

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 7



FLUFF, WHOSE HOME IS IN CALIFORNIA



ONE tenth of the citizens of our country are of Negro blood.

DR. MARTIN BRUMBAUGH was inaugurated governor of Pennsylvania on January 19.

EXCLUSIVE of deaths in war, one hundred and forty-nine airmen were killed during 1914.

FOR the thirtieth time Mr. Samuel Gompers has been elected president of the American Federation of Labor.

MR. JOHN MUIR, the distinguished naturalist, died at Los Angeles, California, Dec. 24, 1914, at the age of seventy-six.

OUT of an enrollment of 2,218 students at the Kansas State Agricultural College more than half are wholly or partly self-supporting.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad will not renew its liquor licenses at the Philadelphia and New York stations when the present licenses expire.

SWITZERLAND stands for peace; but it has 300,000 men under arms to guard its neutrality. For a century it has kept peace in the midst of jealous powers.

GIOVANNI FABBRI, of Rome, has invented an automatic camera by which a panoramic view of the territory over which an aeroplane flies may be taken.

AS yet camels have not been called into service in the great European war, but in Egypt the Camel Corps is considered an indispensable branch of the service.

FROM a tenth of an acre of tomato plants a girl in Mississippi has cleared nearly \$100. She raised the plants, harvested and canned the tomatoes, and sold the finished product.

THE European war has greatly lessened the number of immigrants into our country, the number during the first four months of the present fiscal year being 157,642, compared with 534,811 during the same months of last year.

IN connection with the distribution of baskets of food by charitable institutions of New York on Christmas Day, the New York Bible Society distributed 16,993 Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels, which were placed in the baskets.

A NEW YORK tax appraiser recently came to the conclusion that the good will of the brewing business there has no special pecuniary value, "because the prohibition wave may sweep over New York at any time, and wipe out all the breweries."

IN southern China millions of people are literally starving, in consequence of summer floods that ruined the crops. The floods covered ten thousand square miles of densely populated farming country, wiped out whole villages, and caused an appalling loss of life and property.

THE people of New York are considering the question of violin instruction in the public schools of that city. This movement began in England fourteen years ago, when Mrs. Sheperley, of Liverpool, won the consent of the head master of a school in that city to teach the violin to those who wanted it, at a fee so small that the poorest might participate.

GENERAL FABER, of the French army, it is reported, had his right arm restored by Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute of New York, who is now serving in a Paris hospital. While in Belgium, General Faber had his arm torn off by a shell. Dr. Carrel grafted upon the remaining portion an arm amputated from a mortally wounded soldier.

MISS ADELAIDE W. SMITH, the woman whose devoted attention saved the lives of many soldiers during the Civil War, was recently killed in Brooklyn by an automobile, owing to the carelessness of the driver. In "Reminiscences of an Army Nurse" will be found a record of her interesting work.

IT is interesting to note that the gifts of Americans for educational and charitable uses for the year 1914 amounted to \$315,000,000, almost double the amount for 1913. These figures surely disprove the charge so long made by Europe, that "Americans are mere money getters and money lovers."

ON Old Newsboys' Day in Detroit, Michigan, many of the city's influential men, aldermen, doctors, and presidents of several of the largest industries, engaged in the sale of newspapers for Christmas charity work. No change was given for the papers sold, some of which brought a dollar each.

THE battle of Bunker Hill, when General Howe used trenches, is said to have been the first important battle where trenches played an important part. Napoleon did not use trenches, neither did Von Moltke, Wellington, Frederick, nor Braddock.

High School Standard Dictionary

THIS work, which is the most recent of the abridgments from the New Standard Dictionary, contains 80,000 terms of all kinds, each one having its own alphabetical place in the one vocabulary order of which the book consists. In addition to the spelling, pronunciation, meanings, and etymology of this large number of words—more than four times as many as constituted the vocabulary of William Shakespeare—this volume contains several thousands of groups of synonyms discriminated and antonyms, supplemented by prepositions. Wherever the definition could be amplified by pictorial illustration, this has been supplied, and 1,200 of these are included. Every worthy word that may be found in the reading of the best current literature, or of those authors who are recognized as the English classics, has been recorded, and the recent advances of science effectively covered. Aeronautics, biology, botany, chemistry, electricity, radioactivity in their various phases, are all presented systematically. There are 902 pages. Price, in cloth, \$1.50. Order of Review and Herald, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

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The Youth's Instructor

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No. 7

Up the Zambesi

W. B. WHITE



THE Zambesi River is the largest river in South Central Africa, rising on the southern border of the Kongo, thence taking a southerly and southeasterly direction through Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, and emptying into the Indian Ocean.

On its way to the sea it takes a mighty plunge over a precipice more than four hundred feet high, forming



THE BOAT ON WHICH ELDER W. B. WHITE AND DR. DUNSCOMBE WENT UP THE ZAMBESI

the Victoria Falls, probably the most majestic waterfall in the world, and named in honor of Britain's beloved queen. Sometimes these falls are completely shrouded in vapor forced up by the power of the falling waters, which at times clears away, allowing glimpses of the mighty wall of water. This vapor also hangs in an eternal cloud above the falls, which gave rise to the expressive native name of *Masi-ootunya*, or "The smoke that thunders." Wonderful rainbows reach down to the river itself by day, and even when the moon is shining there are lunar rainbows, which are almost uncanny in their pale beauty.

The Zambesi at this point is spanned by a beautiful cantilever bridge, the highest in the world; and under this bridge there is a variation of fifty feet in the depth of the river between the dry and rainy seasons. Crossing here, the railroad runs on into the Kongo.

Below the falls this great mass of water finds its way through a comparatively small opening or outlet, possibly one hundred feet wide, and through this the Zambesi rushes in a seething boiling fury, this outlet being called "the boiling pot." The river below this has cut a tremendous gorge through the country, over forty miles in length, which is probably one of the wildest of its kind in the world. Before coming to the Dark Continent, I had seen pictures representing the Zambesi River. In many of these the river is represented as running through a deep, dark forest, huge trees being on each bank, with monkeys jumping from tree to tree, while the hippopotamuses fill the river and crocodiles bask in laziness on the warm sands of the shore. This is something of the impression I had of the Zambesi and its country when last June I approached the mouth of this stream for its partial ascent. One of its mouths, I should say; for the Zambesi has several, and in the rainy season it is a mighty

stream. The delta is a low, flat country, very hot and moist, covered with a stunted growth of timber and a very rank growth of grass and tropical vegetation. It has the appearance of a splendid haunt for snakes, monkeys, and mosquitoes, and I was told that all these flourish there to perfection. The natives say that at night the hippopotamuses, which rarely leave the river in the daytime, come ashore, many times carrying their young on their backs, and prowl through the country, treading down the mealies (corn) and devouring their gardens. If the natives are strong and brave enough, a multitude of them will sometimes attack these beasts with their spears, and kill them. From the hide of this animal is made the cruel whip called the *sjambok* (sham'bok) which is in regular use today among many of the whites in their dealings with the natives.

Here and there through this delta one will see fine, cultivated coconut groves, with large clusters of fruit near the top of each palm. I was told that these groves are very lucrative to the owners.

The delta of the Zambesi, where the country is not too low, is quite thickly populated with natives, who live in their little reed huts thatched with grass, and who may be seen almost any time during the day out on the river or its tributaries in their canoes hewn from logs, engaged in fishing, which seems to be their favorite pastime. Along the banks, but in the water, one will see a great many devices for catching fish, these being made of reeds, which are plentiful along the river.

About the huts of the natives is generally seen a small piece of cultivated land where corn is raised.



OUR CHURCH BUILDING IN THE AMABOLE BASIN

If this crop proves a success, a living for the coming year is assured; for the natives of Africa subsist largely on corn meal porridge, with possibly a little dressing made from peanuts or from some field herbs. As this is a warm country, it is difficult to keep corn the year round; so small storehouses are made of clay, and thoroughly plastered within and without to keep out the weevil. These keep the grain in good condition. When some of the grain is needed for food, the

plaster is broken open at a certain point, the corn removed, and the opening plastered over again.

The country is infested with baboons, which are quite intelligent and strong. These often come in droves to devour the crops. The native must be watchful if he wishes to preserve his crop. They never come at night, but in early morning.

Sunday, July 5, 1914, just a little before sunset, in company with Dr. W. C. Dunscombe, I boarded a Zambesi River steamer at Chinde for a trip into Nyasaland. On page three an illustration shows the boat on which we took passage. It is a stern-wheeler, drawing only two or three feet of water, and the barges when loaded draw about the same; so even though the river was shallow at different places, for the most part we passed along safely.

We had on board about a dozen passengers, among

whom were two French Catholic priests and two Sisters of Charity bound for the interior. There were also in the company four missionaries belonging to the University Mission, on their way to their work around Lake Nyassa.

