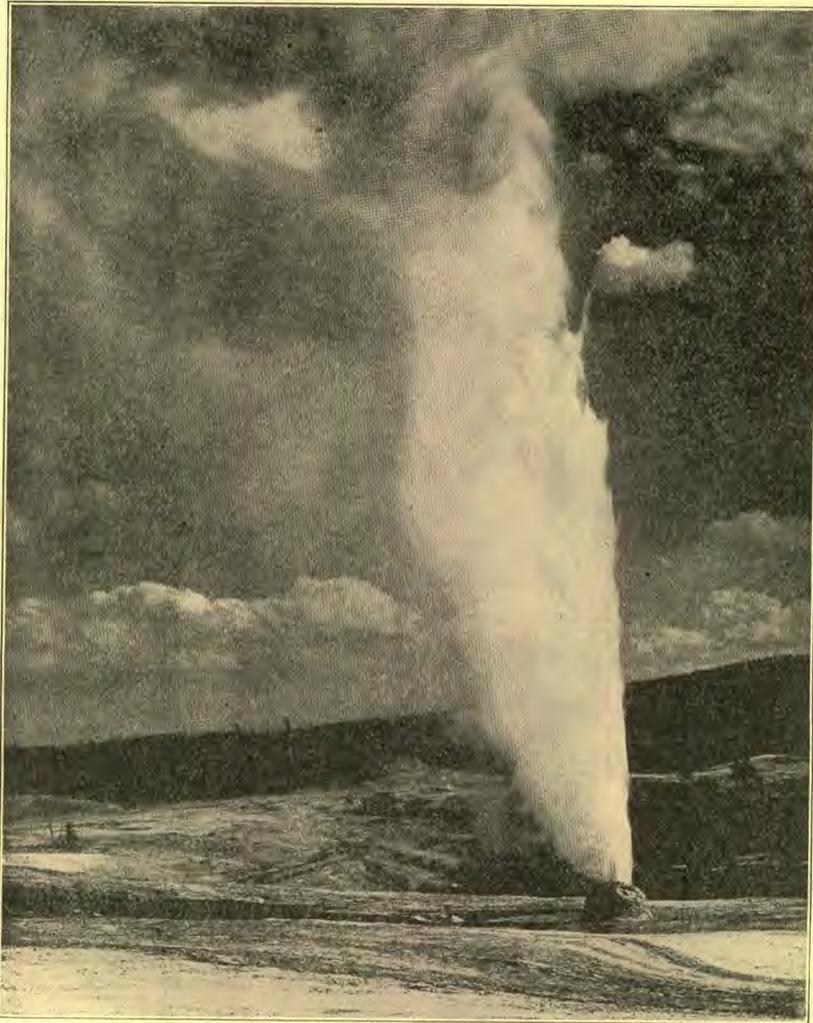


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

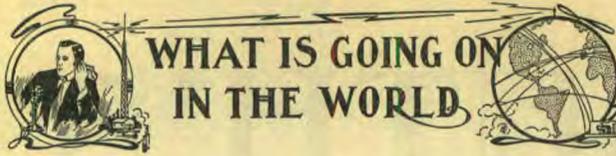
December 15, 1908

No. 50



The Perry Pictures

BEEHIVE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE emperor of China died Nov. 13, 1908. A young prince three years of age was crowned emperor through the influence of the dowager empress; and it is also officially declared that the empress dowager died the day after the decease of the emperor.

"THIS is a year of marvels. Persia gets a constitution; then Turkey; Russia maintains a Duma; Bulgaria and Crete become independent; and Germany puts a bit in her emperor's mouth. The year is not over yet, and the death of the rulers of China may confirm a beneficent revolution."

Water Causes Fire

By chemical action, sea waves caused a great fire on the west coast of Ireland. The rocks along the coast, which the Atlantic rollers have for centuries been slowly breaking down and piercing with great caverns, contain, in their depths, great masses of iron pyrites and alum. When the waves reached this material, rapid oxidation took place, which produced heat severe enough to set the entire cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose in the air.—*Selected.*

A Mosquito Trap

MAXWELL LEFROY, of the Entomological Department of the government of India, has perfected a mosquito trap. It is a box, twelve inches square and nine inches high, with a hinged lid, having a small orifice, over which moves a sliding cover. It is lined with dark-green baize. It is placed in a shady corner of the room. Mosquitoes, on entering the house, seclude themselves in the box to escape the sunlight. When the insects are settled, the lid is shut, and benzine is injected into the trap. Within a month over twenty-three hundred mosquitoes have been caught in one box.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Thoughts Worth Considering

"MANY a man lacks friends because his heart has no soil for friendship."

A MAN can never move the world that lets the world move him.—*Martin Luther.*

THE sooner you learn to be hurt and not injured, the better for you.—*Will Carleton.*

KEEP away from places where people say to you, "I didn't expect to see you here."—*D. L. Moody.*

"THE red in our flag stands for valor, the white for purity, and the blue for justice."

"EVERYTHING in nature seems to have this sign on it, 'Move On.' Nothing stands still. Every atom in the universe is on the move. You must either move on or get run over."

"OUR open, verbal rebukes usually have the effect to make men feel that we think we are better than they; they scorn our self-righteousness, and remain as they are. But to live, to act, to speak a better way—this they can not long resist."

NOTHING is easier than faultfinding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to set up the grumbling business.—*Robert West.*

"SET not thy watch by the town clock (the way of the world), but by the dial of Scripture, because that never faileth of going by the Sun of Righteousness."

"REMEMBER that the hour which may seem commonplace to you may be the turning-point in some life just then touching your own. You can never afford to be less than your best."

Two Organs

WE are told in the Bible to praise the Lord "with stringed instruments and organs." These are of great value in missionary work, yet some of our missionaries have no such instruments.

From two of our mission fields there have recently come to us calls for organs, and we desire to pass these requests on to you:—

Brother A. A. Carscallen, who writes from Kisumu, British East Africa, is in great need of a folding organ. It will take about thirty-five dollars to get a suitable one to him. Who will give it? This mission is right in the heart of the Dark Continent, surrounded on all sides by natives who know not God. The organ ought to start to them right away.

Our South American school located at Diamante, Entre Rios, Argentina, is in great need of a good chapel organ, costing one hundred dollars or more. Are there not some of our people who have an abundance and to spare, who will give the money, or a part of it, for this organ for the Lord's school in the Neglected Continent?

Let any who are interested write the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., or send the money to the General Conference treasurer, at the same address.

M. E. KERN.

What America Needs

A REMARKABLE statement was recently made in the *Wall Street Journal*, as to what America needs: "What America needs more than railway extension, and Western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a larger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind father and mother used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit work a half-hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary, and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior. That's what we need now to clear this country of its filth, of graft, and of greed, petty and big, of worship of fine houses, and big lands, and high office, and grand social functions. What is the thing which we are worshiping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay, and you'll find luxury that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial or honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money."

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 15, 1908

No. 50

The Flight of Time

'Tis true, the proverb, hackneyed though it be,
That time, as well as tide that swells the sea,
Waits for no man. The sands of life run on;
Time flies, and soon life's fleeting joys are gone.
Man's lessons are scarce learned till—"Books aside!"
Life's school is out. And station, honor, pride,
Can not revoke the word; the mandate's call
Demands obedience, and prompt, from all.

The world moves on, and still time flies apace;
Another is at hand to take the place
Left vacant by the man who hears the call,
Whose hand the task, unfinished, may let fall;

And he, too, may in turn leave still undone
The work that by the first was scarce begun.
And daily, yearly, to earth's toiling men
Is history repeated o'er again.

O Father! make thou, then, my passing years,
Though filled with trials, and perhaps with tears,—
Make thou my years,—nay, make the fleeting days
Resound for thee in work, in prayer, in praise.
For guidance I would place my hand in thine;
My way shall be thy way; for I resign
My all to thee, and thus my course I run;
My daily prayer shall be, "Thy will be done."

MAX HILL.

Feathering the Gospel Shaft With Song

THE candidate preparing for missionary service should, if at all possible, cultivate the gift of song. Valuable as it is to the gospel worker anywhere, it is particularly a blessing in mission fields. And the ability to play some musical instrument is no small advantage. That wonderful "box that could sing"—the violin that Brother George James carried—was remembered in the wilds of Africa long after the death of our first pioneer in the Nyassa country, together with the fact that he "kept the right day." Well I remember the animated faces of the men employed in building our mission station among the Santals of Western Bengal, as they gathered at the close of the day for a song service and a talk before receiving the wage. Brother W. A. Barlow led the singing of the Santali hymns, accompanying with a guitar, while the heathen workmen sat in a half-circle, keeping time, as they sang, with swaying heads and clapping hands. The following, from Norman Russell's "Village Life in India," gives a graphic picture of the singing missionary on tour of the villages:—

"'Would you like to hear us sing?' I asked, after the usual greetings.

"'Yes, padri sahib,' came from several of them together.

"So, squatting on the edge of the shoemaker's veranda, we sang for them that sweet lyric, 'Yishu Masih.'

"'Will not the padri sahibs sing it again?' they asked, when we were through. So again we sang to them,—

"'Yishu Masih mero prana bachaiya,
Fo papi Yishu kane awe
Yishu hai waki mukt i karaiya.'

"(Jesus saves my soul.
Let sinners come, whoever will,
Christ will make them whole.)

