

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ARAB WOMEN OF ALGERIA, AFRICA

THE total deposits of coal in the world are about 15,000,000,000 tons.

RAILROAD folders can now be had in hotels and similar places only by payment of a small sum.

IN this country seventy-two different kinds of wood are used in the manufacture of umbrella handles, canes, and whips.

ACCORDING to authentic record, cinders from a forest fire in the tree tops in northern Washington were carried a distance of twenty miles.

DWARF camels are found in west Persia. They reach a height of four and one-half feet, and their hair is as white as snow.

WE are told that the best-informed scientific agriculturist in California is a woman. She has a ranch of 220 acres, and is capable of making it bring large returns.

J. L. BARNES, who was the first conductor on the first Pullman sleeping car, is still living, in Kansas. He says that the car was lighted by candles and heated by oil stoves.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has been presented with the original manuscript of "America," written by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith. He was a member of the Harvard class of 1829.

ON Christmas eve, one hundred years ago, at Ghent, in Flanders, three men from England and five from the United States signed the treaty which ended the War of 1812. Peace has lasted one hundred years.

THE Royal Observatory, Greenwich, England, in photographing the heavens has ascertained that there are about 1,600,000,000 stars. This number is about the estimated population of the earth, a star for each person alive.

AN organ stop which emits a note one full octave below any that has ever been heard before, has been installed in an organ at Lowell, Massachusetts. This stop is 128 feet long, and its note is musically indicated as CCCCCC.

A \$500,000 fire in Camden, New Jersey, and a \$900,000 one in Philadelphia occurred in the early days of January. The former is said to have been caused by a lighted cigarette, and the latter by sparks from a locomotive.

MARGARET KNIGHT, of South Framingham, Massachusetts, recently died at the age of seventy-five. She was the first woman to take out a patent in America. Besides several devices used in cotton mills, she designed and patented the first paper bag used by grocers and others. She is also credited with an automobile motor which is successful.

THE annual appropriation for educational purposes among the Indians has been greatly increased, and special provision has been made for the education of deaf, dumb, and blind children, who have formerly not been provided for. There is also a specific appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to support an aggressive campaign against the liquor traffic among the Indians.

CORNELIA PATTERSON, a thirteen-year-old girl living near Wichita, Kansas, has reason to be proud of her accomplishment. Last fall her father gave her four acres on his farm. She plowed the ground, harrowed it, and sowed the grain; she cultivated it, and watched for results. When the wheat was threshed, it averaged forty bushels to the acre, the best yield in that part of Kansas.

DURING a retreat in one of the battles in the present European war it was necessary for the motors to leave hurriedly. Some men had to go on foot. In order to lighten their load for quick marching, the men were throwing away whatever they thought must be dispensed with, some leaving behind great coats. One of the men was considerably agitated, and on looking through his kit found nothing but his toothbrush that he could relinquish. This he cast aside. That toothbrush is now a joke among the men.

AT the capital of Mexico, where there are many war orphans, General Villa recently selected sixty, whom he sent to Chihuahua, to be cared for and educated at his expense. For eight months he has supported sixteen orphaned boys in schools there or in the United States. Many orphaned girls have been in the care of his wife.—*The Independent*.

THE prize of \$500 offered by *Everybody's Magazine* for the best essay on "What I Know About Rum" was won by Isaac Fisher, editor of the *Negro Farmer*, published at Tuskegee Institute. There were nine thousand competitors, and one of these was Congressman Hobson of Alabama.

IT is reported that on a train of 800 wounded arriving at Triest, Austria, January 2, 200 of the men had their feet so badly frozen that amputation of one or both was necessary.

THE customs receipts of the United States government were \$50,000,000 less for the first six months of the last fiscal year than for the previous year.

What Kind of Tide?

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., the son of the famous millionaire, in one of his Sunday school addresses in New York, said: "There are many secrets of success, but I suppose the true secret is work, just plain work. In my boyhood in Hartford I sat one evening over my Shakespeare, when a figurative sentence cropped up and puzzled me. So I said to my father, who was reading his newspaper beside the lamp: 'Father, what does this mean, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"? What kind of tide would that be, father?' 'Tied down to business, my son,' replied my father."—*The Sunday Companion*.

As we conquer a passion, a thought, a feeling, a desire, and rise superior to some impulse, the strength of that victory, trifling though it may be, is stored by nature as a reserve power to come to us in the hour of our need.—*William George Jordan*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 4

Smiles

RUTH LEES OLSON

SMILES are the seed that we sow each day
As we travel along the world's highway,
And some will fall on hearts that are glad,
And some will blossom in hearts that are sad,
And some are wasted in wilderness air,
And some will grow in gardens fair;
But whether the harvest be sad or gay,
We will scatter the smiles along the way:
The smile for the child with the broken toy;
The smile for the romping, roguish boy;

The smile for the mother with burdened heart;
The smile for him who must do his part;
The smile for the one who has tasted life's rue,
And the bitter grows sweet with courage new;
The smile for the one who has tried and failed,
And the banner is raised and the heights assailed;
The smile for the downcast, the weary, the sad,
And the step grows light and the heart is glad:
And the whole world lifts its heart the while
In response to the lips that are bright with smiles.

New Educational Era in Algeria



ALGIERS, to many persons, calls up a picture of an ancient corsair city, the home of the Arab and the Moor, the headquarters of intrigue, slavery, and piracy, the city of mixed civilizations—Roman, Byzantine, and Turk. We associate the town and country with Baba Arondzi, better known to Christendom as Barbarossa.

In the year 1816, however, Viscount Exmouth poured into the historic city from the British ships in Algiers harbor 50,000 shot, weighing 500 tons; and the yoke of Turkish tyranny, for centuries heavy upon the neck of the Christian, was at least partially broken, and Algiers began a new era.

The work begun by the British was continued by the French; and, in the year 1843 delivered into the hands of France by Marshal Bugeaud, Algeria began her modern career. The French followed the sword with the plow; they converted the mule paths of Algeria into the present 10,000 miles of military roads and railways; they lighted the ignorance of the hills and the desert with schoolhouses. France has colonized North Africa by sending her citizens, soldiers, and schoolmasters to actually reside in the country, not merely to sojourn there for a period, as has been the British custom of settling her colonizing problems.

It is a joy not unmixed with surprise to journey through the modern Algeria. Here are French peasants tending their olive groves and cornfields, singing their "Marseillaise" to the music of the waterfalls in Khabylia, or building their towns and rearing their modern institutions on the regulation French model over the half-desert rolling plains where the Roman legions camped.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "The grand object in traveling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean; on these shores were the four great empires of the world,—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."

Travel, indeed, destroys many illusions, and it reveals among other things the fact that the French, as well as the English, know how to colonize.

The French modernization in the historic city of Algiers has been notable in many ways, and not the least in its educational advances.

Educational Advantages

This system throughout Algeria is thoroughly a French product, transferred almost bodily from mu-

nicipal or rural France. The University of Algiers indeed forms an academy in the French University, even as the country is technically a part of France and not a colony, each one of its three departments sending to Paris two deputies and one senator. The suffrage, however, is confined to citizens of French origin or to those who have been naturalized, the native Mohammedans being subjects, not citizens.

The University of Algiers, built upon the model of the French educational institutions, has four chief faculties,—law, medicine, natural science, and letters,—and contains 1,500 students and 100 professors. The faculty of medicine seems to be especially popular. The university rests upon a secondary educational system, consisting of three *lycées* and seven colleges for boys, with a total enrollment of 4,774 students, and also three lycées and one college for girls, including 1,383 students.

There is also a foundation of modern primary schools in Algeria, consisting of 141,537 pupils, and 226 Mohammedan schools for elementary instruction. The investigator finds here also four normal schools for training men teachers and six normal schools for women teachers. These latter schools are attended by both native and French candidates.

Cost of Teaching

For all this public instruction in Algeria the government expends annually \$1,800,000.

There are also missionary schools which are encouraged by the government. The writer visited an English missionary institution in the mountains of Khabylia, which gave its chief attention to the training of both young men and young women in the arts of gardening and domestic training. The Moslem inhabitants of the section are naturally suspicious of Christian missionary schools, but in Algeria, as in Egypt, there is a growing tendency on the part of Mohammedan parents to send their boys and girls to schools supported by the missionaries.

The type of school in Algeria varies from the small schoolhouse in Khabylia, where compulsory education is prescribed by the government for all except one boy in the Khabyle household (who is kept at home for a shepherd boy), to the cosmopolitan centers of student life in the *lycées* and the University of Algiers.

The girls, however, more even than in India, are conspicuous by their absence. Arab's daughters are destined evidently to be among the last women of the world to arrive educationally. The writer saw only one girl in the University of Algiers, and she was a

French medical student working alongside the men in a clinic.

By far the greatest promise educationally among the people visited by the writer in Algeria is among the industrious, alert Khabyles, in the colder hill country east of Algeria. Here parents send their boys to the French rural schools to prepare them for the *lycées* and the university in Algiers; they do not veil their women, but are showing the tendency to fit them also in the rudiments of education; at least, to become fitting helpmeets for their educated sons.