This mission society was founded by David Livingstone after his return to England from his first trip to Africa. Feeling the need of more missionaries for the Dark Continent, he went to the universities of England and appealed to the student bodies for volunteers. The response was immediate, and out of this movement was organized what is known as the University Mission, which is doing a great and good work in Africa at the present time.

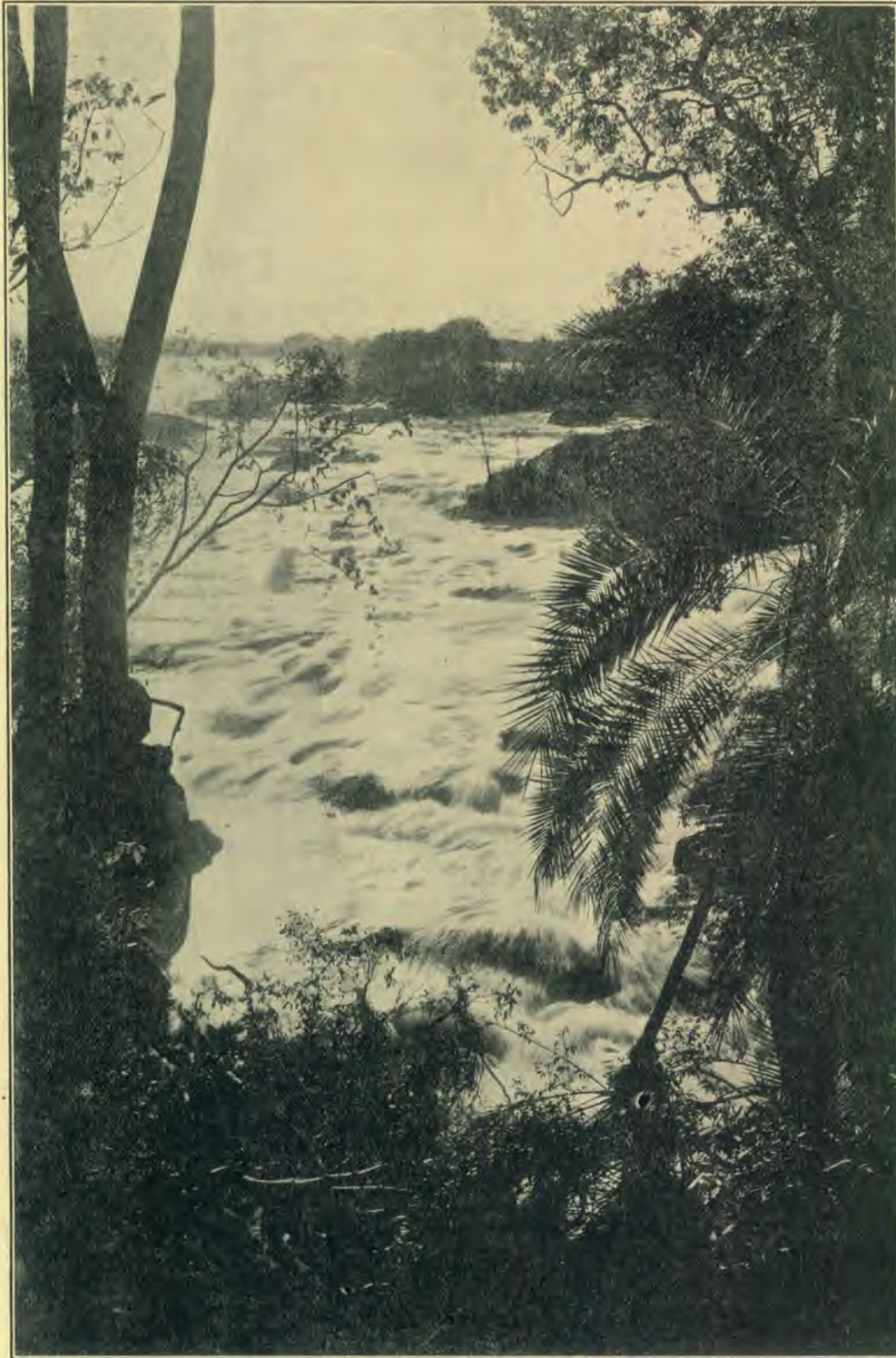
The work of this mission is mostly in the country where Livingstone labored and died. These workers go out without salary, but are assured of their room

and board, and sufficient amount each year to buy their clothing. One of the party is a physician, as the necessity of combining the medical feature with the evangelical is recognized.

About dark our boat was tied up to the shore, as steamers seldom travel on the river at night; and here we remained until morning. As darkness settled down, a huge bonfire was made on the bank, and in the light of it the native boys of the crew brought wood in great piles down to the boat for the engine, piling the two barges nearest the steamer with the same. The picture shows the barges as open, but in transit they are tightly closed by corrugated iron covers.

The sight of these natives bringing wood to the boat in the light of the fire, with a singsong which nearly always accompanies the work of the African, made a strange picture, one which is not easily forgotten.

Bright and early the next morning we were away. Coming on deck, we noticed that natives were running the boat. The engineers were natives, the man at the wheel was a native, natives were at the helm at the rear of the barges, natives were preparing our breakfast, and natives seemed to have full



VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER

charge of the boat, although the captain was a white man. He had not yet come from his cabin. Many of the natives of Africa, when taught and instructed, are very proficient in all kinds of work, but of course they have to be trained and told how things must be done.

Passing up the river, we failed to see any of the large forests that our minds had pictured as being along the Zambesi. The river runs through a very flat, open country. The banks of the river are low, and are fringed with an abundance of reeds and high grass.

Along the shore of the river we saw a great variety of birds, with the most beautiful plumage that one could imagine. Some are very large and powerful, others are small, but bright and beautiful. Here is

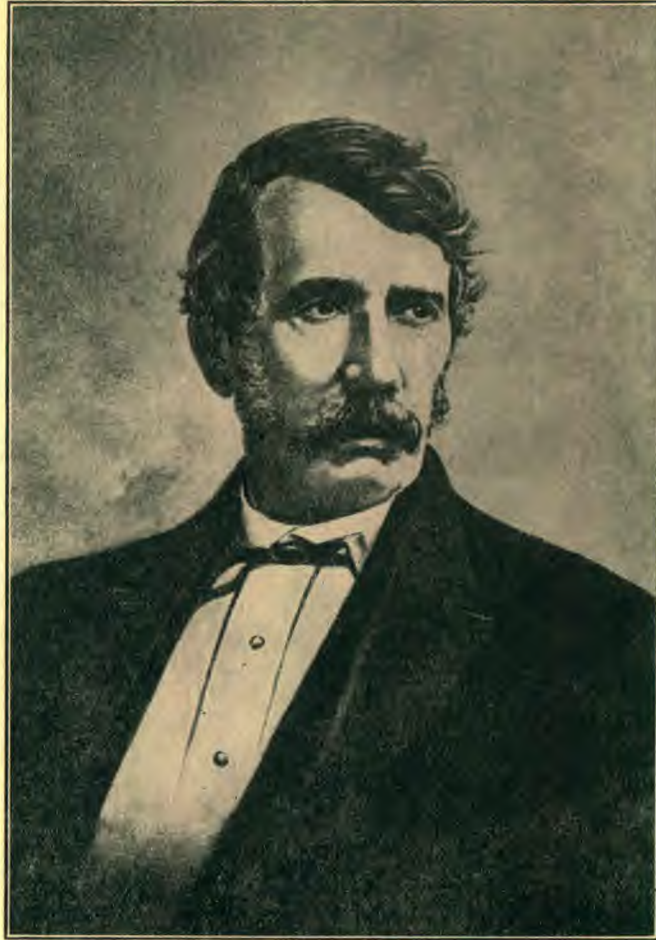
seen the flamingo, which is rapidly becoming extinct. Everywhere along the river are to be seen holes in the river bank. These are made by sand martins, which bore into the soil for some distance, and there prepare their nests and rear their young.

As we passed up the river, we saw black spots on the water some distance from the boat; these would disappear, and in a few moments would reappear. They were hippopotamuses, which do not remain under water for a great length of time, but frequently come to the surface to breathe. Sometimes they were quite near the boat, and seemed really playful, jumping part way from the water and coming down with a great splash. There are many of these huge creatures in the Zambesi River. We had seen hippopotamuses many times before in the zoos, but the strangeness of it here was that we are in a land where they are at liberty.

The country is infested with wild animals; there are many lions, leopards, and elephants. The great sugar factories along the river employ men who give their time entirely to hunting these wild beasts, as many times they prove destructive to life and property.

The second day we passed Shupanga Mission. On the hills to the left are the beautiful white buildings; and were it not for the fever that is prevalent in this country, it would be an ideal place in which to live. Under a great baobab tree back of the mission buildings is a little white fence, and within the inclosure rests the wife of David Livingstone. She was a brave Christian woman, and she and her husband were loved by all the natives who knew them. She died of the fever that is prevalent in this region. Her husband pressed bravely on alone hundreds of miles farther into the interior on his mission of love.