"How wonderful is the power of song! Their faces lighted up, and eyes glistened, as we sang over and over again the glad refrain, 'Jesus saves my soul;' and a sad look of reality and longing stole over them at the words:—

"'Gahiri wuh nad iya nawa purani
Yishu hai mero para karaiya.'

"(The stream is deep, the boat is old,
But Jesus bears us over.)

"Song after song we sang to an audience that never seemed to grow tired, even the women crowding out from neighboring doorways. After each song we explained its meaning, but none seemed to have the power of the first. 'Jesus Saves My Soul' was their favorite, and we had to sing it again before we left. Thus feathered with song was the gospel message shot home to their simple hearts; and with the refrain ringing in their ears, we left them to the message and God.

"Not only did I think inadvisable, after the display against us in the bazaar, even to accept the amin's invitation, but my wife was taken suddenly ill, and before we had time for another service, we had to pack up and hurry back to Mhow, driving all night through the deep, dark jungle, with only a lantern to pick out the way. It was a full year before we again visited this place of the gods. As we were putting up our tents under a wide-spreading mangrove, in the grove outside the city, we suddenly heard down the river the voice of singing. As it approached, we could recognize the refrain, and soon the full song burst upon our ears, 'Yishu Masih mero prana bachaiya' (Jesus saves my soul). It was the voice of one of the young men to whom, when spurned by priest and Brahman, we had turned and taught the gospel. The song had lived, as only a Christian song can live, to blossom out in God's own time into glad, new life."

W. A. SPICER.

Seizing the Chance

WHEN the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor made its pilgrimage to the Holy Land a few years ago, it included among the company of travelers a young man, just out of high school, whose father was pastor of a large city church. It was a matter of regret to both father and son that the minister himself could not accompany the party, but the duties of his office prevented this; so the son determined to see as much as possible, and remember what he saw, in order that his father might in some degree share the pleasures of the trip.

The first and most vivid impression which the Holy Land made upon the young man was a sense of its desolation—its stretches of desert, its waste places. But after a time he came to see that this desolation

was singularly relieved by the presence of flowers.

He knew something of botany, and at once became interested in tracing the plants and flowers mentioned in Scripture, but almost every discovery was a surprise to him. The flowers were not at all what his fancy had pictured them.

Reasoning sensibly enough that the plants which had interested and surprised him would appeal in the same way to others, he used all the time at his disposal in gathering and pressing the flowers of Palestine.

When he returned, he had with him a large and varied collection, which he mounted neatly in little books, as souvenirs for his friends. He found, as he had expected, that the things which had astonished him, astonished his friends, also. Few of them, for example, were prepared to recognize the "lilies of the field" in a deep-red flower much like our poppy, or to find in the "rose of Sharon" a blossom resembling a small and delicate crocus; nor were there many who knew the rare and peculiar beauty of the "madonna flower," or were familiar with the appearance of the wild mustard, "which is the least of all seeds."

Friends came to him with the suggestion that he extend to a wider field the opportunity to know the flowers of the Holy Land by actual sight and possession, and he acted on it. By correspondence he succeeded in securing a further supply of the pressed flowers. With the assistance of a skilful letterer, a little book was prepared, in which the flowers were carefully mounted, with illuminated descriptions in Old English text, and quotations and Scripture references.

These were placed on sale in the rooms of the various religious publishing houses and other booksellers, and proved so attractive as to warrant the placing of the enterprise upon a more definite footing.

The young man has now made three trips to Palestine, and has established a new industry in the land to which the imagination of all Christian people so constantly turns. A group of men is there constantly engaged in gathering and preserving the flowers, and shipping them to America. And here another group is steadily employed in mounting them and combining them in the booklets.

It has been remarked that whatever may be the vicissitudes of history, and however great are the changes which time may make in the larger appearance of a country, its flowers remain the same from generation to generation. The remark is true, and there is therefore something peculiarly impressive in looking to-day upon the same flowers which brushed the feet of the Master, and from which he loved to draw his parables.—*Edward W. Frentz, in Youth's Companion.*

The Other Side

GEORGE MANSFIELD found many things that puzzled him. He went one evening, as he often did, to his best friend, Lyman Burton. Burton was thirty years older than George. His hair was a little gray, but his clear blue eyes were full of youth and peace.

"I have always been told and have often read that the Heavenly Father takes care of his children."

"Yes." Burton's eyes were turned to a spot of sun that lingered on the hill east of the valley.

"Well, it does not look like it."

"Why?" Burton still watched the sunlight.

"Well, it doesn't. I have seen too many cases where the wicked prospered, and the righteous were poor;

where the evil were happy, and the good wretched. It does not look as if religion helps very much in this life, after all.

"Of course I know the arguments," he hurried on, as Burton turned his eyes to him, "about our not knowing what really is prosperity, and that health and money and comfort are not what they seem. But that kind of argument does not satisfy.

"Take the case of old man Monroe, who lives down the creek here. If there was ever a good man, Monroe is one. He surely is a faithful Christian. He has always wanted to have money enough to educate his children, but never has. He has prayed every day for years that Charley might get well, but he has not; he gets worse all the time. Last year the lightning killed one of his horses—he had only two. This spring the wind blew down his barn, and his cow was drowned in a freshet. The family has always lived on the ragged edge. I suppose they have enough to eat and wear, but that is all. How do you account for a case of that kind?"

"There was a time," said Burton, gravely, "when they did not have enough to eat and wear. They were hungry and cold most of the time for ten winters—the neighbors had to give them food. That was in the days before Monroe became a Christian. He was a bad man then, and could not hold a job, and wasted what little he did make.

"It seems very good to them to have a dry roof, three rooms, and plenty of good food out here where the air is clean and the world at peace. I have heard them thank God for it many times. Have you talked with him since the lightning killed his horse, and the wind blew down the barn?"

"Yes," answered George.

"Did he complain?"

"No."

"Was he out of heart?"

"No."

"Did he speak bitterly of his fellow men? Of luck? Of Providence?"

"No."

"Then you have your answer."

"I don't quite understand," said the young man.

"You see, George," Burton explained, gently, "you are looking in the wrong place. The spirit works inside instead of outside. When a man is born again, it is his spirit that is changed.

"He has the same body and brain. It may be an inefficient body and an incapable brain; it may be a body cursed by heredity and weakened by habit, a brain undisciplined, untrained. The Spirit will help him make the best of that body and brain, but it will not make them over for him. He may still be subject to disease and pain and failure as before.

"The world outside is not changed,—there will still be storms and pestilence and famine,—but his attitude toward it is changed.

"Instead of making his body and the world over so these difficulties may be removed, the spirit makes the real man—the inside man—over, so he can face them and conquer them by getting good out of them. When pain and misfortune come, they bring, instead of bitterness and despondency, sweetness of spirit and renewed faith.

"And to know this, that the spirit has been quickened into life that evil can not quench nor disaster embitter, is to possess that peace 'which passeth all understanding.'"—*Youth's Companion.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

"Life's gift divine bequeathed us from above!
Glad offering at affection's shrine, a sister's holy
love!"



The Queen on Her Throne

THE queen, as a symbol of her power, on occasions of state bears a scepter in her hand. There is a right royal scepter, too, which I would put into your hand, young woman, and it is the scepter of love. There is none other so potent. The queen of England's scepter was made of silver gilt, or, at the best, of pure gold; your scepter is one of which pure gold is only a symbol. The queen laid hers aside on ordinary occasions, and it is now locked up in the jewel-room for strangers to gape at behind the bars which guard it; your scepter need never be laid aside, for it is not simply the jeweled symbol of power, but it is power itself—the power of love.

"What is love?" says one; "a weak, gushing, effusive quality, that makes the weakness of women?" Nay, love is rest; it is warmth, comfort, nourishment, strength, home; it is life; it is the omnipotence of God. As the head has no life till the heart quickens it, so wisdom is not wise until love informs it.

Love, let us remember, is something more than a sentiment. Here is where the fatal mistake is most often made in domestic life. The sentiment and poetry of love are all very well in their place. I would not decry them or undervalue them, but I say that they are altogether worthless if they can not stand the test of the wear and tear of every day.

The Test of the False

Here is a sparkling gem. How it glitters and glitters! what depths of fire there seem to be in its heart! But we have heard that certain persons have been very successful in imitating diamonds and rubies, and we are a little suspicious of our gem, so we will take it to the jeweler's. "How much is this worth?" we say to him. He opens a little vial and drops a single particle of acid on the jewel, and behold the sparkle dies out of it, and the simulated fire in its heart is quenched, and we see that it is a worthless bit of paste. But if it is a real gem, the acid rolls off like so much water, and in its inmost heart it sparkles as brightly as ever. There is an acid about the everyday experiences of life which always shows the difference between real love and sentimental love.

The girl who will look as sweet as an angel when a certain young man makes his appearance at the parlor door, and who will scowl like a fiend when, the next hour, her mother asks her to dust the parlor furniture—her love is made of paste; it isn't the genuine article. The one who will spend a week working a pair of suspenders and a fancy hat-band for her lover, and snap out something about "bothersome brothers," when one who is thus related merely asks her to sew on a coat-button, may glitter and sparkle before marriage, but I should be afraid the first acid drop in life's cup after marriage would spoil the illusion and forever dim the sparkle. The apostle's rule for testing faith applies equally well to faith's

twin virtue, love; show me thy love without thy works, and I will show thee my love by my works.

