

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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OUR religion is not worth much unless it can illuminate our faces, sweeten our words, soften our actions, and make us a blessing to others.— *Selected.*

THE first steamer to pass through the Panama Canal was a small boat named "Louise." The passengers were composed of many prominent canal officials and their wives.

REV. SEDGWICK W. BIDWELL, said to have been the oldest minister of the Methodist denomination in America, died in Vermont recently, at the age of one hundred and five years.

At a recent meeting of the Tramways Association, Newcastle, England, it was suggested that street cars be provided with rubber tires in order to reduce the noise made by these conveyances.

MORE than two thousand boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty, have pledged to do all they can to make Harlem (one of the sections of New York City) a better place in which to live.

IN Russia, since the outbreak of the war, the restrictions upon evangelical worship have been removed. Already there are signs of revived interest in Sunday schools throughout the Russian Empire.

IN Eureka, California, there are a number of comfortable homes made out of the trunks of enormous trees. The stump of one tree was large enough, it is said, to furnish space for two rooms ten by ten, with fourteen-foot ceilings.

A BRITISH physician has perfected a mechanism by which a singer or speaker can hear his own voice precisely as it sounds to his audience. It is called the "critophone." The use of this instrument will enable the vocalist to study his own voice and to remedy the defects.

It is estimated that the cost of the Panama Exposition will be \$50,000,000, and it is stated that every cent of this money was raised in the State of California. Even messenger boys made dollar subscriptions in order that California need not ask Congress for an appropriation.

FOR the first time photographs of the interior of the strange Mohammedan city of Mecca will be shown to the public. These photographs were obtained by the famous traveler Mr. E. M. Newman, from an Arab who managed to snap them in spite of the fact that the taking of pictures has been prohibited under the penalty of death.

AN instrument enabling blind persons to read ordinary letterpress by means of the ear was shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of England by its inventor, E. E. Fournier a'Albe. It is said to "translate" light into sound by means of an electric current, and, as a current of only a few thousandths of a microampere is audible in the best of modern telephones, the translation becomes possible.— *Young People's Weekly.*

PLANS for what amounts to a special delivery postal card have been completed by the postal authorities of the United States. The person sending this card places on it the telephone number of the one to whom it is addressed. When the card arrives at its destination, the clerk calls up the person addressed, and reads to him the message on the card. The card is delivered later. The charge for these special delivery postals will probably be more than for the regular cards.

The Peril of Dodging Danger

THERE is great safety in the perils God chooses for us. "Is it safe to work among the lepers?" was asked of Sam Higginbottom, of India, whose missionary service has been so blessed to the outcasts whom Christ asked us specially to remember and heal. "Yes," was the answer; "it is safer to work among the lepers, if it's my job, than to work anywhere else." Mr. Higginbottom, like many another of God's children, is not willing to expose himself to the peril of dodging the dangers that God has called him into. A place of safety outside of God's will is too risky a place for any child of God to contemplate.— *The Sunday School Times.*

'Tis Light Above¹

THE clouds were thick one winter day,
The sun had hid his face;
The air was chill, the dampness bid
Each footman mend his pace.

The cold, bare earth, all dull and gray,
Had a chill, forbidding look;
The countryside was drear and lone,
The streets all men forsook.

Anon there came a flake of snow
From the dark cloud tumbling down;
Then another flake, another still,
Till they covered field and town.

The ground grew white and hearts grew light,
And the children glad came out,
And I could not see a gloomy face
As surprised I looked about.

With air still and cold and cloud still dark,
No shadow now was cast,
For the pure white snow covered all below
As our train went whirling fast.

And I thought, "How like God's truth
Is the snow so pure and white;
There is strong uplift in every word,
For it gives us only light."

The train rolled on that winter day,
The dark cloud still hung low;
But I said to myself, "'Tis light above,
For the sun still shines, I know."

And it matters not how dark the cloud
That on my soul may rest,
The Father's love still shines above,
And trusting him, I'm blest.

C. P. BOLLMAN.

¹ Written on the *Memphis Special*, Dec. 11, 1914.

EVERY day is a new life, every sunrise but a new birth for ourselves and the world; every morning the beginning of a new existence for us, a new, fresh chance to put to new and higher uses the results of our past living.— *William George Jordan.*

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 3

Lost

FLORA E. WARREN

Lost, lost, lost; in the darkened vales of sin,
The millions of earth are groping;
Sin's darkness shuts them in.
In vain they are seeking for joy,
They hear not the Master's sweet voice;
They sink in their deep despair,
Not knowing a better choice.
Each day they are perishing there,
The millions in bondage and night;
In vain they grope in the ways of death,
Finding not the grand pathway of light.

Who, who will go
With the Master's love and power,
And tell of the loving Saviour,
To lighten their path each hour?
The Saviour, who rescues from sin,
Is seeking the weary and lost;
He died that earth's sin-bound souls
Be free, though at wondrous cost.
O, who with love's message will go,
And tell it again and again?
For mercy's hour, unheeded now,
Will never return to men.

A Threefold Obligation

S. A. NAGEL



S missionaries in foreign lands, we are all under a threefold obligation. First, to our fathers and mothers. It was no small trial for them to give us to a foreign land.

Although perhaps from our babyhood they cherished in their hearts the fond desire that some day their sons and daughters would grow up to fight the battles of the Lord, yet when they found that we had been called to fight these battles away off on the firing line, it was with no little struggle that they permitted us to go.

For years they toiled and worked and prayed that we might become men and women for God, and I say, We are under obligation to them to do our best. Unless we make the very most out of life that it is possible for us to make, we fail under the obligation we owe to our parents.

Again, as missionaries, we are under obligation to the most loyal people on earth today. They trust us. They have sent us forth as their representatives to the regions beyond. And now that we are here, they do not forget us, but every month their hands go into their pockets and over comes the money to keep the work going. We are likewise under obligation to them to do our best.

Last, and most of all, we are under obligation to our Coworker and Elder Brother — Jesus Christ. As I write his name, though I know I can never fully meet this obligation, I have a most earnest desire to do my best for him. We can never pay this debt. It includes the duty we owe to those for whom he died, and only as we do our utmost for those in darkness can we come anywhere near this debt we owe to Christ.

As I think on these things, I am reminded that every Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl owes a like debt. Young friend, what are you doing to meet this obligation? Lest some of you do not think of it, let me say that you owe *no* debt to the evil one.

I fear many young people with whom I am acquainted in the States are forgetting this threefold obligation. The things of this world are fast causing them to neglect it altogether.

Robert Hall once wrote the word "God" on a slip of paper, handed it to a friend, and asked whether he could read it. He replied, "Yes." He then covered the word with a five-dollar gold piece, and asked again, "Can you see it?" His friend said, "No."

Gold is shutting God away from many of our young people today. Do not let it do that for you.

When Lysimachus was engaged in war with the Getæ, he was so tormented by thirst that he offered his kingdom to his enemies for a drink. After drinking the water they furnished, he exclaimed: "Ah, wretched man, who for a momentary gratification has lost so great a kingdom!" How applicable is this to the case of those who for the momentary pleasures of sin part with the kingdom of heaven.

Not to be conscious of this threefold obligation is to be eventually lost. A blacksmith's dog used to spend most of its time in the smithy, and thus it became accustomed to the fire. Other dogs came, but the moment the sparks flew, they ran away in terror. The smith's dog would sleep in the midst of it all undisturbed. It would scarcely leave the shop, spending day and night there. One night the shop took fire, and the dog, supposing it to be only the sparks from the forge, remained too long and lost its life. How many young people have become too familiar with the warnings of the gospel? Many have taken warning, but many sleep among the sparks.

In view of the fact that you owe such a debt that is long overdue, is it not time that you set about in earnest paying it? Is it not time that you consecrate your life to God? Consecration is a very popular word nowadays, far more popular than the real thing. Yet nothing short of entire consecration — to be anything God wishes you to be, to go anywhere he wishes you to go, to do anything he wishes you to do — will ever begin to pay this debt.

Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. When he had labored two years the work was apparently finished. He called into his studio a little girl, and directing her attention to the statue, asked, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disappointed. He had failed, and two years of labor had been thrown away. But he began over again, and this time it was not to fail. He invited the little girl into his studio and repeated the inquiry. Bursting into tears, she replied, "It is the one who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'" It was enough. The artist was satisfied. Later his rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon, and he was requested by him to make a statue of Venus for the

gallery of the Louvre. Dannecker refused, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess." He said, "My art is henceforth consecrated to God."

Young people, enlist in God's work. You cannot appreciate the value of even one soul you may be able to bring to God. A converted Jew pleading the cause of the society through whose instrumentality he had been brought to a knowledge of Christianity, was opposed by a learned gentleman, who spoke very lightly of the object of the society, and said, "I do not suppose they will convert more than a hundred altogether." "Be it so," returned the Jew; "you are a skillful calculator, take your pen now and calculate the worth of one hundred souls."

If you cannot go to a foreign field, do all you can at home. You can give of what God gives you, to assist in the work. Remember it is to God you give it. And remember also that when you talk of making sacrifices for God, you should count what you have left, not what you have given, to see whether or not you have made a sacrifice. It is related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old friends said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's I," and handed the money back. The man felt reproved, but in a moment he said: "Andrew, you are right. Here is ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus."

