be too strongly condemned.

The statements made by these gentlemen have been greatly emphasized by the latest great fire tragedy, which is conceded to have been caused by a cigarette. The *American City* says:—

While handling guncotton, some one lighted a cigarette in the laboratory of the Korn Leather Company's artificial leather factory, Salem, Massachusetts, at half past one o'clock on the afternoon of June 25. Three hours later 250 acres of closely built territory had been burned over, swept bare of all structures; from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 of property had been destroyed, 10,000 persons had been thrown out of employment, and almost as many had been made homeless, and industry in that busy manufacturing town of 45,000 population was paralyzed.

Compensation

THE liquor people claim that \$300,000,000 worth of liquor property will be destroyed if national prohibition prevails. They are crying for compensation, and some good people who believe in prohibition think the liquor people should be compensated by the government when the traffic is outlawed. The state has the right to destroy the liquor property without giving compensation. "It has the right, and exercises it, to confiscate and destroy burglars' tools wherever they can be found; and by the logic of fact, it is not only its privilege and power, but its imperative duty to destroy a business that



is infinitely worse than burglary, and that works much more harm to the state through its citizenship in a single decade than all the burglars of all the ages have wrought."

Notwithstanding the right of the government to destroy, we with others believe in compensating the liquor traffic, when, as Mrs. Frances Beauchamp says, "the traffic compensates the state for the loss of its citizenship, for the cost of criminal prosecution, for the care of the deficient, delinquent children, which are cast upon the mercies of the state; when it reimburses the mothers for the loss of their sons, the wives for the neglect and sorrows and burdens that are unjustly laid upon them by the wreck that is made of their husbands; when it supports the orphans of the fathers that are murdered,—then will we compensate them for their distilling and brewing plants."

Two English Cities and the Drink Problem

BRIGHTON and Hove, England, with a population of 180,000, are said to spend \$2,980,000 a year in drink. It seems quite inconceivable that two cities could waste so much money on drink; but this startling sum means only \$16 for every inhabitant; while the average amount spent for drink in our own country is \$23 for each person. How much this \$2,980,000 would do for social betterment the following list reveals:—

| | |
|--|-----------|
| \$15,000 a week by parents on good food for children instead of on beer for themselves | \$780,000 |
| \$5,000 weekly on clothing, etc., for children instead of for beer | 260,000 |
| Civic pure milk supply | 250,000 |
| Open-air school and classrooms for all, for summer use | 100,000 |
| More school-teachers | 75,000 |
| Children's summer outings and games | 50,000 |
| Many more open spaces and playing fields | 250,000 |
| Fêtes, bands, transit | 100,000 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Housing reform | \$ 500,000 |
| Convalescent homes | 50,000 |
| Maternity endowment | 50,000 |
| Better roads | 50,000 |
| Vocational training of boys and girls | 175,000 |
| Relief taxes | 290,000 |
| Total | \$2,980,000 |

Surely none can say but that these cities would be greatly advantaged in every way by the transfer of this \$2,980,000 from the saloons to the interests indicated in the foregoing list. Let the manufacture of alcoholic liquors be prohibited, and the transfer will be made.

Mr. Newman Hall presents the economic liquor waste of the whole of England in the following words:—

Money Spent for Alcohol in Great Britain

would every year support 200,000 missionaries, 2,000 superannuated missionary laborers, 100,000 schoolmasters, build 2,000 churches and chapels, build 200 schools, give to 50,000 widows 5 shillings each per week, issue 50,000 Bibles and 100,000 tracts every day, present to 192,815 poor families £10 each on Christmas Day; or it would, in one year, supply each human being on the globe with a Bible; or it would, in one year, provide 200 hospitals, 12,000 churches and chapels, 10,000 schools, 2,000 mechanics' institutions and lecture halls, 25,000 almshouses, 1,000 baths, 2,000 libraries, 200 public parks, give 400,000 poor families £10 each, and present a new Bible to each man, woman, and child in Great Britain. So that the money spent for strong drink in Great Britain alone would, as far as outward ministry is concerned, evangelize the world—besides providing largely for temporal distress.

