

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

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No. 52

AS I WILL

What changes will the new year work
Only its ending will tell,
As over its records we then shall look,
To remember its good and its ill,

Its secrets unfolding begin,
And go steadily on to the end;
Whether we flourish or only repine,
Upon us alone will depend,

The issues of each year can be made
To the liking of those they concern,
If the hours are fittingly laid
With the jewels the minutes return;

The seconds come burdened with treasures
That heaped in the twilight will glow,
Illuming the night-shades with pleasures,
Enriching the weeks as they go,

And the months they are richly endowing
With fruit of each moment well wrought,
Will close with a pay day, for their sowing,
Giving pearls that can never be bought,

—Charles P. Brewer.



THE Turkish boycott on Austrian goods, it is estimated, has already cost Austrian trade two hundred million dollars.

"BUSINESS houses in Germany to-day send their packages for America by mail to England, to be re-posted there under the lower rate."

THE colored people of Washington, D. C., are erecting a Young Men's Christian Association building. At the laying of the corner-stone President Roosevelt was the principal speaker.

"BULGARIA and Turkey seem to have settled their difficulties on the basis that Bulgaria shall pay Turkey from twelve million to fourteen million dollars on account of Rümelia, and ten million dollars on account of the railroad."

"ACCORDING to the researches of H. Fritzsche, about three-quarters of the rain which refreshes the continents of the earth is due to the vapors rising from the soil instead of to those coming from the oceans. Elaborate estimates, based on all available data, show that the annual rainfall for the entire globe is equivalent to a layer of water enveloping the earth to a depth of about three feet. The quantity of rain-water and melted snow falling in a year is put at one hundred eleven thousand cubic miles. More than two thirds of this falls upon the sea. South America is the only one of the continents on which the annual rainfall exceeds that on the surface of the sea."

A Harvest Ingathering in the Southland

IN a rural, mountainous district in the State of Tennessee, is located a little church which has been organized less than two years. From the beginning, an earnest missionary spirit has characterized this church, and this same spirit has found its way into the hearts of the children.

Early last spring, a dime was given to each of the children and young people, with the request that it be invested so as to bring generous returns. This was the second Ingathering in which these young people had had a part, so they were able to profit by some of the experiences of the previous year. They went through the usual method of planting seeds, setting hens, etc., and one young lady made and sold sun-bonnets, and thus her dime increased to \$1.75. The largest sum gathered by any one person was more than three dollars.

One thing that helped to bring success to the undertaking was the co-operation of the parents. They entered heartily into the plans of their children, advising and helping in every way possible.

After the planting, working, and gathering, the time came when the earnings were ready to be presented. Ten o'clock, Sunday, November 1, found a large number of friends and neighbors assembled to listen to the Ingathering exercises. The church had been prettily decorated with autumn flowers, leaves, and fruits. With a few additions, the program presented in the INSTRUCTOR was carried out, the children having been drilled by the teacher of the church-school.

After this well-rendered program, three or four

little girls passed pumpkin-shells daintily lined with crêpe paper, in which were deposited the offerings of the day. The offerings given by the children amounted to \$41.05.

You may be sure we were all happy over this result, and were impressed by the thought that small beginnings, by earnest effort, can make great endings.

At the conclusion of the service, there was spread in the schoolroom a basket dinner, to which the friends and neighbors were invited. A preaching service followed the dinner, after which all went to their homes much pleased and edified by the services of the day.

It is needless to say that an earnest missionary spirit is being developed in these children, and they are already looking forward to the Ingathering another year, as well as to the final ingathering in the earth made new, when many precious jewels will be gathered from a sin-laden world. May all be there.

MRS. J. F. POGUE.

A Happy New-Year

I SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender:
The time, the time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught,
So seems my life, for some rude blasts delaying:
The time, the time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming:
The time, the time is short.

Think of the good thou mightst have done when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought,
Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly:
The time, the time is short.

Think of the drooping eyes that might have lifted
To see the good that heaven to thee hath taught;
The unhelped wrecks that past life's bark have drifted:
The time, the time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou mayest need the sympathy of others:
The time, the time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse, and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time, the time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness bought;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of Heaven:
The time, the time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma-laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought;
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover:
The time, the time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the shade will soon be falling;
Some good return in later seasons wrought;
Forget thyself at duty's angel's calling:
The time, the time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of heaven:
The time, the time is short.

To others teach the overcoming power
That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought;
Glad memories make to bless life's final hour:
The time, the time is short.

From what thou art each day, whate'er thy station,
Are new creations good or evil wrought;
Seek thou thy joy in others' elevation:
The time, the time is short.

—Hesekiah Butterworth.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

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No. 52

A New-Year's Song

GLAD bells were greeting the year's first morn;
In a gnarled old apple-tree,
Unmindful of these, a chickadee blithe
Sang out to the world and me.
From his wings he scattered the downy snow,
And, looking up to the blue,
And caring not for the sweeping wind,
His song rang glad and true.

O chickadee! He who fashioned both,
Did he kindly give to thee
Something to make thy brief life dear
That his wisdom hid from me?

He poured the joy of his heart in song,
And merrily answered me:
"You sit in your close and heated rooms,
I rove where the winds are free;
He gave to us both the sun-filled sky,
To us both the pure, sweet air,
And the peace of all his universe
To drown our little care."

—E. H. Everett.

The Thirst for God's Word

THE priests of the Roman Catholic Church in Spanish-American countries have tried their best to keep the Bible from circulation among members of their congregations, which, up to a few years ago, practically included all the inhabitants of those nations where Spanish is the language officially spoken.

One of the questions always asked by a priest of one who is making a confession of his sins is, "Have you a Bible in your home?" If there is one, the penitent must bring it to the priest before he will grant absolution, or pardon, for the sins committed previously to the confession. The Bible, having been brought, is then burned. Thousands of copies of God's precious book have gone like martyrs to the funeral pyre. The papacy has been the main instrument in trying to destroy God's precious Word of life, in order that the thirsting multitudes might be prevented from quenching their thirst at the fountain itself. But God tells us that this same power which has burned so many of his books, will later be cast into the lake of fire, and will there suffer the reward of presumptuousness and blasphemy.

But although the priests have railed against the reading of the Bible by the common people; although they have prohibited it, and have in the past barred it from entering through the custom-house into countries under their jurisdiction, still the fact that these false guides have spoken so much against the book has been a strong advertisement, a greater incentive to the reading of God's Word, than any other method which might have been employed. Even before Protestants had been heard of, people were curious, anxious, to read that book which the leaders had condemned and prohibited them from even touching under pain of excommunication from the church. Again and again I have been in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador; and in all these countries there is not so much a hunger for bread and a thirst for water as for hearing the Word of the Lord.

Here, in Ambato, I know one hungry soul who has left his parents' home because one day the priest came to his house when he was away, and compelled the

mother to burn all his books, among which were the Bible and several of our publications. Now he has a room by himself, which he can lock, and into which none of the priests can go.

In the college where I was teaching, the boys hide their Spanish Gospels in their desks, along with our Adventist papers. If they take them to their homes, they are afraid their mothers will find them, and deliver them up to the priests. What a comparison we might make between the young men in the public high schools here and those in similar schools in the United States!

At least in Ambato the boys love God's Book, and treasure it, hiding it to prevent its being stolen or lost. Instead of playing at recess, they often read, and when they have finished one Gospel, they come to the house and ask for another. These boys belong to the best families, and as they will be the future lawyers and doctors, as well as teachers, in this republic, I feel that if, in future years, they cherish the seeds of truth as they do now, they will be very useful in planting God's Word in the hearts of others.—*Delwin Rees Buckner.*

Education of Portuguese Workers

"THERE should be more laborers in the foreign missionary field. . . . We might have had more laborers in foreign missionary fields, had those who entered these fields availed themselves of every talent within their reach. But some have had a disposition to refuse help if it did not come just according to their ideas and plans. And what is the result? If our missionaries were to be removed by sickness or death from their fields of labor, where are the men whom they have educated to fill their places?"—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

In view of the foregoing words of instruction and reproof, we tried to find suitable persons who might be educated so they could begin work for their countrymen. The Latin Union Conference has a union school at Gland, Switzerland, where Italian, Spanish, and French students have been educated, and where our Portuguese boys may go if the way opens. In these countries very few indeed can save money enough to educate themselves. If they earn enough to pay for their board and clothing, they do well.