You will never be truly happy until you begin paying this debt you owe to Christ. But in doing your best to meet this obligation, you will find yourself rewarded even in this life. An earnest man was once reading his New Testament as he walked along the highway. He met a friend who asked him what he was reading. "I am reading," said he, "my Father's will." "And what has he left you?" asked his friend. "Why, he has bequeathed to me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." And this is the experience of all who take hold in earnest to work for God.

"Laborers wanted: the ripening grain
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry.
The Lord of the harvest calls again;
Who among us shall first reply:
Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

"The Master calls, but the servants wait;
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky.
Will none seize the sickle before too late?
Winds of winter come sweeping by.
Who is delaying, Lord? Is it I?"

Wai Chow, China.

The Impossible

WE are constantly confronted with impossibilities. God has so decreed it. He is working out a deep design. As we give it study, we may discover that God's motive is love for us, and love only, although the first impulse of the human heart is to charge him with the responsibility of our miserable failures for having thus placed before us the impossible.

Israel queried: Why are we brought in by this Red Sea, with a mountain on one side and the Egyptian army cutting off our escape on the other? and later, Why this bitter water, which we cannot drink? and again, Why must our little ones and our flocks perish for lack of food out here in this desert? and at Sinai, Why this great law that seems so far beyond us that we shall be unable to keep it? Why these giants in the

land to which Moses is leading us? and finally, at the end of a forty years' march through the wilderness, Why this overflowing Jordan to cross before entering the Promised Land, still to meet unconquered multitudes dwelling securely within cities walled up to heaven?

Here is an array of absolute impossibilities, stern enough, long enough, to cause the stoutest heart to tremble today were he actually to be forced to confront them. Everything mentioned in this list was an actual impossibility, viewed from the human standpoint. Before the Red Sea that helpless Israelitish host might easily have been slaughtered, every one of them; but God opened the deep—a thing heretofore unknown. At Marah all could have perished for lack of water to drink; but God changed those noted bitter waters to sweet. When their provisions brought from Egypt failed, that mighty host could easily have perished of starvation in that barren land; but God rained bread from heaven—a wonderful, unheard-of thing. When the great and terrible God descended at Sinai, and in the voice of thunder spoke his unperishable law, with smoke and a burning flame mounting high up into the heavens, sinful Israel might have been consumed with the exceeding and terrible glory there displayed; but Israel was protected. Without much effort those mighty giants of Hebron could have slain thousands upon thousands of the hosts of Israel as they came near their borders; but those giants were terror stricken at what they had heard about this people, and were very glad to let them alone. And at Jordan how quickly those surging floods from above might have swallowed up the whole nation chosen of Heaven; yet by faith they all passed over, taking from Jordan's bed memorial stones of God's great power.

On every occasion mentioned above (and many others might be cited) Israel was confronted with the *impossible*. Over against that impossibility was cast the *possibility* of a wonder-working, omnipotent God. He led to the impossible to show forth his *infinite power*, revealing to men, *all men* then and forever after, that *with God* there is *nothing impossible*. The impossible was to drive Israel to exercise living faith in the possibilities of him who was leading Israel's host in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. For this was none other than the Creator himself, who by his own word had framed the universe through his Father's power.

Down here at the end, in the last generation of men, weakened by centuries of sinning, how much we need to cultivate living faith in this same Deliverer—the Lord Jesus Christ. Confronted from without and from within with absolute impossibilities, how these should drive us to our glorious God!

As we look out into the world, we see war and strife, with sin abounding in every hue and form—an appalling outlook. As we turn our eyes within, we are confronted with a natural heart, unerringly described by God's pen as "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" What are we to do? The question, voiced at one time by the disciples, often comes forcibly to mind, "Who then *can* be saved?"

The Saviour's reply to that question of old holds the only solution. It was following the rich young man's sorrowful departure from Jesus, when directed to part with his heavy burden of wealth and in its place take on the easy yoke of Christ, that the disciples among themselves asked the question, "Who then *can* be saved?" After the rich young man had

gone, Jesus, having looked sorrowfully after him as he departed, turned to his disciples, saying, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "The disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that *trust* in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle [a very impossible thing], than for a rich man [trusting in, and selfishly clinging to, his riches] to enter into the kingdom of God. And they were astonished out of measure [for they had been taught that the possession of wealth was a very sure evidence that a man was in favor with heaven, and consequently entitled to a place there], saying among themselves, Who then can be saved? And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible." Mark 10: 23-27.

As we therefore are confronted with these utter impossibilities, we are by them driven to Christ Jesus. The Father has committed to him all power for the purpose of helping us through our impossibilities. God has made him to us "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," so that "he that glorieth" can "glory in the Lord." "For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him."

Jesus can *change* these wicked hearts of ours. He can open the sea ahead of us. He can provide sweet water from our bitter fountains. He is able to feed us with angels' food. In *him* and *through* him we may keep every precept of that great and terrible law. From giants and walled cities he can today deliver his trusting child. Across the swelling Jordan he can cause his redeemed ones to pass safely into the everlasting possessions of the heavenly Canaan.

"Impossibility and failure" are written across every attempt of *ours*, but possibility and glorious success become the heritage of every true child possessing faith in the infinite power committed to the Son of God, put within our reach "in him," with which we may triumph over every impossibility.

Impossible? — Yes; but with God, No; for he knows no impossibilities, because "all things" with him "are possible."

T. E. BOWEN.

Victor Hugo and the Bible

ALTOGETHER too many persons base their faith in divine revelation on the belief of men who are leaders in religious thought.

There lived in a Western city a young man whose bent was toward infidelity. Meeting a Christian who was fully persuaded as to the reality of Christian experience, he had his mind directed to the sure foundation on which the believer builds his faith. Unable to meet the arguments of the man of God, the skeptic said he would write to a leader in the political world, and should his answer favor the Bible he also would accept the book.

The answer came, a stanch testimony on the side of God's revelation. Theoretically doubt was surrendered and the Word accepted — not a strong foundation on which to build for eternity, yet preferable to quicksand.

While rendering service in a publishing house, there passed through my hands the manuscript of a book, "Shakespeare and the Bible," and it interested me not a little to note that the Bible was the source of the major part of the inspiration of the great poet.

In French literature we have Victor Hugo, who in his boyhood days read the Bible with avidity. His first introduction to the Bible was peculiar.

The Bible in the Attic

In the attic of the parental home was much that appealed to the curiosity of Victor Hugo and his brothers, and to the attic many excursions were made. On one of these expeditions Victor's curiosity was piqued by "a big, venerable-looking black book far out of his reach on the top of a wardrobe."

The mother's warning to the boys was "not to climb," but Victor, by dint of mighty effort, managed to reach the great book. He and his brothers scurried off with it to a corner of the attic, and pored over its yellowed pages till lunch time.

"Victor Hugo filled his soul with Bible stories and filled his memory with Bible souvenirs, which were translated many years later into original poetry," writes a French author. So pronounced was Victor Hugo's faith in the Scriptures that on the title-page of one of his books he says, "The Bible is my book."

Had the noted writer been brought in touch with the Christ of Protestantism instead of the formalism of Rome, undoubtedly his later experience would have been different. From the years 1821 to 1827 religion held a large place in his life. Later he underwent a great transformation, and for twenty-five years he devoted himself "sedulously to breaking the zealous promises of Christian apostleship which he had made in 1821, and which were perfectly sincere when he made them."

Hugo's affection for the Bible survived his loss of faith in revealed religion, and he spoke of it as "the Holy Book I admire," "the august text," "the Book of God," and said, "I admire everything in the Bible." He has been called "the most Biblical of modern geniuses."

Strange that Victor Hugo should have had such a love for the Bible and not have had faith in revealed religion. In 1851 he was banished, and toward the end of his life he lost faith in science and human reason.

The lesson from the life of Victor Hugo teaches that personal experience in the power of Christianity is the only safeguard. God's Book may be believed in, its truth accepted, yet if the Christ of the Bible does not abide in the heart, our faith will stand in the wisdom of men and not in the power of God. This will mean disaster.

Formalism in religion — how many wrecked lives are encountered because of it! A form of truth is dangerous; the truth as it is in Jesus, which means personal experience, brings certainty, satisfaction, safety.

WILLIAM Q. SLOAN.

CARRY on every enterprise as if all depended on the success of it.— *Richelieu*.

Day Unto Day

PEACE and power and praise and prayer
Be mine at morning's promise fair;
Power and prayer and peace and praise
Crown all the noontide of my days;
Praise and peace and prayer and power
Still mine at evening's darkening hour;
Prayer and praise and power and peace
Abide till toil and thought shall cease.

EUGENE ROWELL.



THE HOME CIRCLE

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



A Haven of Refuge



WOMAN prominent in reform work wrote to a friend of her youth that after concluding a lecture tour in one State, she would stop at her friend's home for a few days' visit, before beginning work elsewhere. Her coming was, of course, conditional on her friend's convenience, and the latter was asked to reply by telegraph.