Let me whisper this word in your ear, my young friends: The sensible young man, the one who will make a good husband, thinks a great deal more than you are apt to suppose of good-nature and sweetness of disposition, and these, when genuine, are only the habitual expression of love.

The Wise Young Man Questions

"How does she treat her mother?" "How does she speak to her little brothers and sisters?" "How does she treat even the dumb dog and kitten on the hearth rug?" Those are questions which he asks himself about you, if he is wise, and he is always answering them as he sees how you live.

You think he admires only the pink cheek and sparkling eye, and the lithe figure and the new gown and pretty hat, but I tell you, the young man is not quite such a simpleton, after all. He knows that a pink cheek, pretty as it is to look at, may become very unlovely when flushed with pettishness or anger, and that out of cherry lips may come most rasping and irritating chatter, that may make his whole life miserable. This young man often has a great deal more sense than you give him credit for; and gentle, lovable, equable good-nature are qualities which make the plainest face and figure beautiful.

I have recently read in some newspaper, that a traveler in Norway, a short time ago, came to a village early one morning, and was struck by the air of gloom which pervaded the streets. Unable to speak a word of the language, he could not ask the cause of this, and concluded that some sickness or financial trouble had fallen upon the community. As the day wore on toward noon, however, the houses were closed; shop windows were covered; all trade and business ceased. "It is death, then," he said to himself. Presently he saw the people gathering for the funeral. There were the village officials, the nobleman from the neighboring chateau, and apparently every man, woman, and child in the village. It must be some dignitary of the church who is dead, or some county official. As he stood watching the crowds passing down a little rocky street, he caught sight of the face of a Frenchman known to him. He beckoned him to him. "The town has lost some great magnate apparently?" "Ah, no! It is only a maiden who is dead. No, she was not rich or beautiful. But, oh! such a pleasant girl, monsieur. All the world seems darker now that she is gone."

"I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it," says Rowland Hill. I would give little for those womanly graces and attractions which do not make happier those within their influence.

It requires a vast amount of sweetness to make the bitter cup of life tolerable, and mere beauty and out-

ward grace can not accomplish much in this direction, any more than an exquisite cup of Wedgewood can make tolerable the bitter wormwood it contains. You have all heard of the two bears which the wise minister advised the newly married couple to keep constantly in their home, bear and for-bear. There are others besides newly married couples who need to keep these same bears in the home.

That a man married to a woman who never consults his comfort and taste, and who does not keep herself as attractive after marriage as before marriage,—that such a man does not stay at home from the club, Dr. Talmage says, is no wonder. "It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years, in a leaky ship."

A Robe of Ermine

A queen's robe on state occasions is made of, or trimmed with, ermine, which is regarded as emblematic of purity. Let a character of spotless purity and holiness clothe you as with a garment, as you wield the scepter of love on the throne of home.

"Reverence and love for the character and Word of God, with earnest faith, that will give courage to obey and patient continuance to well-doing," is what you need, writes one of your friends.

"I think the danger with young people," writes another, "is in being conformed to the things of the world; having a fear of being strict and singular, they yield too quickly to the world's opinion, thus losing the power for good which they might exert were they firm in their determination to do right, whatever the world may say."

I have scores of just such messages for you from loving hearts that have seen into the very core of this matter.

As it is the queen's prerogative to wear the ermine, so it is yours to be clothed with these Christian graces—humility, modesty, purity; they will make any face and figure attractive and lovable, and as you go through life, though you may apparently attract very little attention, yet all true men and women, as they see you, will say to themselves in their inmost hearts, "There is a queen, and she is clothed in right royal apparel."

Again, make your kingdom as wide as possible. Queen Victoria did not rule over one little island alone. Canada, Australia, India, and much of Africa acknowledged her sway.

The influences of a good home can never be confined within four walls. If you are a true queen, however humble you may account yourself, a thousand unconscious subjects will be blessed by your rule. You can selfishly use the best blessings that God ever conferred upon men, and you can use your home, even, for your own selfish gratification, making of it a social and exclusive club for two or three or half a dozen, and never thinking of the wide realm which it is your duty to bless. It is necessary to have a central tie somewhere, to be sure; to have a throne somewhere; some one home from which these good influences emanate; but it is no more possible for the true queen of a home to keep altogether within her own four walls than it is for the sun to shine all to itself, without distributing its light and warmth to half a score of distant planets.

Many a lovely queen needs to take these words to heart and enlarge her realm, by letting the sweet home influences of which she is the center stream out into the chilly atmosphere of the world, upon the crowd

of homeless ones around her. You have have beautiful homes, where plenty reigns, and love decks every hour with flowers, remember the throng of homeless young men and women who walk our streets, and to whom a glimpse of such a home as yours would be a glimpse of heaven itself.

You can be as selfish with the comforts of your home as the veriest miser counting his gold. At the bar of God you will have to account for this talent—the art of home-making—and for making the sweet radiance of that home shine the farthest in this evil world.

We have talked about woman's throne, her scepter, her ermine, her wide kingdom; I need hardly remind you that there is a crown for her, too. It does not visibly sparkle upon her brow, it can not be weighed in a jeweler's scales, but it is no less real than was Queen Victoria's, because less tangible than hers.

To every one of you, with your rare and blessed opportunities to brighten and sweeten and gladden the world through the homes of which God has made you queens, to every one of you come the solemn words of the Son of God: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

There is no cheap and easy process for turning out queenly characters, as clothes-pins are made by the gross. The loving friend, the helpful daughter, the patient sister, the good-natured, peace-loving school-girl, makes the queenly home-maker, and such a one, whether married or single, always finds her throne.

"The earth waits for her queen." God calls for queenly characters. Answer this demand; humanity needs you, young women. Respond to this call, for you can do much to prove to the world that—

"There are two heavens,
Both made of love—one inconceivable
Even by the other, so divine it is;
The other far on this side the stars,
By men called Home."

—Francis E. Clark, in "Looking Out on Life."

To You and Me

UPON the road near Bethany
Jesus to Martha said,
"He that upon me doth believe
Shall live, though he were dead,
And he that lives shall never die.
Canst thou believe?" said he.
And what he spake to Martha there
He spake to you and me.

And when he saw the weeping throng,
It touched his tender heart;
For all along the stream of time
He saw that friends must part.
Then from those future-searching eyes
The tears fell fast and free;
And when he wept with Mary there,
He wept with you and me.

He bade them roll the stone away,
Standing the tomb beside;
And lifting up to heaven his eyes,
"Lazarus, come forth!" he cried.
Death trembled at the awful sound,
And set his prisoner free;
And when he spake to Lazarus there,
He spake to you and me.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

"FEW realize the importance of shunning, so far as possible, all associations unfriendly to religious life."



HEALTH HINTS

What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 3

Poisonous Products of Germs

WE have compared consumption to the rotting of an apple. This, it is true, is a crude illustration; but in both there is a destruction of tissue as the result of a parasitic micro-organism. Tuberculosis is caused by a minute organism requiring a powerful microscope to make it visible at all, which lives in the tissues of human beings, throwing out poisons which cause the fever, night-sweats, and general illness that characterize the disease. A consumptive is a poisoned patient.

Familiar illustrations of the work of bacteria are the cases of poisoning by cheese, ice-cream, milk, or spoiled meat. In all these, the poison is produced by the action of germs on the food in the process of decomposition. Practically all decay and decomposition are caused by micro-organisms, which grow at the expense of the decaying substance, and, in their growth, produce bad-smelling gases and other poisonous substances.

Every living body, plant or animal, gives off matter that is, when in sufficient concentration, injurious to itself. Recent investigation shows that plants, including trees, excrete matter that is harmful to themselves. Trees avoid the poisonous matter thrown out by their roots by pushing the tender, absorbent roots farther on into new soil.

You are aware that there is a vast difference in the products of plants, some being wholesome, while others are more or less poisonous. In the first class are fruits, grains, and vegetables. In the second class are poison-ivy, poison-oak, and sumac, which poison the skin of those who touch them; nettles, having minute poison-bags, which inflict painful wounds in the skin; and plants like foxglove, henbane, nux vomica, and tobacco, parts of which, if eaten, cause violent poisoning.

So among the low forms of plant life called bacteria, or germs, there are some whose products are harmless, or comparatively so, and others whose products are harmful, some of them being among our most violent poisons. It is among these that we find the germs that produce disease, the germ of tuberculosis being among the number.

We are told on good authority that one reason weeds injure crops, is because they throw out poisons into the soil.

If sweetened water is allowed to stand in a warm place, yeast-cells will fall in it from the air, and will multiply and cause fermentation, with the production of alcohol and carbonic acid. But finally the fermentation will cease, and can not be continued further, even if more sugar is added; because the alcohol hinders the action of the yeast-cells that formed it. In the same way other germs produce substances that will eventually hinder their further growth.

Germs also produce substances that hinder the action of other germs. The germ that produces sour milk, — the lactic-acid germ, — when it makes good headway, hinders, by the production of lactic acid, the

development of other germs in the milk. It has even been found feasible to make use of the lactic-acid germ in sour milk to hinder the action of harmful germs in the intestines. This is supposed to be the reason that sour milk and buttermilk, and especially certain forms of kumyss, are so valuable in certain intestinal disorders.