The conference has so arranged it that, as far as possible, by help from other countries young men and women may be taken into school and instructed; at the same time they can work to help pay their expenses. For over a year we have tried to get at least one person in school, but on account of the forced military service, from which one may be freed by paying one hundred fifty dollars, the young man chosen could not go at once. In the month of August the conference committee considered our plea for sending two boys to school. In the illustration these boys are at the extreme right. The second one, over twenty years old, has been freed from military service, and if he went to the school, he could return to help in the work. The first is seventeen. If he should go, he could not return without paying one hundred fifty dollars before being pronounced "refractory." Both desire to go,

and they should do so. But a letter received from our president says: "The committee decided to accept the younger. We wanted to take both, but there is not enough money in the treasury, and we must go slow." What to do was our problem; and it is a problem which I hope some of you may help us to solve.

After considering the subject prayerfully, we decided to tell the boys the result, and see what they would say. Only one could go. The one chosen could not return, which probably the committee, being far away, did not understand from my letters. We told the boy who is living with us the result of our request, and placed before him the need of the field. I wonder what some of our American boys and girls would have said under similar circumstances—a schooling practically free; a chance of entering a school and becoming a worker later on. And besides this, the boy, who had been receiving about two and a half dollars a week as *colporteur*, would now receive nothing if he did not go, for it was necessary to cut off this expense. However, we assured him a home with us as our son, with a possibility of being adopted. He would go hungry if we did, be well fed if we were, poorly clad if we were, and should we be able to clothe ourselves a little better, he should be clothed equally well. At any rate the sacrifice, from his viewpoint, would be a great one.

We said to him, "Well, John, what do you say to this?" He replied, "Brother Rentfro, let Alberto go; it is all right. I will stay at home." We could scarcely refrain from weeping. He had a terrible conflict, but gained the victory, and is quite happy. When we see his faithfulness in his work, and his desire to relieve our burdens, doing the most menial tasks with a hearty good-will, our hearts go out to him in love, and we are determined not to still our pen or voice until he can have the privilege so willingly surrendered to another. He needs to be educated in a Christian home; while he waits with us, we shall try to fill the position of parents to him. Would it be out of order to ask if there is any one who would like to educate him, so he may become a worker in Brazil or among the Portuguese in the United States or in the islands? Here is an opportunity to invest some money in the bank of heaven. For two or three hundred dollars this boy may receive the education that will fit him to become a worker among his own people. When these youth are educated, then we can move on, or else send them to open work in unentered Portuguese territory. Pray for this boy. We would be pleased to correspond with any one who would regard it a privilege to furnish means to educate him.

C. E. RENTFRO.

An Undisciplined Generation

A RECENT number of the *Independent* contained an editorial on the present condition of the world, which is a good comment on Paul's description of the last days, as given in 2 Tim. 3:1-5:—

The Condition

"Inasmuch as we have no trustworthy statistics of crimes, or of life failures of any sort, it is idle to argue about the relative amount of wrong-doing and collapse in existing society as compared with other days. But taking our impressions from the chronicle of events, we are easily confirmed in a belief that self-control is a diminishing factor in our civilization. Lynchings and riotings occur so often that we are no longer startled by hideous outbreaks of madness. The daily list of sensational homicides and suicides has become a long one. Betrayals of trust have ceased to awaken amazement. Insanity, we are told, is increasing more rapidly than population. Entire communities reveal neurotic symptoms. Hurrying thousands rush to their labors in the morning with faces hard and tense; they swarm back to their apartments and tenements at night irritable and dejected. It becomes difficult for the cheerful

man in such a *milieu* to go on looking pleasant.

"There are explanations of these things to suit all credulities and tastes. The tariff has begotten trusts. The trusts have crushed the independent business man. The money power has corrupted morals and legislation. Religion has decayed. Immigration has brought among us the passionate populations

of southeastern Europe. Panmixia has undone the beneficent work of millenniums of natural selection. One may build the philosophy of his assurance of national decadence on any of these postulates, in keeping with his temperament or his predilections.

"A great deal is heard, too, about the mischievousness of those suggestions to criminal and other evil conduct which abound in newspaper stories of sensational wrong-doing. Doubtless we have here a large factor in the deplorable state of affairs, but the question may be asked, Why the insatiable demand for reading of this sort? Newspapers and magazines furnish it because it pays. It pays because the public likes it, or at least because it craves something that appeals to feeling and makes little demand upon attention.

"But back of all these explanations there is plainly something more fundamental. Wicked and unprofitable conduct is but one expression of a general restlessness which has seized upon the Western world. Life has become a touch and go. The multitude lives no longer at the slow pace. Nothing pleases us long at a time. The fashion must continually change. The goods must be shifted from window to window and from floor to floor. The customer knows that he can never find a commodity twice in the same place, and that it will be something to talk about if he can get the same brand of cigar, or shoes made from the old last, a second time. Nobody contemplates. Nobody meditates. The man who talks sense is a bore. Books that contained thought would bankrupt the publisher. Our 'literature' is written for shop-girls in the subway trains and commercial travelers in the smoking-car. 'Reviews' are stickful advertisements of 'best sellers,'

(Concluded on page fifteen)



A GROUP OF WORKERS AND BELIEVERS IN PORTUGAL



HEALTH HINTS

What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 4

The House of the Tubercle Bacillus

THE bacillus, or germ, which causes tuberculosis is a small, rod-like body, so minute that several thousand of them, placed end to end, would be required to reach one inch. It grows with great difficulty outside of the human body, and only at body temperature.

There are many varieties of germs which grow outside of the body. Most of these do not directly produce disease, but by the noxious vapors they produce,



Bacillus of tuberculosis

or in other ways, they may lower vital resistance, and thus prepare the way for the invasion of disease germs. They will grow on the dish-cloth, or in the sink, or in the cellar, or in bits of left-over food,—

anywhere, in fact, where it is damp, and not too light, and where the housekeeper is a little careless.

But the tubercle bacillus is more fastidious. It can be made to grow outside of the body in specially prepared soil (or "media," as the bacteriologists call it), and under favorable circumstances; but such conditions are not found in nature. Its natural habitat, or place of growth, is especially the lungs; but even here it finds difficulty in maintaining a permanent foothold, provided the general health is kept up to the highest notch by means of fresh air, sunlight, nourishing food, cleanliness, proper clothing, and exercise. Sometimes, like the sound apple in direct contact with a decaying apple, even a vigorous person will succumb to the disease if brought into close and continued contact with it. But as a general rule, the less the power of resistance, the more quickly one succumbs.

The tubercle bacillus really has a hard struggle for existence, for it has many enemies, such as sunlight, fresh air, heat, etc. Direct sunlight kills these germs in a few minutes if they are in thin layers; and even diffuse daylight—such as that in rooms having windows opening outward—will usually kill the tubercle bacillus within a week.



A species of bacterium which produces slimy bread.

It is fortunate for the human race that this germ will not grow except under the most favorable circumstances, and that it is easily killed. Less fortunate is the fact that the tissues of many persons furnish the conditions most favorable for the growth of the germ. In the tissues of nearly every one, it may succeed in gaining a brief foothold; but in most cases, the body increases its army of defenders, the tissues come off victors, and the germs are walled up so that they can do no more harm.

What, it may be asked, makes the difference in susceptibility to the disease? Is it a matter of heredity, or race, or occupation, or climate, or food, or excesses, such as alcoholism or vicious practises? What can individuals, or families, or nations do to

increase the resistance against the disease? These are important questions, for on their solution depends the welfare of the human race; and many scientists are devoting their lives to their solution, but as yet they are far from being solved.

Tuberculosis is not inherited in the same sense that mental or physical characteristics are inherited. If a child is born with tuberculosis, it is because some of the germs of the disease have been carried from the mother to the child, and these have set up the disease process in the infant, the same as they would in an older person. It is not the disease that is transmitted, but the disease germs.

Undoubtedly a *tendency* to the disease may be inherited. Some families seem peculiarly susceptible to the disease, while others are much more resistant. But much that would seem to indicate a family susceptibility is due to the close contact of children with tubercular parents. Children from such families, if taken early and placed under more favorable circumstances, grow up in good health.