As one passes up the Zambesi, little is seen upon the



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

river except possibly a few river boats, and many natives with their log canoes, from which they are fishing. Along the banks can occasionally be seen their huts, but their villages are farther back from the river. As this is a warm climate, the natives go about with but scanty clothing. As one visits their huts and villages, they seem contented with what they have, and to be living happy, peaceful lives. The native is generally good-natured; and if he is treated well by the whites, is generous and open-hearted.

But now our boat stops, for we have struck a sand bank. Immediately our native boys plunge into the water, and putting their shoulders to the boat, endeavor to set it afloat. In going up the river, even though our boat and barges draw but little water, we occasion-

ally plunge into these sand banks, when a dozen or more of the crew are obliged to jump into the river and push the boat off by sheer strength. Sometimes the barges have to be detached from the boat and moved separately over these shallow places.

About two hundred miles up the river we turned into the Shire River, as this is the route we must take for Nyasaland. Here the river becomes deeper, but is very narrow and tortuous. A strange sight greeted our eyes, for the river on both sides is lined with native villages which seem to be only a few rods apart. As our boat passed along, the people swarmed down to the banks, and we had a very good view of the conditions under which they are living. It is a primitive life, and they are greatly in need of the uplifting influences of the gospel of Christ. As we passed up this river and through this dense population, we were impressed that a medical missionary boat with a small dispensary would be a great blessing to this people. Schools should also be established in the villages, as the native is quick and eager to learn.

Five days out from Chinde we reached Port Herald, where our journey came to an end. This trip up the Zambesi was very interesting and thoroughly enjoyable. We saw much we had never seen before, and had the privilege, as our boat stopped at different places, of meeting the natives and conversing with them through interpreters. We were greatly impressed that here is a ripe field for missionary work, and that some day these natives must hear the truths of the message. May God speed his work to them.

—◆◆◆—
DIE when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.
—Lincoln.

What Prayer Did

G. B. THOMPSON

PRAYER, uttered from the lips of a sincere, believing Christian, is a mighty power. Such prayer the Lord has promised in his Word to hear and answer.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or inexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant's lips can try;
Prayer is the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

Prayer has molded the destiny of many a life.

"One cannot, if he will, escape the compulsion of a mother's prayers. Bishop Matthew Simpson tells very feelingly of the forces that led him into the Christian ministry. He was an awkward boy, harsh and halting of speech, and he trembled at the thought of an audience; yet as he approached manhood, the conviction somehow became deeper and deeper within him that he ought to preach the gospel. But the difficulties seemed so insuperable that he gave up all plans for entering the ministry, and began upon a course in medicine. Three years he was in the medical college, and in all that time the voice within him kept crying, 'Enter the ministry! Enter the ministry!' It haunted him day and night. He prayed over it in agony of soul, but could not bring himself to take the step. The cost seemed too great.

"His mother was a widow wholly dependent upon her son, and the call asked him to give up his medical profession just as he was ready to practice, and begin a new three years of preparation. But at last, after agony and tears, he surrendered, and in bitterness of soul went to break the news to his mother. Then the surprise of his life came to him. 'Never shall I forget,' he says, 'how my mother turned upon me with a smile and said, "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born." Then she told me how she and my father—who was then a dying man—kneeled beside my cradle, consecrated me to God, and prayed that I might become a minister. And she added that not a day had passed but that the repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.'"
—*"Compelled Men."*

The life of prayer lived by George Müller of Bristol, England, who fed, clothed, and housed many thousands of orphans by funds which came in answer to prayer, is familiar to many. The following incident in the life of this remarkable man shows the confidence which he had in prayer in the common experiences of his life:—

"The captain of one of our ocean liners tells of an experience in the life of this great man of prayer. He says: 'In crossing the ocean on one of our voyages my whole life was revolutionized. We had on board a man of God, George Müller, of Bristol. I had been on the bridge for twenty-two hours, and never left it. I was startled by some one tapping me on the shoulder. It was George Müller. "Captain," he said, "I have come to tell you that I must be in Quebec on Saturday afternoon." This was Wednesday. "It is impossible," I said. "Very well, if your ship can't take me, God will find some other way. I have never broken an engagement for fifty-seven years." "I would willingly help you. How can I? I am helpless." "Let us go down into the chart room and pray." I looked at that

man of God and thought to myself, "What lunatic asylum could that man have come from? I never heard of such a thing." "Mr. Müller," I said, "do you know how dense this fog is?" "No," he replied, "my eye is not on the density of the fog, but on the living God, who controls every circumstance of my life." He knelt down, and he prayed one of the most simple prayers. I muttered to myself, "That would suit a children's class where the children were not more than eight or nine years old." The burden of his prayer was something like this: "O Lord, if it is consistent with thy will, please remove this fog in five minutes. You know the engagement you made for me in Quebec for Saturday. I believe it is your will."

"When he had finished, I was going to pray, but he put his hand on my shoulder and told me not to pray. "First, you do not believe he will; and second, I believe he has, and there is no need whatever for you to pray about it." I looked at him, and George Müller said this: "Captain, I have known my Lord for fifty-seven years, and there has never been a single day that I have failed to gain an audience with the King. Get up, Captain, and open the door, and you will find the fog is gone." I got up, and the fog was indeed gone.

"You tell this to some people of a scientific turn of mind and they will say, That is not according to natural laws. No, but it is according to spiritual laws. The God with whom we have to do is omnipotent. Hold on to God's omnipotence. Ask believingly. On Saturday afternoon, I might add, George Müller was in Quebec on time."

It is encouraging to know that God is just as willing to hear us pray as George Müller. Let us pray.

Experience in San Francisco

My first experience in the canvassing field took place in San Francisco, with the book "The Great Controversy." I had always dreaded this important branch of our work, for I feared to meet strangers. But I knew that I needed this experience, and so, a few weeks ago, I started out with my prospectus in hand, and walked to my territory, which was about two miles away.

Although I knew it would be impossible to do anything before nine o'clock, I started out at seven, for I expected a struggle.

Upon reaching my territory, I selected a white cottage as the mark of my first attack. But, somehow, I could not get inside the gate. I do not remember just how many times I walked about the block, repeating many precious promises; such as, "Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord," and, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee;" but I do remember that when it was nearly ten o'clock, I had not yet entered that cottage. Finally I made my way to a dense grove of trees near by, and there, asking forgiveness for my faint-heartedness, laid hold of the promises in earnest. And I did not leave that grove until I knew for a certainty that the Lord was holding my right hand, and that he would put words into my mouth.

Then I could do and dare anything. I had talked with the Creator of the universe, and why need I be afraid to talk to his creatures? I went boldly up to

the little cottage. The first thing that met my eyes was the sign "No peddlers or agents allowed;" but this did not daunt me, for I was not a peddler nor an agent, but a messenger of the heavenly King, and I had a message for whoever lived in that house.

The name Wuerkert was written under the door-bell, thus giving me the advantage of calling the lady by name when she came to the door. I was admitted to the parlor. A glance about the room showed she was a woman of means. The first few moments were awkward, I assure you, and for lack of words I fell back on the canvass, which I had learned verbatim. I had not proceeded very far, when she interrupted me by saying that she was a Catholic, but was not satisfied with her religion, and of late had been investigating Christian Science. She also told me that her father and mother had become Seventh-day Adventists.

With a little prayer of thanks that the way had been made so easy for me, I told her that I, too, was a Seventh-day Adventist, whereupon she shook hands with me, and calling her husband from his work, introduced me as her friend and as belonging to the same church that her father and mother belong to. Thus the way was opened for a talk on our beliefs and the nearness of the end. The room seemed filled with angels. She afterwards told me that she had never listened to her father and mother when they had tried to present the truth to her, for she thought them childish and foolish, but that when she saw a young person giving up her life to such a work, it put her to thinking.

She paid \$1.50 on a book, and insisted on paying my car fare, saying that she knew the Lord had sent me, for just the night before she had had a dream in which she saw a young lady that looked very much like me.

It might be interesting to relate an experience of the following Sabbath. As I was sitting near the front in the Laguna Street church, waiting for services to begin, a sister came to me and told me that there was a friend of mine in the back of the church. She had no sooner finished telling me than Mrs. Wuerkert came forward and shook hands with me. She and her husband had come to church.

In the course of our visit the preceding Monday, I had mentioned that I was attending the Laguna Street church while in the city, but did not tell her where the church was. This Sabbath morning she and her husband started out for church. They knew that the church was somewhere on Laguna Street, but that was all. They had not gone far, however, when she saw a woman with a Bible and a book under her arm, and said to her husband, "We will follow this lady, she will take us to the church." He asked her if she knew the lady. No, she had never seen her before. They followed her into a car, off at Laguna Street, and up into the church. He told me it was the first time that he had attended Sabbath services, and she said it was the first Saturday that she had not attended the matinée.