Apart from the colonizing populations, it must be remembered also in considering the Arab handicap, that the spell and the lethargy of the slow-moving, golden East rests over all Algeria. It affects education quite as directly as any other department of modernizing endeavor. But education is slowly but steadily going forward, if not with the help of the mosque, at least in spite of it; and the call of the desert and the North African sun have met their most formidable rival in that training which produces economically successful competitors of the nomad and the Algerian native.—*Selected.*

Review of 1914

January

- 4—Steamship "Oklahoma" breaks in two thirty-seven miles from Sandy Hook; thirty-two die.
- 5—Ford Motor Company announced that its workmen shall have at least \$30 a week each.
- 8—United States naval force off Vera Cruz strengthened.
- 14—Mexican rebels take Torreón.
- 30—Steamship "Monroe" rammed and sunk by the steamship "Nantucket," off Chesapeake Bay; forty-three drowned.

February

- 4—Castillo, Mexican bandit, wrecks passenger train in burning tunnel near Madera; seventeen Americans and fifty-nine Mexicans perish.
- 11—Lieut. Arthur B. Cook, United States Navy, wounded by bullet in a Vera Cruz street.
- 17—Villa kills W. S. Benton, Scotch rancher.

March

- 12—George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, dies.
- 16—Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, shot dead by Mme. Caillaux, wife of French minister of finance.
- 20—Crisis in Ireland. Many British officers resign.
- 23—War Minister Seely of Great Britain resigns.

April

- 1—House of Representatives repeals the Panama Canal Tolls Bill.
- 2—Twelve federal reserve bank districts announced.
- 5—Secretary Daniels bars strong drink from United States Navy.
- 13—Four gunmen, murderers of Herman Rosenthal, are executed.
- 14—President Wilson orders entire Atlantic fleet to Vera Cruz to force an apology for the Tampico insult to the American flag.
- 18—President Wilson sends ultimatum to Huerta.
- 19—Huerta refused to salute United States flag.
- 20—President Wilson asks permission of Congress to use armed forces of the United States against Huerta. House assents; Senate debates.
- 21, 22—Admiral Fletcher's marines seize Vera Cruz; seventeen Americans and about 250 Mexicans killed.
- 25—A. B. C. powers offer mediation to United States and Huerta.
- 26—Huerta accepts mediation.
- 29—Industrial war in Colorado mines; about seventy-five men, women, and children killed.

May

- 8—Several hundred die in earthquake, near Mt. Etna, Sicily.
- 18—First commercial cargo goes through Panama Canal.
- 22—Charles Becker for second time found guilty of murder of Herman Rosenthal.
- 28—One thousand and thirty-two drowned when the "Empress of Ireland," hit by the "Storstad," sinks near Rimouski, St. Lawrence River.

June

- 11—Senate has to repeal Panama Canal Tolls Bill; 50 to 35.
- 25—Salem, Massachusetts, laid waste by fire; 20,000 homeless.
- 28—Archduke Francis Ferdinand assassinated.
- 30—Mrs. Louise Bailey mysteriously shot in the office of Dr. Edwin Carman, at Freeport, Long Island.

July

- 15—General Huerta resigns as president of Mexico to Francisco Carbajal.
- 23—Austria sends an ultimatum to Serbia.
- 27—Sir Edward Grey proposes an international conference.
- 28—Austria and Germany decline Sir Edward Grey's proposal. Austria declares war on Serbia.
- 31—Kaiser demands that Russia suspend mobilization within twelve hours. Russia orders general mobilization.

August

- 1—Germany declares war on Russia. French cabinet orders general mobilization.
- 2—German forces enter Luxemburg. Germany addresses ultimatum to Belgium, demanding free passage for her troops.
- 4—England sends ultimatum to Berlin, demanding unqualified observance of Belgium neutrality. Germany rejects ultimatum. German troops begin attack on Liege.
- 5—England announces existence of state of war with Germany. President Wilson tenders his good offices to the warring nations.
- 6—Austria declares war on Russia.
- 7—Germans enter Liège. French invade southern Alsace.
- 10—France proclaims a state of war with Austria.
- 13—England declares war on Austria.
- 15—Austrians enter Serbia. Japan sends ultimatum to Germany.
- 17—British expeditionary force completes its landing in France. Belgian capital removed from Brussels. Beginning of a five days' battle in Lorraine, ending in repulse of French. Beginning of five days' battle between Servians and Austrians on the Jadar, ending in Austrian rout.
- 20—Germans enter Brussels. Belgian army retreats on Antwerp.
- 24—Germans enter Namur. British begin retreat from Mons.
- 27—Louvain burned by Germans. Japanese blockade Tsingtau.
- 28—British fleet sinks five German warships off Helgoland.

September

- 1—St. Petersburg to be known henceforth as Petrograd by imperial decree.
- 2—German advance penetrates to Creil, about thirty miles from Paris. French center between Verdun and Rheims driven back. Seat of French government removed to Bordeaux.
- 3—Russians occupy Lemberg.
- 5—Battle begins south of the Marne and east of Paris, in which the German right wing is pushed back.
- 12—German retreat halts on the Aisne.
- 20—Germans bombard Rheims and injure the famous cathedral.
- 22—German submarine sinks British cruisers "Aboukir," "Cressy," and "Hogue" in the North Sea. Russians capture Jaroslaw and invest Przemysl.
- 26—British troops from India land at Marseilles.
- 28—Germans begin siege of Antwerp. Russian patrols penetrate Carpathian passes into Hungary.

October

- 2—End of week's battle at Augustowo, in which the Germans are defeated and forced out of Russian territory.
- 3—Russians occupy towns in Hungary.
- 5—Belgian government removed from Antwerp to Ostend.
- 7—Bombardment of Antwerp begins. Japanese seize Caroline Islands.
- 9—Antwerp occupied by Germans.
- 11—German advance in Poland approaches the Vistula and threatens Warsaw. Austrian counteroffensive in Galicia.
- 13—Belgian government transferred from Ostend to Havre.
- 14—Allies occupy Ypres; battle begins on the Vistula.
- 15—Ostend occupied by Germans.
- 18—Belgian army effects junction with Allied left, battle on from channel coast to Lille.
- 24—Ten days' battle before Warsaw ends in German defeat.
- 28—German cruiser "Emden" enters harbor of Penang and torpedoes Russian cruiser and French destroyer.
- 29—Turkey begins war on Russia by naval attacks on Odessa, Novorossiisk, and Feodosia, in the Crimea.

November

- 1—Squadron of five German cruisers, including "Gneisenau" and "Scharnhorst," defeated a British squadron off

- Coronel, on the coast of Chile. Turks bombard Sevastopol.
 5—England and France declare war on Turkey. Dardanelles forts bombarded. Russians reoccupy Jaroslaw.
 6—Tsingtau surrenders to the Japanese.
 9—Carranza flees from Mexico City.
 10—The "Emden" defeated and forced ashore at North Keeling Island, in Bay of Bengal, by Australian cruiser "Sydney."
 15—Battle in Flanders attains climax with charge of the Prussian guard against Ypres.
 16—The Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople proclaims a holy war against the Allies. British House of Commons votes a war loan of £225,000,000.
 19—Germans pierce Russian center at Lodz.
 26—American army evacuates Vera Cruz.

December

- 1—German Reichstag votes new credit of 5,000,000,000 marks. King George visits the army in Flanders.
 2—Austrians take Belgrade by storm. General de Wet captured.
 3—London war office announces landing of Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt. Servians turn on Austrians in three days' battle, which ends in notable Servian victory.
 6—Germans occupy Lodz.
 8—German squadron under Rear Admiral Von Spee attacked in the South Atlantic off the Falkland Islands by British fleet under Admiral Sturdee, and the cruisers "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau," "Leipzig," and "Nurnberg" sunk.
 14—Servians reoccupy Belgrade.
 16—Seven German cruisers shell Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby, in England; at least 31 killed and 100 wounded.
 17—Von Hindenburg wins great battle in Poland. Great Britain announces protectorate over Egypt.
 18—Germans capture Lowicz.
 24—Fifty armed insurgents arrested in Manila.
 28—Berlin notifies Washington that United States representatives in Belgium must be acceptable to German military authority.
 29—Revolts spreading among Filipinos. United States protests against English treatment of American commerce.
 30—German drive on Warsaw repulsed.—*International News Service.*

Lessons From the Trail

DURING the past spring and summer it was my pleasure to walk over seven hundred miles or more of our mountain trails, journeying with my burro and knapsack and a sketching pad, through the wilder portions of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino Ranges of Southern California. Sometimes my path was the trail made by the rangers of the forest service, sometimes an old Indian trail, but more often my only guide was the path of the deer or coyote,—all paths of inspiration and of joy to me. It is from my ex-

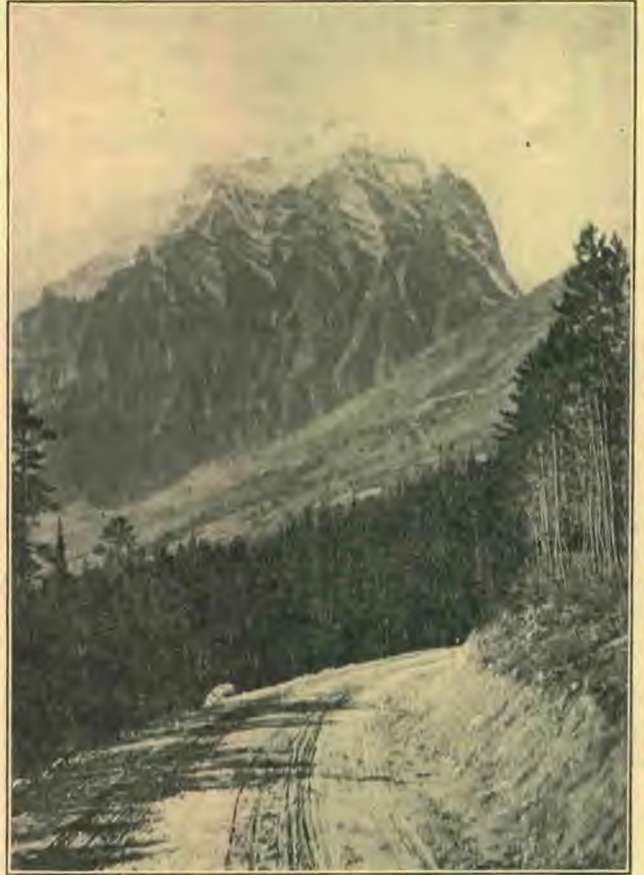


ON THE TRAIL

periences on these trails that I wish to bring to you lessons for the Christian life.