It is believed by many, and this is probably the truth of the matter, that tuberculosis is essentially a *house disease*, attacking those who come daily in contact with the germs coughed up by consumptives. These germs may be in the dust of dried consumptive sputum, or little droplets floating in the air, which have been dislodged from the throat of the consumptive in the act of coughing.

More important, perhaps, than any hereditary predisposition is the acquired predisposition which results from unhygienic living—unsanitary, dark, ill-ventilated, overcrowded houses, poor food, filth, and other accompaniments of wretched poverty, also alcoholism, and vicious habits and excesses that sap the vitality. The warfare against tuberculosis is largely a work of helping the helpless in these lines; and it is here that the charity associations, the settlement workers, and the visiting nurses are doing a grand work. But thus far the work has hardly begun.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

Boston Baked Beans

FUN has often been poked at the Boston baked bean, yet few people realize how widely the bean has been accepted as an article of food. In Boston alone about thirty-two million quarts of baked beans are eaten annually. Out of the scores of shops where the beans are baked, one turns out over fourteen thousand quarts a week. There are ovens which will bake two thousand quarts at one time. In one year Boston people spent over ten million dollars for beans. Giving the city a population of six hundred thousand, the consumption was about thirty-seven quarts to an individual in twelve months.

To distribute the supply from the bakeries, where immense quantities are turned out, an exact system is required. In the shipping department employees begin loading the wagons shortly after midnight for the morning delivery.—*Young People's Weekly*.

RING gladly out, sweet New-year's bells;
Since we are children of a King,
Bid us fare bravely on our way,
And fear not anything.

—Mary F. Butts.

THE duty of all Christians toward missions has been summed up in the words, "Go. Let go. Help go."

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



What I Would Do, Were I to Go Through College Again

["Dr. Matthews, the veteran author and university professor, has had much to do with colleges all his life, and his wise words are the fruit of long observation. They spring from his own life also, for what he preaches in this essay he has consistently practised throughout his long life."]

ON entering college I would seek to impress on myself the conviction that, great and real as may be the help to training rendered by professors, libraries, laboratories, and apparatus, yet in the main—in the last analysis—my education must depend on *myself*. No college has yet educated a man, and never will.

First Condition of Success

First of all, I would seek to have and to maintain sound health. The first condition of success in college and in life is to be a good animal. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. It has been justly said that intellect in a weak body is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket.

I should, however, seek for health not chiefly in the gymnasium or in athletic games. Certainly I should not make athletics my main business, or a rival business with study. "No man can serve two masters." I would seek to aerate the blood by deep inhalations of the open air, remembering that it is *health* the student or the professional man wants, the capacity of prolonged effort, not muscular power; and that health is a *universal* good condition, vitality, nervous force; and therefore to possess it one does not need the physique of the gymnast or stroke oar, or the brawn of the gladiator.

When shall we learn that *health* is a very different thing from *strength*, that it is not muscular power, the ability to lift a thousand pounds, or to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours? It has been truly said that, while in some respects identical, they are still distinct forces. One is the power that does; the other, that which endures; one wins wagers, the other the prizes of life. Health is not the synonym of strength; it is, as I have said, a universal good condition: it is general vigor, vitality, nerve force, a state of the body in which every function does its work well.

Look at that pale, frail-looking lawyer, my classmate in Harvard Law School, William M. Evarts, of New York. In that slender, emaciated body, which the fiery soul seemed to have almost burned up with its own intensity, there was a nervous system that enabled him to sit in the foul air of the court-room, and examine or cross-examine witnesses for weeks, and yet to rise at the end of that time as fresh and elastic as a rubber ball, and address the jury with convincing power.

What a commentary on the excessive devotion to athletics in some colleges is the fact communicated to me by Prof. Goldwin Smith, that at Oxford and Cambridge the leaders in the boat-races are notoriously short-lived, averaging but thirty-two or thirty-three years! How comes it that Dr. Winship, the apostle of the "health-lift," who trained himself to lift three thousand pounds, died at forty?

Acquire Love for Reading

I would try to acquire what Gibbon said he had early in youth, an invincible love of reading, a love which that great historian said he "would not exchange for the gold of all the Indies." I would seek to read only the very best books, books forged at the heart, and fashioned by the intellect, of the best and bravest men. I would commune and saturate my mind with the great masters of thought, whose pages, dense with ideas and felicitous in expression, would be not only read with more delight, but would rivet themselves more tenaciously in the memory, than those of less quintessential writers. For this purpose I would set apart a half-hour or an hour a day to be sacred to reading. I would read by subjects, not by books, and would judge of my progress, not by the number of volumes I had read, but by the insight I had gained into those subjects.

Recognizing how greatly memory is assisted by classification, I would endeavor to establish pigeonholes in my brain, and, as facts fell under my eye, to cluster them together as illustrative of some law or principle. I would try over and over again to repeat in my own words the substance of what I had read; and, whenever I found my recollection shadowy or confused, I would turn again and again to the book, and sharpen my recollection, thus clinching the nail after I had driven it in.

One of the most striking signs of the superiority of college education to-day to that of the old régime is the manifestation of independence of thought, instead of rote learning, by the student. Instead of a mere sponge-like facility of sucking in knowledge, to be exuded within the scanty time allowed for an examination paper, originality of speculation is encouraged by the teacher. This independence I would strive to cultivate, in place of that old-time passive receptivity, that enslavement of the mind which is a thousand times worse than the enslavement of the body.

The true self-reliant student does not quail before difficulties. Does he want to be strong? Then he knows that he must measure himself with men of renown, and wrestle with all his might. His pulse should beat high, as if he were in battle, with the sound of the trumpet in his ear.

Store Mind With Literary Gems

Among the habits I would try to form is the practise of storing the mind with literary gems, with terse and suggestive or beautiful and other passages from the Bible and from the best English authors. While the youthful memory is plastic and receptive, it should be made a repository of choice English literature, especially of the best English poetry. Poems that are freighted with thought or sentiment, like Goldsmith's "Traveler" or Gray's "Elegy," or informed by the imagination, like Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," if once stored in the chambers of the memory, will be profitable for literary inspiration and for literary refreshment in all one's after-life. The practise has advantages too numerous to be briefly stated. It not only adds to the student's mental stores, and furnishes him with material for thought through all his days, but it strengthens the memory, sharpens the intellect, refines the taste, and reveals, as no other practise can, the hidden beauties of authors.

These advantages, invaluable as they are, are not all. By frequently recalling and dwelling upon the fine passages of poetry and prose our ideals are raised, our

sentiments exalted, and gradually we acquire a relish for only the noblest and most spiritual authors, and conform our tastes to theirs. Coarseness, vulgarity, mediocrity in literature, become intolerable to us.

The man who has his mind stored in the way we have commended has a choice little portable library with him wherever he goes. He can draw upon it at any time and in any place, surround himself at will with the wisest and wittiest companions. On a railway journey, while waiting at a station, while convalescing from sickness, in the waking spells of the night, when the hours drag heavily, and when gloomy thoughts and distempered views of life's trials are apt to prevail, he has a never-failing source of diversion, a sure means of illuminating dreary hours and dispelling ennui. Not the least recommendation of the practise we have commended is that it enlarges and enriches our vocabularies, and supplies us with apt and thrilling or pointed quotations for speeches or conversation, than which nothing is more telling.

Cultivate Art of Composition

I would cultivate with the greatest assiduity the art of literary composition. This, usually the most irksome of college tasks, I would endeavor to make one of the most delightful by adequate preparation for it.

On a dozen or more envelopes I would write as many themes or subjects for essays. In all my reading and conversation with others, or while listening to discourses, speeches, and lectures, I would be on the alert to seize and note down any thoughts or illustrations that would be serviceable in writing on any of these themes. These jottings I would put into the proper envelopes, copying from books and periodicals only brief passages, and making references to long ones. Such happy ideas, flashes of thought, or sudden illuminations as occurred to me in moments of leisure, in railway-cars, or while waiting for them, in twilight musings, I would also save and utilize by storing them in the envelopes.