So in putting out, or excreting, harmful matter, the tubercle bacillus is not different from other germs or other organisms except that the product of the tubercle bacillus happens to be more harmful to man than that of some of the other organisms. Even our own body-cells manufacture substances which, if retained in the circulation for twenty-four hours, would kill us. Part of these are destroyed by the liver, and part are thrown off through the lungs, skin, and kidneys.

The poison of the tubercle bacillus is peculiar in the reaction it sets up in the tissues — a reaction probably intended as a defense for the body, but which eventually may end in destruction of the infected tissues.

When a tubercle bacillus invades the tissues, it is surrounded by defensive body-cells. These undergo changes, and form the little white masses — smaller than a pin-head — known as tubercles. Under favorable conditions an exudation is thrown out around this mass, and may develop into a kind of scar tissue, walling it up, and preventing any further spread from that focus, and the imprisoned tubercle bacilli may finally be destroyed, leaving nothing but the scar to show that the body was once in danger at that point. In less favorable cases, the tubercle bacilli are not completely walled in, and they multiply with more or less rapidity, and are carried to other parts of the body to set up a local or general infection.

In case of infection, the course of the disease depends very largely on the resistance of the body; and now it is conceded that there is nothing so potent in the cure of tuberculosis as proper hygienic measures, with open-air life, sunshine, nourishing food, including an abundance of milk and eggs, and properly regulated rest and exercise. The tuberculous patient should not attempt to treat himself, but should be under the care of an experienced physician; for there are details in the management of every case upon the proper observance of which depends the welfare of the patient.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

The Advance of Foreign Missions

In 1800

THERE were one hundred Protestant missionaries. The Bible had been translated into sixty-six languages.

Four fifths of the world was closed to the gospel. Practically nothing was being given for foreign missions.

The Christian world did not believe the gospel could save the heathen.

The churches were opposed to missions. Missions were not recognized in colleges.

In 1907

There were eighteen thousand Protestant missionaries.

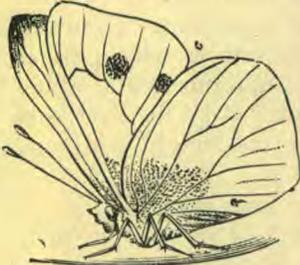
The Bible had been translated into nearly four hundred sixty-five languages.

There were eight hundred medical missionaries, one thousand hospitals, and three million patients annually. — *Selected.*



A Confusion of Terms

MANY persons are wont to class all minute animals as insects, albeit size is not a distinguishing characteristic of insects. True, they are all comparatively small, though some are as large as the smaller birds. But there are many tiny creatures that are not insects: for example, spiders, which are near relatives, yet of a different class; coral polyps, which are a much lower type; and worms, that name not including maggots nor caterpillars, both being insects.



CABBAGE BUTTERFLY

The most conspicuous peculiarity of insects is the division of the body, during one stage of the creature's life, into three sections,—head, thorax, and abdomen. Another characteristic is their manner of breathing, by means of internal air-tubes, connected with breathing-holes in the sides of the body. Nearly all insects exist in three different forms, hatching from eggs as caterpillars, grubs, or maggots. Most of them, in the adult stage, have four wings; though some, as the common fly, have but two, and the flea and some other types have none.

Different orders of insects are often confounded: thus, beetles are not infrequently mis-called bugs, although they do not possess the sucking-tube that characterizes all bugs; and locusts are commonly known as grasshoppers, whereas real grasshoppers go abroad only at night. The term "locust" is generally applied to the seventeen-year cicada, which, in fact, is a bug. Some persons suppose that all Lepidoptera that fly by day are butterflies, and that all that fly at night are moths; but such is not invariably the case. One feature which distinguishes those two varieties, the one from the other, is the knobbed antennæ of the butterfly; another is the upright position of the butterfly's wings when at rest, a moth's wings lying flat when not in motion.

The popular names of some insects are misleading. Fireflies are not true flies at all, but beetles; and the so-called silkworm is not really a worm, being, like all insects, of a higher order than the worms.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

God's Goodness in Nature

"Whosoever is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Ps. 107: 43.

It is well known that a microscopic examination of flowers and vegetables opens a new and interesting field of wonders to the inquiring mind. And these wonders, these treasures, according to the Word are to be "sought out," being reserved to reward the efforts of the diligent student. Sir John Hill gave the following interesting account of what appeared during his examination of a carnation:—

"The principal flower in an elegant bouquet was

a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently. While the sense of smelling was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking, with wild jollity, among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its center. What a fragrant world for their habitation! What a perfect security from all annoyance, in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action! Adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself, under its influence, to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed to be columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between them were enlarged in walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious, glittering animals, stained with

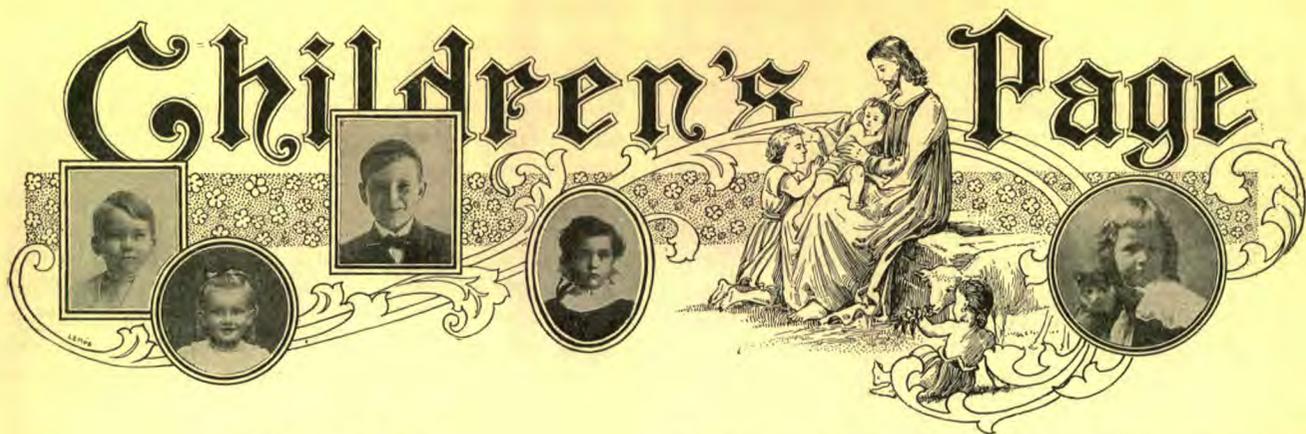


AMERICAN SILKWORM MOTH

living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant; above description, and too great almost for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favorites; courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs, formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk, among the perfumed shades, tasting the drops of liquid nectar, just bursting from some vein within the living trunk—here were the perfumed groves, the more than mystic shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy things spent their days in joyful dalliance, or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another, from stem to stem, among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of felicity."

This picture of the splendor and felicity of insect life, may, to certain readers, appear somewhat exaggerated; but those who have contemplated the beauties of the animal and vegetable world, through microscopes, can easily enter into the views here described. The account illustrates the unbounded goodness of the Creator in the "vast profusion of enjoyment" he has given even to the lowest forms of animal existence. He who organized all the tribes of animated nature, who "breathed into them the breath of life,"

(Concluded on page eleven)



One Little Boy

Just a tired little boy in the somber twilight dim,
 And a mother's loving voice crooning lullabies to him.
 Just a tousled little head drooping on a mother's breast,
 And two half-closed, weary eyes drowsing off to blissful rest.

Now the shadows deeper grow as the cricket chirps good-night,
 And the mock-bird carols clear, circling in nocturnal flight;
 Then the Sand Man tiptoes in, touches lightly eyes of brown,
 And one tired little boy drifts away to Slumber-town.

Just a pair of dimpled arms, clinging in a fond embrace;
 Just faint breathing, soft and light, 'gainst a mother's gentle face;

Just wee fingers, moist and warm, clasped within a mother's hand,

As she gently, to and fro, rocks away to By-low land.
 Just the whisper of a breeze at the curtained window-sill;
 Just the murmur of a stream rippling from a distant rill;
 Just a flicker on the hearth, where the dying embers gleam,

While the echoes of her song linger like a fairy dream.

Just a tired little boy safely tucked away in bed,
 With a glimpse of visions bright dancing through a curly head.

Just a whispered baby prayer from a mother's heart of love,
 Drifting through the starry night to the Father's throne above.

Just a dream of flowerland, where the winds blow fresh and sweet,

Where the blossoms in the grass wait to kiss his baby feet.
 Just a gleam of snowy sails as the dream-ship gains the strand.

Just one tired little boy safe away in Sleepy-land.

— E. A. Brininstool, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Found the Right Boy

THE editor of a city paper prints the following on his editorial page:—

"We have been looking a long time for an office boy who does not whine, a boy who is not full of complaints every time something or other goes wrong. We have got him, and no human power can get him away from us. He's going to stay, and his wages are what he chooses to make them.

"We have had many office boys. Most of them had the disease of whining. A whine in a boy is worse than the whine of a sick dog, and that's saying a great deal. Whines never built a house, never laid out a town, never constructed a railway, never opened a bank, never made a school grow, or a farm pay. Whines are a sneaking form of irritation Satan devised to lead otherwise good boys astray. We don't want whines. Well, we advertised for a boy, and he came. We didn't know he was coming, but he came just the same. Several whining boys had been in, and we had promptly disposed of them. How he came was this way: The wind was blowing fifty miles an hour, the mud was ankle deep in Poplar Street, it was thundering, lightning, and raining. The side-

walks were afloat, and everything in town was soaked.