The mountain trail is not an easy path. It leads you over stiff grades, along the edges of precipitous gorges where a single misstep would mean the certain death of yourself or your animal (I have gazed on the carcasses of those who ventured too near the edge to

peer over into the abyss, or who have slipped and gone over the rim); it leads you through dark hollows and over ragged rocks. Often the trail is filled with stones and dust, or obstructed with fallen trees and earthquake talus. But always at the end it brings



ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S MOUNTAIN PEAKS

you where the most sublime vistas that the world affords are yours, where the whole being quivers with stirring inspiration as the mind grasps the infinite majesty and beauty of the pinnacled peaks and stretches of desert and sea that are about you. I shall never forget the view I had one day last August, when, after a hard day's journey over the roughest and steepest of trails, and a night's stop beside a glacial cirque where the winds howled in their stinging fierceness so that we could not sleep for cold, we came at the dawn to the crest of San Gorgonio Peak (11,485 feet). In the clear cold morning air, before the sunrise had come in to blur distances, we could see Mt. Whitney over two hundred miles away, catch glimpses of the parched hills of Mexico, discern the broad Pacific to the west, or look over the now blue desert ranges into Arizona, where the first of the morning sunlight was rimming the distant rocks. All the ego went out of me. I forgot time and everything of the world below me. The sense of my littleness and of the big infiniteness of the universe swept over me. I thought I should like to remain there forever. At last it seemed that the trail had led me—

"Over the misty mountains,
 Past the wide heights of blue,
 Even to the crystal fountains,
 Where all the dreams come true."

And how like is this to life,—the life of endeavor and hardship, of striving against odds, of battles against ignorance and sin! It is a toilsome way, but a way like the trail that leads you to certain unregrettable rewards that are yours to enjoy forever. Think you not that it was a great joy to Paul at the close of his

career to look back over the years of his apostleship, and though realizing its hardness, to see the Christian church established, and the gospel of his Lord going forth to purify and cleanse the world? Listen to George Müller, preaching in Bristol at the age of eighty-six, on Paul's letter to the Philippians, saying, after a life of hardships: "I am a poor man, but a happy man, and I have been getting happier every day for sixty-two years." As the mountaineer journeying over the trail leaves behind the luxuries and subsists on plain food and sleeps on a hard bed, so these valiant ones left the broad roads where traveling was easy, and betook themselves to the trails of trials to do the work of the kingdom. But how great is their reward! Like Kipling's traveler, they always heard something calling to them out of the unseen, urging them on to seek the rewards of the higher life. And surely they found them, and not only they, but a numberless host of other worthies who have toiled over similar paths—the Wesleys, Huss, Jerome, Gilmore, Paton, Judson, Heber, Chalmers, and Livingstone.

But I would not have you think that the rewards come only at the end of the trail. Every step along a mountain trail is better than a score on a dusty road in the low valleys where the grasses are all burned brown. While beset with hardships and dangers, the winding paths are giving to you wonderful opportunities to get splendid distant views, and to see at your feet the bright-hued mountain flowers which bloom in their rare gardens all the summer. And then every little while you will come into rich green meadows of velvet grass, all interspersed with daintiest blossoms to make you happy and glad, and bordered with a thick wall of forest green. So with the lives of the brave and the true; they are set with joyous, refreshing happenings all the way along, and opening into green pasture meadows of happiness. Life is good to the bright-hearted, and eternity is better than all.

"O, who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's merry way?
 A comrade blithe and full of glee,
 Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
 And let his frolic fancy play,
 Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
 That fill the fields and fringe the way
 Where he walks a mile with me?"

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

A Meeting With Dignitaries of the Russian Church

SURELY it was an important occasion and a remarkable opportunity which is described by Elder J. T. Boettcher in the following report. Our young people can see from this that the Lord's work requires courage and also intellectual preparation on the part of the ministry.

"During the latter part of July and the first of August, 1908, the Russian Orthodox Church held a missionary congress in Kief. This city is called the Jerusalem of Russia, and has a great many churches and convents. About 150,000 pilgrims come here every year to worship. The Lavra is a famous large convent, with underground caverns containing about one hundred open coffins of the so-called 'saints.' The pilgrims and people kiss these, and lay their beads upon them, hoping thereby to receive power to overcome sin and evil, or they do it hoping to be cured of some disease.

"It was because of the great sanctity of this city that it was chosen as the place where the missionary congress should be held. About one thousand priests and missionaries were reported as in attendance. The met-

ropolitan (there are three of them in Russia: one in Petrograd, one in Moscow, and one in Kief) also participated in the meeting. Various questions of religious interest were considered, and among the resolutions was one against Seventh-day Adventists, declaring us to be an especially dangerous sect, and advising that a premium be offered to the person writing the best book against us.

"It seems they are studying our books and papers very carefully; for they are well-informed as to what we are doing, not only in Russia, but elsewhere. Upon hearing about the position the congress was taking toward our special truths, I went to Kief, in order to get an interview with them and to present before them the true principles of Seventh-day Adventists. As the sessions were not open to the general public, it was quite hard for me to gain an entrance. I introduced myself to the secretary, telling him what I wished to do, but he told me abruptly that they were well-informed and thoroughly acquainted with our Russian books and papers. I answered that we had very little literature in the Russian language, and therefore from these alone it was impossible to get the right idea of our cause, and so I should like personally to address the congress. Just then the metropolitan came, and I was told to call again the next day at nine o'clock, and I would be informed as to whether my request would be granted.

"When I went the next day, and the secretary was called out to speak with me, he said they had no time, as the congress was to close in a few days, and there were still many things to consider; still, if I would wait, he would present the matter to the chairman. He went in, and after a few minutes returned, and invited me to go into the meeting with him. There were all the dignitaries of the Russian Church assembled, with an archbishop acting as chairman. I was introduced to the assembly, and asked what I wanted. I replied that it was my desire to present before this congress the fundamental truths taught by Seventh-day Adventists, and that as I did not wish in any way to interrupt or disturb their program, I desired that a time might be appointed for this purpose. I was told that the congress would proceed to hear what I had to say immediately.

"With my heart uplifted to God in prayer, I was permitted for an hour and a half to testify to the truth of God's Word. At the close some came forward and thanked me for what they had heard. The secretary also came, and said he would arrange another appointment for me to speak to the congress the next day from 3 to 6 P. M., my subject to be 'The Immortality of the Soul.'

"Accordingly, at the appointed time I was there, and found the wide corridors of the ecclesiastical seminary filled with people waiting to go into the meeting. At first all were admitted; but later, as the crowd became too great, only the priests or missionaries who had admission tickets could get in.

"I must say that I felt much as the Reformers must have felt when they were called upon to present the truths of the Reformation; and never have I experienced the presence and help of the Lord more than on this occasion. He put words into my mouth so rapidly that it was not at all difficult to speak. The chairman permitted the meeting to last only one hour. However, at the close the missionaries invited me to take tea with them, so that they could hear more concerning the matter. This invitation I gladly accepted, and thanked God for his wonderful leading. The city

newspapers also printed quite a favorable account of the meeting.

"We feel sure that the influence of these meetings will be felt throughout Russia; and right now we ought to send out more workers into this great field."

How the Work Started in Russia

IN 1883, an aged man, with a stammering tongue, returned to Russia from America, unobserved and pitied on account of his weakness. But in this weak earthen vessel there rested hidden the mightiest truth. Where human wisdom failed, childlike simplicity prevailed. As he went out among his German friends, he filled his pockets with our publications, asking them to favor him by kindly reading certain portions to him. While they seemingly obliged him, they reaped the greatest benefit themselves in that they became interested in what they read. As the country became stirred, the Lutheran adversaries demanded the removal of this man; but in view of his weakness, they felt ashamed to lay violent hands upon him.

In the summer of 1886, the first minister set out on his journey to enter this unknown empire. Already on the way, God's providence sent him a man who by his own sad experience had learned how to enter such a closed field. A Russian tongue was provided for him in the person of a former Bible colporteur; and arriving in the Crimea, he found a company of Sabbath keepers. While organizing the first Russian church, he was imprisoned, and thus debarred from future labor. But this imprisonment carried the news of this "new" faith hundreds of miles to the Caucasus, and attracted the attention of the honest in heart. Russians who had been exiled for their Baptist faith heard and accepted it, and were persecuted anew. Some were carried in chains to Siberia, and some to the very border of Persia. Although they were fettered, the truth they had liberated others from error's chains, and as a result some of the strongest churches in this vast empire were established in its utmost ends.