Mrs. Wuerkert has kept the Sabbath every week, and is rejoicing in the truth as it is brought to her. She has a wide circle of friends. When she used to visit them, they would eat cake and drink wine; now she takes her Bible and reads to them, and does the same when they come to her home. Many of her friends are dropping her, but those who are true, see the change that has come to their friend, and are beginning to think, too.

As I look back upon the two hours spent in that home, I can only thank God that he so wondrously prepared the way, and that he indeed put words into my mouth. He answered my prayer more than I could ever have thought to ask.

Dear young reader, there are souls that you can reach better than any one else; and the destiny of these souls depends, to a great extent, upon the preparation you are now making. Let us make the most of every opportunity that the Lord brings to us.

WILLETA MAXSON.

Among Italian Immigrants

IN 1911 there were, according to Dr. Morse of the Bible Mission to Italians in Hartford, two hundred and fifty Protestant Italian churches in the United States. The number today is presumably considerably greater. The Catholic Directory gives the number of Italian Roman Catholic churches in the United States as one hundred and fifty.

This Christianizing of Italians in America is proving an effective back fire against Romanism. Dr. Morse illustrates this in *Missions*. One of the attendants at his classes, on returning to Italy, carried with him the red-covered Bible which he had received in America. This he read to his relatives and neighbors, not one of whom had ever seen a Bible. He kept on reading every evening during the whole winter, sometimes to as many as twenty listeners, and never to less than ten. It took hold of them so that they decided to go with the reader to a Baptist church which happened to be eight miles from their homes. The first Sunday thirteen went, walking both ways. They kept it up, Sunday after Sunday. One Sunday the delegation actually numbered twenty-seven. Then prayer meetings were started in their own village. Nine have already been baptized.—*Record of Christian Work*.

Two Roses, Instead of One

ONE sharp stroke with the knife, and the grower of roses had two sturdy plants where a moment ago only one grew. But that was only the crowning act of a work done. Many weeks have gone by since the gardener took the long cane of the rosebush and carefully bent it down to the very earth. Above the top of the cane he placed a shovelful of fresh, moist earth, pressing it down hard with his shoe. Then he went away.

While the gardener was waiting, a miracle was being performed. How was it done? It is one of the secrets nature keeps in her own heart, and smiles while she does it. All we know is that somehow, in the course of time, tiny roots began to grow under the soft earth near the top of the rose cane. Deeper and deeper they struck their threadlike fingers down, until at last both ends of the cane had a fast hold upon the earth. Then the sharp knife severed the cane in two, and a new plant was given to the world.

Bending the rosebush down! How like it is to things which are all the time going on about us! Who is the young woman who wins her way most surely into the lives of those she meets daily? Surely not the one who goes through life with her head high in the air, with a cold nod, never stopping to speak nor condescending to give a smile or a kindly word to the travelers she meets. Is it not, rather, the one whose life is lived very near to others? Is it not without question true that it is the one who lives most nearly the life of the One who knew all men better

The 1915 Temperance Annual

The Goal: Ten for Every Member



THE 1915 Temperance Annual of the "Instructor" came from the press the latter part of January. It bears the date of February 2. We believe this number will reach a circulation of not less than 500,000. But it ought to do better than that. If every church in this country should distribute just *ten* papers for each member, the circulation would reach 617,220; and if each church should be so wide-awake and ready to take advantage of opportunities as to average one hundred copies a member, the total circulation would reach the enormous sum of 6,172,200 copies. This would be a gratifying record to make; but we shall take for our 1915 goal the smaller figure, that of *ten* for every member. Will not the leader in every church make a slogan out of the thought "Ten for every member," and work until this end is attained? This is not an impossible goal. It will not require strenuous expenditure of strength, time, or money. It will require some definite, well-laid plans, and an earnest effort on the part of all to carry out the plans.

The whole world is alive to the temperance question as to no other, unless it be the European war, and the war has done much to give increased prominence to the temperance movement. We have fourteen prohibition States, but there are still thirty-two license States. In a number of these — Idaho, South Dakota, Utah, Alabama, California, Montana, Nebraska, and Ohio — special dry campaigns are to be waged the coming year. There is, then, no lack of opportunity for all who want to work. God's opening providences invite us to earnest service.

Ten seems a small number for each person to circulate, when the world is in so much need of help. But if no one fails to reach the goal, great results will be accomplished. We are admonished by the spirit of prophecy that "we need not expect that God will work a miracle to bring about this reform, and thus remove the necessity for our exertion. We ourselves must grapple with this giant foe, our motto, "No compromise and no cessation of our efforts till the victory is gained." "Ten for every member" — shall it not be so?

than any of us know them, and yet who never passed any by scornfully or thoughtlessly? And that gives strength and power and passes over into the life of others something which warms it and makes it over into a new plant in God's beautiful garden.

New rose plants are very beautiful. How we love the pretty things! How very much more lovely are the bright young lives of those who have come into the pure, sweet, earnest joy of true service! Now stop and think that you may start such a life to growing in some one you know. The words you speak, the songs you sing, the smiles you give those you meet on life's dusty highway, the sincere, unassuming life you live from day to day, — these are your bending low down that some soul may be born into the kingdom.

Bend low. Live near to the heart of the world. Be glad when the Master takes you and holds you for a little while near to some work, or perhaps some experience. This is his way of making your own life more beautiful, and of helping some dear friend who knows all about your service and loves you the more for it, to begin the life glorious. — *Edgar L. Vincent, in Young People's Weekly.*

What the Soldiers Did on Christmas Day

It is not surprising to learn that the soldiers on the firing line in the present war cannot be kept from fraternizing with their enemies in spite of their officers. They dutifully toss hand grenades into the opposing trenches when told to do so, but they also throw over less dangerous missiles, as canned beef, soup, beans, and pudding, for the comparison of their commissariat, when told not to do so. An illicit traffic in newspapers, letters, tobacco, and gramophone records soon springs up between the lines. Misery loves company, and will seek it even in the ranks of "alien enemies." In the Woevre a regiment had to be moved because the Germans and French became so friendly as to go swimming together at a certain hour of the day, in the stream which ran between the lines. At another point where the trenches were only fifty yards apart, a ruined

house stood between, which still retained a practicable fireplace. This being so obvious a convenience to both sides, it was made by mutual consent a neutral ground where both sides could make their tea, and care was taken that the fire should be kept up and hot water be always on tap.

There was no official armistice on Christmas Day, but the men made one of their own. This is the way an officer in the Queen's Westminister Rifles describes it in a home letter: "Many of our chaps walked out and met the Germans between the lines. I went over in the afternoon and was photographed in a group of English and Germans mixed. We exchanged souvenirs; I got a German ribbon and photo of the crown prince of Bavaria. The Germans opposite us were awfully decent fellows — Saxons, intelligent, respectable-looking men. I had quite a decent talk with three or four, and have two names and addresses in my notebook. It was the strangest scene you could imagine — going out unarmed to meet our enemies, also unarmed. After our talk I really think a lot of our newspaper reports must be horribly exaggerated."

Joint concerts between the lines are not rare, as is natural when the trenches are within hearing distance, since many of the patriotic, religious, and other songs are common to all countries. The English may be singing "God Save the King;" the Germans, "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*;" and the Americans of the Foreign Legion, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" but it all sounds the same at a distance, and it all means much the same at bottom. And at Christmas, when German and British soldiers in Flanders joined in the same hymns, it was a manifestation of the deeper harmony that underlies the present discord. It is not hypocrisy that these men should sing together of love and peace in the intervals of slaughter. It was the revelation of a mutual aspiration and desire. If there was any hypocrisy at all, it was the pretense of enmity, not the profession of affection.

Men are killing each other in Europe. It is true and a pity. But, thank God, they are not hating each other so much as it seems. — *The Independent.*

San Diego Panama-California Exposition in 1915

SAN DIEGO, California, has raised \$3,500,000 for a Panama-California Exposition to be held throughout the entire year of 1915. It is an exposition intended to especially exploit the resources, opportunities for development, and possibilities for immigration, colonization, and commerce of the Western States of the United States. It will be international in scope, and will have exhibits from all the countries of the two Americas and from some of the European and Oriental countries. G. A. Davidson, U. S. Grant, Jr., John D. Spreckels, Lyman D. Gage, A. G. Spalding, D. C. Collier, and other men of prominence are behind the enterprise. The president is G. A. Davidson, of San Diego; and Mark S. Watson, of San Diego, is director of Exploitation and Publicity.

One of the spectacular features will be an elaborate exhibit showing the progress of man from primitive times down to 1915. Another great feature will be a floral and horticultural display with immense botanical gardens, and groups of citrus and deciduous fruit trees in bearing, and an immense lath house—the largest ever built in the world—covered with flowering vines and surrounded by all the tropical trees, plants, and shrubs that are known to the botanical experts. There will be a special exhibit of such things as irrigation, reforestation, reclamation, and all things that enter into the development of the West.