Thus, when the time for writing had come, a large part of my work would be already done. I should be like an architect, who has his brick, stone, lumber, and other material for a house all collected, and has only to put them together. The ideas and illustrations for my essay would be before me, needing only to be fused into a homogenous composition; and in place of the usual drudgery of striving to write with a brain void of ideas, I should taste what Balzac calls "the luxury of composition."

Master Art of Public Speaking

I would try very hard to master the art of public speaking. As I have looked back from time to time over my college life, one of my chief regrets has been that, owing to my extreme youth and shyness, I did not take part more frequently in the debates of the Literary Fraternity, our college society. There are few better helps to mental mastery, clearness, and self-possession than the practise of public speaking, especially in debate. The effort to think on one's feet, and to wreak one's thought upon expression, if only it be made with care, and with adequate preparation for each occasion, is one of the most effective modes of mental discipline ever tried. Another advantage is that it makes our reading practical. It leads us to utilize every scrap and morsel of knowledge bearing on the question.

What can be more mortifying to a man, when he has spent years in storing his mind, than to be seen dumb or smitten with indescribable confusion the mo-

ment he opens his lips, from inability to address his fellow men in a few pertinent sentences? How humiliating at a public meeting, when you are listening to a plausible but sophistical speech by a shallow-pated orator, fluent as a rain-spout in a thunder-storm, whose fallacies you can discern with the eye of a hawk, to burn with an impatient desire to expose them, yet to be conscious of your utter inability to do so, for want of practise in public speaking!—*William Matthews, LL. D.*

Keep Steady

KEEP steady, young man, keep steady,
Nor waver when put to the test.
When Satan assails, be ready,
Defeat him by doing your best.
With plausible words he advances;
With cunning he strengthens his chances;
He does all his planning with care;
He's wily and wicked. Beware!

Resist all his sly approaches,
Yield never an inch to the foe.
Whenever that foe encroaches,
Resort to a resolute No!
With flattery cunning he plies you;
With sympathy artful he tries you;
His wiles he keeps well out of sight;
He comes as an "angel of light."

Let truth be your watchword ever,
Let right be the law of your life;
With these for your guides you never
Will suffer defeat in the strife.
Give battle to vices that tempt you;
Your virtues can never exempt you:
Temptations will come, but be strong;
Give battle to all that is wrong.

—*John M. Morse.*

To Hold Success

THIRTY years ago in a poor schoolhouse in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night, then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master. "That's the way to have success; always work that way, and you'll do well."

Dave is to-day the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words: "Go up ahead, and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."—*Genesee Courier.*

ALL our actions take
Their lines from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.

—*W. T. Bacon.*

A THIRD of the people of the world can labor, but can not wait for the results: a third are willing to wait, but not to labor. The remaining third, who can do both, capture the prizes.—*Will Carleton.*



An Interruption

THROUGH the silence of the morning
Came the still, small voice to me,
Saying, "Pause for one short moment;
For I fain would speak with thee.
Thou wilt need my words of wisdom;
Wilt thou listen, little one?"
"Yes, dear Lord," I feebly answered,
"When this pressing task is done."

But the voice no more entreated,
While much needless toil and care
Kept me fretful till the tempter
Had me fully in his snare.
'Twas in anguish, shame, and sorrow
That I knelt at night to pray;
Twice defeated in the struggle,
I had fully lost that day.

Once again the sweet voice pleaded,
And I hastened to obey,
Left my morning work unfinished,
Sought the solitude to pray.
I would leave my daily labor
For a visit with a friend—
Should I now refuse to listen,
And my heavenly Guest offend?

They were sweet, those few short
moments!
And my Saviour seemed so near
As he whispered words of comfort
And of warning in my ear.
All my work seemed ever lighter
In companionship so sweet:
With my Saviour close beside me,
That day's victory was complete.
ELLA M. ROBINSON.

He Knows the Burden

WHEN I saw your "sky-scrapers" in New York for the first time, I was interested not in the beauty of them, but in their construction; for I learned that each part is tested to a hair's breadth that it may properly bear its burden. That is the way our Father deals with us. He will make the burden no greater than it ought to be. "He knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust."—*Dr. W. J. Dawson.*

Out Into the Storm

I WAS one time in a room a hundred feet above the earth. A chimney swift had found his foolish way into the room; and from scratchings on the window it was very apparent that all the day, and maybe days, he had tried to find his way through the window into the sky. I chanced to come there late one night, and found the swift baffled with the light I held in my hand. My heart was so sore with pity that I climbed and caught the trembling bit of bird and feather in my hand, and opening the window, put him out into the out-of-doors for which he was meant, and where his life was. But he turned his face my way, saw the flicker of the light, and flew back in.

So he did time and again, not knowing that the sky was his place, that the sky was about him, and not the peril a hundred feet below. He had wings,

but didn't try them. At last I took the trembling bird and flung him into the sky, black and starless, and unlit by any lamp, and closed the window. Do you not observe that by my throwing him out into the sky I did not hurt him, but saved him? God must do that with us. Sometimes we think our safety is our home. What I am saying this morning to the praise of God is that sometimes he casts us out into jeopardy; because God is more concerned about our strength and our service and our enlarged life than he is that we have no peril.

O, heart, how you ache! Did God send the ache?—No. But God let you out where the ache was. There are worse troubles than heartaches. And, beloved, if you think that God is trying the conservatory plan on your heart, you misunderstand him. In the conservatory they shut out the storm, and baffle the winds, and what they grow is flowers that the first spring breath, leaning to kiss them, would break. And God is concerned not that we get on easily, but that we get on to something that will stand when the final storm breaks over us.—*Selected.*

Not Interested

"I CAN'T get interested in missions!" exclaimed a young girl, petulantly, and if the truth must be told, a bit superciliously, as she left one of our thrilling missionary meetings in company with an older lady, presumably an aunt or other relative. We were near enough to hear her answer.

"No, dearie," came the pitying response, "'t isn't to be expected you would, yet a while. It's just like getting interest in a bank—you have to put in a little something first; and the more you put in—time or money or praying, it doesn't matter which—the greater will be your interest in missions. But you must put in something, or you never *will* have any interest. Try it, dearie; just put in a little something!"—*Selected.*

Have Me Excused

MOSES said he was slow of speech; Jeremiah said he could not speak, for he was a child; and we in our lesser way have set up our feeble excuses against the thunder of God. . . . A deadly error lurks here. We are apt to mistake our fear for religious modesty, and by so much we cast indirect reproach upon others. When we plead inability to do God's work, we are in reality profanely distrusting God's strength. Are not many of us standing back with a wicked excuse in our mouths? Are we not pleading illness, or weakness, or inability, or incapacity, that we may escape the burden and heat of the day? With what resentment should we encounter the suggestion of weakness, were it to come from others! And yet we hold it up as a plea and a defense against the comrades of heaven! Beautiful is modesty in its own place—a heavenly flower, sweet, tender, and precious; but never forget that there is something which closely imitates its loveliest features, and that its foul name is—*Hypocrisy.*—*Joseph Parker.*

It is easy in the world
to live after the
world's opinions; it is
easy in solitude to live
after our own; but the
great man is he who in
the midst of the crowd
keeps with perfect
sweetness the independ-
ence of solitude.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



Boys, Are You Selling Your Birthright for a Mess of Pottage?

ANCIENTLY the first-born in every family was bequeathed a double share of property, and received a special blessing from the father before his death.

Of the twin sons born to Isaac, this prerogative fell upon Esau; and, though greatly beloved of his father, he seems to have been a reckless young man, who gave way to rash inclinations. He was a "cunning hunter, a man of the field," while Jacob lived a more quiet life, "dwelling in tents."

Esau, after one of his long ramblings in search of venison, returned home faint and hungry. He found Jacob boiling a pot of red lentils, which was very tempting to his gnawing appetite. Esau said, "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint." Jacob replied, "Sell me this day thy birthright." Though but little of their conversation is recorded, yet it would seem by the way Esau worded his request, that he had at other times returned from the field faint and hungry, and had been fed and refreshed at the hand of Jacob with the "same" red pottage that he was then making.

At times Esau doubtless returned the favor by giving Jacob some of his venison. But on this particular occasion, he had seemingly returned home empty-handed; and Jacob, already jealous of Esau's superior position as inheritor of his father's property and blessing, and coveting the same, refused to nourish him without a special compensation. Knowing, too, his careless disposition, and realizing what rash things he would do under moments of pressure and provocation, Jacob took advantage of this weakness, and requested his birthright.