The friend read the letter to her daughter, and then the two looked at each other. If the truth must be told, the time was not opportune. Their servant, reliable and competent, had been called home by sickness in the family, not to return for several weeks. It was, moreover, the middle of the summer, when even energetic people are inclined to relax.

"Well, dear," the mother said, "I'll leave it to you." And the girl who had never even met her mother's friend, changed a sigh into a smile and answered, "Of course she must come."

When the lecturer arrived her two hostesses forgot that she was distinguished. They saw only an over-taxed woman, on the point of collapse. They took her to her big, airy room, and told her that when she woke in the morning, she should ring a little bell, and her breakfast would be brought her; and when she expostulated on being "spoiled," they professed a complete ignorance of anything in the nature of a breakfast hour.

That was the most restful week that had come into that tired woman's life for many a busy year. The house was dark and still and peaceful. When she rose, the rooms were in order; and her hostess was able to sit down for a quiet chat with her hands folded. The meals, though simple, were dainty and appetizing. Sometimes the supper was served out under the trees, on a small table borrowed from the kitchen. At nine o'clock everybody went to bed; and if the guest had reflected, she might have guessed that early rising was practiced, for houses are not kept immaculate without work, and dainty dishes do not prepare themselves. But she was too tired to think, and never found out that the daughter of the house was downstairs and at work at five o'clock.

She stayed more than a week, and then went on to take up her new campaign in another State. It was a peculiarly successful one from the standpoint of the reformers. The newspapers were full of what had been accomplished. And when the campaign was over, the woman who was getting the credit for its success wrote her friend as follows:—

"When I reached your home, six weeks ago, it seemed a perfect haven of refuge. I had not realized how tired I was till its peace enfolded me. I see now that I was near a complete breakdown, and that if it had not been for those wonderful ten days I should never have been able to go through with the program I had mapped out. O my dear, if I have accomplished anything worth while in this month of strenuous work,

half the credit, if not more, belongs to you and that girl of yours, who took me in exhausted, and with the white magic of peace and comfort and orderliness made me over new."

The mother, who was reading aloud, stopped at this point and looked at her daughter. The girl's face was shining.

"A haven of refuge," she repeated. "I like the sound of that. Mother, isn't it nice to think that if you're not a bit talented, you can help in that way, making your home a haven for the people who are doing the big things?"

And then she went back to her work in the kitchen, and her mother smiled as she heard her singing.—
Young People's Weekly.

Household Suggestions

IN washing clothes put three tablespoonfuls of glycerin in an ordinary tub of water, where softness is imperative. Try two tablespoonfuls in the wash boiler when it is necessary to boil clothes.

My "Try" and "Tried" envelopes are a great convenience to me, writes a contributor to *Good House-keeping*. Before I made use of them, I used often to see recipes which sounded delicious, only to find when I later wanted to try them out that the newspaper or magazine in which they appeared had been thrown away. On the other hand, if I cut them out immediately and pasted them in my cook book — which is the only safe way to keep a recipe — I was often disappointed in them. Then it was necessary either to damage the book by tearing out the clippings, or else to fill valuable space with recipes that were useless to me. Now, however, into my envelope marked "Try" I immediately put all clippings on culinary subjects which attract my attention. Then when any clipping has been tried, and proved worthy, it is slipped into the second envelope, labeled "Tried," to await an hour of leisure when the clippings may be sorted and pasted into my book under the proper headings.—*Selected.*

Our Help

WHEN, brother, all the way is dark,
And you are feeling lonely,
Don't look for help from friends of earth,
There's One can help, One only.

Of course he often uses us
To speak a word that's cheering;
But what will help the most of all,
Is God's own promise hearing.

"Be not dismayed, I am thy God,"
Will help you out of danger;
"Fear not," he says. We know the voice
Is not that of a stranger.

Now in this new year of your life,
Let God do all the guiding;
His words have strength for you each day,
And help you in deciding.

LILLA WARREN VAN EVERY.



The Robber Chief

A Legend

'Twas midnight in the Nile's fair land. The moon
Shone o'er the vale with all the mild soft light
That marks an eve in Oriental climes.
The desert gleamed afar like bands of gold
Around an emerald stone. The great highway
Wound in and out among the trees within
The pastures green. Along the beaten path
Two travelers moved as though from far away,—
The one, a gentle woman with a babe,
Upon a patient beast of burden sat,
While by its side the other walked. The trees
Cast shadows weird and dark across the road,
And not a sound fell on the ear. At length
The pilgrims neared a rocky range of hills,
A well-known haunt of robbers, fierce and bold—
No trace of fear upon those faces calm.
They journeyed on with trusting hearts, as if
They knew a guard was stationed by their side.
When near the cave, dark forms upon the cliffs
Appeared, and forth a robber stepped, who seemed
To lead the band. With haughty tones he bade
The travelers halt. The babe awoke, and as
The chieftain caught its eye, it smiled and waved
Its little hands. A rustling sound as if
Of wings, a flash of light, and all the air
Seemed filled with unseen forms. The robber paused,
And once again the babe smiled, and held
Its hands out to the chief, who, stooping down,
Impressed a kiss upon its guileless lips,
Then sternly bade his band depart and let
The pilgrims go their way.

Long years passed by.

A preacher stood before a listening throng,
And never man before had spoken words
So simple and so plain. As mighty oaks
Are swayed by sweeping winds, so were those hearts
Moved to and fro, responsive to his thoughts.
He spake of things to come—a kingdom fair,
Beyond the realm of death, a King whose love
Should rule the earth, and endless life where toil
And care and woe would never vex the soul.
Among the throng who drank his words, as men
Athirst drink water from a sparkling spring,
Was one whose heart was touched and thrilled with strange
Familiar feelings fraught with power. What was
The memory that so wrought upon his soul?
What but the picture of a midnight scene
Long, long ago? He saw the same sweet smile
And felt the same blest influence as of yore.
Had he not kissed those lips? And should he not
Now listen to their burning words of truth?
The days passed on, as clouds sail o'er the sky.
The robber, careless grown, shunned not arrest,
But calmly waited for his doom, content
To take what man should give him for his crimes—
And men oft-times are cruel in their power.
Suspended on a cross 'twixt earth and heaven
The chief was hung, to suffer pain untold
In sweat and blood, to feel the chain give way,
The golden chain of life. But not alone;
Close by his side another cross was placed,
And on it hung a well-known form, the form
Of One whose words had wakened noble thoughts,
The One whose lips when but a babe had touched
His own. His months and years of crime came back
With crushing force, and as he watched the One
Upon his left, and marked his kingly mien,
His kind and patient look, and read the words
Upon his cross, the thought came to his mind:
This man is Christ; and with a mighty, wild,
Despairing cry, came forth the words, "O Lord,
O Lord, remember me when thou shalt reign—
Remember me." And lo, the Sufferer turned
And looked upon the chief with that same look
That in the days of yore had stirred his soul.
And from his lips the gracious promise came,
The promise of a life beyond earth's woe,
The promise of a share in that glad reign
When all the saints shall reign with him as King.

O ye who speak the word, forget not this:
It often lingers in the mind for years
And years, and then comes to the light like seed
Long sown. The Spirit of the One who hung
Upon the cross works through his children now,
And sends the truth to troubled souls, with all
Its old-time force and peace and holy power.

—Eliza H. Morton, in "Star Flowers."

The Things I Meant to Do

I MEANT to make a friendly call,
And let our neighbors know
We welcomed them into our town,
And kindly interest show.
I meant to do it right away,
But put it off somehow
Till months had quickly passed away—
The house is empty now.

I had a friend, a dear, dear friend
So many miles away;
I used the little gifts she sent,
And loved her more each day.
I meant to write and tell her so—
Just put it off, you know,
And that is why this quiet eve
My heart is aching so.

Your friend still lives? Then send that friend
A loving word today;
Perchance 'twill bring a soul fresh hope,
Dark clouds may drive away.
'Twill take a little time, 'tis true,
But other work can wait;
For sad the heart whose tender words
Are penned, alas! too late.

I meant to see a dear young girl
Whose friends were far away,
And warn her that the path she took
Would lead her feet astray.
The task was hard, and loath was I
Such warnings to begin,
And now the one I meant to win
Has reached the depths of sin.

So many things I meant to do
Through blinding tears I see—
The warning word, the loving deed,
The note of sympathy.
The things you mean to do, do now;
O, do not let them wait
Until from out your quivering lips,
You breathe the words, "Too late!"

VIDA V. YOUNG.

Vote as You Pray

(Tune: "Beulah Land")

THERE is a class of men today
Who go to church to sing and pray;
They pray, "O Lord, thy kingdom come,"
And then go out and vote for rum.

CHORUS:

They vote for rum, death-dealing rum,
And still they pray, "Thy kingdom come;"
They ever sing and preach and pray,
But cast their votes the other way;
But how can they pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
And then go out and vote for rum?

With party ballots in their hands,
They say, "The cause, 'tis glorious, grand!"
They hope Christ's kingdom soon will come,
Then go right out and vote for rum.

And Christians, too, I sometimes fear,
Do indirectly favor beer;
They will not vote, whate'er may come,
But stay at home and vote for rum.