Priests issued books giving information about these strange Sabbatarians, and gave their Hamburg address, stating the fact that they distributed literature free; thus honest inquirers after truth were enabled to find it. The government itself sends some of its able men to follow up our general meetings for months, to study our doctrines, and to become familiar with our organization. At government expense this information is printed, and freely circulated among officials and clergymen to disseminate correct information. Today the truth extends all over Russia and Siberia, and five thousand Russian subjects rejoice in it.—*Review and Herald, Nov. 14, 1912.*

A Machine Shop Seminary

A SUCCESSFUL soul winner was asked where he received his theological training. "At Hall's Machine Shop," was the reply. "No, they did not have night classes. My teacher taught me as I worked at the lathe. From a position on the wide window ledge he spoke to me the lessons that prepared me for the work." Holding up a Bible that showed the marks of grimy fingers, he introduced his teacher.

When converted, this worker was impressed to adopt the aim, "A text a day." His memory was poor; so he carried a pocket Bible, and through the day he would refresh his mind by a glance at the day's text. He became a man of an exceptionally good memory, and an acceptable public worker. His talks

and exhortations were powerful because rich in Scripture quotations. He became noted, not for his eloquence, though he possessed a good measure, but for the results that followed his work.

Have you never tried the text-a-day plan? Try it during 1915. You will be surprised by the uplift of a ringing in the mind's ear of the words of the Book. It is like a note of the heavenly melody sounding in the heart. The text a day will strengthen the memory, which is like the supply train of an army in the field. A good memory, well filled with the ammunition of God's Word, is sure defeat to the enemy.

We may be compelled to labor in shop or field; but let us as far as possible turn the place of our daily toil into a school where the Great Teacher may fit us for usefulness. And like the machinist, we may one day go forth to a wider service.

S. W. VAN TRUMP.

Unfading Laurels

If you should climb fame's dizzy height
For fading laurels there,
Or come from battle field a knight,
World praised and wondrous fair,

Would angels plaud thee from above,
Or would our Father praise?
Would he not rather ask the love
Of souls to fill thy days?

The patient trust, the holy joy,
The secret helpfulness?
The pure heart's prayer without alloy,
The self-forgetfulness?

Aye, this the path to glory bright!
Where wars forever cease;
This is the goal,—fame's truest height,—
A crown from Prince of Peace.

E. C. SILSBEE.

Kolo, Basutoland.



Fourth Week

- January 22. Exodus 18 to 20: Visit of Jethro; Sinai; a solemn preparation; ten commandments spoken.
- January 23. Exodus 21-24: Laws, warnings, promises.
- January 24. Exodus 25 to 27: A willing offering asked; the sanctuary.
- January 25. Exodus 28 to 30: The priesthood; offerings.
- January 26. Exodus 31 to 33: The Sabbath a sign; idolatry and punishment; Moses' prayers for Israel.
- January 27. Exodus 34 to 36: Ten commandments rewritten; Sabbath keeping again emphasized; willing service.
- January 28. Exodus 37 to 39. Furniture of the tabernacle; a finished work.

The Law

One of the most noteworthy events of this world's history is found in our reading this week,—the giving of the ten commandments, spoken by God himself, in the hearing of his chosen people. "All eyes," says one writer, "may well be turned to Exodus 20 and the sublime event therein recorded."

"When the law was proclaimed from Sinai, God made known to men the holiness of his character, that by contrast they might see the sinfulness of their own. The law was given to convict them of sin, and reveal their need of a Saviour. . . . The sun shining in the heavens, the solid earth upon which you dwell, are God's witnesses that his law is changeless and eternal."—*The Desire of Ages.*

Reverence

The lesson of reverence is strongly emphasized by the preparations enjoined on the people at Sinai. The "mount of God" was made holy by the divine presence; the buildings dedicated to his service and worship today, where his people gather to hear his word, should likewise be regarded as sacred. "Humility and reverence should characterize the deportment of all who come into the presence of God."



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."



What the Zeal of One Girl Did

MARY BROWN stood by the kitchen window, looking dreamily out across the little village where she had spent her happiest days. High above the housetops and the bare limbs of the tall trees towered the tarnished gold spire of the deserted old brick church.

Somehow there was a mute appeal in its stern lines that sorrowful November morning, which tugged at the girl's heartstrings and reminded her of a day when the old church had been the Mecca toward which the hurrying feet of all the people of the little village were ever turning. She remembered, with a sob of tenderness, one sacred summer morning which stood out from all the rest as golden rifts of sunshine amid the blackest clouds.

It was when she confessed Christ; when the gray-haired pastor took her hand and asked his blessing, and, when the evening time came, drove with her to a shady nook beneath a soft blue sky, where tall green rushes waved by a running stream, and chattering blackbirds rose excitedly from their feeding places where great trees showered their pink and white sweet-smelling petals upon them.

Even the songs which the watchers on the shore sang that summer afternoon came back to the girl by the window. She was buried with her Lord in baptism, and rose just as the red-gold sun blazed forth from the sunset sky. She had gone back home so quietly that her best friends scarcely knew her, and she wondered even now why she had never been the same again.

Four happy, busy years followed. She was president of the Endeavor, teacher of the juniors, organist for both church and Bible school. She was busy, of course, but the busier she was the more she enjoyed her church life. When she went to the city to work, she immediately went into the church, taking her zeal with her. Almost immediately things took a jump. She had not dreamed that she was responsible. She took a place offered her on the lookout committee, and methodically set to work to bring the wanderers into the church. It prospered. She did her work. She rose to the top of the literary ladder as far as the office of the big city daily was concerned. Higher work, which necessitated her presence at the capital and offered a larger salary, came. She accepted.

On the day set for her departure a telegram came: "Father is dying. Come at once." All through the sad, nerve-racking weeks Mary was the stay and comfort of her delicate mother. And when it was all over, and the doctor gently told her that she must give up her brilliant career and stay with the little woman who in her best days had been but a petted child, and who now, bereft of a companion, was crippled both physically and mentally, the girl had kissed the rod and cheerfully given up all for which she had worked so hard.

Life seemed slow and uninteresting in the little country village, but the saddest shock of all came to

Mary Brown when she learned of the closing of the old brick church.

The death of many of the older and wealthier members, the moving away of the young leaders, the lack of others to take their places, had left its impress upon this body of disciples, and finally the doors had been closed.

"It is terrible," declared Mary, turning to the table where her mother was sitting. "I am going to see what I can do."

Her first move was for the old evangelist who had organized the church and raised money for the building which he dedicated. When he telegraphed that, although old and feeble, he would be glad to come, she headed a party of women who cleaned the church after the men had repainted the interior. She called a meeting of the few faithful and sketched her plans. They visited the wealthy country members who had lost their interest, and the poor who still believed. The local paper was used effectively; and when the day for the old pastor's arrival came, old friends and new came from far and near.

It was a reunion of old friends, a chance for acquaintance with the new. Old Daniel Lacy touched the people as no other man could have done. He stirred them to the heart, he reorganized the society, secured pledges for the support of a pastor and support of the church, and, when the sun set that November day, the old brick church was once more an instrument for the King.

Three years later the tired little mother passed away, but before she died she whispered: "Daughter, He knew best. It has been proved. If I had not needed you, the brick church would have still been an empty, useless vessel. Today it is a power for God. Go back to your work and carry with you the God-given zeal which has changed these thoughtless people into reverent worshipers. It was all for the best, bless his holy name!"

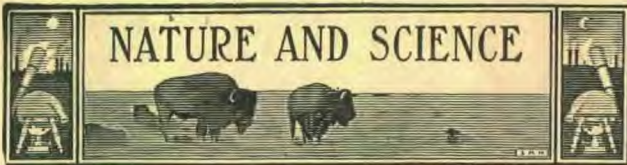
And on the day when Mary Brown returned to her chosen vocation, the old church overflowed with people who were anxious to say Godspeed to one girl who had done what she could.—*Grace Boteler Sanders.*

"You Have Forgotten My Soul"

"MOTHER, you have forgotten my soul," said little Anna, three years old, as her mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother, you have forgotten my soul!" "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

We have not said that." The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. How many mothers, busy hour after hour fashioning pretty garments and caring for the bodies of their little ones, forget their souls!—*Sunday at Home.*



The Flying Spiders of Late Autumn



DURING the hazy, dreamy days of late October and November many small spiders may be seen floating in the air with long silken threads. Prof. J. H. Emerton, in his excellent popular book "The Common

Spiders," tells of these spiders. He says:—

"They come to the tops of posts and fences, and, turning their spinnerets upward, allow threads to be drawn out by ascending currents of air, until sometimes the spiders are lifted off their feet and carried long distances. Though not so easily seen, the same performance is going on at the tops of grass and bushes, and at times the whole country is covered with threads of silk, and the threads in the air tangle together into flakes, which at length fall, sometimes from great heights. This appearance is called in England 'gossamer,' and in Germany the 'flying summer' and the 'old woman's summer.' Why the spiders spin the thread and what use it is to them to be blown about are unknown. At the time of the autumn flights great numbers of these spiders may be seen on fences and doorsteps in city streets wherever there is a neighboring park or grass-plot, and the spiders probably live the rest of the year among this grass near the ground."