Esau said to Jacob, "Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Jacob said, "Swear to me this day; and he swear unto him; and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright."

But later in life, when Isaac had grown old, he called Esau to him to bestow the favored blessing, first commanding him to go to the field for venison to make savory meat for his father. On his return home Esau awakened to the fact that the birthright blessing, which in reality he had bartered away in his youth, had now been deceitfully stolen from the father by Jacob. The rash deed of his early manhood had seemingly been kept secret from his father. And, while the special blessing naturally belonged with the birthright, yet it was not always so bestowed. It was often given to the favorite son. The birthright, however, was a legal affair, and could not be changed without the rightful heir's consent. But when Esau heard the unalterable words of his father, "Yea, and he shall be blessed," "he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry."

Not until then had he prized his birthright, and he sadly made reference to it in his reproach of Jacob:

"Is not he rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing." Then pleadingly he asked his father, "Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?" The father answered, "Behold, I have made him the lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; and with corn and wine have I sustained him: and what shall I do unto thee, my son?"

With heart sore, and trembling with remorse, he still pleaded with the father, "Hast thou but *one* blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father." And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept. And, though a blessing was given, it was not and could not be the special blessing which might have been his.

Now, boys and young men of to-day, you who are growing up into manhood, what about your birthright? What about the special privileges that belong to you by inheritance? Are you not the recipients of some favored blessing? Cast a glance about you, consider your surroundings, your opportunities and capabilities. Are you prizing your intellectual endowments—that natural birthright which comes by heredity to every son and daughter born into the world? Some have a better inheritance than others, it is true; for God does visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate him, and does show mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments.

But O, how many young men are selling their birthright for the lusts of the flesh! They are bowing at the shrine of intemperance, worshiping the goddess of lust. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, and forbearance are laid on the altar, in exchange for hatred, discontent, envying, jealousy, impatience, boisterousness, pride, evil-thinking, incontinence, and filthiness of the flesh. This exchange is not made all at once. Intemperate habits begin in childhood, and gradually grow stronger. The boy who loves to indulge the appetite and pays no attention to regularity of habits, little dreams of the baleful results. He doesn't see the future career of himself, living in a hovel, shut up behind prison-bars, or, perhaps, deprived of life because of some wretched crime.

The young man who takes his first cigar and first glass of wine, considers himself strong enough to keep within decent limits. When offered such by associates and friends, he doesn't wish to seem peculiar or to wound their feelings, and therefore places himself on a lower plane, simply to please and seem agreeable. Parents who set their tables with wines and liquors, do not realize the fearful snares they are placing in the paths of their children. Many a boy has received his first glass of beer in his own home, at his father's table. What a blessing to the cause of temperance if the head of every household would discard wine and beer!

The following incident is told of the Hon. Mr. Wilson of the United States Senate, now deceased:—

"After Mr. Wilson was elected to the United States Senate, he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston

hotel. The table was set with not a wine-glass upon it. 'Where are the wine-glasses?' several asked, loud enough to remind their host that some of his guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner. 'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Wilson, rising and speaking with a great deal of feeling, 'you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget the rock whence I was hewn, and the pit whence I was digged. Some of you know how the error of intemperance shadowed my youth. That I might escape, I fled from my early surroundings, and changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted under God to my temperance vow, and to my adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines can not come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I escaped.' Three rousing cheers showed the brave senator that men admire the man who has the courage of his convictions."

When Abraham Lincoln was first nominated president, a committee was sent from the Chicago convention to notify him of his election. When it was known by the citizens of Springfield that the committee was coming, several of them called upon Mr. Lincoln, and informed him that some entertainment must be provided. Lincoln replied, "Yes, that is so. What ought to be done? Just let me know, and I will attend to it."

"O we will supply the needed liquors," remarked his friends.

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I thank you for your good intention, but must respectfully decline your kind offer. I have no liquors in my house, and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends in that way. I can not permit my friends to do for me what I will not myself do. I shall provide cold water — nothing else."

Thousands of young men are ruining their usefulness, searing their consciences, blasting all hope for the future, and blighting their own happiness and that of loved ones. Why? — For the cursed cup. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1. Boys and young men, do you realize the truthfulness of that proverb? Have you seen enough of the raging mockery, the biting of the serpent, and the deceitful stinging of the adder to take warning? Or will you be among those who have woe, sorrow, contention, babbling, wounds without cause, and redness of eyes? Will you be among those profligate sons of Gehenna who tarry long at the wine and go to seek mixed wine? Are you willing so to deface the image of God in your soul? Are you willing to see it defaced in shame and degradation by those about you? You say, No! But what are you doing to stem the tide of evil that threatens to ruin the whole human race? What are you doing to lessen the bitter wail from millions of women and children who suffer on year after year?

Is it nothing to you, O men of strength and ability, that Satan holds in thrall so many souls for whom Christ died? Do you shudder to see those about you taking their first steps in a drunken career? You have a work to do in this great temperance warfare that can never be done by the weaker sex. Will you arise and do it? Will you lend a helping hand? Not until men take the lead in fighting intemperance will there be much lasting progress. Women have fought the gigantic evil bravely, with the aid of a few men who

have prized their birthrights. They have accomplished much; but, young men and boys, *you* must enlist; *you* must "lend a strong hand to the fallen, and defend the right against envious strains;" *you* must assist, and help to give at least "one throb of comfort to some aching heart," and to "cheer some way-worn soul in passing by."

Vow in your own heart to be a total abstainer, and to fight the great evil in your own life and in that of others. "Be true to your best self always, and no one can drag you down."

O, if the sight of a drunkard *would* only remind us that every boy in the world is in danger! — and not the boys alone, but the girls and little, innocent children! More fearful every day grows the terrible evil. Young friends, what will you do to check its abnormal growth? Will you not rise up in arms and use all the power you possess on the side of true temperance?

You may not have a brother in the flesh who is down in the gutter. You may not have a sister who is living in the slums, or a mother who weeps in anguish over her husband's fall, and who suffers for food and clothing. But you *should* have the love of a brother for the unfortunate, and should manifest that love in your life by deeds of kindness and by setting your heart as flint to work against the great evil. Will you do it?

Don't sell your birthright, boys, nor let Satan cheat you out of the special blessing which God has in store for you as his sons.

Never drink the first glass of wine.

Never play the first game of billiards.

Never touch the first cigarette or cigar.

Spend your evenings at home or in good company, and cultivate all the fruits of the Spirit.

MARY M. CRAWFORD.

Laying Up Heart Treasures

"I CAN recite many of the psalms, and nearly half of the hymns in the hymn-book I sang from when I was young," said a woman of ninety years. Many persons stopped to speak to this dear old saint as she potted among her flowers during the spring and summer months. Here was an old-fashioned garden, which had a bloom for every week after the snow left it; but the greatest charm of the garden was its owner, with her keen mind still active, her memory a well of historical facts and friendly reminiscences, and most of all, full of apt Scripture quotations. The Bible, its thoughts and its stories, its lessons and prophecies, had run in and out like a thread of gold through ninety years, and the thread of gold never tarnished as it passed through the cares and responsibilities, the trials and sorrows, of a long life. As for its pleasures, the golden thread shone brightest even beside shining days of gladness.

Life does not present, in advance, its hills of difficulty, its days of dire temptation, its nights of foreboding, its hours of grief. Only the sunny days stand forth to the hopes of the young. Yet even these may be made brighter, and often a dark day turned into a day of light, through a heart-thought of inspiration, or the rhythmical melody of some strong, sweet hymn. Our Sabbath-schools have a double work to do, — the education and direction of the child's budding spiritual life in its youth, the time of seed-sowing, and the laying up of heart treasures for the future. Here and there a Sabbath-school is grasping the memorizing period in the children's lives, to encourage them to store away

a wealth of Bible treasures, and hymns that never grow old.