How will those saints at last appear
Who favored rum, gin, wine, and beer?
Will the good Judge say to them, "Come,
Ye ransomed ones who favored rum?"

—Selected.

RISE, O America, rise in thy splendor!
Lead forth the nations to war against war;
Stand for the highest, be freedom's defender,
Brotherhood, justice, and peace evermore.

—Oliver Huckel.

Mistakes

THERE are two kinds of mistakes; namely, those that come about from ordinary miscalculating, and those that occur from wretched carelessness and distressing absent-mindedness.

"Study Your Mistakes"

No one gets beyond the boundary limits of possible human mistakes, be he big or little. Why a person escapes making many is because he is greater than his mistakes, because he rises out of them and takes a surer grip. He *thinks* before he acts, he *looks* before he leaps.

"Study Your Mistakes"

When you say, "I don't care," then are you on the road to ruin, and the shadow of failure—a misspent life—is thrown athwart your pathway. Mistakes multiply, hit-or-miss methods play the game of chance as the mind or feet slip or blunder on this toboggan of "Don't care."

"Study Your Mistakes"

But the mistakes that tear away the power of a man, weaken him, and make him flabby, are the stupid, the reckless mistakes. The clerk who forgets, the stenographer who neglects, the worker who wearsies in well-doing,—those are the ones whose lifeblood and vitality are sucked and sapped away into failure.

"Study Your Mistakes"

In one of the great business houses this impressive motto can be seen, "Where only the best is good enough." Adopt it as yours. Hang it up in your study room, in your workshop, in your bedroom, put it in your pocketbook, weave it into the texture of everything you do, and your life will be what every one's should be—a masterpiece. I. C. COLCORD.

"I Have Fallen Again"

How many times has this confession been uttered by some of those who are battling against sin, and not infrequently has the decision to surrender the fight been almost reached.

The brave soldier is not the one who fights when his company, or battalion, or regiment has had victory after victory; rather, the soldier who day after day has been on the losing side, who inch by inch has been forced to give way before the pressure of the enemy, yet fights on, hoping at last for victory,—he is the one who gives strength to an army; he is the soldier who is brave.

"No surrender!" must ever and always be the cry of the soldier of the cross. No matter how many times we have failed, we never can exhaust God's mercy, nor reach the place where he cannot forgive, if we are fighting.

The limit of human forgiveness was seven times. Jesus made it seventy times seven, four hundred and ninety—over twenty times an hour. Who needs to confess defeat twenty times an hour, twenty-four hours a day? Allowing eight hours for sleep, then we have more than thirty confessions an hour to make. Christ meant not mathematical limitations of mercy, but rather that God's mercy is without limit. Sin is finite. God's mercy is infinite. Therefore sin can never overreach God's forgiveness.

God is ready to forgive, and no matter how many times we have sinned, no matter how frequent have been our defeats, if they have been twenty times an

hour, twenty-four hours a day, when we confess, God forgives, and forgives freely.

The child who is beginning to walk falls repeatedly, but each time gets up and tries again. His effort to rise strengthens the muscles of the legs and back, and at last he walks, falling but rarely. Babies in Christ may have many a fall, but as they grow in grace they are able to walk in the way of righteousness with fewer falls.

The Secret of Victory

is simple. Each day talk to God as to a friend. It is not agonizing with God that counts. It is communion. "We pass too hurriedly through the sacred circle," is the warning from God. We bow each morning before God, and after a short prayer and a glance at the Word, go out to meet the enemy. There is a more excellent way. Shut the door of the place of prayer, open the Word, and ask God to meet with you. You will not ask in vain, for he will draw nigh to you as you draw nigh to him. Delightful will be your communion with the God of all grace, who will strengthen you with might by his Spirit in the inner man. His presence will go with you, and victory will be yours.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Look out, not in; look up, not down. Fight the good fight of faith, and you will be brought off more than conqueror through him who loved you and gave himself for you.

Never surrender, no matter how many have been your defeats. The crown of eternal victory will soon be placed on your brow, for in a little while the captain of the Lord's hosts will appear to take to himself his own.

JOHN N. QUINN.



Third Week

- January 15.* Genesis 46, 47: Israel goes to Egypt; a joyful meeting; Goshen.
- January 16.* Genesis 48 to 50: The death of Jacob; review the whole book briefly, making a list of special doctrinal points of the Seventh-day Adventist faith that are introduced; name six men whose biographies are given.
- January 17.* Exodus 1 to 4: Oppression; the chosen deliverer; exile; the call to service; Aaron.
- January 18.* Exodus 5 to 8. Warnings and plagues.
- January 19.* Exodus 9 to 11. Plagues.
- January 20.* Exodus 12 to 14. The first Passover; a promise kept; by fire and by cloud; through the Red Sea.
- January 21.* Exodus 15 to 17. A song of triumph; murmurings and mercy; manna; the Sabbath honored.

Exodus

The book of Exodus takes its name from the Greek, and means the "going out," referring to the departure of Israel from Egypt. The book may be divided into three parts: History (1 to 18); laws (20 to 24); worship (25 to 50).

Genesis closes with the family of Israel, comfortable and prosperous, pleasantly settled in Egypt. Exodus opens with that same family, grown "more and mightier" than the Egyptians, in bitter bondage and oppression. The book relates in detail the story of their great deliverance, and shows how they became a nation, with a thorough organization, efficient leadership, a complete code of laws, and an established form of worship.

The life of Moses, from his romantic rescue from Egyptian malice in his infancy, through all the thrilling years of his wonderful experiences as the chosen leader of Israel, is of absorbing interest.



I Want You to Know My Mother



JULES HAMPTON began his studies early that evening, and, as usual, left the most difficult one till last. This one was Latin. But even this was finished now, and with a sigh of satisfaction he laid down the book. Then he settled more deeply in the chair, gazing round at the bright array of college pennants that decked the walls of his room in the Brotherhood fraternity house. The little clock on the shelf told him it was yet a half hour till Clay Perkins and Matt Dillingham, upper-classmen friends of his, would arrive to spend a social hour.

Jules was particularly proud of his intimate acquaintance with Clay and Matt; for Clay was president of the college student body, and Matt was president of the field team. Both were extremely popular and reputed to come from aristocratic families. Jules, being of more humble pedigree, though with the just pride of his kind, wanted to be at his best when his guests arrived.

Finally, as if remembering something, he raised up and took from the stand at his elbow a letter that had come late that afternoon. He held it before him a moment, and an expression that was mingled loneliness and pleasure was printed on his face. The hand-stamped postmark spelled "Glenbrook." The address was penned in a wavering, yet a very certain and considerate hand, as if the one who wrote it took all needed time.

After gazing at the address a full half minute, his mind busy in retrospection, he tucked the envelope in his pocket. He could not read the letter now. Clay and Matt would soon arrive, and he must have a good long time for reading it.

At that moment the fraternity house doorkeeper appeared and announced through the portière, "There is a lady at the door to see you."

Jules sat up stiffly, taken by surprise. "A lady, did you say? Is she alone?"

"She is alone," the doorkeeper replied, smiling, and evidently enjoying the young man's discomfiture. "She says she knows you, and she would have come right in if I hadn't stopped her. She doesn't seem to understand the rules of the house."

Jules smiled, too, but it was not altogether a smile of mirth. He was plainly ill at ease. "What did she say she wants of me?"

"She says she wants to talk to you; and she doesn't want to wait at the door."

"Is she young or old?" Jules asked further, his interest and curiosity growing.

"She is old, I should say. And I would guess she came from the country."

Jules's distress increased. What old lady of his ac-

quaintance would be coming to see him at this time? He knew of none. Anyhow, he could not receive her — not tonight.

"I'm sorry," he told the servant, "but I'm expecting guests very shortly. Tell her to call tomorrow."

As the doorkeeper turned to obey, something came to Jules's mind that caused him to shout with sudden and changed decision, "You may show her in!"

Very soon there came a faltering step on the polished floor of the hall. Then the visitor stood at the threshold, peering in. She stood in silence, clutching at the heavy curtains with trembling fingers and looking round uncertainly as if in doubt whether to advance or retreat.

For some time Jules Hampton sat as one struck dumb. Speech and action failed him.

Finally the visitor herself, speaking in a low but joy-filled voice, said to him, "Well, Jules, I guess I surprised you, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did, mother! Indeed you did!" the youth replied, leaping up. A thrill of happiness, of supreme delight, came suddenly upon him. He did not care now if his aristocratic guests were expected to arrive at any moment. It mattered not to him if this aged and bent old lady was travel stained, her dress very simple and plain. He took her hands in his own and pressed them warmly, while he touched his lips to her wrinkled cheeks. "Mother," he told her sincerely, "I'm very glad you've come to see me."

He led her to the big chair near the stand. "My!" she exclaimed, looking around, "this is a mighty pretty room. But it's a long ways out here from the depot. I rode as far as I could in the street car, an' asked at half a dozen places before I found the right house. I'm all tuckered out."

She took a good long breath, and removed her plain little bonnet.

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming, mother?" Jules asked. "I would have met you at the train, and had things better prepared for you."