A number of States have already furnished appropriations for participation, and nearly one million dollars has been spent on the grounds, which are embraced within an immense fourteen-hundred-acre park, known as "Balboa Park," and lying in the very heart of the city of San Diego.

San Diego offers as a reason for holding this exposition in 1915 the fact that it is the first port of entry on United States soil north of the Pacific opening of the Panama Canal, and she desires to demonstrate to the world what possibilities lie in the vast region tributary to her as a commercial seaport, as well as what avenues of commerce may be developed with the countries north and south on the Pacific coast, and with the Orient. The exposition in its entirety will cost \$10,000,000 or more.—*"The World's Almanac."*

The Intercollegiate Prohibition Association Convention

TEN thousand college men and women will be enlisted as leaders in the antiliquor crusade as the result of a movement launched at the national convention of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association held in Topeka, Kans., December 29 to January 1. Following an address by Daniel A. Poling, vice president of the association, four hundred student delegates from all parts of the United States rose to their feet, and with hands clenched into fighting fists, pledged themselves to "see this thing through."

In addition it was resolved to initiate a nation-wide campaign to enlist at least five thousand college men and women who will engage in active service for national prohibition under the direction of the various national antiliquor organizations. The present fight for national prohibition, it was declared, furnishes a "moral equivalent for war," which peace advocates are urging to counteract the passion for military conflict.

The Topeka convention was the greatest national student gathering of a civic character ever assembled in America. With delegates from Massachusetts and

California, from Minnesota and Texas, and from nearly every intervening State, the convention was by far the largest and most representative ever held by the association, and it stands as the one big student gathering of the year 1914.

The entire convention program centered around the general theme, "the challenge of the antiliquor movement to the present student generation." In stirring addresses and earnest life purpose conferences, the challenge for intelligent, patriotic leadership was presented from many different angles by recognized national leaders in the antiliquor movement, and the challenge was eagerly accepted.

Telegrams and letters of greeting, all heartily indorsing the work of the I. P. A., were received from Hon. William J. Bryan, Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, United States Senators Morris Sheppard and Robert L. Owen, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and nearly a score of college and university presidents.

The biennial national oratorical of the association was won by Earl H. Haydock, of the University of Southern California. Second place was taken by Henry C. Jacobs, of Hope College, Michigan, and third honors went to Herbert M. Wyrick, of Carson and Newman College, Tennessee. One young woman was among the competitors, and the contest was one of the strongest ever held.

The four days' session resulted in deep conviction as to the necessity and immediate demand for national prohibition, and a consecrated determination to assume the service of leadership in bringing about its consummation. It was an occasion of tremendous inspiration and significance.

The fundamental educational purposes of the association were reaffirmed in resolutions adopted by the convention, and a campaign was launched to raise a fund of \$125,000, payable in five yearly installments, for the purpose of extending the work of the organization to every college and university in the United States.

A War Alphabet

A is for Antwerp, leaguered and shelled;
 B is for Belgium, valiantly held;
 C is for Cracow, cruelly crushed;
 D is for Dinant, trembling and hushed;
 E is for Essen, home of the Krupp;
 F is for France, how bitter her cup;
 G is for Germans, strong in their might;
 H is for Heroes, battling for right;
 I is for Italy, biding her time;
 J is for Joffre, cool as a lime;
 K is for Kaiser, warrior bred;
 L is for Liege, conquered, not dead;
 M is for Money, cause of all strife;
 N is for Nothing, the cost of a life;
 O is for Ostend, no longer gay;
 P is for Paris, that feels the same way;
 Q is for Quitters, which none of them are;
 R is for Reason, she's no kin to War;
 S is for Strassburg, once it was French;
 T is for Tommy, who lives in a trench;
 U is for Union, to Europe unknown;
 V is for Victory, and that counts alone;
 W is for Widows, many there be;
 X is for Xerxes, an amateur he;
 Y is for Youth, the first to defend;
 Z is for Zero—what's gained at the end.—*Selected.*



NOTE.—As so many copies of the INSTRUCTOR reach their readers through clubs, and so are given out on the Sabbath when the weekly assignment for the Bible Year ends, two weekly assignments are given this week. Thus those who receive the INSTRUCTOR at Sabbath school, and so are a week behind in the reading, can, by devoting a little extra time this week, easily make up one week's work, and hereafter all go forward together.

Seventh Week

- February 14.* Numbers 15, 16: Sabbath breaking punished; rebellion punished; murmuring punished.
February 15. Numbers 17 to 19: Aaron honored; support of priests and Levites.
February 16. Numbers 20, 21: Death of Miriam; sin of Moses and Aaron; death of Aaron; life for a look.
February 17. Numbers 22 to 24: The fate of one who "loved the hire of wrongdoing."
February 18. Numbers 25 to 27: The second census; a new leader chosen.
February 19. Numbers 28 to 30: Offerings and vows.
February 20. Numbers 31 to 33: Conquest of Midian; inheritance of Gad and Reuben; journeys of Israel.

Life for a Look

The New Testament is interwoven with the Old; the Old Testament is the background of the New. The one supplements and completes the other. Long after the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, Jesus referred to the incident in the familiar words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." Of the serpent of brass it was said, "Every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." To those bitten by the serpent of sin, Jesus gives the invitation, "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

"We can understand why Christ should be represented by the innocent lamb and animals of like nature; but how can he be fitly represented by the serpent, the beast that is the symbol of Satan? We see in this to what degree our Lord descended in order to rescue us. He was 'made a curse for us; . . . cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.' Jesus experienced that which Paul said he could wish for himself—he was accursed for his brethren." In later years the children of Israel made an idol of this brazen image, and burned incense before it. It was destroyed by Hezekiah.

You May Do Wrong

Sometimes God allows men to have their own way—and often this is a part of the penalty for their disobedience. "When I was a young preacher," says John A. Hutton, "I believed that if one transgressed the law, something would rise up out of the ground and hit him. I've got hold of a new idea now. It is this: *If you want to do wrong, you may.* That is a more dreadful thought."

Balaam wanted to do wrong. He knew the right, but he chose the evil. He had heard the voice of God, but he listened to the voice of flattery, and sold his soul for the wages of unrighteousness. Sad indeed was the end of this man, who had seen "the vision of the Almighty" and known "the knowledge of the Most High!"

See article on "The Rosetta Stone."

Eighth Week

- February 21.* Numbers 34 to 36: Cities of refuge.
February 22. Review the book of Numbers. Make a list of sins shown by this record to be abhorrent to God; such as, slander (chap. 12); unbelief (chaps. 13, 14); Sabbath breaking (chap. 15). Add others. What have you learned about "acceptable offerings" from reading this book?
February 23. Deuteronomy 1 to 3: Reminiscence.
February 24. Deuteronomy 4 to 6: Admonition; the law repeated.
February 25. Deuteronomy 7 to 9: Warning.
February 26. Deuteronomy 10 to 12: Exhortation to obedience.
February 27. Deuteronomy 13 to 16: Doom of idolaters; false prophets; tithes and offerings.

Deuteronomy

Deuteronomy is the fifth and last book of the Pentateuch. It is mainly made up of three addresses by Moses, just before his death. In chapters 1 to 4:40, he rehearses God's goodness to Israel; chapters 5 to 26 review the law for the new

generation; chapters 27 to 30 are a renewal of the covenant. It is from the second section that the book is named, the word Deuteronomy meaning the "second law," or a "duplicate of the law."

These addresses by the leader of Israel were both an admonition and a farewell. "His words look both forward and backward—backward along the way in which they have been led by God, and forward along the way in which he is yet to lead them. The deliverance from Egypt is repeatedly made the motive for obedience; obedience is the condition of their obtaining the land before them." There was much in their past experience that Israel needed to remember. "Thou shalt remember," "lest thou forget," "take heed to thyself," are expressions that occur frequently.

The time covered by this book may be easily reckoned. It opens with an address given by Moses on the first day of the eleventh month of the fortieth year of the exodus. In Joshua 4:19 we read that Israel entered Canaan on the tenth day of the first month—forty days later. This includes the thirty days' mourning for Moses.

The Rosetta Stone

ONLY a hundred years ago the Old Testament "stood alone in an otherwise unknown age. It was the only known representative of the ten centuries preceding the rise of Greece and Rome. One hundred years ago there was not a single document contemporaneous with the Old Testament known to be in existence. Its statements had to stand on their own merits. If contradicted or challenged, they could make no reply."

But a little over a hundred years ago, the world's knowledge of Bible times began to be increased. In 1799, as one result of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, the Rosetta stone (so named because it was unearthed near Rosetta, at the mouth of the Nile) was discovered. This stone was of black granite, three feet nine inches high, two feet four and one-half inches wide, and eleven inches thick. "It is thought to have been at least twelve inches higher, and to have had a rounded top."