Five years' Memory Work in One School

One school, whose pupils have been learning memory verses and hymns for the last five years, has reached the point where the school has several chapters, and sets of verses, which it can repeat in concert,—the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the armor verses in Ephesians, the angel's song and Simon's song at Christmas time, and a number of psalms. The ninety-first psalm is a favorite with this school. So familiar has it grown, that a few weeks ago a little nine-year-old girl, of a dreamy nature, recited the whole psalm, with the other scholars, without missing one word, while her eyes dreamed off into space. It was a thrilling sight to see how absolutely that care-taking psalm had come to be a part of the child,—how surely it would be waiting her day of need in the years to come. No doubt the words had been explained to her, and the "angels who had charge over her" may have been in her dream, but, in any case, reciting that psalm had passed the day of effort, and reached that of simple outpouring.

Hymns That Every Child Should Know

"Joy to the World, the Lord Has Come," "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," and "Rock of Ages," should be a part of every child's store of hymn knowledge, with the story of how they have upheld the saints of the past, but, equally, should the inspired hymns of their own time win their place in the young hearts, as they learn Philips Brooks's "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Whittier's "We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps," and Ray Palmer's "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

The children of to-day have among them the hymn writers of the future. Let us make it plain that the Scriptures are still a living Word, and the great gift of hymnology is still given to men in these later days.

Heart Wealth for the Future

We may not guide the steps of the children away from pitfalls, over deserts, on the rolling deep, or guard them against the buffetings of life, but we may, with God's help, weld the armor which shall protect them, making it strong with a hundred links of Scripture promises, of counsel, of the proffered strength of the Lord, making it shine with sympathy, tenderness, and love. The wonderful power of association continually reveals itself in unexpected times and ways. The ability of the mind to go back and find in the treasures of youth just the thought needed for our later day of need, is one of God's wonderful leadings. For years a thought or a memorized word may have lain dormant in our minds, but in his own good time the Lord uses that thought for restraining, or upbuilding, or the infinite consolation of a life. Then let us give the children this heart wealth for the future in generous measure, knowing we can give them no better heritage for the days to come.—*Elizabeth Gerhard, in The Westminster Teacher.*

WILT thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill.

—Emerson.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty, that makes them seem divine.

—Shakespeare.



Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Central America — No. 1

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

Central America.

History.

Spanish Rule.

General Description.

Ruins.

Missions.

History

Nestling down between two great continents and two broad oceans, lie the republics of Central America. The region of these republics was originally known as Old Guatemala. Its early history is well summed up in the following words: "A multifarious swarming of races prevailed in Central America; civilized nations roamed hither and thither; centers of civilization flourished and perished; numerous languages existed side by side, and were exchanged and changed with marvelous rapidity."

Not many years after Columbus discovered America, the coast of Nicaragua was accidentally discovered by an explorer named Gil Gonzales. While traveling some distance in the interior, he found a petty ruler named Nicaragua, living on the lake that now bears his name. Gil Gonzales and his comrades were much surprised at the questions they were asked by this "semi-naked barbarian." He inquired if they had heard of any great deluge, and if there was to be another one.

From the similarity of their language and their mode of writing, it appears that the Nicaraguans were of Mexican origin. They showed considerable skill in building, and in framing laws. When Gonzales returned to Panama six months later, he had baptized thirty thousand of the natives into the Catholic faith.

The possession of Nicaragua proved a matter of much dispute among Spanish officers. Gonzales was soon slain, and the country became a battle-ground for many years.

Guatemala was governed by the Tultecas, who also came from Mexico. Their experience is said to have been similar to that of the Israelites during the exodus out of Egypt. After having been oppressed for five hundred years, the Tultecas were warned by one of their gods to flee. After wandering about many years they finally settled in Guatemala. They were civilized to some extent, as they possessed money; their artisans were goldsmiths, painters, and workers in feathers; and their laws were framed with care. They also had schools for boys and girls in the principal towns.

Spanish Rule

About the year 1524 the Spanish general Alvarado made a campaign along the Pacific coast, and by fighting, threatening, and promises of favor he secured the allegiance to Spain of a greater part of the coast tribes.

For many years the different provinces of Central America were in continual warfare. In 1537 Los Cosas and a number of other missionaries began to

labor among the natives. For upward of a century they and their successors continued to teach the Catholic faith, and thus opened the way to a recognition of Spanish authority.

After the invasion of Spain by France in 1808, the Indians of Central America began to show symptoms of dissatisfaction with Spanish tyranny. When Napoleon fell, and Spain adopted a constitution, Guatemala quickly appropriated one to herself. After considerable internal strife a republic was established in 1824, modeled after the United States. Hardly had the instrument of independence been signed when party spirits began to sow seeds of strife. Soon the whole country was in a state of revolution, which ended in a division into the states now known to us. Several attempts have since been made to unite these republics, but they have all failed.

Some years ago the United States made an effort to secure permission to build a canal through Nicaragua, but, as the Nicaraguan officials would not ratify the treaty, it was dropped.

General Description

Honduras is rich in minerals; gold, silver, copper, zinc, and quicksilver being found in abundance. Guatemala is the most enterprising of the republics, and is more nearly abreast with modern times. It has a population of about two million, of which more than half are purely Indians. Its educational system is modeled after the American. Thorough instruction by American teachers is given in various trades.

Central America is a country of mountains, tropical forests, lakes, rivers, and coast plains. Parts of it are very fertile and well cultivated. In area it is a little smaller than California, with a population about equal to that of New York City. Many volcanoes are scattered among its mountain ranges. Among its exports are coffee, sugar, fruits, and woods. The rainy season lasts six months. Traveling in the interior is mainly by mule; but along the coast railroads are being built, and these are stimulating commercial activity.

Ruins

Among the objects of interest in Guatemala none are more fascinating than the ruins near Quirigua, telling of a civilization that long antedated the arrival of Europeans in America.

"The interest centers in the thirteen large carved monoliths which are arranged irregularly round what were probably the most important plazas. Six of these monuments are tall stones measuring three to five feet square, and standing fourteen to twenty feet out of the ground. The other five are oblong or rounded blocks of stone shaped so as to represent huge turtles or armadilloes or some such animals. All these monuments are covered with elaborate carving. Usually on both back and front of the tall monoliths there is carved a huge human figure standing full face and in a stiff and conventional attitude. The sides of the monuments are covered with tables of hieroglyphs, most of them in fairly good preservation. In addition to these tables of hieroglyphs, there are series of squares, or cartouches, of what appears to be actual picture-writing, each division measuring about eighteen inches square, and containing usually two or three grotesque figures of men and animals. The design of these picture-writings shows considerable variety and freedom of treatment as compared with that of the large-size human figures, in the execution of which the artist seems to have been bound by conventional rules.

Missions

The people are Roman Catholics. In all the states but Costa Rica Protestantism is tolerated. The Moravians opened a mission in 1847. Many lives were sacrificed to the malarial climate in continuing the work.

The Presbyterians founded a mission in 1883, but not until 1891 did Seventh-day Adventists begin work. At present we have few laborers; but they are doing a good work, holding aloft the torch of truth. Brother E. L. Cardey, recently writing from Guatemala, says:—

"The Lord has wonderfully opened the way for us to reach the people. He has told us that in many of the dark places of the earth the way is being opened for the quick advance of this message. When we thought of entering this republic, we had in mind opening a school here for our young people in this conference, and making it a missionary factor by admitting outside pupils. After coming here we met an American missionary who has been conducting an English mission school in this city for six years. On account of failing health and overwork, she desired to sell the school to some mission society. A mission society here tried to buy it some time ago, but she did not sell to them.

"However, from the first, she has wanted to sell to us, because, she said, she felt we would carry on the work that she had been trying to do. She seems to have been well acquainted with our work in Michigan. Almost as soon as we spoke of buying, the other missionaries tried to influence her not to sell to us, saying it would be a 'terrible thing' for us to get started here. After praying much over the matter, and counseling with others, we decided that it would be a good opening for us. From the first, we have felt that the Lord was in this matter, but it means a great deal to take over a school like this, not having the money to buy, nor having the teachers to carry on the work. Yet we have laid hold of the promises of God, and on the tenth of September we closed the deal for the Guatemala English School. In all, we pay four hundred dollars for the school. This includes desks for seventy pupils, tables, chairs, maps, and such supplies as go with a school. The enrolment at present is about fifty, and these are of the best class in the city. The president of Guatemala has shown the school many favors.

"We have walked out by faith in buying this school, but we are sure that when the Lord makes an opening like this, he has also somewhere the means to pay for it.