"Didn't you get my letter?" she wanted to know.

"A letter came," he returned, "but it just arrived tonight, and I haven't —" He hesitated, as if in doubt what to say. As a matter of truth he did not have time to read it — not the time he always gave to letters from her.

"It was queer about that letter," she hastened to explain. "I wrote it over a week ago. Gene Simpson came over that day, an' I gave it to him to mail. He, boy-like, carried it round in his pocket till he nearly wore it out. I put it in another envelope an' mailed it myself just yesterday morning — only a half day before I started. I was all ready to start, an' I thought you wouldn't mind being surprised —"

"Of course not, mother," he assured. "I know you must be hungry as well as tired. Won't you have something to eat?"

"I'm not hungry," she replied, "as I had a good lunch with me. If you have it, though, Jules, I'll take a warm drink. I don't mind it's bein' warmed over."

"I'll have some made for you at once, mother," he said, as he walked to the door and called a servant.

"You have help here?" she asked in surprise as she looked at him somewhat critically.

"Yes, we have help, mother," he answered. "This is a big house, and there are almost forty young men with rooms. We have so much work —"

"Of course," the good old lady agreed. "Things are different now from what they used to be when I went to school."

The drink was brought, and Jules's mother took the fragile cup and saucer gingerly. "My!" she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide, "I shouldn't think you boys would want such egg-shell china. Looks like a part of that blue-and-white Japanese set Sophie Murdock got for a wedding present from her uncle who lives in New York. Sophie's mother said the set cost twenty dollars, though I couldn't understand how so much money could be put into a few dishes that are so thin you can see through them. I suppose it's the pictures painted on them."

Though she went on with a detailed description of the china set, and turned from this into a recital of things in general respecting the community of Glenbrook, Jules Hampton heard only a part of what was said. Glad as he was that his mother had come, he could not wholly be at ease. Her dropping in on him in this unexpected way, and at this particular time, distressed him in spite of his being genuinely pleased. He believed he knew full well what an effect her presence would have on Clay Perkins and Matt Dillingham. Though he had never troubled himself to inquire into their parentage, their dress and manners convinced him it was something entirely different from his own. Such well-poised, highly polished young fellows could not have ascended from low estate, was Jules's conclusion. And this fact made him all the more distressed.

"How long are you going to stay, mother?" he asked, and for the first time a tone of annoyance crept into his voice.

"For a week, anyhow," she told him frankly. "I fixed things up at home so I wouldn't have to worry about hurrying back. You see, I have Mr. Frazer take care of the stock, and while I'm gone Midge Davis will feed and look after my chickens. She is such a good little soul, and said she would do this for me just as long as I wanted her to."

This was somewhat disconcerting for Jules. Yet as she settled more deeply into the big chair, and let her gaze wander round the room, there came an expression of happiness and pride to her face that struck a response in the youth's countenance and in his heart. "My!" she went on, "what a fine house this is! It's the very finest house I was ever in, Jules. And to think you are a part of it—that you are almost a grown man, ready to graduate from college—you, who was a scampering barefoot boy only a little while ago! But I forget that you are the baby of the family, and that six other boys have gone on into the world ahead of you."

Her dim old eyes filled with tears,—happy, glowing tears,—and her hands trembled till the delicate cup rattled in its saucer.

"I'm afraid you're tired, mother," he told her frankly and kindly. "Don't you want to lie down? I'll have a room and bed arranged for you."

He moved as if to call a servant again, but the old lady raised a restraining hand. "No! no! don't call any help, please don't. I don't want anybody fussing round me. I'm not tired. This big chair is mighty soft and restful, and I'd rather stay here and talk to you. It's been almost two years since I saw you. I expected you home last summer, but you got a good position, and needed to work every day. Of course I don't blame you. So I just made up my mind I'd come to see you. Now that I'm here, I'm going to stay awhile. You can go right ahead with your studying. I won't bother. I'll find plenty to do. I know you must have a lot of socks that need darning—boys always do—and shirts that need mending; so I'll keep busy."

Again Jules smiled, but his inward happiness could not entirely drive from him the feeling of uneasiness. He wondered what he should do with her for a whole week. Most of all, he wondered what explanations he could make to Clay Perkins and Matt when they came. In his bewilderment he moved aimlessly to and fro, fumbling with the miscellaneous assortment of bric-a-brac and college souvenirs that covered a good portion of the long study table. A glass vase that he lifted with nervous fingers and for no apparent purpose, slipped from his grasp and fell with a crash to the floor.

"O!" his mother exclaimed, as she threw up one hand, and all but dropped the teacup and saucer. "How you scared me, Jules! That's the way you used to smash things at home. You broke the looking-glass once, and your father and me were sure it would bring seven years' bad luck. Somehow, it didn't." Then she laughed outright, with a mother's forgiving kindness beaming in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, mother," Jules told her, as if to beg atonement for both present and past deeds of carelessness. "But I do know you are tired and nervous. You ought to rest. We'll have a good long talk tomorrow; I have a lot of things I want to tell you, so many things that it would tire you out to hear them."

He put his arm around her and lifted her up. "I'll show you the way to the guest room." He would have led her to the door, but at that moment there came a sound of voices in the hall. Before he could take another step the heavy curtains parted, and a young man, faultlessly attired, blocked the way. It was Clay Perkins.

Crestfallen and silent, his arm around the bent form of his mother, Jules Hampton stood with eyes on the floor.

Clay Perkins was the first to speak, and there was something in his words that for the moment brought black despair to Jules's overburdened mind. "I heard what you said," Clay told him, and it was as if he spoke an accusation.

Then it was that Jules Hampton stood erect, lifting himself proudly. He drew his mother closer to him. He no longer cared who saw or knew. After all, he had nothing of which to be ashamed. It was true that the family tree of which this plain old lady and himself formed a part, was not of the aristocratic sort. But it was strong, and firmly rooted in the pure soil of honesty and clean living. It was his love of work, his desire to win, his hard struggle in the face of difficulties that had brought him up to his present place. Most of all, this ambition and this desire were

early instilled into him by this work-hardened woman of toil at his side. For this he loved her. For this he was proud of her. It mattered not if these haughty young fellows of boasted pedigree should sneer at him; the mother who had loved him, the mother who had done so much for him —

"Why don't you speak, Jules?" Clay Perkins wanted to know. "You evidently intended to smuggle this dear old lady away, but I'm not going to have it. I have reason to believe she is your mother, which is a happy surprise; but a no bigger one than I have for you."

Then Clay turned and called back over his shoulder to some one in the hall, "Mother, come in here."

Clay Perkins stepped into the room and offered Jules's mother his hand. The worn and work-hardened fingers were warmly pressed by soft but firm ones, full of life and health and hope.

"I want you both to know my mother," Clay said happily. "She, too, gave me a surprise this evening — just dropped in on me all unexpectedly. Serves me right for having kept so busy that I could not go home to see her. Her arrival proved lucky, for Matt Dillingham could not come with me, and I had promised Jules to be here with him. Mother, meet Mrs. Hampton and her son, Jules."

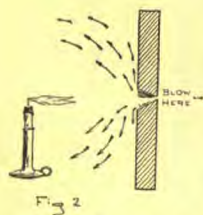
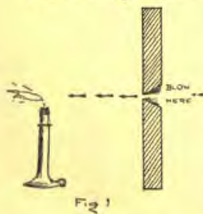
Instead of the haughty, powdered, and bejeweled grand lady he fully expected to meet, Jules saw a dear, plain old lady enter; moreover, she was as simple, as homelike, and as lovable as his own mother. Had an angel entered his door, Jules would have been no more pleased. His heart leaped exultantly as the two mothers, their dim eyes glowing, each grasped the other's hand. And while the two chattered happily, Clay Perkins came over to gaze with beaming eyes into Jules's proud face.

"It seems almost like a family reunion," he smiled. — *Dennis A. Stovall, in Young People's Weekly.*

Boys' Useful Pastimes

How to Blow a Flame Toward You

You may have noticed the peculiar freaks of wind, or the queer antics of a draft of air in a room. The following experiment may help you to understand some of the things about which you have wondered:—



If a funnel-shaped orifice is cut through a screen, and a candle flame is placed four or six inches in a direct line from the narrow aperture, a steady blow through the funnel will drive the flame in the direction away from the blower. See Fig. 1. But change sides with the candle, and the draft occasioned by blowing will so disperse the pressure

of the atmosphere as to cause the flame to be directed toward you, as in Fig. 2.

In performing this experiment be sure you blow steady and in a straight line. Use a board if you wish, and cut the cones as in the drawing, or use a piece of wire screen, inserting small paper cones.