The smooth face of the stone was divided into three parts, one above another. On each of these appeared an inscription,—the upper one resembling the hieroglyphics seen everywhere on monuments and obelisks in Egypt; the middle section covered with another kind of script; and the lower written in Greek. This last "was readily readable, and told the story of the stone. It was set up in 195 B. C., in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes," and recited various creditable deeds attributed to him. It was at once assumed that the other two inscriptions were a repetition of this story, and the value of the stone was immediately recognized. After making copies of the writings, the stone was carefully packed and sent to England. It is now one of the treasures of the British Museum.

In 1818, after years of painstaking study, a French scholar succeeded in deciphering the remaining inscriptions of the Rosetta stone, and in so doing "unlocked the old door to the civilization of the Nile valley. . . . The stately obelisks and majestic columns were still as the tomb, but their story now rings through the enlightened nations of the earth. Their designers and builders perished thousands of years ago, and their kings lie silent in their tombs or in our museums; but their testimony abides, unchallenged, chiseled in imperishable rocks."

In the great mass of material yielded by the Nile valley since the discovery of the Rosetta stone and the deciphering of its inscriptions, the Christian world finds abundant "testimony to the accuracy of the records and hints of the Old Testament regarding the character of the ancient Egyptians."

MRS. I. H. EVANS.



What the Months Bring

JANUARY decks the trees
 In gems that sparkle bright,
 And when the north wind loudly blows
 They are a pleasing sight.

In February, if the sun
 Warms up the willow tree,
 Just putting on her furs of gray,
 Miss Pussy you may see.

March blusters in a noisy way
 To rouse the sleeping flowers;
 Then April smiles to coax them forth,
 And waters them with showers.

In May upon grass carpets green
 They dance the livelong day;
 In June upon each wayside bush
 Bright roses proudly sway.

July's the month when we depart
 To mountain and seashore.
 August is hot, and we are glad
 To stay till it is o'er.

September brings us back to school,
 With faces plump and brown.
 October decks the trees in red,
 And shakes the ripe nuts down.

When gray November comes, we know
 Thanksgiving's almost here.
 We welcome it, although its winds
 Are bleak and cold and drear.

And then our Christmas month's the one
 We always shall remember,
 The month of ice and frost and snow —
 Our dearly loved December.

—Helen M. Richardson, in *Zion's Herald*.

The Power of a Picture

YEARS ago a painter stood in his studio, his right thumb to the belt of his blouse, and his left hand holding the pipe he had withdrawn from his lips in honor of his visitor, Father Hugo, the vicar of the rich Church of St. Jerome. The artist had not yet reached middle age. He was famous in Düsseldorf, and some said that his name would some day be known throughout the world. Stenburg ruefully thought that when that day came he should be past the enjoyment of riches which tarried so long. Still, he managed to enjoy life in the present. He loved his art. Now and again he became so absorbed in his work that he forgot all else than the picture on his easel.

Still, though he had done good work, he had as yet never satisfied himself, nor reached his own ideal, but desired something more. Thus Stenburg was not a satisfied man. There was a restlessness in his handsome eyes, and a sharp tone in his voice, which, to a close observer, proclaimed a spirit not at peace. Otherwise, to the world he appeared a jolly, prosperous man, who displayed on occasion a shrewd business capacity, and one who knew his own interest well. He was speaking now.

"No, Reverend Father, the sum you offer would but ill repay me for the labor of so large an altarpiece as you honor me by naming. It must have many figures, all carefully studied. The crucifixion is not an easy subject, and it has been so often taken that it would be difficult to compose a picture different — as I should wish it to be — from others."

"I will not limit you to the price. You are an honest man, Sir Painter, and the Church of St. Jerome will not pay for the altarpiece. It is to be the gift of a penitent."

"So! That makes a difference. Return, Rev-

erend Father, a month from today, and studies for the work shall be ready."

So they parted, both well pleased, and during the following weeks Stenburg studied the composition of the altarpiece, and penetrated into the Jewish Strasse for models for his figures.

Father Hugo was satisfied. He desired the central point of the picture to be the cross of the Redeemer, and left the grouping of the accessories to the artist. From time to time the vicar dropped in, often accompanied by another priest, to inspect the progress of the work. It was to be placed in the church upon the feast of St. Nicomede, the patron saint of the donor, which fell upon the first of June.

With the bursting of the young green leaves and the upspringing of the first flowers, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Düsseldorf, and with his sketchbook, wander over the surrounding country. On the borders of the forest he came one day upon a Gypsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful; her coal-black hair fell in waving ripples to her waist; and her tattered red dress, faded and sunburnt to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the features that caught the artist's regard,—restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment; pain, joy, fun, and roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly as the cloud shadows chase each other across a lake.

"What a capital picture she would make!" thought Stenburg; "but then who would buy a Gypsy girl? No one!"

The Gypsies were looked upon in Düsseldorf with hatred; and even to this day the fact that one is a Gypsy is, in the eyes of the law, a punishable offense.

The girl noticed the artist, and flinging her straw

down, sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and, snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, and her glance sparkling with merriment.

"Stand!" cried Stenburg, and he rapidly sketched her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief, as her arms dropped and she stood at rest before him, attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been.

"She is not only beautiful, she is better — a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing girl."

So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted. Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved around the studio, glancing on the pieces of armor, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures, and soon the great altarpiece, now nearing its completion, caught her attention. She gazed at it intently. In an awed voice she asked:—

"Who is that?" pointing to the most prominent figure, that of the Redeemer on the cross.

"The Christ," answered Stenburg carelessly.

"What is being done to him?"

"Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There! that will do."

Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words.

"Who are those people about him — those with the bad faces?"

"Now, look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you."

The girl dared not speak again, but she continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio, the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her.

"Why did they crucify him? Was he bad, very bad?"

"No, very good."

That was all she learned at one interview; but she treasured each word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery.

"Then, if he was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let him go?"

"It was because —"

The artist paused, his head on one side, stepped forward, and arranged her sash.

"Because?" repeated Pepita breathless.

The artist went back to his easel; then looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity.

"Listen! I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions;" and he told her the story of the cross, new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony and not a nerve would quiver; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears which the fiery Gypsy pride forbade to fall.

The altarpiece and the Spanish dancing girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned, and stood before the altarpiece, unable to leave it.

"Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above, for you have brought

me good luck; the 'Dancing Girl' is already sold. I shall want you sometime, perhaps, again, but not just yet. We must not overstock the market with your pretty face."

The girl turned slowly.

"Thanks, Signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love him very much, Signor, when he has done all that for you, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the altarpiece to its destination. Still he could not forget — "all that for you."

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession; Father Hugo questioned Stenburg. He believed all the doctrines of the church. So the vicar gave him absolution, and assured him that "all was well." The artist allowed a liberal discount on his altarpiece, and for a week or two felt at ease. But then up rose the old question, "You must love him very much, do you not?" and would be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So, wandering about, he heard of things which had not before come under his notice. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This aroused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there — one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know him, yet perhaps here he might find that which he sought. This man might possess the secret of peace. So Stenburg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join those people; but a man cannot approach fire and remain cold. This Reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom he was all. Stenburg found what he longed for — a living faith. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but, hunted from Düsseldorf after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the book with him; but its essence was left in Stenburg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now! He felt in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "Did all that for me! How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives as it has mine? It is for them, too; but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try, I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it — the love of Christ!" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers, a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul: "I can paint. My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that altarpiece his face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable, infinite compassion, willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed that he might paint worthily, and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed

up, up to the highest fiber of his power — nay, beyond it. The picture of the crucifixion was a wonder — almost divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a freewill offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath: —

“All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?”

Stenburg also used to go there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. “What grieves thee, child?” he asked.

The girl turned; she was Pepita. “O Signor! if he had but loved me so!” she said, pointing to the face of yearning love, bending above them. “I am only a poor Gypsy. For you is the love, but not for such as I;” and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

“Pepita, it was also all for thee.” And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed, they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of the resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received, and believed his words. “All this I did for thee.”

Two years had passed since the altarpiece had been ordered. Winter had come again. The cold was intense, and the wind moaned down the narrow street of Düsseldorf, and shook the casements of the artist's dwelling. His day's work was done, and by the blazing pine logs he was seated, reading a copy of his beloved Gospel, which he had with difficulty obtained. A knock sounded at the door, and a man was admitted. He wore an old sheepskin jacket. He glanced ravenously toward the bread and meat upon the table, even as he gave his message.

“Would the gentleman come with him on urgent business?”

“Wherefore do you wish me to come?”

“I cannot say,” replied the man; “but one who is dying wants to see you.”

“Eat,” said the artist. “I will accompany you.” The man murmured his thanks as he devoured the food.

“You are hungry?”

“Sir, we all are famished with hunger.”

Stenburg brought a bag of provisions. “Can you carry this?”

“Ah! gladly, gladly. But come — there is no time to lose.”