Surely no Britisher, in view of these figures, can cast his vote for the perpetuation of the liquor traffic.

"WHEN the honest tobacco dealer learns the truth, he will quit selling tobacco, label it poison, or post a notice where every customer can learn his danger in using poison. When the honest farmer learns the truth, he will raise foodstuff instead of poison."



Kitty's Thoughts

I've wondered and wondered, but can't make out
What my little kitten is thinking about;
She sits on the sofa, a bundle of fur,
For hours at a time, and I hear her purr
As softly as though she were whispering low,
In secret, the things she would have me know,
But I can't understand a single word
Of all Kitty's language that I have heard.

Is she saying her thanks for her bed so nice,
Or planning out some easy way to catch mice?
Or, alas! is she talking of helping herself
To the fresh, sweet milk on the pantry shelf?
Perhaps she is thinking of all of these:
If any one knows, will he tell me, please;
For I've asked her again and again, it is true,
As polite as I could, and she only says, "Mew."

—Rev. W. L. Hendrick, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

"Thou God Seest Me"

B. B. DAVIS

AN innocent-faced boy of fourteen, brown-eyed and curly-haired, was sitting in an old-fashioned easy-chair covered with large-figured chintz; he had pushed the chair up close to a dormer window in an upper room of a large old-fashioned farmhouse that had been built by his grandfather.

Gordon Williams had gone to his room after family worship, with a queer feeling of disappointment because of an apparent failure to interest his mother in the contents of a letter received that morning. It read as follows:—

MY DEAR GORDON: You are cordially invited to attend a little party at our house on the evening of November 29, from eight to ten o'clock. My cousin from Chicago will be here, and I wish him to meet some of my friends—you, especially.

Very sincerely,

GEORGE.

Gordon had never attended a party, in fact, had never had a desire for amusements of that character. His simple, happy life had been spent on his father's farm, and he had never been far beyond its boundaries. The boy loved nature, and was wood-wise for one of his age. He understood all the various wood sounds, and what made them. He could recognize the print of the rabbit's foot, the soft ground touch of the fox, the spring and jump of the red squirrel, the leap of the black and of the gray, as shown by their tracks. He knew all the plaintive calls of the "wild" in the insect world; the glorious melodies of the wood birds, and where the wise old tortoise lived that had the date 1813 carved on his back by Gordon's grandfather. Not a nook or a cranny anywhere that that boy was not acquainted with.

Best of all, he dearly loved the wood flowers, and he was familiar with every recess and corner the country over, where they grew. He could take you to the foot of the June berry tree, where the first hepatica blossoms were to be found in the spring; to the bank above where the bed of spring beauties was; and to the deep, dark woods where jack-in-the-pulpit stood under his canopy of brown and green. He was truly a child of nature, choosing to live among nature's glories, tracing their lives and beauties up to nature's God.

His life, so peaceful and natural, had known no real sorrow. His parents had wisely inculcated in him early in life a zeal for active employment, and so, between the hours of labor assigned him on the farm and at the home, and other happy hours spent in roaming through the woods and over the neighborhood, Gordon had grown up a healthy, happy boy, pure and innocent, his days being, as it were, one long dream of contentment.

But there had come a change. A new family by the name of Wendell had moved into the neighborhood, and one of its members was a boy about a year younger than Gordon. They were city-bred people, and George Wendell had a knowledge of things that had never entered into the life of Gordon, and he had a way of ventilating these things so boastfully that the Williams boy naturally conceded to him an evident superiority, and was willing to be led by him, which highly gratified the vanity of the Wendell boy, and of which he occasionally took dishonest advantage.

Gordon had gone over to the Wendell home after the receipt of the invitation to the party, spending several hours with George. He had expressed fears that his mother would not approve of his attending the gathering, and George had suggested that when the night came, Gordon go to his room as if to retire, and then slip down the back stairs and come to the party. He could return after the mother had retired, and no one would be the wiser. He laughed loudly at what he called a "good joke on the old folks." Gordon tried to laugh also, but somehow all did not seem right to him, though he made no reply.