Camphor on Water

The revulsive effects of certain substances when brought into contact with water are curious, and scientists have puzzled over

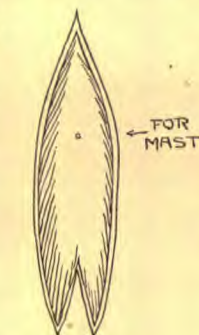


FIG. 3.

them. One of the most remarkable is produced by camphor. You might try this one:—

Fill a small basin with hot water and throw upon its surface a few fragments of camphor. They will in-

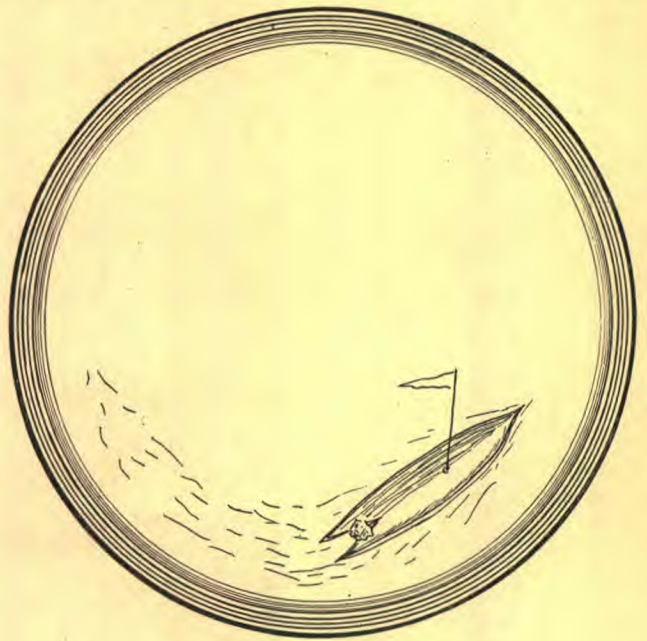


Fig 4.

stantly acquire a rotary and progressive motion, which will continue for some minutes. Before the motion ceases, drop onto the surface of the water a little oil of turpentine; the floating particles will instantly dart away as if by magic, and will become quite still.

From a very thin sheet of tin, cut out and shape a little boat, as in Fig. 3. You may place a mast in the front of it if you wish, made of a splinter or a thin match. On the stern of the boat, across the points, put a small piece of camphor gum in such a way that it will be held on the tin and still touch the water. This will give considerable motive power to your craft, and will drive it around in circles as represented in Fig. 4.

UTHAI V. WILCOX.

Sunshine Praying

A LITTLE girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now." How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to him for shelter and protection! If we would only give God our best, our brightest days, we should have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come.—*Sunday School Times.*

BEGINNING a thing is easy; it's the sticking to it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish.—*Selected.*

Arkansas Cane Juice

SUGAR is found in many fruits, grasses, and some trees. While growing, or in a green state, quantities of starch are stored up, but seldom is sugar found in their composition. In ripening, the starch gradually disappears, and a sweet juice takes its place. This juice from certain plants is gathered and heated to nearly boiling, and is then treated, that is, a small quantity of slaked lime or other chemical is added. A clear liquid then separates from the body, which sinks to the bottom of the pan, and is run into shallow pans, where it crystallizes. This is drained from the molasses and dried, forming the raw sugar of commerce. Often this product is afterwards refined by being treated with animal charcoal and subjected to heat in molds, becoming what is known as loaf sugar. Cane sirup is the original sap as taken from the plant. After the sugar is extracted, the residue is known as molasses.

In the early days in both Arkansas and Florida, primitive cane mills were common, and were operated in fields where the cane was growing. A mill consisted of two iron cylinders set in a frame and almost touching. On one having a center spindle a large tree limb would be hung, as shown in the illustration. To the sweep end a native or Texas steer or ox would be fastened, and as he moved in a circle, the cylinder would revolve. When a stalk of cane was thrust in, the pressure would cause the other cylinder to turn, and so gradually draw the stalk through the press; as the cane was crushed, the extracted juice would trickle down the cylinders and drip into a pan below.

Of course these times of 'lasses making were bonanzas to the house flies as well as other insects, bees particularly; but especially to the flies, which would settle down upon the cylinders seemingly in a delirium of delight, swarming over them in black clouds, only to stick fast and be crushed as the iron rollers revolved. Whether sight of the martyrdom of the myriads of insects added zest to the appetite of the onlookers, or not, complaints from among the natives were not common.

One of these old presses, now in operation, is a novel sight among the many odd attractions, on the upper end of Central Avenue, the main street in the city of St. Petersburg, Florida, some enterprising native having conceived the idea of giving the "Yankee tourists" an opportunity to taste the juice as originally obtained in the early days of the State; and he appears to be doing a thriving business. He serves out the juice at five cents a glass, grinding the cane to order, "while you wait." Flies are not numerous in Florida, however, in places where cleanliness is observed; so the "cané man" is not greatly troubled with this nuisance, though to a certainty a few venturesome insects must pay the penalty with their lives.

The illustration shows the mill with the native ox that operates it waiting for a customer. The dispensing stand is in the rear. The announcement on the banner reads, "Vegetables and cane juice for sale here."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club

SEVERAL hundred feeding baskets and beautiful rustic bird houses have been installed by the West Laurel Hill and Laurel Hill Cemeteries, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with the advice and assistance of the Bird Club, in the hope of attracting some of the migrating birds to stay there all winter, as well as to provide attractive homes for the regular sweet-voiced visitors of summer.

Mr. A. L. Smith, treasurer of the West Laurel Hill Company, and Mr. Chas. P. Shoffner, artist and editor of the Liberty Bell Bird Club department of the *Farm Journal*, laid out the plans for this work in such a way as to enhance the beauty of these ideal places for bird sanctuaries.

"The happy bird families that find a haven of refuge in these cemeteries will not only make them more cheerful and attractive to the thousands of visitors, but will prove most useful in keeping down the insect pests which would otherwise injure the beautiful flowers, trees, and shrubbery in these sanctuaries," says

Mr. Shoffner, whose enthusiasm for bird conservation has done so much to build up the Liberty Bell Bird Club to its present large membership.

Mr. Shoffner hopes that the example of the management of the West Laurel Hill and the Laurel Hill Cemeteries will be followed by others all over the country, and he will be glad to assist any company desiring to do anything in this direction.

"The work of the Liberty Bell Bird Club is a beautiful idea," says the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, who recommends that its mission of humanity be given the same consideration as other missions. "Birds," he asserts, "according to their size, are the greatest benefactors of the human family, and should be protected by the ones benefited. There is no other instance in animal life where the combination of the useful and the beautiful is so clearly and so continually set forth as in bird life. Bird songs uplift our drooping spirits, quicken our consciences, strengthen our characters, increase our vitality, while their ceaseless warfare upon insect pests which would take our crops, enables us to properly nourish our bodies. We owe them a double debt of gratitude, which it is high time we should repay with our best efforts to protect them from harm."

Pupils in schools where a branch of the club has been organized are being encouraged in habits of economy, and taught that what we give we should share, in conducting birds' restaurants and lunch counters near their schoolhouses this winter. Both boys and girls help to build the feeding station or clear a place near the schoolhouse, where the remains of their luncheons and grains brought from home are offered daily to their appreciative bird boarders. A pan of water is also kept near by for the bird guests which are not too fussy to drink and bathe from the same vessel. The music for this love feast is provided by the grateful guests, which often fly to the topmost bough of the nearest tree to pour out a song of thanks. Again, they will pose upon fence or building for their



entertainers to sketch or to write compositions about them.

Eleanor Williams, a ten-year-old Liberty Bell Bird Club member of North Yakima, Washington, won first prize for her essay on birds, at the Washington State Fair, in a contest open to all persons under eighteen years of age.

To keep the young folks on the farm, and looking for the joys that can be found at home, is the object of the Liberty Bell Bird Club, organized for the study and protection of the song and insectivorous birds still left on the farms. The country mother who will sign this pledge with the young folks, and go out with them now and then to become acquainted with the feathered tenants on the place, will get closer to the hearts of her children, and at the same time renew her own youth. The farmer's wife who is lonely and weary of the monotony and isolation of her work, may find a new interest in life, the most wholesome recreation and cheerful companionship, if she will cultivate the friendly little neighbors of forest and field.

To form a Liberty Bell Bird Club in the home or

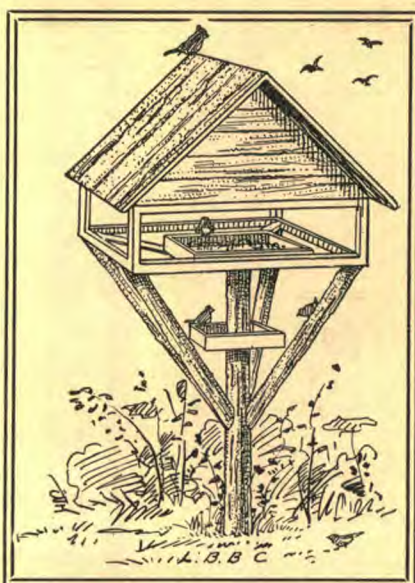
neighborhood, have each person who wishes to join sign the following pledge and send it in to the Liberty Bell Bird Club of the *Farm Journal*, Philadelphia, when each signer will receive the badge button of the club, free of charge, there being no assessments or costs of any kind after joining the club:—

"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."

War on the Billboard

THE American Civic Association devotes itself to the protection of the public against three great nuisances—smoke, poles and wires, and billboards. At the Annual Convention of the Association in Washington, in December, one of the important subjects discussed was billboards, with a principal address, entitled "The Passing of the Signboard," by Jesse Lee Bennett, of Baltimore, in which he recounted the steps that had been taken for the legal control of the billboard in all parts of the United States.