"Our office door was opened by a boy in a torn straw hat, a ragged suit of clothes, and bare feet. He was mud and water from head to foot, one eye had a cast, he had lost a little finger, and his toes were stubbed. But his smile! It radiated like the sunshine of a June day falling over a trout stream in the green grasses of the meadows. It was warm, expansive, coaxing, reassuring, trustful, happyful. And his voice said: 'Not such a bad day after all, sir.'

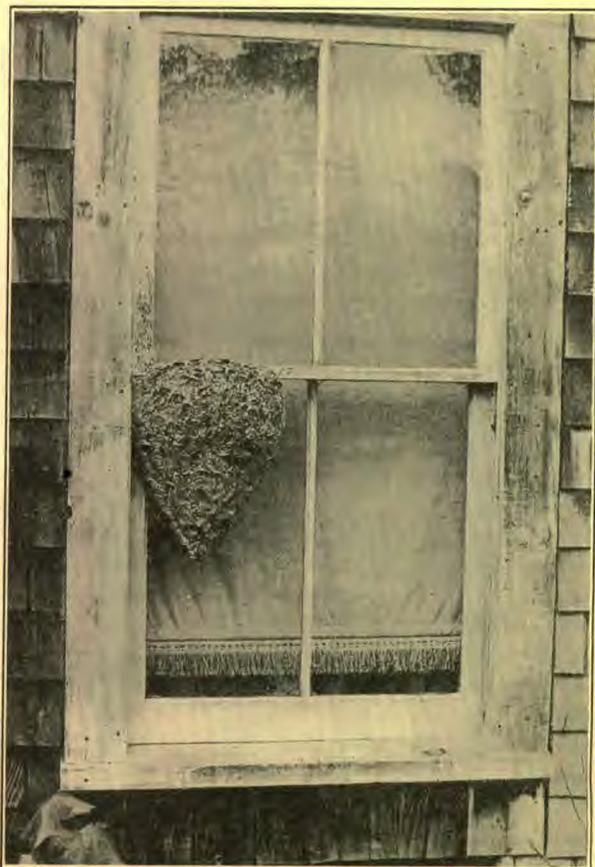
"No whine in that! If that boy had been blown in by a cyclone, he would have landed on his feet with the remark: 'It might have been worse.'

"He was engaged. Drop in and see him."—*Boys' World*.

Interesting Neighbors

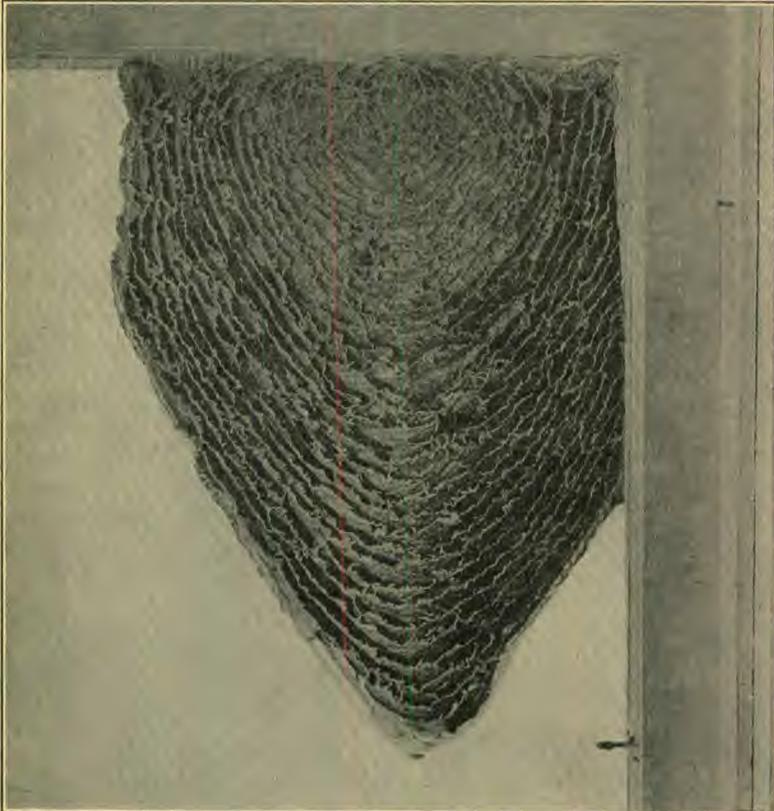
YES, they were interesting, I assure you! Not that they made themselves disagreeable, although when they first moved in, we took it for granted they *would* be, and protested; but we were glad afterward that they paid no attention to us.

Who were they?—A pair of black hornets; and the place they chose to build their nest was not in the peak of the roof, or even out in some tree, but



right on the window, where we could sit inside and watch them by the hour; and we availed ourselves of the opportunity, too, and found it instructive.

First they built the nursery and food-cells. Later on, a whole row of baby hornets were waiting to be fed, like hungry little robins, mouths always open. They looked like the common grubworm. Their babyhood did not last long, but the nurses were very faithful and busy while it lasted. Then out they came, full-grown hornets, to help build the nest larger, and to assist in feeding the next row of babies with wide-open mouths. The force of workers grew at an alarming rate, as row after row of babies hatched out and went to work. Back and forth the workers flew,



A VIEW OF THE NEST FROM THE INSIDE

bringing material to add to the nest, making each ridge even and beautiful, cementing it to the window-glass, and joining it at intervals to the last layer built.

A few taps on the window sent the whole force out to make war on any disturber of the peace; but when they found no enemy, they quietly resumed work.

At the time the photographs were taken, the nursery was closed. The accompanying illustrations show how large the nest became, also the beautiful markings on the outside.

We often marveled at the skill the young hornets displayed in working—their life was so brief and so full of hard work. Who taught them to work so skilfully, so soon after coming into existence? With all our years of study and experience, could we produce anything comparable with their work?

And now they are gone. Where? They did not tell us, before they left, whether they were going South for the winter, or whether the chill weather of early autumn would end their busy lives. But the beautiful house is closed and silent, and we miss their company. Perhaps they will favor us again next summer. If so, they will find a welcome.

HATTIE ROSSER HICKOK.

History of Paper

"THE consumption of paper is the measure of the people's culture." Four thousand years before Christ, began the demand for some material on which an accurate record of the development of man might be permanently inscribed for future generations. Learned men from all over the world have been occupied for years deciphering the hieroglyphs, strange pictures and forms carved on the stone obelisks throughout Egypt, thus fulfilling their real purpose—that the history and the advancement of those early people might be known.

The Greeks, in the flush of their intellectual strength, felt the need of material on which writing might be preserved without the labor necessitated in carving granite boulders. To these scholars and the contemporary Romans, is due the introduction of the soft clay tablet, which was easily lettered, and then baked to a permanent hardness. Metal tablets of gold and silver were the next step in advance; for while they were more expensive than clay, they were much lighter, and occupied less space.

Skins were tanned, and the letters and decorations were done in gold and silver. The letters were also done on ivory, but this was difficult, and was not generally used. Wood and the bark of the olive-, poplar-, and palm-trees were used, and there were attempts, even in those early days, to cut the wood of the soft trees into strips, soak and boil until soft, then lay in sheets and polish, making the surface possible for lettering. Such crude forms at a time of continuous progress could not last; better and more suitable materials were certain to be found, and the Nile River solved the problem by yielding the papyrus, or paper-plant. To-day it grows on the banks of the rivers in Abyssinia, Syria, and Sicily, but has disappeared almost entirely from Egypt. Alexandria became the center for the paper made from this queer plant.

While records vary as to the identity of the first paper manufactured, history shows that the Arabs, at the time of the capture of the Saracens, 704 A. D., had already learned the art, and Arabian manuscripts to-day bear the date back to the ninth century.

It is an acknowledged fact that the first paper made from cotton was the work of the Chinese, for eighteen hundred years ago they treated the cotton-plant so as to reduce it to a pulp, and by adding chemicals utilized its fibrous nature. Early Chinese artisans made strong but delicate paper by this process.

Modern paper-making began early in the nineteenth century, and the industry grew rapidly. During the years between 1861 and 1865, prices soared skyward, and many paper-mill owners then reaped a fortune that otherwise would have meant a lifetime of hard work. This wonderful stimulus to the production of paper is due to the use of wood pulp and fiber, which has largely supplanted the use of esparto grass and straw; the perfection of the Fourdrinier machine, an idea of Louis Robert, a Frenchman, which automatically transforms the fluid into the finished paper; and to the innumerable uses to which paper can be put. In 1905, 3,857,903 tons of paper were consumed in the

United States, and 2,644,735 tons of pulp for periodicals, newspapers, etc.

Spruce and poplar pulp are the most important materials for the manufacture of paper, although eighteen different kinds of wood are used. The coarser grades are made of straw, waste paper, and a manila stock. The most expensive paper, used for bank notes, records, etc., is made of linen rags.—*Commercial Education.*

Song¹

A SONG of my darling who came through the meadow,
With bonny brown hair and her kirtle so red,
The sunshine she brought with her stole through my shadow,
And sweet to my ear were the words that she said.
She gave me a flower that she wore in her bosom,
And violets, not half so blue as her eyes.
Deep down in my soul they immortally blossom,
I read her warm heart through their fairy disguise.