That evening Gordon had presented to his mother the subject of attending the party, but the result was far from being as satisfactory as he had hoped. She did not say that he could go, neither did she say that he could not attend, nor did she mention the matter of clothes to be worn, or whether or no she would buy new ones. Worse than all, she finally called the boy's attention to the fact that the party was to be given on Friday evening—Sabbath evening!

So Gordon had gone to his room, irritated, perplexed, and disappointed. His first great cross had

come into his life. He was, as we have seen, a good boy, conscientious and trustworthy, who would not knowingly commit a wrong act. Through wise questioning and suggestion his mother had led him to look at the subject in a truer light than he had been doing, and now the war was on between inclination and duty, and it had to be fought out. Believing that he could not sleep, he had dropped into the easy-chair by the window, forlornly wretched.

As he looked out of the window, his eyes rested upon a charming pastoral scene—a well-kept, well-planned farm. In the beautiful moonlight the objects before him stood out in relief, with weird shadowings that set them off charmingly. On each side of the public road stood the stock and grain barns, and in their rear a large grove of stately oak trees reaching far down in the distance to the lake, where, in the glinting moonlight, could be seen between the trees several of his father's boats rocking and dancing on the restless waters, and tugging at the cables which fastened them to the dock.

Peacefully beautiful was the scene, and often had Gordon looked upon it with delight, yet this night it had no attraction for him. He scarcely noticed what was before him. While he thus brooded, time passed, and at last it was so far beyond the boy's usual hour for retiring that nature asserted herself, and sleep overpowered him, and he dreamed.

Gordon stood upon the tessellated floor of an immense church building, so grand, so stupendously large, so wondrously beautiful, so far beyond anything that he had ever read of or seen or even dreamed of, that, lost in amazement, he could only stand and look, look, look in wide-eyed astonishment.

The whole interior was charmingly painted and frescoed, and in every direction exquisitely modeled statues stood out in white relief against the quiet drapery of the walls. From object to object the boy's eyes roamed, and then up the draped walls to the massive gilded dome, with its ceiling of flying cherubim and interrolling clouds,—a thrilling scene, in the midst of which the startled boy saw a large, human-shaped eye, whose piercing gaze seemed to burn into his very soul. Around the eye was painted in flaming letters of gold, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

In vain the terror-stricken lad strove to shut out the awful sight. In vain he strove to confine his gaze to the statuary and other beautiful objects in the building. The eye seemed to follow each movement of his own, and the words, "Thou God seest me," kept ringing in his ears in solemn, warning tones, until, almost maddened with fear, the boy uttered a shriek of agony as he struggled to escape from the church. Opening his eyes, he saw his mother entering the room, having been roused by his cries.

Gordon did not attend the party.

An Ingathering Service

ABOUT three years ago the children of Battle Ground, Washington, were given twenty-three cents as capital to multiply for missions. In the fall they brought in an offering of eleven dollars. Last year they worked harder, and brought an offering of thirty dollars. Last spring the church officers received from a collection \$3.25, which was distributed to the younger children. With this money they bought their garden seed, eggs for hatching, etc. There were sixteen children who wanted to be self-supporting, so did not desire any initial capital given them. These

were greatly blessed in their effort to secure an offering.

When everything had been collected and sold, the children brought in their offering, which amounted to \$76.75. We had prepared a program and decorated the school chapel for the occasion. Our decorations consisted largely of fruits and vegetables arranged tastily on shelves. After the program was rendered and the children's offering taken, the congregation gave over eight dollars to help swell the fund. Then one of the brethren acted as auctioneer, and all the fruit, vegetables, and flowers were sold to those in the audience who cared to buy. Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, squashes, pumpkins, apples, pears, and even several boxes of attractive strawberries, were among the decorations.

As a result of this sale, we had over fifteen dollars more; and later some who were not present made small donations, which made the total offering \$103.75. The following poem, by Ethel Perry Smith, read at the close of the program shows how the children earned their money:—

"Their Offerings"

"Far across the briny ocean,
In those countries far away,
Many, many little children
Know not even how to pray.