"The conference is now having a gasoline launch built in Ruatan for our work along the coast and among the islands. It is thirty-two feet long and eight feet beam. The work will be much better organized in this field when this boat is in operation. We have been able to raise nearly all the money needed to build it without calling for donations from any one."

C. E. HOLMES.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course Lesson XII—"Great Controversy," Chapter XVII

Heralds of the Morning

1. How can it be said that "the second advent is the very key-note of the Sacred Scriptures"?
2. What is meant by "the restitution of all things"?

3. Classify the texts on the second coming of Christ quoted in this chapter under these headings: Promise of His Coming, Purpose of His Coming, and Manner of His Coming.

4. Note the statements of the Reformers in regard to this event, and think what additional light we have.

5. Explain Mark 13:24.

6. Why did the professed people of God fail to understand the signs of Christ's second coming?

7. What features of these signs seem most impressive?

8. How extensively were these signs witnessed?

9. After reading the description of "the day of the Lord," describe it to some one else.

10. What relation do the messages of Revelation 14 sustain to the second coming of Christ? Repeat the first message.

11. Why did the people of God make no preparation for the Saviour's first advent?

12. Compare the heralds of Christ's first and second coming.

13. How only can the Christian keep from backsliding?

Notes

The two books, "Coming King" and "Heralds of the Morning," will be excellent help on this chapter.

HEAPING UP TREASURES.—Rev. H. W. Bowman, speaking upon this subject with reference to our time, says: "Such colossal fortunes, such hoarding of treasures, such combinations of wealth, with such rapid increase of poverty, were never witnessed before. Our age alone fits the mold."

HARD TIMES.—"For years all over the world there has been a continuous and increasing cry of hard times, caused by the scarcity of money, while, as a matter of fact, there has been more money in the world than ever before."—*Bible Student's Library*, No. 194.

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.—The "Messiah's Herald" says: "One hundred forty-four social autocrats, headed by an aristocrat, held a great ball. Royalty never eclipsed it. It was intensely exclusive. Wine flowed like water. Beauty lent her charms. Neither Mark Antony nor Cleopatra ever rolled in such gorgeousness. While it was going on, says one journal, one hundred thousand starving miners in Pennsylvania were scouring the roads like cattle in search of forage, some of them living on cats, and not a few committed suicide to avoid seeing their children starve. Yet one necklace from the metropolitan ball would have rescued all these from hunger."

A WOEFUL DAY AHEAD.—Near the close of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until the wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few, and this republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war."

DISTRESS OF NATIONS.—Bishop Newman, a few years ago, said: "We are now passing through the most unsettled condition of the world since the crucifixion of Christ. . . . And whatever be the cause that shall touch the first match to the fuse, no human power can foretell in what countries that fuse may lead to an international explosion."

Rev. Canon Scott Holland, a clergyman of England, says: "The outlook in Europe never presented so wholly an unchristian spectacle since the days of Constantine. Even in the medieval days, peace, and not war was regarded as the normal condition of men. Now nations are watching one another like wild beasts in a jungle, and Christian Europe has armed itself in defiance of everything which Christ came to teach. Blood and iron rule. Huge camps, and seas crowded with horrible ships of war, meet the eye at every turn."

UNIONS AND COMBINATIONS.—"Men see the way things are going. They know that the times are precarious and perilous, and, in order to save themselves from results which they see must certainly follow, they resort to unions and combinations of various sorts. . . . Every effort made in this way will only increase the trouble, and make more certain the ruin which they hope to escape. This must be apparent to every one who will look candidly at these things as they are to-day; for never before was there a time in the world when there were such vast combinations of capital, and never was there a time when capital was so insecure. Never were there such vast organizations and combinations of labor as now, and never was labor in a worse plight."—*Bible Student's Library*, No. 174.

Strength of Character

THE principles that underlie God's dealings with men are essentially the same in every age and clime, without regard to position or rank. Although God is no respecter of persons, he respects character wherever it is found, whether in palace or hovel.

The seven sons of Jesse were noble-looking men, and even the prophet Samuel was deceived with Eliab's outward appearance; but the Lord passed them all by, and David, who was caring for his father's sheep, was sent for, and anointed king over Israel.

Saul, for the inconstancy of his character in allowing the fear of the people to turn him from carrying out the Lord's requirements, was rejected from being king.

The measure of character is the law of God, and faithfulness in obeying it in every particular constitutes the test of character.

The fact that Nebuchadnezzar was the ruler of the golden kingdom in the zenith of its power and prosperity, did not count much with God, for the king was driven from among men and made to eat grass as oxen until he learned the lesson that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and appointeth over it whomsoever he will. But to captive Daniel was the message sent by one of heaven's special messengers, "Thou art greatly beloved." Dan. 9:23.

So it is to-day. God never changes. The youth who, like Joseph, steadfastly refuses to compromise with evil will in due time receive recognition from him with whom character is all that counts. A character that is true to duty under adverse circumstances, that is steadfast under trials, patient under tribulation, faithful unto death; a character that prays for its persecutors, that is energetic and zealous in serving the Lord, that perseveres under difficulties, that will not shrink from a right course of action even though the scorn of men is heaped upon him, and, withal, stoops low to raise the fallen and depraved among humanity,—such are the characters that count with God. It is faithfulness in little things that makes a perfect character, and one wrong act may prove fatal to a character that took a lifetime to form.

WM. T. GUNRAJ.



II — Israel Delivered from Famine

(January 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 6: 24; 7; 13: 14-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "This day is a day of good tidings." 2 Kings 7: 9.

The Lesson Story

1. Benhadad, king of Syria, made war against Samaria. His army surrounded the city, so the people were shut in and could get no food. This caused a great famine.

2. "Then Elisha said, Hear ye the word of the Lord; Thus saith the Lord, To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria. [A shekel was sixty cents.] Then the lord on whose hand the king leaned answered the man of God, and said, Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" And Elisha said, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.

3. "And there were four leprous men at the entering of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall into the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." Then these lepers waited till twilight, and went to the farthest point of the Syrian camp, but they found no man there.

4. "For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said one to another, Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their life."

5. When the lepers found no man in the camp, they went into one of the empty tents, and ate and drank, and carried out silver and gold and clothing and hid them, and then did the same in another tent.

6. "Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." So they went and told the porter of the city that they went into the Syrian camp and found no one there, but horses and asses tied, and the tents as they were. Then the porter told others to carry the news to the king.

7. "And the king arose in the night, and said unto his servants, I will now show you what the Syrians have done to us. They know that we be hungry; therefore are they gone out of the camp to hide themselves in the field, saying, When they come out of the city, we shall catch them alive, and get into the city." But one of his servants asked the king to send horses and men and see whether the report were true, and to this the king consented.

8. "And they went after them unto Jordan: and, lo, all the way was full of garments and vessels, which

the Syrians had cast away in their haste. And the messengers returned, and told the king. And the people went out, and spoiled the tents of the Syrians. So a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the word of the Lord."

9. The king appointed the lord who doubted Elisha's word to have charge of the gate. Elisha had told him that he should see the word of the Lord come true, but that he should not eat the food the Lord would provide, and his word was fulfilled, for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died that night.

10. After this Elisha became sick with the sickness of which he died. And Joash, the king of Israel, came where he was, and wept over him, saying, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Elisha told the king to take bow and arrows, and when the king put his hands on the bow, Elisha put his hands on the king's hands. Elisha had the window opened eastward, and then he said to the king, "Shoot," and he shot. The prophet told him that meant deliverance from Syria.

11. Then Elisha told the king to take the arrows and strike on the ground. And he struck three times and stopped. "And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." God's word spoken by Elisha was exactly fulfilled, for "three times did Joash beat him [Ben-hadad, king of Syria], and recovered the cities of Israel."

12. The Lord wrought a miracle at Elisha's grave long after his death. As a man was being buried, bands of Moabites were seen coming toward the grave. The men dropped the body of the dead man, and as soon as he "touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet."

Questions

1. Against what city did the king of Syria make war? What did he do to distress the people there? From what did they suffer?

2. What message did the Lord give through Elisha at that time? Did it seem possible so great a change could come so soon? What did one of the lords of the king say about it? Because of his unbelief, what did Elisha say should be his fate?