These spiders are not really flying, but are sustained in the air by the extending threads. In Australia there is another kind of flying spider, whose flying is about the same as that of our flying squirrel; that is to say, it is sustained in the air by thin, wing-like extensions of its body.

Prof. Wm. Beutenmuller thus describes this spider:—

"This species possesses parachute organs having a similar use to the pectoral fins of a flying fish. Either side of the abdominal region is provided with a flap; and when the spider launches itself into the air, these flaps are spread out, presumably increasing the length of the leap and diminishing the shock when the ground is once more reached."—*St. Nicholas*.

The American Badger and His Ways

DURING the daytime the badger sleeps deep in his burrow, far out on the Western plains and prairies, and at twilight he starts forth on a night's foraging. He is a dreaded enemy of the prairie dog and the ground squirrel; and when he begins to excavate for one, nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his forefeet he loosens up the dirt. Dig! dig! dig! he works as if his life depended on it, now scratching out the sides of the hole, then turning on

his back to work overhead. At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forward parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would not be easy for a man to overtake him with a spade.

Undaunted by his failure to find a supper in the first hole, he digs into others; and the unfortunate squirrel or prairie dog might as well surrender, for Mr. Badger will not cease his work until he has examined every branching tunnel.

On rare occasions a badger may be surprised during the day; but he is never far from a hole in which to take refuge, yet he may attempt to escape detection by squatting flat upon the ground. So closely does he resemble a hummock or stone that his ruse is usually successful; but when convinced that he has been discovered, he plunges into the hole. He seems to think that his protection now lies in keeping you from entering the burrow, so he hurries to the bottom and pushes dirt before him to bank up the mouth of the burrow.—*J. Alden Loring*.



St. Nicholas
A FLYING SPIDER

A Plant With Volcanic Action

CAYUGA, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this cup-shaped plant under some leaves in the woods. I was wondering what to do when I thought of sending it to you, and finding out about it. In the first place, I should like to know what it is. What makes its inside so red and its outside white? When you look at it with a magnifying glass it looks like coral. Why is that? At times it looks as if smoke were rising out of it.

Yours sincerely,
LLEWELLYN DAVIS.

This beautiful red cup is a fungus plant, one of that large family to which mushrooms, toadstools, etc., belong. It is called the scarlet cup of the spring woods, or *Sarcoscypha* (also *Peziza*) *coccinea*, named from its color. The fungi, like flowers, are of all colors, but having no green leaf, cannot manufacture their food, so we find them attached to anything from which they can get that nourishment—old decayed logs, sticks, or leaf mold. If your microscope were stronger, you would see that what looks like coral is in reality rows of little sacs covering the inside of the cup; and, opening one of the little sacs, you would find tiny, dust-like particles or spores with which the fungi are provided in place of seeds. Now this kind of fungi throws its spores, when ripe, into the air with such force and profusion that they look like smoke from a small volcano. Perhaps your foot has touched a twig, which jostles it, and up they go, making you think for a moment that something is afire.



A VOLCANIC PLANT

There is a sister to this fungus, having the same red cups, only smaller, and raised on quite long stems having long hairs around their edge—the *Sarcoscypha floccosa*.—*St. Nicholas*.

IF any speak ill of thee, fly home to thy conscience and examine thy heart.—*George Herbert*.

The Transformation

In summer there may be seen upon the milkweeds of the Middle West an ugly-looking caterpillar, ringed, black and white, with black horns, feeding upon the coarse leaves. A few weeks later, an olive-green chrysalis with dotted band of gold is seen suspended from fence rail, board, or bough, bearing no resemblance to the caterpillar, its former self. From this chrysalis a little later emerges a beautiful butterfly, no more to crawl its weary length, but free to roam the air and feed upon the nectar of the flowers.

So great a transformation has taken place that unless the eye had witnessed it, or the doubtful mind had heard a truthful witness testify, it would pass belief. The writer, some years ago, witnessed this change from caterpillar to chrysalis, and with others was amazed to see in a few minutes that mighty transformation, so silent, yet so marvelous, that it seemed as if an infinite hand wrought in our presence, as indeed it did.

We were working in a brick yard; and one morning, just before beginning work, I noticed, suspended by the head from a leaning board, a caterpillar. It bore no marks of change. A single night and it had crawled onward and upward from near-by stock, and fastening itself by the head, hung full length, the caterpillar it was.

While I stood wondering, it began to move and to writhe as if in great distress. Suspecting the cause, I called the men to come in great haste. Scarcely five minutes passed until the caterpillar was not; but in its stead another object hung silent and motionless, penciled with dotted bands of gold, in whose form was visaged the wings of the glorious creature that should be. I was then a skeptic; but so marvelous was the change that I had witnessed, wrought I knew not how, that it left an impress upon my mind never to be forgotten.

A few weeks more, and this case of olive green, seemingly so dead, opened with an upward seam, and there came forth another creature fitted as if for another world, a miracle of transformation.

In afteryears, when in my sinful heart a change was wrought and I saw in others the "new creature," so unlike the former self, a miracle of grace, I saw anew the working of that mysterious power. I knew not how the change from ugliness to loveliness was made; but I knew it was as real as that other transformation.

It was such a change within the soul of which the Saviour spoke on that night when the wealthy ruler of the Jews sought the Master's presence. He had seen the gracious miracles,—the restoring of sight and health and limb; and even the dead quickened by a word. He had seen the hungry thousands fed from a few loaves, scarcely sufficient to supply the daily needs of one family. He had seen the children blessed, and had heard their lips speak forth hosannas. But most of all, he had seen men clothed, and with their minds aright, who late had known but demon tongue and acts. The question, "How?" had weighed upon the ruler's heart, till his soul in answer sought of him who alone could tell the mystery.

Tenderly the words came from those lips whose sound had pierced the ears of the dead, "Ye must be born again." Once more the ruler pressed the question, as if to bring that unseen power within the grasp of human eye or touch: "But how?" And there, shut in by angels, that veiled Omnipotence breathed forth, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou knowest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John 3:8.

As we behold in our daily life those physical mysteries of change, and know not how, yet yield our minds to know they are, and to learn a lesson; so of that holy mystery, the transformation of the soul; we know it is done, yet see not with our mortal vision how man, lost and undone, becomes by faith the child of Heaven. This only do we know: By beholding we become changed into his image. C. A. WYMAN.

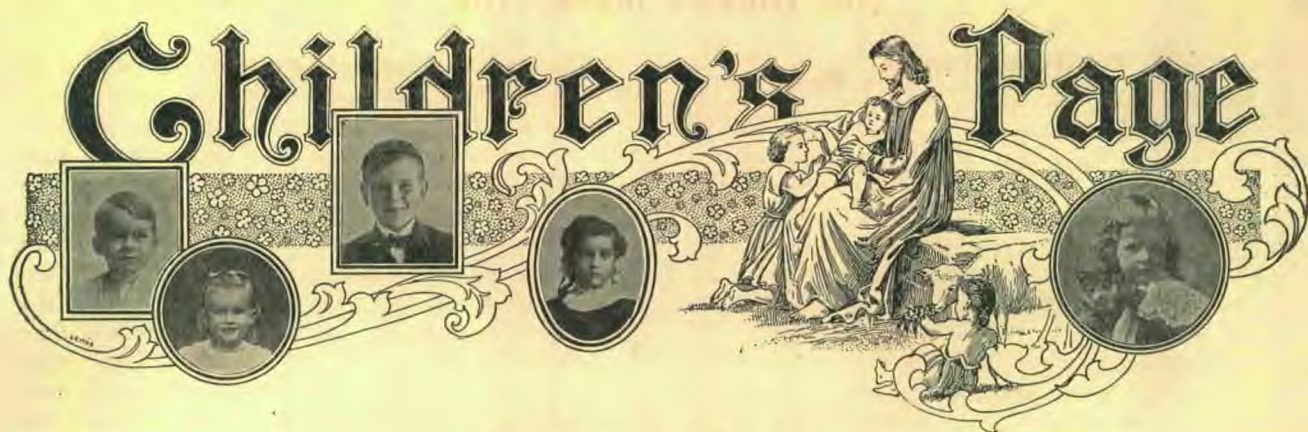
IDEALS are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the sea-faring man on the desert of water, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—*Carl Schurz.*

THINK seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors.—*Henry van Dyke.*

It would tire the hand of an angel to write down all the pardons that God bestows upon true penitent believers.—*Bates.*



MEMBERS OF THE REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING FORCE



The Elder Brother

DONALD GRAY drew a crumpled envelope from his breast pocket, and smoothed out the two closely written sheets between the leaves of the open book before him. His forehead wrinkled as his eyes followed the lines, and he turned the sheet slowly, like one determined to weigh well the exact meaning of every word. Donald had received the letter by the late mail the evening before, and had read it at least twenty times already.

Ever since Donald had entered college, his mother's letter had been the event of the week for him, but this letter brought unwelcome news. Sandy's unsteady habits and flighty ways were no new thing, to be sure, but this promised to be more serious.