She makes no pretense of undying devotion,
Her love, by her showing, is fleeting as dew;
She laughs at my constancy: yet I've a notion
She's truer than many who boast themselves true.
Her chiding is sweeter than others' caressing,
She leads me at will by a thread she doth hold;
The least little touch of her hand is a blessing,
And a kiss of my darling is better than gold.

—Emily S. Oakley.

The Morning Watch

THAT our young people may get a clear idea of this valuable aid to daily devotion, we give below a sample page:—

April

"As flows the river, calm and deep,
In silence toward the sea,
So floweth ever and ceaseth never
The love of God to thee."

God With Us	A Complete Saviour
Th. 1. John 1:4.	Fr. 16. Acts 5:31.
Fr. 2. John 1:9.	Sa. 17. Luke 4:18.
Sa. 3. John 1:12.	The Prince of Peace
A Saviour From Sin	Su. 18. Isa. 9:6.
Su. 4. Gal. 4:4, 5.	Mo. 19. Luke 2:14.
Mo. 5. Acts 13:23.	Tu. 20. Job 22:21.
Tu. 6. Luke 1:33.	We. 21. Isa. 26:3.
We. 7. Luke 1:50.	Th. 22. John 16:33.
Th. 8. Luke 1:53.	Fr. 23. Rom. 5:1.
Fr. 9. Matt. 1:21.	Sa. 24. 2 Cor. 13:11.
Sa. 10. 1 John 3:5.	Proper Development
A Complete Saviour	Su. 25. Eccl. 12:1.
Su. 11. Luke 1:68, 69.	Mo. 26. Ex. 20:12.
Mo. 12. Eph. 1:3.	Tu. 27. Luke 1:51.
Tu. 13. Jude 25.	We. 28. Luke 1:49.
We. 14. 1 Tim. 1:15.	Th. 29. Luke 1:40, 52.
Th. 15. 1 John 3:8.	Fr. 30. Ps. 119:9.

Special Prayer.—*Greater appreciation of the plan of salvation. Church-schools. India. Those for whom I am working personally.*

The calendar is well arranged for carrying in one's Bible. The prices are low,—six cents for one, or five cents each for five or more. Order from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, or from the Missionary Volunteer Department, at Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

M. E. K.

¹Written by Miss Oakley to a school-girl friend.

God's Goodness in Nature

(Concluded from page eight)

continually upholds them in all their movements.

"To estimate," says a naturalist, "the number of creatures in all the different species, would be as impossible as to count the grains of sand in the Arabian deserts. There is not a single spot in any region of the globe but that teems with animated beings." Yet all this "vast assemblage of sensitive existence" is amply provided for by the bountiful Creator."

More than a hundred thousand species, with their countless millions of individuals, besides myriads which are invisible to the unassisted eye, enjoy not only life, but a happy existence. The birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, the fishes, the reptiles, and the winged insects, by their sportive actions and enjoyments, all declare that they are rejoicing in their existence, and in the exercise of those powers with which the Creator has furnished them. So wherever we turn our eyes, we perceive that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," and that "his tender mercies are over all his works."

Many persons, including thousands of professed Christians, look on the scenes of magnificence and wisdom around them with a "brute unconscious gaze." How different are the grateful emotions of those who recognize the benevolence of God in the beauties of the earth and the heavens, and in every object that meets the eye in the wonderful expanse of nature! "What can be more gratifying," says Sturm, "than to contemplate, in the heavens, in the earth, in the water, in the night and day, and, indeed, throughout all nature, the proofs which they afford of the wisdom, and purity, and goodness of our great Creator and Preserver! What can be more delightful than to recognize, in the whole creation, in all the natural world, in everything we see, traces of the ever-working providence and tender mercy of the great Father of all!" The numberless astonishing instances, displaying the depths of divine wisdom, which everywhere present themselves to our view, seem evidently intended to arrest the mind to a consideration of an "ever-present Deity," and to impress that mind with a sense of the benevolent care and omnipresence of God. The *beauty, order, and variety*, which astonish and enrapture the meditative mind, constrain it to join in the devout exclamations of the psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts." "Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." Again he exclaims, "O Lord, thou preservest man and beast! How excellent is thy loving-kindness!"

"When we consider," wrote Thomas Dick, "that the structure and organization of all the different species are different from one another, and exactly adapted to their various modes of existence, and that their multifarious wants, in regard to food and habitation, are all provided for, and amply supplied by, Him who, at the same time, arranges and governs the affairs of ten thousand worlds, we must be lost in astonishment at the greatness of the intelligence which formed them, and at the exuberance of that bounty which spreads so full a table for so immense an assemblage of living things." "The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season."

ERNEST LLOYD.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Mexico, No. 2—Our Mexican Mission

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

- The Genesis of Our Work.
- The Publishing Work.
- The Educational and Medical Work.
- The Message Is Making Progress.
- Question Box on Mexico.

The Genesis of Our Work

Mexico, though just to the south of us, was not entered by our missionaries until long after many more distant fields were occupied. In November, 1893, our first missionary was sent to that country. After looking about for a suitable place to begin the work, Elder D. T. Jones decided to start operations in Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco and the second largest city in the Mexican republic. It has a population of about eighty thousand; and was, and still is to a large extent, fanatically Roman Catholic. Here in January, 1894, Elder Jones and family and three other workers—Dr. Lillis Wood (Starr), Miss Ida Crawford, and Miss Ora Osborne (Dock)—began the work of breaking down prejudice. The medical work was the entering wedge, and proved successful from almost the very first. In the summer of that same year Miss Osborne, who spoke the Spanish, opened a day kindergarten, which soon grew into a mission home school, with an enrolment of as high as twenty-five at one time.

Meanwhile the medical work grew so rapidly that it seemed necessary to have a sanitarium. After some search, a suitable location was obtained, and a building begun; but it was two years before it was finished, for in Mexico things move slowly. Even an American can not hurry things much, and would better not try if he wishes to have the good will of the natives. The "Sanatorio" did well for a time, but the difficulty in manning and running it properly finally led to its discontinuance. Many things connected with the running and final closing of this institution are to be regretted, especially in view of the work it should have done for the Mexican people; but we trust that God will forgive our errors, and will overrule the mistakes to the good of his cause.

As the work enlarged, new workers were sent. The year 1895 found Dr. J. H. Neall and family and Brother A. J. Rice and wife added to the force of workers in the field. Brother Rice died just three months after arriving in the country, having contracted the typhus fever while treating some who had that disease.

Work in Ameca, a small town about fifty miles west of Guadalajara, was begun in the fall of 1896 by Dr. Addie Johnson and Brother and Sister Cooper. In the fall of the next year Brother Cooper and wife went to Mexico City, the capital of the republic, to do independent nursing. Their place at Ameca was filled

by Brother and Sister Marchisio. Sister Marchisio, who had taught in the Guadalajara School, which was now closed, conducted a small school for several months at Ameca.

The Publishing Work

The Protestant missionaries in Mexico had not found the Spanish Bible entirely satisfactory. One could not expect the Catholic version to give satisfaction; and the revised version in common use among Protestants had been translated by a man (Pratt), who had taken many liberties, frequently inserting his own idea of the meaning of the text. As an example, he translated Rev. 1:10: "I was in the Spirit on Sunday." He thought Sunday was the Lord's day, so he put Sunday in the text. As there seemed to be a general desire for another version of the Bible, it was decided to have the revision done by a committee to consist of a member from each of the Protestant bodies operating in Mexico. Prof. G. W. Caviness was chosen to represent our people. He and his family moved to Guadalajara in the summer of 1897. Two years were spent here studying the language, making translations of portions of the New Testament, with the aid of a Spanish scholar, from the original Greek into Spanish, and doing other literary work, as well as evangelical work.

The Bible Revision Committee came to naught. After meeting a few times, the project was abandoned, largely due to the fact that the American Bible Society would not bind itself to publish and push the sale of whatever the joint efforts of the committee might produce; so we still find Sunday mentioned by name in the Bible, and there are many other inaccuracies.

Our publishing work began in January, 1896, with the publication of a monthly paper, *El Amigo de la Verdad* (The Friend of Truth). Our health journal, *La Salud* (The Health), was first issued in January, 1899. "Patriarchs and Prophets," "Steps to Christ," "Gospel Primer," and a few tracts had been translated and published in the Spanish. In October, 1899, Professor Caviness and family moved to Mexico City to open up the work there. Mexico City is the capital of the republic, and is a cosmopolitan city. It is now the headquarters of our work in the Mexican field.

In 1902 Elder G. M. Brown came to Mexico as superintendent of the work. In 1904 a little printing-office of our own was established, which prints *El Mensajero* and small books and tracts. At the annual meeting in December, 1907, plans were laid for the enlargement of the printing business. The Pacific Press gave the mission a cylinder press, and sent L. E. Borle to be the manager of the printing-office. The work of circulating our literature is proving most effective in bringing the truth to the people. In 1906 and 1907 about fifty-five new Sabbath-keepers were reported, nearly all of whom had been Catholics. It is planned to increase the force of colporteurs, and thus take advantage of the spirit of inquiry, which is springing up among the Mexican people.