Concerning the sentiment against the billboard, Mr. Bennett said: "The feeling against the signboard has



become nation-wide and in the past few years the agitation of civic organizations has been so successful as to awaken resentment against it so widespread that, from coast to coast and in almost every State and city, there are now, or have been, vigorous movements seeking the abolition or regulation of these unnecessary and disfiguring objects.

"There has been much agitation, and from it there has been distilled one thing—the recognition of the fact that what is called the signboard problem is a question more complex than the mere removal of the signs. The signboard has been found to be inextricably intertwined with two questions of even greater importance—the awakening of civic sentiment and the recognition by legislators and judges of the validity of arguments based upon esthetic considerations."

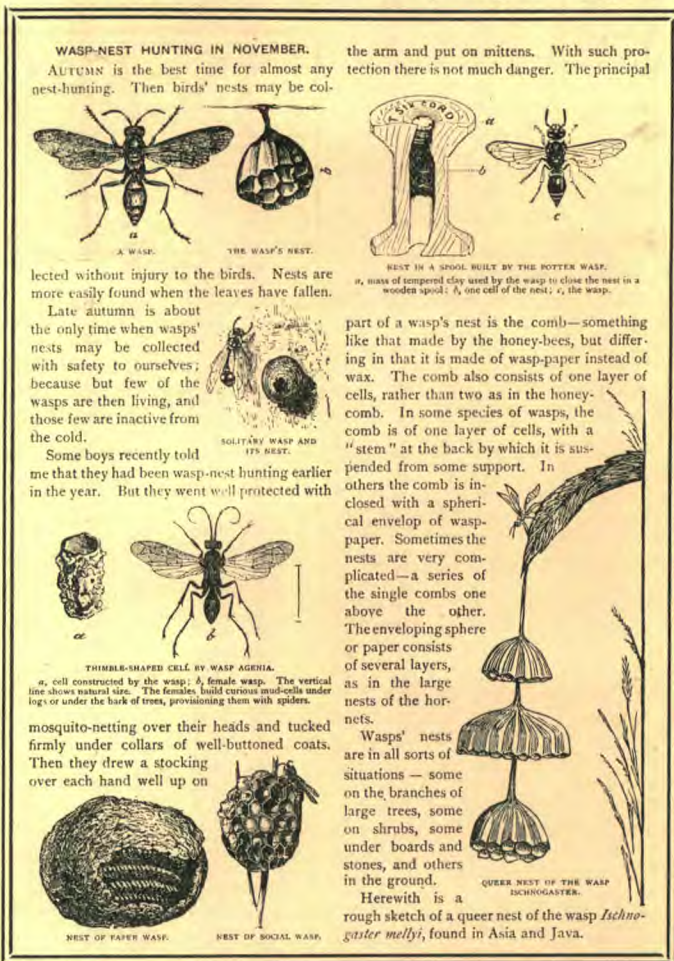
Any One Imitating You?

THERE is an interesting story, "Living Up to Dan'l Webster." It seems that during the great orator's lifetime his personality made so tremendous an impres-

sion that whole communities imitated him—his voice, his bearing, his gestures, even his facial expression. It may well have been so in the case of Joshua; for the Israelites served the Lord all the days of the great general, we read, and all the days of the men that had seen Joshua and the wonders God wrought through him.

"There is one thing you cannot bury with a good man," said D. L. Moody: "his influence still lives. They have not buried Daniel yet; his influence is as great today as it ever was." Dr. Charles H. Vincent illustrates the truth with a sunset. When the sun sinks below the horizon we say it is gone; but we are mistaken, for the sun has embodied itself in the plants and animals and in the bodies and brains of men. Thus Joshua has not gone, but is living still.

Memory is a marvelous thing. Some one has said that the recording angel needs no other book than human memories. It is said that Paderewski needs to read or play a composition only twice and he has memorized it. He can play from memory more than five hundred elaborate pieces. With such an instrument it is indeed strange that men and whole nations should forget so easily.—*The Christian Herald*.



St. Nicholas

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 30

THIS day is left open for the society leader, with his executive committee, to arrange. There may be some worker whom you would like to have speak or conduct a consecration service. A review of the main points in the four Bible studies would be helpful. If the executive committee has some special plans to lay before the society, this is a good time.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending January 30

No program is given for this week. Let the leader himself, or with the help of a committee of members, plan what to have,—a prayer and testimony meeting, a talk by the leader or some other worker, or a program.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 16: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 18 to 21

1. WITH what grievance did Christ's disciples come to him, and how did he meet them?
2. What enviable trait of John's character is brought out in this experience?
3. Why did Jesus leave Judea at this time?
4. What was the cause of ill feeling between the Jews and Samaritans?
5. Tell of Christ's meeting with the woman of Samaria, and give the substance of their conversation.
6. How does this experience emphasize the fact that he was human?
7. Draw five practical lessons for Christian workers from the Saviour's experience at this time.
8. How long did he remain in Samaria, and with what results?
9. Contrast his reception in Samaria and at Jerusalem.
10. Upon his return from the Passover, how was Jesus received by the people of Galilee?
11. What miracle was performed at Cana, and for what was it especially remarkable?
12. Describe the miracle which he performed when he again visited Jerusalem. What lesson may we learn from this man's experience?
13. On what charge was Christ brought before the Sanhedrin? How did he defend himself?
14. Being students of the Scriptures, why did the Jews not know Christ? Against what danger is this a warning to us?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 16: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of Balaam and of Joshua

1. WHAT steps were taken by the king of Moab to drive Israel out of his land? When Balaam sought the Lord, what plain command was given to him? What did the king of Moab then do? What did the Lord tell Balaam on this occasion? How did the prophet show his eagerness to go to Moab?
2. Tell the story of his journey. How did his actions show the spirit that was leading him? Who went out to meet Balaam, and what honors were shown him?
3. Tell how the prophet tried to curse Israel, and the result. How were his words changed to a blessing? How was he sent away?
4. Name the man who was chosen to take the place of Moses as leader of Israel, and tell how he was set apart for this great work. What special promise was made to Joshua?
5. What was the condition of the Jordan when the command to pass over it was given? In what order did Joshua arrange the great camp? Tell how the river was crossed. Describe the monument that was set up on the shores of Canaan, and its purpose.

6. At what place did Israel make their first camp? What large city was near by? Describe the taking of Jericho. What command was given concerning the spoils of the city?

7. What small town did the army of Israel next attempt to conquer? What was the reason they were defeated? Tell how the sin was put out of the camp.

8. What message was received by Joshua not long after this? Describe the two miracles that attended this battle, and the result.

9. How was the land divided among the tribes of Israel? What inheritance was given to faithful Caleb? What is the meaning of the name of the city that was given to Joshua? What does this show?

10. Describe the cities of refuge, and tell where they were situated. Of whose inheritance were they a part?

11. What did Joshua do before he died? Of what did he warn the children of Israel? What did he urge them to do? What solemn call did he give? What did the people promise? Where were all these words written and placed? How old was this noble servant of the Lord when he died?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

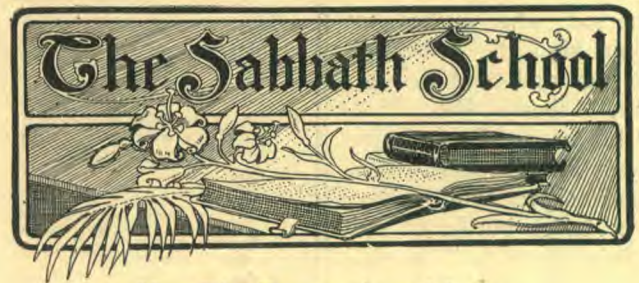
[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

81. WHERE can help be secured to make the Junior society lessons interesting?

The *Church Officers' Gazette* contains both Bible studies and mission experiences interesting to boys and girls of the junior age.

82. Are the Juniors to have a part in reaching the 1915 goal, or is the Missionary Volunteer goal for Seniors only?

By all means enlist the interests of every Junior possible in every item of the goal. The Missionary Volunteers include the Juniors.



V — The Temptation of Jesus

(January 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4: 10.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go immediately after his baptism? Matt. 4: 1; Mark 1: 12.
2. With what was this wilderness inhabited? Verse 13. What caused Jesus to go into such danger? Matt. 4: 1. Note 1.
3. How long did this battle with Satan last? How severe was the struggle? At the end of the forty days, how did Jesus feel? Verse 2; Luke 4: 2.
4. For what time did Satan reserve his three greatest temptations? Note 2.
5. What did Satan then say to him? What doubt was implied in the first word? Matt. 4: 3.
6. Instead of causing Jesus to doubt God's word, with what was Satan suddenly thrust back? Verse 4.
7. Where had Jesus obtained this sword? Deut. 8: 3.
8. Name some of the ways in which Satan now tempts people in the matter of appetite. What does Christ's example in the wilderness declare to us? Note 3.
9. Find some two-edged swords that can be used against Satan when he tempts to drink wine, use tobacco, or eat and drink things that becloud the mind, weaken the body, and shorten the life. Note 4.