"Sandy has left us again, Donald. I didn't say anything about it when I wrote you last, for you know it isn't the first time, but he has been away nearly a month now, and we have given up looking for him. I don't know how your father will get along alone, but he has gone this morning to see a man he heard of. I hope he will get him, for he's dreadfully behind with his work, and he can't stand what he could before he had that illness two years ago. He said last night that he wished your school was out the middle of May instead of the middle of June. You can imagine how glad both of us will be to see you."

Sandy plumed himself on his bluff, uncouth ways. Sandy was "wild" — undeniably the black sheep of the Gray family. Sandy called Donald "the minister," with boisterous jocularly, casting a slur, Donald thought, upon the profession he had chosen, and which he meant to reach one of these days, unless Sandy barred his way. Perhaps that was what Sandy aimed to do when he made off a month before and left his father alone on the farm.

"Hello, Gray! The front door was open, so I came right up." The newcomer was tall, and the easy fit of his trim blue suit spoke for itself. "No, I can't sit down. A few of us are going over to Adams this afternoon to see the game, and I just thought of you. Wouldn't do to leave out an important man like you."

Donald joined in the laugh rather languidly. "Yes, I'll go," he replied. "I guess I need a change. What car shall we take?"

"Two o'clock. That will give us plenty of time. Say, Gray, I wish I had my own car out here. My sister's going to bring a friend over with her for commencement week, and we'll take in the White Mountains on the trip back. How does that strike you?"

"I'm — I'm afraid you can't count on me, Kavanagh," Donald said, trying to speak carelessly. "My home letter wasn't in the same vein as yours. My brother has — is away from home, and mother says

they're living by the day till I get there. I'm sorry, but it looks like one of the things that can't be helped."

"It'll come straight," Kavanagh predicted hopefully. "If you can't kill the lions in the way, you'll have to dodge them. That's how I do. Remember that when 3984 N. Y. rolls out of Richmond, D. Gray will be on board. That Adams trip comes first, though."

Donald had no especial fondness for football, but it flattered his vanity to form one of a party with Kavanagh and Lamb and Tillinghast, who had rooms at the fraternity houses, and spent money freely.

Those fellows formed, as a rule, an exclusive set by themselves. They were straight, clean fellows, every one of them, and Kavanagh's father was an elder in one of the big New York churches, and a banker whose fortune mounted up well toward the six-figure mark. Donald wasn't snobbish, but what country boy, who has cut his corners close, and roomed in a private house to save expenses, and done a hundred other things for economy's sake, wouldn't like to be taken up by fellows who never care whether what they want costs fifty cents or five dollars?

The football game at Adams that afternoon does not form a part of this narrative. Suffice it to say that it passed for a good game, and that Kavanagh and Lamb and Prescott and Denys applauded brilliant episodes in it, and that Donald yielded to the spirit of the occasion, too, and lent hands and feet and voice to swell the deafening clamor. For Donald, however, the real sensation of the day occurred after the train reached Richmond, and it all happened in this way: —

The village of Richmond consisted then, and consists now, of two sections. The railway enters what is known as the "lower town," made up of brick mills on the water front, and yellow-painted tenement houses on the higher ground behind. There are two stories in the lower town also, and a rather dingy hotel, midway between the two larger groups of cottages. The college buildings, the houses of the professors, a few other private residences, a bookstore, and three or four additional places of business, form the "upper town." The churches are here, too, and one can see the spires towering above the trees on the hilltop, when stepping off the train at the railway station. By changing one's position a matter of a few yards in either direction, Meighs Hall and the new Boylton Laboratories come into view, as well as the college chapel and Lowell Observatory. To reach these buildings, one climbs a rather steep incline, and whether one patronizes one of the numerous busses or prefers to walk, the distance is a full mile.

Donald and his party preferred to walk. It was a mild May evening, with the last of a fiery-red sunset fading in banks of gray mist. Denys took the lead,

like a corporal in command, half turning to face the others, as the discussion of the game grew animated, and the voices rose to higher pitches. Donald was between Prescott and Kavanagh, the three making a swaying chain with their interlocked arms. They had passed the first huddle of cottages, and a solitary lilac bush mingled its scent consolingly with the medley of odors from several dinners being prepared.

There was a huge, overgrown lilac bush in the yard at home which must be purple with blossoms at this season, Donald mused, and the bees were just finishing their day's work now, and getting back, honey-laden, to the row of hives behind the house. Odd, isn't it, what a trifling thing starts one thinking in a new line? And all the while Kavanagh was running on about what he had heard an old football coach in Philadelphia tell of the discarded "flying wedge."

As they walked along, Donald lifted his eyes carelessly to scan the little knots of men talking together on the hotel porch, after their day in the mill. Then the careless glance changed into an incredulous stare, and he halted sharply, swaying heavily against Prescott's encircling arm.

"What's the matter, Gray?" asked Kavanagh, with real concern in his voice, as he caught his friend. "You're as pale as a ghost. Are you faint, or what is it? Better sit down, and I'll get you a sip of water."

"No, no." Donald kept moving on, recovering himself quickly. "I'm all right now."

Denys jeered back: "Better not let old Archimedes catch you at that caper — he'll have you up before the faculty for public intoxication. Looks mighty suspicious, Gray, when you're just back from Adams."

Donald hardly knew what reply he made to this sally, for the chatter and laughter sounded far away to his ears, and he walked like one in a dream. Sandy was in Richmond. That big figure on the porch of the dirty little public house was unmistakable, even if he had not caught a glimpse of the half-averted face. No doubt he was working in the mill, — Sandy always professed a fondness for machinery, — but why had he come to Richmond? Donald had answered that question long before Mrs. Lafferty's little white gate clicked behind him and he began mounting the stairs to his room on the second floor. There wasn't a spark of malice in Sandy's makeup, but he had an unfortunate propensity to take down those who he fancied were putting on airs, and his boisterous raillery had often grated on Donald's sensitive nerves. It would seem like a huge practical joke to Sandy to be a common mill hand in the very town where "the minister" was playing the gentleman, and present himself at just the moment when the contrast between the two would show off to the best advantage. Sandy hadn't a particle of pride in appearances, and scorned the little niceties of manner and speech and dress which a man has to respect if he wishes other people to think well of him. There was Kavanagh, now, and Tillinghast to consider. There wasn't anything snobbish about Tillinghast, but Donald's face flushed as he seemed to see Sandy giving Tillinghast's hand a pump-handle shake on the college campus. It would come to that, too. Sandy had no doubt anticipated the keen enjoyment such encounters would bring to him, before he ever set foot in the lower town.

It was hours later. A student lamp was burning on the table, but Donald's eyes were not following the lines on the printed page. Supper and a flying call from Halsey had intervened, but Donald's train of

thought had hardly been interrupted. The odd thing was that it had taken a new direction, and Donald hardly knew why. Perhaps it was a verse from the morning reading at chapel, which happened to drift in, perhaps it wasn't. Donald couldn't remember just how the verse ran, but these words, "Brother have need," stuck in his memory and kept repeating themselves over and over.

Sandy wasn't in need — not by any means. Was he? That question kept bobbing to the surface like a cork afloat. There hadn't been a hint of that in his mother's letter, but perhaps that was what the care-worn lines in her face meant, if one read them rightly. Perhaps a fellow of Sandy's temperament, who had cut loose from home and was thrown with all sorts of people, was more in need than another who hadn't a penny in his pocket to buy a meal.

Donald sprang up hastily and looked at the clock. If Sandy roomed at the little hotel, it wouldn't be too late to find him, and, somehow, the generous impulse was not the kind which admitted of delay. Donald was on the street before he had reached the second step of his reasoning, and, unlike most paths of duty, the way to the lower part of the town was partly downhill. The light outside the hotel, the sound of voices within, the knots of loungers in the shadow, the sleek clerk behind the desk, all seemed dreamlike and unreal to Donald, but one talks in a dream as well as sees things, and the clerk had at tongue's end the information Donald wanted: —

"Alexander Gray? Yes. He's just gone to his room. Here, Jim, show the gentleman up to 23."

Sandy opened the door tardily to Donald's knock. His coat and vest were off, and he was untying his necktie, but he stopped, and stared as if he had seen an apparition.

"Why, Donald!" There was no mistaking the pleased light in his eyes. "What —"

"I thought I saw you here — just before dark." Donald had his brother's hand. "It's late, but — but I couldn't wait. I had a letter from mother this morning. I want you to tell me all about it."

"It isn't much of a place here," Sandy said apologetically, "but they allow us two chairs, so we can sit down. I saw you going by, but I hadn't any notion of bothering you. I came to Chatham first, then I fell in with two chaps who had lost their jobs up here, and they told me the mill was short-handed. Of course I knew it was — it was your town, but —"

"That doesn't matter, Sandy," Donald broke in eagerly. The elder brother's quiet manner surprised him a little, and he was trying to fathom it. "We'll see a good deal of each other, and — and it'll keep us both from getting lonesome. But what about father, Sandy? He won't know how to get on alone."

Sandy's rather heavy face dropped into sullen lines. "I hate the farm work, Donald. No one understood how it was — no one seemed to try to understand. Father told me that I had had my chance before you had yours, but I can't see it that way. He'd have been glad to have me go on and study for the ministry, but I wasn't cut out for that. I told him then I'd like to take an engineering course, but he wouldn't hear to it."