Educational and Medical Work

The work in Mexico City was opened up largely through school work. There was a demand for this, and it was a means of reaching the people. There were enrolled several of the best families in Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico City, where lived many of the high officials of the government. The enrolment

reached forty within a year, and the tuition amounted to nearly two hundred dollars a month. A Sabbath-school was also opened, and frequently had an attendance of over twenty pupils. In 1901 Frank C. Kelley and wife came to Mexico to take charge of this self-supporting school; later Mrs. Rowel (then Miss Winifred Peebles) took this work. On her departure the school was discontinued. Now that our membership is being recruited by numbers of Mexican believers, there is a demand for a denominational school for the training of the Mexican young people. We feel certain that the day of the establishment of this institution is not far distant.

Our sanitarium at Guadalajara, which had passed into the hands of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, was sold for a Methodist school in 1907. But that did not end our medical work. The mission received from Dr. W. S. Swayze the gift of a building in Guadalajara, which was fitted up and dedicated as a meeting-hall and medical mission, Dr. G. R. B. Myers being the physician in charge.

Dr. A. A. John established (1900) a medical practise in Mexico City. He also helped in a medical mission which was maintained for a short time in that city, and conducted a small private sanitarium at Cuautla, a city just outside the valley in which Mexico City is located. The health of his wife and the need of educational privileges for his children, led him to plan to return to the States.

At present Dr. U. C. Fattbert is doing medical work in San Luis Potosi, while his wife conducts a school.

The Message Is Making Progress

Our work in Mexico has been materially assisted by Adventists in Mexico engaged in various lines of work. Not only by mingling with the people have they served to break down prejudice and acquaint the people with the truth, but they have also been able to furnish employment in their various establishments to several of our Mexican brethren and to others not of our faith. Mr. Cooper is running a good-sized canning factory in Mixcoac, one of the suburbs of Mexico City. Mr. Julius Paulson has established a successful bakery in San Luis Potosi. The McCullochs are living near Tuxpan. A colporteur of the Bible Society, B. B. Blachly, bore witness to the truth throughout the republic, while still working for the Bible Society. Others could be mentioned, and of course there is an ever-increasing number of native believers, most of whom are self-supporting missionaries in the true sense of the word.

On account of poor health, Brother Brown has returned to the States, and Elder Reaser, of Southern California, takes his place. The first of November there was held a general meeting, at which plans for the further advancement of the work in that field were given consideration. Sabbath-keepers are now located at Mexico City, Guadalajara, Montecristo, San Luis Potosi, Torreon, Ameca, Tuxpan, Salina Cruz, Merquitic, and in San Pedro in the state of Coahuila. The work is also constantly and rapidly being opened up in other places. One hundred twenty-one Sabbath-keepers were reported in 1907; probably an estimate of one hundred forty believers at the present time would not be any too large. The young men who recently went to Mexico as canvassers are having remarkable success, though they do not yet know much of the language. One took fifty-

eight dollars' worth of orders the first week, and seventy-five dollars' worth the second; another left a book in the home of Señor Corral, vice-president of the republic of Mexico; and still another took an order of the Cuban ambassador. Thus we see that our message is a message to all.

Mexico has offered many obstacles to our work. One who has not been in a Catholic country can hardly realize the difficulties which must be met in proclaiming the truth in such a country. For years scarcely any impression seemed to be made; but now a different era seems to have come to the work, and we thank the Lord for it. Of course the difference in the language is a hindrance; yet the Spanish is not a difficult language, and as young men are sent to the field, who have had a training in language study, we shall surely, with the grace of God, see even greater advancement made. In that glad day just before us, we shall rejoice to meet among the ransomed many from the benighted land just south of us.

L. L. CAVINESS.

Question Box on Mexico

ANSWERS to these questions may be found in the *Review and Herald* of October 29 and November 5. It might be well to add other questions on the lesson.

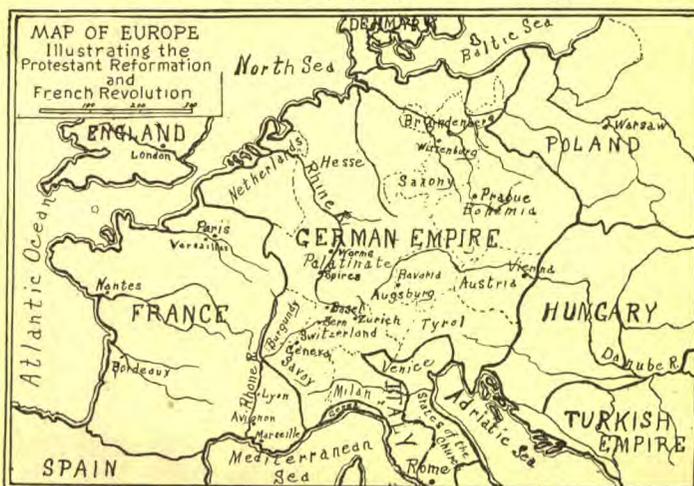
1. How many mission stations has this denomination in Mexico?
2. What call comes from Tampico?
3. What shows that the Mexican people are anxious for our literature?
4. What is the present outlook for the publishing work in this field?
5. Mention three urgent needs of the Mexican Mission.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Lesson XI: "Great Controversy," Chapters XV and XVI

Chapter XV: The Bible and the French Revolution

1. WHAT do you consider the cause of the French Revolution? Why?
2. How was Matt. 24:22 fulfilled?
3. Give briefly the cause and results of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.
4. How did the papacy show its approbation of



the massacre? (*Te Deum laudamus*, means, We praise thee, O God.)

5. What led to the establishment of the worship of reason in France? Describe the ceremony.

6. Describe the political, social, and economic conditions in France on the eve of the revolution.
7. What had unfitted France for self-government?
8. Characterize Louis XV.
9. Show how, in France, Rome's zeal defeated her own purpose.
10. Explain how "unhappy France reaped in blood the harvest she had sown."
11. Note how the deceiver lured her on to destruction.
12. Read Rev. 11:2-12, and explain carefully the fulfilment of each verse. (For verse 6, see 1 Kings 17:1 and Ex. 7:19.)

Chapter XVI: The Pilgrim Fathers

13. Into what two classes were the Protestants in England divided?
14. What led to the persecution of the Puritans? How did God make the persecution a blessing?
15. What important principles are set forth in John Robinson's farewell address?
16. What shows that the Puritans did not fully comprehend the principle of religious liberty?
17. How could it be said that Roger Williams laid the corner-stone of the American republic?
18. What are some good reasons for religious liberty?
19. How did the church in America lose its purity? What principles were violated?

Notes

IMPRISONMENT OF THE POPE.—In 1791 France formed a new constitution. Pope Pius VI issued a bull denouncing it, and prohibiting its acceptance by the French clergy. The French National Assembly retaliated by confiscating the papal possessions in France. The clergy were persecuted. "Excommunications and interdicts had lost their force; for the people no longer believed that their temporal or spiritual well-being was in the hands of pope or priest." The pope was helpless. In 1795 he joined the coalition of European powers against France, and put an army in the field. "Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of a victorious French army, seized the pope's possessions in Bologna and Ferrara, and compelled him to pay an indemnity of twenty-one million francs. When the pope resorted to efforts at evasion, the indemnity was increased. In 1798 Rome was captured by the French, a republic was proclaimed, and the pope was taken to France as a prisoner, where he died, August, 1799."

THE FATE OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.—In the Paris papers of Aug. 1, 1817, we find the following announcement among the obituaries: "Died within these few days in the hospital of pauper lunatics of Salpêtrière, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt (the Goddess of Reason), the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution."

JACOBINS (see page 284) formed one of the most popular clubs which the Revolution called into existence. Their club was a sort of political association. They practically ruled France for a time, and became a dread throughout Europe. Among its prominent members were Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Robespierre.

CRITICAL SITUATION.—In 1792 the monarchy was abolished, and an association of men known as the National Convention assumed control. For more than six months Louis XVI and his family were confined in prison. On Jan. 21, 1793, he was beheaded. As the news of this act flashed over the continent, Europe

rushed to arms, and suddenly France was threatened from all sides.

THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA was inaugurated with song and prayer. On her virgin soil were planted the ripening seeds of the Reformation. "So conspicuous are these influences that we must acknowledge American colonization, independence, and self-government to have been potentially a part of the Reformation. Our republic, with all its present greatness and all its possibilities, came out of that Protestant revival."—"Providential Epochs," page 224. To that revival is this country indebted for her principles of Protestantism and republicanism—the two horns of the beast of Rev. 13:11.

Reports From the Field

RECENTLY the young people in Nebraska have presented a three-hundred-dollar printing-press to the Oakwood School.

A Missionary Volunteer Society in western Pennsylvania used two hundred copies of the Temperance number of the *Watchman*.

In Indiana the Missionary Volunteers have earned seven scholarships by selling *Life and Health* and the Temperance number of the *Watchman*.

One Missionary Volunteer Society in southern Idaho holds weekly meetings in the county jail.

The Missionary Volunteers of New South Wales visit the hospitals, asylums, and ships. Recently their missionary offerings have been given to the work in Singapore. Among other things the young people in New Zealand are sending papers to the lighthouses. In Queensland they are still helping the work in New Guinea. In Victoria they are doing similar missionary work. From West Australia the secretary writes: "One society reports that hearts are made glad to see the generally backward members rise and report work done, even children six years of age."

A Missionary Volunteer Society of five members has recently been organized at an oil-well camp in Southern California. The members manifest a spirit of earnest devotion, which reveals itself at home, as well as among their associates.

Recently a Missionary Volunteer secretary visited a reform school where are two boys from Adventist families. One of the matrons is very much interested in present truth, and is sending her children to one of our schools.