10. Since Satan could not cause Jesus to doubt God's word, how did he next try to overcome him? Matt. 4:5, 6. Note 5.

11. Whom did Satan ask to cast Jesus down? Verse 6. Why did not Satan do it? Note 6.

12. With what two-edged sword did Jesus this time conquer Satan? Verse 7. Where did he find it? Deut. 6:16.

13. How did Satan next tempt Jesus? Matt. 4:8, 9.

14. What sword did Jesus quickly draw from God's armory and use against his foe? Memory verse. With what results? Verse 11.

15. Because Jesus overcame, what may we do? James 4:7. How? Eph. 6:16, 17. Note 7.

8. How was this a temptation to Jesus? Note 2.

9. How did Jesus again meet it? Verse 7.

10. What did the devil next do? Verse 8.

11. How did he again seek to tempt Jesus? Verse 9.

12. Why was this a temptation to Jesus? Note 3.

13. What direct command did Jesus give the devil? Verse 10, first part.

14. How did he again meet the temptation? Verse 10, last part.

15. What did the devil now do? Verse 11.

16. Why did Satan leave him? Verse 10, first part. Note 4.

17. How was Jesus strengthened after this ordeal? Verse 11, last part.

Notes

1. Notice that Jesus did not himself go into the wilderness to be tempted; but God led him there, by his Holy Spirit, immediately after he had called him "My beloved Son."

2. "It was in the time of greatest weakness that Christ was assailed by the fiercest temptations. Thus Satan thought to prevail. By this policy he had gained the victory over men [recall the experience of Moses and of Elijah]. . . . Whenever one is encompassed with clouds, perplexed by circumstances, or afflicted by poverty or distress, Satan is at hand to tempt and annoy. He attacks our weak points of character. He seeks to shake our confidence in God, who suffers such a condition to exist. We are tempted to distrust God, to question his love."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* page 120.

3. "Only by the inexpressible anguish which Christ endured can we estimate the evil of unrestrained indulgence. His example declares that our only hope of eternal life is through bringing the appetites and passions into subjection to the will of God."—*Id.*, page 122.

4. See Prov. 23:31; 1 Cor. 3:17; 10:31; Ex. 20:13.

5. He tried to have him exchange his true faith for a counterfeit faith called presumption, which believes that God will protect us even when we disobey him and unnecessarily run into danger.

6. "While Satan can solicit, he cannot compel to sin. . . . Unless Christ should consent to temptation, he could not be overcome."—*Id.*, page 125.

7. "By passing over the ground which man must travel, our Lord has prepared the way for us to overcome. . . . By what means did he overcome in the conflict with Satan?—By the Word of God. Only by the Word could he resist temptation."—*Id.*, page 123.

Unto us, as well as unto Jesus, are given "exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." 2 Peter 1:4.

"When assailed by temptation, look not to circumstances or to the weakness of self, but to the power of the Word. All its strength is yours."—*Id.*, page 123.

V — The Temptation of Jesus

(January 30)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
- Sun. Temptation in the wilderness. Questions 1-3.
- Mon. First and second temptations. Questions 4-9.
- Tues. Third temptation. Questions 10-14.
- Wed. Victory over Satan. Questions 15-17.
- Thurs. Read "The Desire of Ages," chapters 12, 13.
- Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4: 1-11.

Questions

1. Where was Jesus led by the Spirit? For what purpose? Matt. 4:1.
2. What physical test did he undergo? Verse 2.
3. How much of this time was he under temptation? Luke 4:2.
4. On what point was he tempted at the end of the forty days? Matt. 4:3.
5. Why was this a temptation to him? Note 1.
6. How did he meet this temptation? Verse 4.
7. By what wrong use of Scripture did Satan seek to lead Jesus into sin? Verses 5, 6.

A Festival in Paris

BEFORE the outbreak of the war, a great Sunday school festival was held at the Trocadéro, in Paris. For some time previous the government had forbidden large religious gatherings of this kind, but this year the ban was removed, and upward of four thousand Sunday school pupils gathered in this great hall.

A picturesque program was carried through. Addresses were given by Pastor Jean Laroche, the secretary of the French Sunday School Union, and Pastor Gillienne. One of the stories told by Pastor Laroche created much interest among the children present. Pastor Laroche in his Sunday school journeys has been in the habit of distributing leaflets, on which are found his name and address. In one place visited he spoke to the children upon obedience. Several weeks later a letter reached him, evidently written by a young child, the spelling being very crude. He gives the translation as follows:—

"When will you come back to Royan? I do not obey mamma. O, pray for me in order that I may obey mamma, for I am very unfortunate! You will tell me whether you are keeping well."

Not being able to recall anything concerning his child correspondent, he wrote to the pastor of the district, and found that she was a girl eight years old, well-meaning, but the child of a drunkard. Her temper had been spoiled by tendencies inherited from her father.— *Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor

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Outwitted

HE drew a circle and shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

—Edwin Markham.

God With Us

WHEN Dr. Wilbur Chapman, long ago, told his good friend, Mr. Moody, that somehow he could not get the assurance he wanted as to his salvation, Mr. Moody finally asked him bluntly, "Whom are you doubting?" Dr. Chapman saw that he was doubting God; and from that day he stopped this unintentional sin. God is the same on our dull days as on our bright ones. The mountain-top experience may be ours every day that we cast ourselves entirely upon the Lord, for it may be enjoyed quite irrespective of outward troubles or circumstances.—*The London Christian*.

The Hobson-Sheppard Amendment Resolution

ON Dec. 23, 1914, the Hobson amendment resolution, proposing national prohibition, was discussed and voted upon in the House. The vote stood 197 for prohibition, and 189 against it. A two thirds' majority vote being required for the bill to pass, it was defeated by thirty votes.

The debate on the resolution began at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued until nine o'clock in the evening, when the voting began. The session closed a short time before midnight. The *Washington Herald* says:—

"The scene in the House was picturesque in the extreme, and the session probably will go down in history as one of the most stirring during the Wilson administration.

"Over the speaker's desk and running along the walls on either side was strung a monster petition, bearing the names of six million Americans, praying Congress to invoke nation-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic.

"The debate on prohibition was conducted along conventional lines. The stock arguments were advanced in varying forms."

Mr. Hobson, the leader of the prohibition forces, remained at his post throughout the day, not leaving for his meals. Sandwiches and a hot drink were served him at his seat. Mr. Hobson's arguments are convincing, and his zeal is unlimited. His work in behalf of the prohibition cause is heroic, and we believe

that before many more years pass, he will be rewarded by seeing national prohibition become a reality.

The temperance people are not discouraged by the apparent defeat of their cause, but are spurred on to redoubled diligence, being assured that a strong campaign of education will finally bring the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic as a legalized business.

When in the Dark

SOME years ago in West Point there was a young cadet named Leonidas Polk. Before he was a Christian he was careless and neglected his studies. As soon as he became a Christian, he began to study diligently. He could not, however, in weeks make up for the loss of months. At the annual examination he was called to the blackboard and given a problem to solve. It was one he had never studied. He knew nothing about it, and was at a loss to know what to do. He thought of the disgrace of a failure to himself and to the Master, whom he loved. He lifted up a prayer for help to his new-found Friend. Then he took the chalk and began to work. At first all was dark, but soon he saw a beginning, and he worked through slowly to the end. He did not know whether it was right, and after explaining the process he waited for the verdict. The professors whispered together, and he feared it was wrong. At last one asked him, "Mr. Polk, where did you get that solution?" "Is it not right, sir?" Polk replied. "Right!" replied the examiner; "it is not only right, but it is the most beautiful demonstration of that problem ever given. It is new and not to be found in any of the books."—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

A Soldier of the Common Good

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but . . . against spiritual wickedness in high places."

IN other lands, in other days,
My fathers journeyed wide;
They sought the West by devious ways,
Beyond Atlantic's tide.
From Caesar's legions, some, perchance,
Down smiling vales fled on,
And dwelt in Gaul, till Gaul was France,
Beside the blue Garonne.

By Snowdon's summit, there in Wales;
By Lomond's craggy side;
By Kjölen's white, in northern dales;
By Shannon's crystal tide;
In shaggy highlands where the Main
Mid shining peaks is born;
In vine-clad, fair Alsace-Lorraine;
Beside the Matterhorn,

My fathers dwelt;—their blood is mine;—
Or tartan-clad mid snows,
Or by the storied "castled Rhine,"
They wandered in sabots,—
Helvetian, Norseman, Saxon, Gael,
Biscayan, Pict, and Scot,—
Wild kindred of the saga tale
Of sea or mountain grot!

O pagan wildness in my veins,
Lie still; no god is Thor!
O'er all the earth his power wanes
Despite the din of war.
As Israel forgot of yore
Osiris, Isis, Thoth,
Let me forget upon this shore
The crudeness of the Goth.

Then left behind be clannish spite
And pagan dreams of blood;
For me shall be the guiding light
Of human brotherhood.
In chains of clique and clan and caste
Too long enthralled I've stood;
I break those bonds, and rise at last
To serve the common good.

J. F. SANTEE.