"They have never heard the story
Of the Christ who loves them so.
Jesus bids us tell it to them;
Shall we say we cannot go?

"If we cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
We can give them of our bounties,
And the Lord will give us more.

"So these children here before us
Each has tried to do his best,
That some soul may hear the gospel;
And the Lord will do the rest.

"Some of these are self-supporting,
Some were given just a dime;
And they bring their offering gladly.
Their reward will come, in time.

"Some were given just a nickel,
And they knew just what to do;
And tonight they're here to tell you
Just how much their money grew.

"Squash and pumpkin seeds were planted,
But, alas! there was no rain;
So the pumpkins all were little,
But they sold them just the same.

"Chicks were raised by many children,
And when grown, the chicks were sold;
Many boys and girls can tell you
These were blessed a hundredfold.

"Two strong boys who had no money
Thought they'd earn some, if they could;
So they rose up bright and early,
And soon earned it—sawing wood.

"Corn and onions, too, were planted;
Pop corn balls were sold by some,
And vegetables of all descriptions;
And with their money now they've come.

"So they bring it as an offering,
Trusting it will do much good;
Knowing that the Lord will bless it,
For they've done the best they could."

MRS. A. D. SMITH.

"TAKE my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

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 23

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts, by seven members, each telling the blessings obtained from the study of one day's scripture.
2. Reports and plans of work.
3. Bible Study: "God's Keeping Power and His Memorial." See *Gazette*.
4. Review of Missions: A review of a month's gleanings from our missionary reports.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending January 23

1. PAPER: What I Have Learned About Abraham From the Morning Watch.
2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "God's Keeping Power and His Memorial." See *Gazette*.
4. Recitation: "Sabbath Day." See this INSTRUCTOR.
5. Review of Missions: A month's gleanings from the missionary reports. This can be given by several, each taking a country to report upon.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 15: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 15 to 17

1. WHAT was the first miracle wrought by Jesus, and upon what occasion was it performed? For what purpose?
2. Of what was his gift at the marriage feast a symbol?
3. What principle should guide our attendance at social gatherings?
4. How did Jesus publicly announce his mission as the Messiah?
5. What was the spiritual meaning of the temple, and what lesson did Jesus desire to teach by its cleansing?
6. Why did the people flee before him?
7. Later what demand did the Jews make of Jesus?
8. Explain his answer. Why did they not understand?
9. When and for what reason did Nicodemus seek an interview with Jesus?
10. What did Christ indicate as the one thing essential to salvation?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 15: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of Moses (Concluded), Pages 173-208

1. WHILE Moses was on the mount the second time, what wicked demand did the children of Israel make of Aaron? What covenant had they made with the Lord but a few days before? Tell how the golden calf was made and worshiped.
2. What did Moses see and hear when he came down from the mount? What were in his hands? What did he do with them? What was done with the golden calf? How was the sin of Israel punished?
3. After this, where did Moses go? What command did the Lord give him there? How willingly did the people bring gifts for the making of the tabernacle?
4. Describe the tabernacle. What furniture was set in the holy place? What in the most holy? What did the ark contain? What rested above the mercy seat? Of what was this a sign?
5. What altar stood in the court of the tabernacle? Where was the brazen laver? Describe the robes worn by the high priest and by the common priests. What was the breastplate, and by whom was it worn? In what way was God's will revealed by the breastplate?
6. When the tabernacle was finished, who were set apart to be priests? How did the Lord show that he accepted the house the people had made for him?
7. What did Moses wish to do when the people reached the borders of Canaan? Why did they wish to send spies into the land? How many were chosen? What instruction did Moses give them? How long were they gone? What

report did ten of the men bring them? What did Caleb and Joshua bravely declare?

8. Which report did the people believe? What did they say? How were they kept from stoning Caleb and Joshua? What terrible punishment was given the children of Israel for their unbelief?