A copy of the Truth number of the INSTRUCTOR was placed in every home in Glendale, California, by the Missionary Volunteers. They also visited some of the neighboring towns, and have been doing faithful work with the "Family Bible Teacher" and with periodicals. The members of this same society raised one hundred dollars for missionary purposes in five months, and supported a student in the Oakwood School for one year.

OUR words, our acts, our dress, our deportment, and even the expression of our countenance, has an influence. This being true, the most vital concern of each one of us professing the name of Christ should be to have such a close union with the Saviour that the golden oil of his Spirit may constantly flow through the heart. In this way alone can our every word and act, our dress and deportment, and the expression of our faces, be influential for the upbuilding of human lives.—*Selected*.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII — Review

(December 26)

1. TELL what King David did to prepare to build the temple at Jerusalem. Who was chosen by the Lord to build the temple? How long did it take to finish it? In what way was it different from all other buildings? Describe the service at its dedication.

2. What kind of king was Solomon? How did he obtain wisdom? Can we get it the same way? Tell about his riches. How many proverbs did he write? What books of the Bible were written by him? What ruined the last part of the life of this great and wise king?

3. Who succeeded Solomon as king? What mistake did Rehoboam make in the early part of his reign? Why was the kingdom of Israel divided? Who was the first king over the ten tribes? What did he make that led the people into idolatry?

4. How did God reprove Jeroboam? Relate the story of the disobedient prophet who was sent to Jeroboam. How was he punished?

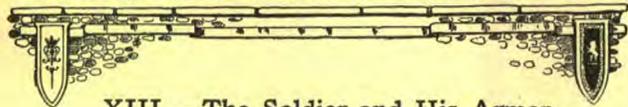
5. What prophet did the Lord raise up to turn his people back to him? What message did he carry to Ahab? Why did he dare say there would be neither rain nor dew? How did the Lord care for his faithful servant during the time of famine? Tell the story of the meeting on Mount Carmel. How did Elijah's life end on earth?

6. What prophet did the Lord choose to take Elijah's place? Give one miracle that he performed.

7. Relate the story of the little captive maid. Where is it found? How was Naaman healed of the leprosy? What was the result of the faithfulness of this one little girl?

8. Repeat the memory verses for the quarter: 1 Chron. 29:14; Prov. 9:10; Ps. 11:4; Prov. 3:5; 1 Sam. 15:22; James 5:16; Joshua 24:15; Mark 11:24; 1 Cor. 15:51, 52; Lev. 19:32; Gen. 18:14; Prov. 20:11.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XIII — The Soldier and His Armor

(December 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 6:5-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter 5:8.

Questions

1. What does Paul say is the duty of servants toward their masters? How should they obey? Eph. 6:5.

2. Whose claim to service should the servant recognize above all others? Verse 6.

3. Who, besides the earthly master, takes cognizance of such service? What assurance is given? Verses 7, 8.

4. What is the duty of masters toward those who are servants? Verse 9.

5. What admonition is given to all? Verse 10.

6. What is the Christian admonished to put on? For what purpose? Verse 11.

7. Against what foes must the Christian strive? Verse 12.

8. In view of the conflict to be met, what are we admonished to do? What will we then be able to do? Verse 13.

9. What weapons will not avail in this conflict? 2 Cor. 10:4.

10. Name the different parts of the Christian armor. Eph. 6:14-17.

11. In what spirit should this warfare be conducted? Verse 18.

12. Why did the apostle desire prayers for himself? Verse 19.

13. Under what circumstances did the apostle write this epistle? How did he desire to speak? Verse 20.

14. Whom did he send to his brethren with a message of comfort? What was the character of the message? Verse 21, 22.

15. With what twofold benediction does this epistle close? Verses 23, 24.

Apt Comparisons

PROPHECY may be likened to—
 Fire-alarm announcing the conflagration of the world.
 Barometer forecasting a coming storm.
 Alarm-clock striking the hour of judgment.
 Headlight flashing its rays over the track of time.
 Advance agent of restitutorial glory.
 Jubilee trumpet proclaiming liberty for the captives.
 Telescope revealing the glories of the future world.
 Tonic inspiring fainting hearts.
 Sword piercing the vitals of infidelity.
 X-ray photographing history.
 Lighthouse sending its warning beams over the billows of humanity.
 Anchor to prevent faith being wrecked in the storm of unbelief.
 Compass, enabling believer with certainty to guide his bark into the everlasting harbor.
 Morning star of an eternal day.
 Rope around the breast of faith holding it to the throne of God.
 Plan revealing the mind of the Architect.
 Confirms divinity, sanctions inspiration, establishes faith, strengthens hope, quickens love, safeguards the Christian, and warns the ungodly.—*Adapted.*

Arrow Points

"IF you lean out of the perpendicular, lean toward Christ."

"THE truest teaching is living; and the primary philanthropy is to live a good life."

"BIG words are often nothing more than tombs in which men bury their little thoughts."

WORDS are the only things God never hears in a prayer.—*Purinton.*

"WHEN people neglect you, it is a sign that you yourself are doing some first-class neglecting."

"HE who deliberately stifles his convictions of duty because they interfere with his inclinations will finally lose the power to distinguish between the truth and error."

The Youth's Instructor

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As Ships That Pass

SHIPS that are passing mid billows and spray,
Greeting we give as they bear on their way;
Speaking in passing,—like touch of the hand,—
Bidding Godspeed to a far-away land.

Friendships are fleeting, the best we may boast,
Only a meeting, a moment at most;
Earth offers little,—to last but a day,—
Speeding ships, passing, and sailing away.

Still do we cherish these friends of a day,
Slight though the knowledge, and brief though the stay,—
Brief as the stay of the mid-ocean ships,—
Short though the greeting of little-known lips,—

Hand-clasp of fellowship, welcoming word,
Common the impulse by warm feelings stirred,
Smiles through the tear-drops, a laugh with the sigh,
Happy the greeting—God bless you—goodby.

Far though the way that our vessels may glide,
Lonely the station where we may abide,
Hard be the conflict, the way all unknown,
God in his mercy keeps watch o'er his own.

MAX HILL.

Morning Prayer

It is wise to begin the day with prayer. The early morning hour has a natural fitness for this sacred service; for then the mind is as yet unoccupied by care, and the heart undisturbed by worldly passions. We awake from sleep, as the new-born into life, and with quickened powers present ourselves before God for the service of the day. How fitting it is that at such a time we should seek direction and help from him.

It is also the hour of divine appointment, the very season when he specially waits to give audience to men. Aaron was directed to burn sweet incense every morning on the altar of incense before the mercy-seat. The psalmist says: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." To neglect meeting him when he comes by appointment to hear our requests, is to insult and despise his grace. And yet, this appointed hour, so favorable to devotion, and so necessary for girding the soul with strength for daily service, is forgotten by many. They awake from sleep to rush at once into the cares and perplexities of the day. They have no time for morning devotions. The best they can do is to engage in evening prayers, upon retiring to rest. The evening is also a

God-appointed hour for prayer; and surely it becomes us to render him thanks for daily mercies received, and to seek his forgiveness for sins committed, before we lie down to sleep. But all this can not be a substitute for morning prayer.

He who would pass through the service of the day and be secure against temptation, must first of all commend himself to his Heavenly Father's protection. Let him in the morning enter the closet of prayer, and lay all his plans and desires for the day before God, if he would meet with true success and have his way established.

By so doing, not only will his purposes be purged from all unworthy motives, but the Spirit of God, preoccupying his heart, will give him a sound mind, able to resist and judge the world. The man who goes forth each morning, from holding converse with God, will not be readily carried away by the rush of worldliness about him. He will not be prone to enter the company of evil-doers, or to engage in rash and unjustifiable speculations in business. He has started on his daily journey in communion with God, and he wishes to live and act as in the divine presence. This is inspiration, and this is protection for the soul. No hour of the day brings more gain than that spent in the morning prayer.—*Selected.*

The Loved Book

A DYING father in Mexico gave his boy a book in the Spanish language. He told him that he did not know what it was, but he thought it was a good book. After the death of the father, the boy began to read it. He enjoyed it so much that he committed to memory many beautiful passages. It became so companionable to him that he took it to school with him. The teacher, seeing how interested he was in the book, concluded she would better take it from the boy and give it to the priest. This she did. On the morrow the child asked for the book. The teacher said she had given it to the priest. Then he went to the priest to get his book, but was told that it had been burned. At this news the boy became discouraged; he felt so badly over the loss of his treasure that he lost interest in everything.

Years passed, and he went to El Paso, Texas, where he obtained work in a candy factory. One day the foreman of his room invited the young man to go with him to a meeting at a little mission. They took seats in the rear of the room. After the opening song, the leader of the meeting began to read from the Spanish Bible. The young man recognized it at once as the reading of his long-lost book. He immediately arose, went forward to the desk, and claimed aloud his treasure. He told the leader that he had his book, which had been taken from him years before; and that he must return it to him. A few words of explanation satisfied the young man for the time being; but later he received a copy of the Spanish Bible, and surrendered his heart and life fully to its Author, and became an earnest worker in the cause of Christ.

Has the Bible been so faithfully read and prized by us that its loss would be felt so keenly as it was by the Mexican boy?

Don't Neglect

YOU will make a mistake if you neglect to read each number of the series of articles on tuberculosis now appearing in the INSTRUCTOR.