The artist followed. His guide led him quickly through the streets, and out into the country beyond. The branches were laden with snow, and the great crowded trunks were confusing. There was no path, but the man never hesitated. He silently and swiftly kept ahead of Stenburg. At last they came to a glade belted round with trees. Here a few tents were erected.

“Go in there,” said the man, pointing to one of the tents, and then turned to a group of men, women,

and children, who thronged about him. He spoke to them in a wild tongue, and lifted his bag from his shoulder.

The artist, crouching, crept into the tent. A brilliant ray of moonlight illuminated the poor interior. On a mass of dried leaves was the form of a young woman. Her face was pinched and hollow. “Why, Pepita!”

At the sound of the artist's voice the eyes opened. Those wonderful dark eyes were still brilliant. A smile trembled on her lips, and she raised herself on her elbow. “Yes,” she said, “he has come for me. He holds out his hands. They are bleeding. ‘For thee.’ ‘All this I did for thee.’” And she bade him farewell.

Long years after both the painter and the Gypsy girl had passed away, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Düsseldorf, and while his horses were baited, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent — the world was bright, and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture, arrested. He read and reread the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away — it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come — nay, rather, for that young man the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf. He returned to the inn and reentered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris and seek his home. From that moment he threw life, fortune, fame, at the feet of him who had whispered to his heart, —

“All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?”

Zinzendorf, the father of the Moravian missions, answered that question by his devoted life and his welcomed death.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Düsseldorf, for when, some years ago, the gallery was destroyed by fire, it perished; but it preached, and God used it to tell of his gift — Calvary's substitute — of whom Paul said, “He loved me and gave himself for me.”

Can you, reader, say, “And for me”? — *Selected.*

The Panama Canal

How long has it been building by the Americans?

Six years.

Who else tried to build it?

The French.

How long is it?

Thirty-five miles.

How deep is it?

Forty-one feet.

How wide is it?

Two hundred feet.

How many locks has it?

Three.

What waters does it connect?

Atlantic and Pacific.

What man had charge of the building of it?

Colonel Goethals.

How much will it cost?

Five hundred million dollars. — *The Post.*

“MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.”

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 27

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts by seven members, each repeating the memory text for one day.
2. Reports and plans of work.
3. Bible Study: "Origin of Evil." See *Gazette*.
4. Review of Missions: A month's gleanings from our missionary reports. See the *Review, INSTRUCTOR, Signs, Watchman*, and Monthly Missionary Reading.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending February 27

1. REVIEW of Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work.
3. Bible Study: "The Fall of Man." See *Gazette*. Have different ones read the texts or give sections of the study.
4. Quiz on Standard of Attainment texts. Gen. 3:6. Review past texts. Let those on one side of the house ask questions, and those on the other side answer.
5. Mission Study: Appoint a Junior to glean missionary items from the February issues of our papers, thus giving a review of missions. Or this exercise can be given by several, each taking a different country.
6. Testimony meeting.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 20: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 34 to 38

1. WHAT gracious invitation does Christ extend to every member of the human family?
2. What does it mean to bear Christ's yoke?
3. Tell what experience came to Jesus and his disciples as they were crossing the Sea of Galilee at night. Draw three practical lessons. What does this teach concerning the laws of nature?
4. What miracle did Christ perform at Gergesa? What work was given the two restored men to do?
5. Give the lesson which this experience served to teach the disciples.
6. Tell the story of the healing of Jairus's daughter.
7. What miracle was performed on the way to this man's home? Draw a practical lesson from it.
8. With what directions were the twelve sent out to practical ministry? What commission was given them? To whom was their work restricted? Why?
9. What assurance have we of God's care and notice?
10. When the disciples returned from this tour, what invitation did Jesus give them?
11. Give four reasons why the disciples needed this rest.

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 20: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story"

The Story of Solomon

1. WHO was the third king of Israel? Who appeared to him in a dream, and what did he say? What request did Solomon make? What three things did the Lord give to the king?
2. How great was the kingdom of Solomon? How far did his fame extend?
3. What dispute arose between two women? Tell how King Solomon decided their claim. What was the effect of this decision?
4. What work did Solomon begin soon after he was made king? In what way did the king of Tyre assist him? How long did it take to build the temple? In what ways was it remarkable?
5. Who were called to Jerusalem when the time came for the Lord's house to be dedicated? Where was the ark placed? How did the Lord show that he accepted this house? What sacrifices did the king offer to God?
6. When the temple was completed, what other building work did the king undertake? Describe the throne that he

built. Where did he get gold and precious stones for his work?

7. What queen heard of the fame of Solomon? Why did she decide to visit him? What did she say when she went away?

8. How did Solomon dishonor the Lord toward the close of his reign? Tell how the words of Samuel were fulfilled in the days of this king. What request did the elders of Israel make of Solomon's son when the king was dead? Before answering them, whom did he consult?

9. What reply did Rehoboam finally give to the elders? What was the result? Over what part of the divided kingdom did Rehoboam reign? Who was made king of the ten tribes? What wicked course was taken by both these kings?

10. How long did the kingdom of Israel continue? What then became of the ten tribes? By whom were the people of Judah later taken into captivity? How did the Lord still show his love for his chosen people?

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THE International Publishing Association at College View, Nebr., has issued the Morning Watch Calendar for 1915 in the German language. It is an exact copy of the English edition, including the Standard of Attainment texts and the sunset feature. The page is a little larger than the English.

Order of your tract society, or of the International Publishing Association. Price, five cents.



IX — Interpreting the Law

(February 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:27-37.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Col. 3:17.

Questions

1. Give a text showing that the ten commandments are still in force. Matt. 5:17, 18. Note 1.
2. What does Jesus say of him who breaks the smallest of his commandments? Matt. 5:19. Of what is he guilty? James 2:10. Note 2.
3. Name one of the first steps in murder. Another step. And still another. Matt. 5:21, 22. Note 3.
4. Give an example of one who took this first step. Where did it lead him? Gen. 4:5-8. Therefore, of what is one who hates his brother guilty? 1 John 3:15.
5. How careful should we be not to cultivate any root of bitterness? Matt. 5:23, 24.
6. Why should we postpone our offerings and prayers until we have made things right? Ps. 66:18.
7. What should one try to do, even though his enemy has started to the magistrate with him? Matt. 5:25, 26; Luke 12:58, 59.
8. In order to be commandment keepers, then, how deep must the work of obedience go? 2 Cor. 10:5.
9. What about all the members of our body? Rom. 6:19.
10. What about our every word and deed? Memory verse.
11. What about having our own way, even when

it is as much a part of us as our right eye or right hand? Matt. 5:29, 30. Note 4.

12. What had the Jews been taught about swearing falsely? Verse 33.

13. What did Jesus say about swearing? Verses 34-36.

14. If a person lives a truly Christlike life, only what is necessary to make himself believed? Verse 37. Note 5.

15. What do you think Jesus would have said if he had heard others use the words which describe his holiness—mercy, goodness, gracious, etc.? Which commandment are we breaking when we use such words lightly? Ex. 20:7.

16. What reason have we for thinking that Jesus did not condemn taking an oath in court? Note 6.

Notes

1. Since "love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13:8, 10), and "God is love" (1 John 4:8), the written law must be a word picture of God and his ways. It therefore must remain the same as long as he remains the same. But he is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13:8); therefore it is impossible for the law to be changed.

2. "It is not the greatness of the act of disobedience that constitutes sin, but the fact of variance from God's expressed will in the least particular; for this shows that there is yet communion between the soul and sin. The heart is divided in its service. There is a virtual denial of God, a rebellion against the laws of his government. . . . We cannot disregard one word, however trifling it may seem to us, and be safe. There is not a commandment of the law that is not for the good and happiness of man, both in this life and in the life to come. In obedience to God's law, man is surrounded as with a hedge, and kept from the evil. He who breaks down this divinely erected barrier at one point, has destroyed its power to protect him; for he has opened a way by which the enemy can enter to waste and ruin."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pages 81, 82.

3. "In the gift of his Son for our redemption, God has shown how high a value he places upon every human soul, and he gives to no man liberty to speak contemptuously of another. . . . God will hold us accountable for even a word spoken in contempt of one soul for whom Christ laid down his life."—*Id.*, page 89. See also 1 Cor. 4:7.

"In the Old Testament the word fool is used to designate an apostate, or one who has abandoned himself to wickedness. Jesus says that whoever shall condemn his brother as an apostate or a despiser of God, shows that he himself is worthy of the same condemnation. Christ himself, when contending with Satan about the body of Moses, 'durst not bring against him a railing accusation.' Had he done this, he would have placed himself on Satan's ground; for accusation is the weapon of the evil one."—*Id.*, page 90.

4. "It is through the will that sin retains its hold upon us. The surrender of the will is represented as plucking out the eye or cutting off the hand."—*Id.*, page 95.