9. What incident shows that forty years later the same spirit of murmuring was in the camp? What did the Lord send among the people at this time? Tell how those who were bitten found relief. Of what was the brazen serpent a type?

10. Describe the last days of Moses. On what mountain was he given a view of the Promised Land and of future events? By whom was he buried? Where is Moses now?

First Things First

"It is related of Alexander Duff, the great missionary to India, who spent his last years in teaching theology in New College, Edinburgh, that he loved to tell his students this story of his outward voyage to India. He was a great lover of the classics, and took special delight in the library of carefully selected volumes which friends had furnished as a part of his missionary outfit. In rounding the Cape of Good Hope the vessel was wrecked, and nearly everything on board was lost. As the passengers gathered about a fire on the beach, a sailor brought to Dr. Duff a book which had been washed ashore, and asked him if it was his. It proved to be his Bible, wrinkled and discolored by sea water, but still legible. He took it as an omen from Heaven, and from that hour, though always a leader in education, he made the Bible central in his thought and study and teaching."

It is hoped that our Bible year plan will help all our young people to make the Bible first. This is the second week. Are you reading the assignment? It will take some manly determination to form the habit. A chunk can float down the river, but it takes a man to row against the current.

If you have not done so, fill out the enrollment blank on page six, and send it to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. Then let the value of the things to be gained determine the earnestness of your effort to succeed.

M. E. KERN.



IV — Work of John the Baptist

(January 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3:17.

Questions

1. When the Oriental monarchs wished to travel through their dominions, whom did they send before them? For what purpose? Note 1. What special messenger was prepared to go before the King of heaven, when he was on earth? Luke 1:13, 16, 17.

2. What spirit and power was the messenger to have? How carefully was he to live so that he might not grieve away God's Spirit? How would he prepare the way of the Lord? Verses 15-17.

3. When he was eight days old, what name did some desire to give him? But what did both his mother and his father say he should be named? Verses 59-63.

4. By what other name did his father say he would be called? Why would he be called "the prophet of the Highest"? Verses 76, 77.

5. Where did the child live until he was ready to begin his public work? Verse 80. How did he dress? What did he eat? Matt. 3:4.

6. What did he command the people to do? For what reason? What authority did John claim for giving this message? Verses 2, 3.

7. How did the people show their faith in the coming One, and in his power to wash away their sin? Verses 5, 6. Note 2. How many did John baptize? Because of this ordinance how was he distinguished from all the other Johns in Judea? Verse 1.

8. What did John say to some who came to be baptized? How must they prove that their repentance was sincere? Whose faith would not save them? Verses 7-9.

9. Of what mightier baptism did John say his baptism was but a symbol? What were those like who permitted the Holy Spirit to burn away their sins? To what did he compare those who would not part from their sins? Verses 11, 12.

10. When tidings of John's message reached Nazareth, who recognized and answered the call? Verse 13.

11. What did John say when this sinless One asked to be baptized? Verses 13, 14.

12. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 15. Note 3.

13. What did Jesus straightway do after his baptism with water? In answer to his prayer, what opened unto him? Whose voice was heard from heaven? What did this voice say? Matt. 3:16, 17. Note 4.

Notes

1. "It had been the custom from ancient times for Oriental monarchs, when wishing to travel through their dominions, to send men before them to prepare their way, by removing stones (see Isa. 62:10), leveling rough places, filling up hollows, and making the road pleasant and easy for the distinguished travelers. Semiramis, on one of her journeys, coming to a rough, mountainous region, ordered the hills leveled and hollows filled, which was done at an enormous cost."—*Bible Manners and Customs*, page 268.

2. "As a symbol of cleansing from sin, he [John] baptized them in the waters of Jordan. Thus by a significant object lesson he declared that those who claimed to be the chosen people of God were defiled by sin, and that without purification of heart and life they could have no part in the Messiah's kingdom."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 104.

3. "Jesus did not receive baptism as a confession of guilt on his own account. He identified himself with sinners, taking the steps that we are to take, and doing the work that we must do. . . . As one with us, he must bear the burden of our guilt and woe. The sinless One must feel the shame of sin."—*Id.*, page 111.