"Why, Sandy, I never heard of that!" Donald exclaimed.

"Not many did, I guess. What would have been the use of whimpering? When a fellow knows he's out of his place, he gets so he doesn't care a rap. If they'll give me a shift of jobs here, I mean to pick up

what information I can. If I get a bit of money together, I may take a year in some school. It's a pretty slow start, but the men at the mill say things will brighten up when the cool weather comes.

"Sandy,"—there was a genuine animation in the voice,—“we'll go through the laboratories the first afternoon you have off. If you had just spoken of this before, I'd have coached you a little in the things you'll have to start with—physics, chemistry, and more or less mathematics. It's too late in the season to do much this year, but if you stay on here, we'll have a room together next fall, and all the evenings will come our way. I believe you could get into some of the lectures, too.”

“I don't want to bother you,” Sandy reiterated weakly. There was something almost pathetic in the big fellow's bewildered expression. “I wouldn't shine much in such company as you keep, and I've been proud of it—till now. It's different here from what it was at home. When I saw you and the others go by, and then looked at the crowd on the steps, I knew which class I'd rather train with.”

“And you shall train with any class you like, Sandy,” Donald declared. He went over to his brother's chair and put a pair of compelling hands on the broad shoulders. “We've never understood each other, but—but we're beginning to see how things are. We'll fight it out together, Sandy. And we'll make it all plain to father. He never understood either—I know he didn't.”

It was the second evening before Donald found time to look in on Sandy again. The hotel clerk nodded as Donald passed through the office, then halted the visitor.

“Mr. Gray left this morning,” he said, when Donald came back. “He asked me to hand you this note.”

Donald read:—

I've thought a good deal about what you said the other night, and I believe it will go. The work here is not paying, and I think I'll help father out for a while. When you come home, we'll talk things over and see what is best for next year.

SANDY.

—Charles T. White, in the *Wellspring*.

A Military Baptismal Scene

ONE Sabbath, just as we were going to cross the river, the chief of police and four subordinate officers suddenly surprised us, and asked what we were going to do, and what right we had to baptize. While we were talking with the chief of police in the house, more than one hundred persons gathered outside, anxious that we be arrested, some of them even having taken an oath among themselves that they would kill us; but the presence of the police frustrated their evil designs.

The policemen had been sent by the town priest to prohibit our baptism. As the chief of police asked what right we had to baptize, we showed the paragraphs in the law that give us that right. Finally, the policemen asked if they might stay and witness the ceremony. To this we gladly gave consent. After we had finished, the chief shook our hands in a friendly manner, and told us that he was very glad he had been permitted to witness the ordinance, as it was far different from what he had heard it would be.

Thus it turned out that, although the policemen had been sent for the purpose of doing us harm, yet their very presence was a protection to us, in God's hands, against the ruffians who had planned to kill us. We felt very glad to see how God had wrought for us,

and how he had created security out of what at first seemed to be meant for our hurt.—O. Wildgrube, in *Monthly Missionary Reading*.

Good Counsel

Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
And, even though you find them,
Be wise and kind and somewhat blind,
And look for virtues behind them.

—Selected.

“A GRUDGE is a handicap in our good work; if you have one, forget it.”

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Selected.

THERE are two sorts of content: one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue, the other a vice.—Mrs. Edgeworth.

NEVER speak to the disadvantage of one over whose conduct you have no charge; look rather to yourself, and repair the evil you find there.—Thomas a Kempis.

FOR today, guard against the point where you failed yesterday, not by power of resolution alone, but by placing God between you and that danger. He is ever the secret of victory over sin.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

MAKE good! Make it a rule, whatever is given you to do, whatever responsibility is thrust upon you, to make good. Do not leave things half finished, nor do them in a slipshod, slovenly manner. Build them to a complete finish; put your trade-mark upon whatever passes through your hands, so that it will stand the test of your employer's scrutiny and increase your own self-respect.—O. S. Marden.



MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, February 6

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports and plans of work.
3. Bible Study: "Government of God in the Physical Universe." See *Gazette*.
4. Talk: The Russian Field. See "Outline of Mission Fields," second edition, pages 14, 16; "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*; and the articles "A Meeting With Dignitaries of the Russian Church," and "How the Work Started in Russia," in this INSTRUCTOR.
5. Testimony Meeting: Theme, Faithfulness to God Under Persecution. Few of our English young people have really suffered persecution, but such mission stories as those given this week should cause us to determine that we will be faithful under little trials. Otherwise we can never stand under the persecutions sure to come. Let the leader give other incidents of faithfulness under trials.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending February 6

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts for the week. Let the leader call for volunteers; or let the boys give the texts and the girls quote the verses, or vice versa.
2. Reports of work from the members; also reports from the different committees on work and plans.
3. Bible Study: "God's government." See *Gazette*. Have the texts in this study read by different ones.
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment Texts: Ex. 20:4-17; Eccl. 12:13. Let one give the reference and another quote the text, or call for volunteers. Announce texts the week before.
5. Recitation, song, or instrumental music. Make use of all the musical talent in your society.
6. Mission Study: Russia. See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in the *Gazette*; and "A Military Baptismal Scene," in this INSTRUCTOR.

Note

Think of that brother in Siberia traveling two thousand miles to find one of our ministers who could teach him this message; then think of two or three ordained ministers in that whole vast country. A church elder away in Russian Turkestan, Central Asia, reports a baptism with three hundred persons gathered at the riverside, some to scoff and some to pray. So pressing was the crowd, the believers had to wade out to a little island, and there, with the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, true souls followed their Lord in baptism. We had no thought of the Turkestan region as a near field for our work three years ago. Now the message is stirring the people there.—*Union Conference Record, April 18, 1910.*

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 17: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 22 to 25

1. By what was the work of John the Baptist brought to an end?
2. What doubts assailed his mind during his imprisonment? What inquiry did he send to Jesus, and what answer did he receive?
3. Between what was John a connecting link? Explain.
4. What principle of Christ's life was at variance with the hopes of the Jews regarding the Messiah?
5. How did John meet death? Briefly characterize him.
6. What message did Jesus preach in Galilee, and how was he received by the people?
7. Explain the prophecy referred to in his message. What is its application to the present time?
8. When and where did Christ preach his first recorded sermon? What was his text?
9. Summarize the discourse, and tell how the meeting ended.
10. Why did the people of Nazareth not receive him?

11. Tell of the sermon by the sea. Whom did Jesus call at this time? For what purpose?
12. What did this call mark in the experience of all the disciples?
13. Draw five practical lessons from the miracle he performed.

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 17: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

Gideon; Samson; Ruth

1. BECAUSE of their failure to drive the Canaanites out of their land, what trouble came upon the children of Israel? Name some of the judges who were raised up at different times to deliver them.
2. How greatly was Israel oppressed by the Midianites? Who was Gideon, and what was he doing when the angel of the Lord appeared to him? What did the angel tell Gideon he must do? What promise and what sign were given to Gideon that day?
3. How many men answered Gideon's call to arms not long after this? By what signs did the Lord show that he would be with his servant? Why was the army too large? Tell how it was twice reduced.
4. When only three hundred were left, what did the Lord say he would do? What further sign was given to encourage Gideon? Describe the battle and the victory.
5. To what great work was Samson set apart from his birth? What command did he transgress when he grew to manhood? What led him to make his first attack on the Philistines? Describe some of his acts that show his remarkable strength.
6. Tell how Samson lost his great strength. Where was he imprisoned? Describe his death. What lesson may be learned from this weak strong man?
7. Who was Naomi? In what land did her husband and sons die? What did she decide to do? In what words did Ruth express her determination to stay with Naomi? How did they make the journey?
8. With what words did Naomi's old friends and neighbors greet her? What grain was being harvested at that time? What was the custom of the land? In whose field was Ruth allowed to glean?
9. What favors were shown to Ruth by the owner of the field? Why did Naomi wish to sell her land? How did Boaz arrange to buy it? Tell how the bargain was made.
10. Whose wife did Ruth become? What was the name of their son? What honor came to the family of Boaz and Ruth in later years?



VI — Beginning of Jesus' Ministry

(February 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4: 12-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matt. 4: 17.

Questions

1. After his victory over Satan, with what power was Jesus still attended? To what part of the country did he finally go? Luke 4: 14, 15. (See map.)
2. Why did Jesus go so far from Jerusalem? Matt. 4: 12.
3. Who had put John into prison? Why did he do it? Luke 3: 18-20. In rejecting Christ's messenger, whom did Herod reject?
4. In Galilee who rejected Christ after hearing but one sermon? Luke 4: 16-18, 29.
5. In thrusting Jesus and the Holy Spirit from them, what deliverance did the people of Nazareth thrust from them? Verse 18.
6. Since they would not receive him, what was he obliged to do? Verse 30.

7. Where did he dwell? Where was Capernaum? Matt. 4:13. (See map.) Note 1.
8. Describe Galilee and its people. Note 2.
9. What had the prophet Isaiah, over seven hundred years before, prophesied concerning this place? Verses 15, 16.
10. What great light did the people who sat in the darkness of sin now see? John 12:46.
11. What did Jesus urge them to do? Matt. 4:17; John 12:35.
12. While walking by the Sea of Galilee, whom did Jesus call? What did he promise to do for them? Under what condition? Matt. 4:18-22.
13. How quickly did they respond? What did they leave behind? What is necessary for every follower of Jesus to remember? Matt. 10:37.
14. How much of Galilee did Jesus visit? What gracious ministrations accompanied his preaching? Matt. 4:23.
15. What did the people of Syria, and Decapolis, and Judea, and from beyond Jordan do? What did he do as willingly for the Gentile as for the Jew? Verses 24, 25.