5. "These words condemn all those meaningless phrases and expletives that border on profanity. They condemn the deceptive compliments, the evasion of truth, the flattering phrases, the exaggerations, the misrepresentations in trade, that are current in society and in the business world. They teach that no one who tries to appear what he is not, or whose words do not convey the real sentiment of his heart, can be called truthful. If these words of Christ were heeded, they would check the utterance of evil surmising and unkind criticism. For in commenting upon the actions and motives of another, who can be certain of speaking the exact truth."—*Id.*, page 104.

6. "Our Saviour here evidently had no reference to judicial oaths, or oaths taken in a court of justice. It was merely the foolish and wicked habit of swearing in private conversation, of swearing on every occasion and by everything, that he condemned. This he does condemn in a most unqualified manner. He himself, however, did not refuse to take an oath in a court of law. Matt. 26:63, 64."—*Barnes's Notes, Vol. 1, page 73.*

IX — Interpreting the Law

(February 27)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. . . . Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. . . . Jesus' relation to the law; purity. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 93, 94. Questions 1-4.

Mon. . . . Removing the cause of sin. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 95-101. Questions 5-7.

Tues. . . . Swear not at all. Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 102, 103. Questions 8-12.

Wed. . . . Pure and simple speech. Questions 13-15.

Thurs. . . . Read "Mount of Blessing," pages 104, 105.

Fri. . . . Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 5:27-37.

Questions

1. How did Jesus define his relation to the law? Matt. 5:17.

2. What had Isaiah said the Lord would do to the law? Isa. 42:21. Note 1.

3. How did Jesus expand the meaning of the seventh commandment? Matt. 5:27, 28.

4. How is the principle here involved explained in another scripture? James 1:14, 15. Compare the last part of note 2 in lesson 8.

5. Why is it important to keep the heart pure? Prov. 4:23.

6. How earnest should be the work of removing the aids to sin? Matt. 5:29, 30.

7. How does the Saviour interpret the law of divorce? Verses 31, 32.

8. What was the ancient law of oaths? Verse 33.

9. What does Jesus say about swearing? Verse 34, first part. Note 2.

10. Why should one not swear by heaven? Verse 34, last part; Matt. 23:22.

11. Why should one not swear by the earth? By Jerusalem? Matt. 5:35.

12. For what reason ought one not to swear by his own head? Verse 36.

13. How simple and direct should our language be? Verse 37, first part.

14. For what good reason should our speech be thus simple and pure? Verse 37, last part. Note 3.

15. What other instruction emphasizes the importance of simplicity in the Christian's speech? James 5:12.

Notes

1. While the word magnify is doubtless not confined to the idea of amplifying or opening up the meaning of the law, yet it is a very fitting and suggestive term in this connection. As we use the microscope to magnify and bring into the range of vision things too small for the unaided eye to see, so here Jesus enlarges upon the meaning of the law, bringing into view principles and applications which the unaided mind does not easily grasp.

2. "I saw that some of God's children have made a mistake in regard to oath taking, and Satan has taken advantage of this to oppress them, and take from them their Lord's money. I saw that the words of our Lord, 'Swear not at all,' do not touch the judicial oath. . . . I saw that if there is any one on earth who can consistently testify under oath, it is the Christian. He lives in the light of God's countenance. He grows strong in his strength. And when matters of importance must be decided by law, there is no one who can so well appeal to God as the Christian. . . . Jesus submitted to the oath in the hour of his trial. The high priest said unto him, 'I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.' Jesus said unto him, 'Thou hast said.'"—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 1, pages 201-203.*

3. That the Saviour's instruction here includes profane, slangy, and careless speech is evident from the tenor of his words, especially in verse 37. The Christian should take this instruction to heart; for while he would not use the name of God in profane or careless ways, he may fall into the habit of using bywords, slang, or uncouth expressions which have in them the principle, or spirit, of profanity, just as anger has in it the germ of murder, and the lustful look the seed of impurity.

"Some exaggerate in their language. Some swear by their own life; others swear by their head,—as sure as they live; as sure as they have a head. Some take heaven and earth to witness that such things are so. Some hope that God will strike them out of existence if what they are saying is not true. It is this kind of common swearing against which Jesus warns his disciples."—*Id.*, page 201.

The Youth's Instructor

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Did Not Believe in It

Two men met on a car. One being a physician, they fell to discussing vaccination. Mr. B expressed his lack of faith in its efficacy, going so far as to call it a "humbug" and "dangerous." Later two other men entered the car, and one of them, recognizing the physician, stepped up to him and said, "Doctor, we are sick; can't you tell us something to do?" The physician made a hasty examination and told them the result. Returning to his companion, he said, "Mr. B, these men have smallpox." Although Mr. B's destination was fifty miles farther on, he quietly dropped off at the next station, and, as the physician learned later, rushed to the local doctor and asked to be "vaccinated quick," saying that if there was any virtue in it he wanted to try it.

So it is with scoffers in religious matters. More than once men have persistently pronounced Christianity a humbug; but when brought face to face with grave danger, they have called to the Christian's God for protection. Disbelief in things religious as well as scientific is due in general to lack of thorough and wise investigation. Full acquaintance with the Christian's God or with the Bible brings complete confidence in Christianity.

Seeing as Grandpa Sees

"I WISH he saw me with grandpa's eyes," said a little girl when some one found fault with her. Grandpa's eyes were kindly eyes. They were eyes full of love for the little grandchild. So his judgment was not unkind nor harsh; neither was it too lenient. It is possible that one may have a kind of sentiment called love that does not permit one to see the faults of friends; but this was not the kind that the grandfather possessed; his was a love that was able to recognize both the good and the undesirable in character.

There are none of us but wish that such love might be the background of all criticism of us. When this is the case, we can truthfully say that we court criticism, that it gives us real pleasure. And why not? Our failings cannot long be hidden within the walls of heart or home. They will appear in public, and we shall be judged by them, and our usefulness perhaps be seriously marred. Therefore the sooner our friends help us in love to overcome our faults, the greater will be the pleasure we shall both give and receive.

The golden rule in helping another to see himself as others see him, is that we must always look through kindly eyes, through grandpa's wise and loving eyes, as it were. The hurt is less severe, the wound heals more readily, and character results are more satisfactory.

Outdoors Versus Indoors

DR. FRANK CRANE, in the *New York Globe*, gives all a unique invitation to test the pleasures and benefits of the great outdoors. He says:—

The wisdom and goodness of God is witnessed to by the fact that he made so much more outdoors than indoors.

The house is a form of race suicide.

The house, shut up tight, overheated, is the friend and brother of all vicious microbes.

Henry Ward Beecher said that yellow fever was God Almighty's opinion of dirt. It might be said with equal truth that tuberculosis, or consumption, or the white plague, is the Almighty's opinion of the house.

"Come out, come out and greet the morn!" "Come out among the barley!" Come out anywhere—so it's out! Emerge, humanity, from your gas-laden cell-like bedrooms, and take a few gulps with me of the rarest liquor Omniscience knows how to brew; to wit, air.

It flows over the wide ocean, it descends from the mountains, it breathes from the woods, it streams across the plains; it doesn't cost a cent, and is worth a million dollars a swallow—priceless both ways.

If anything is the matter with you, go outdoors, and stay there six months. Whatever it is, you will get over it. Air is the greatest medicine in the pharmacopoeia of nature.

Most of the immoralities were born in closed chambers. The cruel creeds were drawn up by men sitting in rooms full of carbonic acid gas. Ghosts love to haunt stuffy castles. Insanities, trust plots, perversions, tariff schedules, murders, and all crimes are best manufactured in foul atmospheres.

Come out and let the air, which is the blown breath of God himself, and which is rained from the stars, and wafted from the seven seas, run through you, body, mind, and soul. You have no idea what a deal of morbidity, insanity, and meanness it will sweep out of you.

The Misery of Belgium

THEODORE WATERS, secretary of the *Christian Herald*, who had charge of the first shipload of food sent to Belgium, vividly describes the long bread line in Belgium, worse than anything ever seen on the coldest night in New York, and hundreds of times larger. "In Antwerp I saw thousands of women," he says, "one in bedroom slippers, shivering in the snow and slush, waiting for food to be doled out to them under the shadow of a big hotel where warmly clad soldiers drank and made merry. . . . In Brussels we saw women holding babies on cold street corners, begging centimes for food." Everywhere is stagnation. The country is a graveyard—"graves, graves, orphans, orphans." The hope of Belgium is American food. Already \$10,000,000 worth of food has arrived, and by January four ships will arrive every week at Rotterdam with relief for the Belgians.—*Selected*.

Sentences From "Thinking Black"

To put down a lot one must put up with a lot.

Of all the dunces beneath the patient heavens, there is none like the man who denies that the gospel of God is Africa's true solace and salvation.

What a long start the devil has of the missionary!

The devil can wall you around, but he cannot roof you in.

If sin were only better known, Christ would be held in better esteem.

African troubles are like African babies, they grow bigger if you nurse them.

After all, you may count the apples on a tree, but can you count the trees in even one apple?—*Dan Crawford*.