4. "It was long since Israel had had a prophet, long since such a reformation as was now in progress had been witnessed. The demand for confession of sin seemed new and startling. Many among the leaders would not go to hear John's appeals and denunciations, lest they should be led to disclose the secrets of their own lives. Yet his preaching was a direct announcement of the Messiah. It was well known that the seventy weeks of Daniel's prophecy [Dan. 9:25-27], covering the Messiah's advent, were nearly ended; and all were eager to share in that era of national glory which was then expected. . . . In the hope of arriving at some conclusion, they [the Jewish leaders] dispatched to the Jordan a deputation of priests and Levites to confer with the new teacher."—*Id.*, page 133.

IV — Work of John the Baptist

(January 23)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
Sun. Message of John the Baptist. Questions 1-4.
Mon. Effects of John's preaching. Questions 5-10.
Tues. Language used by John. Questions 11-15.
Wed. Baptism of Jesus. Questions 16-20.
Thurs. . . . Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 97-114.
Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 3:1-17.

Questions

1. Where did John the Baptist do his work? Matt. 3:1. Note 1.
2. What timely message did he preach? Verse 2.
3. What prophecy did he thus fulfill? Verse 3.
4. How had Zacharius, speaking by the Holy Spirit, defined the mission of John? Luke 1:76-79.
5. What direction had the angel given Zacharius about John's habits of living? Verse 15.
6. What simple manner of life did John follow? Matt. 3:4. Note 2.
7. Who were attracted by the power of John's message? Verse 5.
8. What results followed his preaching? Verse 6.
9. Discerning, through the Spirit of God, the hypocrisy of many of the Pharisees and Sadducees who came to his baptism, by what question did he rebuke them? Verse 7.
10. What did he specially urge upon these Pharisees and Sadducees to do? Verse 8.
11. In what strong language did he rebuke the racial pride of the Jew? Verse 9.
12. What figure did John use to impress the importance of fruitful repentance? Verse 10.
13. In what and to what did John baptize? Verse 11, first part, R. V. Note 3.
14. In what would Jesus baptize? Verse 11, last part, R. V.
15. In what figurative language did John unfold his meaning? Verse 12.
16. Who came from Galilee to be baptized by John? Verse 13.
17. Why did John at first refuse to baptize him? Verse 14.
18. What led him to change his mind? Verse 15.
19. What followed the baptism of Jesus? Verse 16.
20. What established the identity of Jesus as the Son of God? Verse 17.

Notes

1. "It was a lonely region where he found his home, in the midst of barren hills, wild ravines, and rocky caves. But it was his choice to forgo the enjoyments and luxuries of life for the stern discipline of the wilderness. . . . But the life of John was not spent in idleness, in ascetic gloom, or in selfish isolation. From time to time he went forth to mingle with men; and he was ever an interested observer of what was passing in the world. From his quiet retreat he watched the unfolding of events. With vision illuminated by the divine Spirit, he studied the characters of men, that he might understand how to reach their hearts with the message of Heaven. The burden of his mission was upon him. In solitude, by meditation and prayer, he sought to gird up his soul for the life work before him."—*The Desire of Ages*, pages 101, 102.

2. As John was to come in the spirit of Elijah (Mal. 4:5, 6; Matt. 17:12, 13), so it was suitable that he should wear the dress of the ancient prophet (2 Kings 1:8). This would help impress the people of his time with the force of his message.

3. The Revised Version reads: "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me . . . he shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire."

BEAR your suffering till you know you are the master of it, as at first it was master of you.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

THE sweetest life that a man can live is keyed to love toward God and love toward man.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

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Power

It is a mistake for any man to think there is no power in his life. Life itself is power; and when God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, he endowed him with a part of his own infinite power, which holds stars and worlds in their places, and shines in the glory of millions of suns. In human life, then, there is stupendous power,—power to animate and make sweet and wholesome, loving and lovable, the common clay of earth; to resist evil and accomplish good; to battle with storms and to vanquish adversity; to adapt means to ends and to conquer environment; to love the unlovely and strengthen the weak; to bring cheer to the sorrowful, hope to the despondent, help to the needy; or power to mar the beautiful, deceive the trusting, and destroy the true. It may be power for evil, power dissipated, or power for good, according as we use it for unworthy ends, waste it, or devote it to noble purposes; but of this one thing be sure, in any life there is measureless power.