Notes

1. The Sea of Galilee "was also called the Sea of Tiberias, and the Lake of Gennesaret, and also the Sea of Chinnereth. Num. 34:11; Deut. 3:17; Joshua 12:3. It is about fourteen miles in length, and from six to nine in width. . . . There is no part of Palestine, it is said, which can be compared in beauty with the environs of this lake. Many populous cities once stood on its shores; such as, Tiberias, Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin, and Hippos. The shores are described by Josephus as a perfect paradise, producing every luxury under heaven, at all seasons of the year." The river Jordan flows directly through the lake, it is said, without mingling with its waters, so that the course of the Jordan can be distinctly seen. "The waters of the lake are sweet and pleasant to the taste, and clear. The lake still abounds with fish, and gives employment, as it did in the time of our Saviour, to those who live on its shores. It is, however, stormy, owing probably to the high hills by which it is surrounded."—*Barnes's Notes, Vol. 1, Matt. 4:18.*
2. "Galilee was divided into upper and lower Galilee. Upper Galilee was called Galilee of the Gentiles because it was occupied chiefly by Gentiles."—*Id., Matthew 14 to 16.*
- Galilee was "a remote part of the country, which lay farthest from Jerusalem, and was there looked upon with contempt, as rude and boorish. The inhabitants of that country were reckoned stout men, fit for soldiers, but not polite men, or fit for scholars."—*Matthew Henry's Commentary, Vol. V, Matt. 4:12-17.*

7. Whose message did Jesus continue to give? Matt. 4:17. Compare Matt. 3:2.
8. Relate how Peter and Andrew were called as disciples? Matt. 4:18-20.
9. What remarkable evidence of Jesus' power of adaptation in his work is seen in this call? Verse 19. Note 3.
10. What is the first step in true discipleship when the call comes to follow Jesus? Verse 20. Note 4.
11. How is this illustrated in the call of James and John? Verses 21, 22.
12. What personal touch is given to the response of these two disciples? Verse 22. Note 5.
13. What method of Jesus' should characterize the work of every missionary? Verse 23, first part. Note 6.
14. What three kinds of work did he combine? Verse 23.
15. How far did his fame reach? Verse 24, first part.
16. What work was brought to him? Verse 24, last part.
17. How great a following did he have? Verse 25.

Notes

1. "The power of the Spirit." Jesus followed the leading of the Spirit into the wilderness of temptation, and was delivered by his ministry through the Word in the hour of temptation. No leading of the Spirit is ever responded to, and no temptation endured and overcome by the believer, that does not leave him stronger for life and service than before.
2. "His word was with power." Nothing will give greater power to the teaching or preaching of the Word than experiencing the power of that Word for deliverance in personal conflicts under temptation.
3. "I will make you fishers of men"—a wonderful adaptation of the call to circumstances! How could Jesus have made clearer or more impressive the meaning of his call than by this simple language in terms of familiarity to these catchers of fish?
4. Two elements of action in responding to the call of the Master are noticeable: (1) Making no delay; (2) leaving the former life and following the new way.
5. Here the two brothers not only left their ship and nets, and left them immediately, but they also left "their father"—a still greater test for every missionary who goes out into the service of Christ. But what compensation came to James and John in this life, and what rewards await them at the Master's call in the day of resurrection!
6. One feature of the Master's work is noticeable—he went about all the country, seeking out opportunities for teaching, preaching, and healing. So will his true followers do in our day.

VI — Beginning of Jesus' Ministry

(February 6)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

- Sab. . . . Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. . . . Jesus' return to Galilee. Questions 1-5.
 Mon. . . . Work in Capernaum. Questions 6, 7.
 Tues. . . . Call of the first disciples. Questions 8-12.
 Wed. . . . Method and work of Jesus. Questions 13-17.
 Thurs. . . . Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 138, 139.
 Fri. . . . Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 4:12-25.

Questions

1. Some months after the temptation, where did Jesus go? Matt. 4:12.
2. What power was present with him? Luke 4:14. Note 1.
3. How did he occupy his time in Galilee? Verse 15.
4. On leaving Nazareth, where did he dwell? Matt. 4:13.
5. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verses 14-16.
6. How did his work in Capernaum impress the people? Why? Luke 4:32. Note 2.

The Love of God

If ever human love was tender,
 Gentle, true, and sweet,
 Then infinitely more and greater
 Is God's love complete.

It blossoms in the snowy lilies,
 Shines from every star,
 And comes in waves of blessings holy
 From the land afar.

It sings adown the long dim ages,
 Touching hearts of stone;
 It calms the wild unrest and terror
 Of the soul alone.

If ever human love was willing
 To forbear, endure,
 More infinitely kind and patient
 Is God's love, secure.

It gleams across the wide, wild waters
 Darkened by man's sin;
 It whispers hope when hope seems blasted,
 Gives new life within.

O Jesus, Saviour, full of pity,
 Let thy love divine
 Be shed in waves of strength and beauty
 Through this heart of mine.

— *Eliza H. Morton, in "Star Flowers."*

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Art Creed

WHATEVER is false, whatever is artificial, whatever seeks to be pretty rather than expressive, whatever is capricious and affected, whatever smiles without motive, bends or struts without cause, is mannered without reason; all that is without soul and without truth, all that is only a parade of beauty and grace, all, in short, that lies, is ugliness in art.—*Rodin.*

University to Teach Sunday School Methods

A ONE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR endowment has enabled Boston University to inaugurate in connection with its regular work, a school for the training of Sunday school instructors and other Bible teachers. It will be called the department of religious psychology and pedagogy, and representatives of the Boston Sunday School Superintendents' Union will be on the committee having supervision of the new work. A very comprehensive course of study is contemplated, and speakers will be sent out to address conventions and institutes.—*The Christian Herald.*

Our Main Business

It is not the chief end of man to achieve what the world will applaud as success. It is our main business in life to show ourselves true men, loving righteousness, hating evil, and willing to take such measure of present happiness and success as flows from obedience to the truth. There is unconquerable strength which begins with the confession of weakness. There is a serene and lofty repose of soul which is reached alone through conflicts and through scars. There is a pure and sacred joy which springs from the deepest sorrow and suffering. The great loss which we have most need to deplore is the loss of earnestness to do right, the loss of strength to resist temptation, the loss of faith in the everlasting principles of truth and duty. The poorest man in the world has something to live and to die for so long as he preserves the integrity of his own conscience. The most successful man in the world is the man who gives himself most earnestly to the cause of God and truth, and who never bates one jot of heart or hope in his good work, whatever difficulties and delays he may have to meet.

Take courage, then, when the burden is heavy and

the work moves slow, and the temptation and conflicts to be met are many and strong. Never say, "It is enough," so long as you have one wrong disposition in your heart to subdue, so long as there is one soul to be benefited by your effort or example, so long as patience and faith and love and devotion to duty are the great lessons to be taught and learned, so long as God says he will never forsake the soul that trusts in him and seeks his aid, so long as the crown of life is offered only to him that overcometh. Never say it is enough. But toil on, pray on, hope on, and always believe that while life lasts there is something to do to prepare yourself and others for the better life to come.—*"Night Scenes in the Bible."*

When God Speaks

WAS this irony? Was it cruel satire?—No, for it was the Lord God who spoke, and he creates by speaking. Let us ever remember that when God speaks, it is done; and that he whom God addresses as "a mighty man of valor" should instantly realize that he has become so by the power of the word spoken. We all know the story of Napoleon, who, when a private soldier had done a noble deed, said to him, "Captain, that was well done." Immediately the man dropped his musket and other available marks of his position, and proceeded to take his stand in front as an officer. When asked what he meant by such conduct, he replied, "The emperor called me captain, so of course I am one." When the Lord speaks, it is done; and if he gives us a title, it is for us to assume the truth of it, and to act as did that soldier.—*Titles of Jehovah.*

The Mission of Living

O WELCOME to you, bubbling fountain,
All fresh from earth's bosom so warm!
Go scampering down through the mountain
To the clear, sparkling streamlet you form.

Can you answer the questions I ask you?
Or solve these deep problems for me?
Say, where do you gather your substance?
And where might your birthplace be?

And whence do you gather your brightness
As you glisten so fine in the sun?
And whence comes your cheery, sweet laughter
As out like a ribbon you're spun?

Did you find them all there in the darkness,
In the rocks and the clefts of the hill,—
These beauties beyond all description,
These glories poured out in the rill?

Ah! beautiful streamlet, we know not
Whence all of your beauties may start;
And we fail as we search for your treasures,
As on through the meadows you dart.

But we hear your sweet music so cheery,
And we welcome the message it brings:
We are happier far for your greeting,
And we leave you with heart that sings.

You show us that birth means so little
In this wonderful world of ours,
And you tell us that place avails nothing
In this valley of sunshine and showers.

For so long as we bear up our burden,
And so long as life's stream shall glide,
We may know the true mission of living
If to give and to bless we abide.

EFFIE JAMES