EUGENE ROWELL.

The Enduring Christ

THE lapse of a hundred years suffices to veil the most illustrious in more or less obscurity to all men, and not infrequently in absolute oblivion so far as the multitudes are concerned. There are not six men now living, there were not six in the last century, no, there are scarcely six men in all the history of the race, whose names are known to the masses of the people throughout the earth. Even the benefactors of the race who are known are soon forgotten. Neither marble nor bronze, nor brush nor chisel, not the "art preservative" itself, can perpetuate their memories or make known their deeds, or even their names, to the passing, succeeding multitudes.

Only this Son of the lowly Nazarene carpenter—this *manger Child*—has been able to triumph over oblivion. The miracle of survival is his, and his alone. He alone of all the great who have lived and wrought has achieved enduring, universal fame. Only his name is so engraved on the forefront of the oncoming centuries that it cannot be forgotten. He alone is loved, adored, and worshiped everywhere—in America, in Europe, in Australia, in Africa, in the gray-haired East, and in the farthest island of the seas.

As a man he never traveled beyond the narrow boundaries of the land in which he was born, but some-

how his influence has diffused itself with subtle, mysterious power throughout all lands and into all places. Time, relentless in its march, inexorable in its processes, has piled more than nineteen hundred years between the people of the present age and the scene of his crucifixion and the hour of his death, and has crowded them with human incident and achievement of race-wide interest and import, covering with oblivion and making all but nameless every actor in the unending drama; but his fame it has only emblazoned, his name it has only glorified.—"My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," by J. Frank Hanly, *ex-governor of Indiana*, pages 28-30.

Showers of Blessings

As a business man entered his home after a day filled with perplexity and anxiety, his six-year-old daughter called to him from the top of the stairs, "Stand still, daddie!" Coincident with the words a shower of tiny pieces of paper fell over and around him, and at the sight of what seemed meaningless mischief, he asked somewhat sternly what she meant by tossing the bits of paper down where they must all be picked up again.

"It's 'showers of blessing,' daddie," was the reply. "Don't you 'member you 'splained that 'showers of blessing' means 'spressions of love?'"

And then Mr. Houghton glancing at one and another of the scraps, found that upon each his little Martha had printed in childish letters the words, "I love you." Thus, he thought, God was the giver of all the "expressions of love," which constantly fell in showers upon him and which, in his ignorance, he mis-called trials and annoyances.—*The Expositor*.

An Asset or a Liability?

IT is a good thing for a church member to ask himself occasionally how much he is worth to the church of which he is a member. Let him ask, "Am I an asset or a liability? On which side of the ledger do I belong?"

Every member of the Christian church holds a treasure in trust. He holds it in trust for the church and also for humanity. The Christian faith has been carried down through the fires and storms of nineteen centuries, and it must be handed on by faithful men to the generations which are to follow. Every man who is recreant to his trust works a damage the extent of which no one can measure.—*Broadway Tabernacle Tidings*.

A Prayer

God of the hosts that fight and die—
Mid smoke and din, and shot and shell,
Through all the noises of a hell,—
The curse, the groan, the battle cry,—
Our prayers go toward the far blue sky,
O Lord, to ask that we may be
From pain, and care, and sorrow free,
Until at last we come to dwell
Near thee, on high.

God of the multitudes that groan,
And yet strive on where cannon rolls,
Where death hews down its bloody tolls,
Whose weary hearts begin to moan
Amid the battle's sullen drone.
O Father, hear our humble prayer,
Protect this country, bright and fair,
We lean our swords, we lean our souls,
On thee alone. Amen.

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