3. What kind of men were at the entrance of the gate of Samaria? How many of these lepers were there? What did they say was in the city? What would come to them if they remained where they were? What did they propose to do? How long did they wait before carrying out their plan? How far did they go into the Syrian camp? What did they find?

4. What had the Lord caused the Syrian host to hear? What did they say to one another? What did they do? What did they leave behind? What only did they try to save?

5. When the lepers found the Syrians gone, what did they do? What did they hide?

6. What did they say after this? To whom did they tell what they had found? Where was the news carried by others?

7. What did the king of Israel say the Syrians had planned to do? What did one of his servants ask to have done?

8. How far did the king's messengers follow the Syrian army? What did they find strewn all along

the way? Why had these things been thrown away? What news did the messengers bring the king? Then what did the people do? How was the word of the Lord fulfilled?

9. Who was appointed to take charge of the city gate? How was the word of the Lord still further fulfilled?

10. When Elisha was about to die, who visited him? What did the king say? What did Elisha tell him to do? Tell how they prepared to shoot.

11. What did the prophet tell the king to do with his arrows? How many times did he strike? How did Elisha feel, and what did he say? How were these words exactly fulfilled?

12. What miracle was wrought at the grave of Elisha as a testimony that God had spoken by his servant?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II — Sharing the Consolation of Christ

(January 9)

MEMORY VERSE: "And this is life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." John 17:3.

Questions

1. What took place at midnight in the prison at Philippi? Acts 16:26.
2. When the jailer saw the prison doors open, what was he about to do? Verse 27.
3. How was he hindered? Verse 28.
4. What did the jailer then do? What question did he ask? Verses 29, 30.
5. What was the reply? Verse 31.
6. Is belief in Christ sufficient for salvation? Acts 4:12; Rom. 10:8-10; note, 1.
7. What does belief on the Lord Jesus Christ include? Eph. 2:10; 1 John 2:6.
8. What was the result of the preaching of Paul and Silas to the jailer? Acts 16:32-34.
9. What characteristic of a true believer did the jailer manifest?—He rejoiced. See Rom. 15:13.
10. What did the magistrates do in the morning? Acts 16:35.
11. What answer did Paul then make? Verses 36, 37; note 2.
12. In what way did the magistrates acknowledge the injustice of the course they had pursued? Verses 38, 39.
13. When Paul and Silas were liberated, what did they do? Verse 40.
14. In so doing, what words of Paul were they fulfilling? 2 Cor. 1:3-6.

Notes

1. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We must accept perfect belief on the Lord Jesus Christ as the all-sufficient means of salvation. We are saved by faith, not by works. The reason so many speak disparagingly of simple belief, saying, "It is all right to believe, but we must do something, as well," is because they fail to realize the wonderful comprehensiveness of Bible belief. *Believing*, in the Bible sense, includes *doing*.

2. "Paul and Silas felt that to maintain the dignity of Christ's church, they must not submit to the illegal

course proposed by the Roman magistrates. The apostles were Roman citizens, and it was unlawful to scourge a Roman, save for the most flagrant crime, or to deprive him of his liberty without a fair trial and condemnation. They had been publicly thrust into prison, and now refused to be privately released, without proper acknowledgment on the part of the magistrates.

"When this word was brought to the authorities, they were alarmed for fear the apostles would make complaint of their unlawful treatment to the emperor, and cause the magistrates to lose their positions. They accordingly visited the prison, apologized to the apostles for their injustice and cruelty, and themselves conducted them out of the prison, and entreated them to depart out of the city. Thus the Lord wrought for his servants in their extremity."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul*, page 79.

An Undisciplined Generation

(Concluded from page four)

and even such attenuated reading is a weariness to the flesh of most of us. There are days together when our intellectual diet is cut down to head-lines. Anything heavier would unfit us for business.

"What is it that ails us? Can we be cured by the moral hypnotist; or shall we have to put ourselves on a regimen? Our own diagnosis is that we have lazily, negligently, with inexcusable moral slovenliness, allowed ourselves to get out of training. One can no more maintain a vigorous intellectual and moral life without practise than he can keep his muscles hard without exercise. When the man who has been used to physical work gives himself up to loafing, he endures miseries of restlessness, and imagines that he needs a drink. Quite as certainly the man who lets himself believe that he is unequal to hard mental work soon finds his mind shying at concentration; and when the power to concentrate is gone, the total personality disintegrates. It can no longer grip itself in self-control.

"It is our firm belief that most of the restlessness and half of the wickedness of the American people to-day are directly attributable to slovenly mindedness. Neither drugs, nor 'suggestions,' nor a thousand reformatories can or could do as much to redeem us from impending moral ruin as a despotic and omnipotent schoolmaster might accomplish. As a nation we need to be intellectually hammered and 'walloped.' We ought to be made to commit Greek and Latin grammars to memory, to grind through algebras and trigonometries, to wrestle with logics and philosophies. If we could thus be put to it, the moral fogs would begin to lift, the newspapers would cease to address themselves primarily to simpletons, and the nerve doctors would go out of business."

Though we know that this severe intellectual régime would not prove a panacea for all of America's ills, we know that it would richly reward the person who submitted himself to the training, and many others besides would be benefited by the increased usefulness of the one who had received strenuous mental discipline along right lines of thought and study. The young men and women in our schools especially should welcome every endeavor on the part of their instructors to secure from the pupils vigorous intellectual effort. They should even demand it of themselves, irrespective of the demands of the faculty.

The Youth's Instructor

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No Troubles Like Family Troubles

JUDGE LINDSEY, of Denver, Colorado, is the originator of the juvenile-court idea. Since his idea materialized in the successful juvenile court of Denver, cities in nearly every State have established such courts, and invaluable good has come through them to unfortunate and delinquent childhood.

Judge Lindsey, in speaking before the W. C. T. U. convention recently held in Denver, related the following incident:—

"In our own struggles I feel a great deal of the philosophy of the little boy who came to me, as hundreds have come, for consolation and help. He came into my chambers one day, dropped his little head on his bosom, and half-tearfully said, 'Judge, there are no troubles like family troubles.' I said, 'Well, my little boy, you keep a stiff upper lip, and you will come out all right.' When the grafters of corrupt political rings and the dive element, that seemed to have a greater power among them than the righteous element, said that I could not be judge of the juvenile court again because I had exposed the causes of iniquity and crime, I happened to meet this little boy at the door of the convention hall where we had temporarily triumphed over those powers, and I said, 'My little boy, there are no troubles like political troubles.' He remembered his visit to me, and he looked up into my face and said, 'Judge, don't forget what you told me—"Keep a stiff upper lip, and you will come out all right.'" And so, my friends, in this fight for childhood, not only in this city and State, but throughout the United States and throughout the world, we are bound to triumph in the end."

Very Interesting Figures

FOR a number of years after our work started, our literature was given away, it being considered an impossibility to sell such an unpopular message. But in 1855 Elder J. N. Loughborough decided that an effort should be made to sell our publications; so he made up some packages containing one copy of everything published, and offered them for thirty-five cents a package. Many such packages were disposed of. A similar sample package of English publications at the present time would sell for \$253. It would contain a copy of 697 different tracts, 174 pamphlets, 99 periodicals, and 215 bound books.

During the time from 1855 to 1882, a period of twenty-seven years, there were sold of our works \$350,000 worth.

In 1882 books were first sold by subscription, and \$50,000 was realized that year from all sales.

From the beginning of 1883 to 1892, ten years, the sales amounted to \$3,360,000. The year 1891 was the banner year, \$819,000 worth of sales being registered.

The next ten years brought in \$2,956,000. The year 1896 of that period brought in only \$200,000 worth. In 1903 the sales began to increase, and continued to do so until, in 1906, they overstepped those of the banner year by more than five thousand dollars.

Then in 1907 all previous records were surpassed, the sales during that one year amounting to \$1,035,565. The returns for 1908 can not yet be given; but notwithstanding it is the *panic* year, the sales will eclipse those of 1907. A few comparisons will reveal that fact. The reports of our canvassers alone for a part of the year will show what we may expect when all sales are reported by our publishing houses:—

	1907	1908
January	\$ 26,000	\$ 25,000
February	26,300	30,000
March	36,200	36,300
April	35,200	43,800
May	51,100	67,400
June	65,300	82,800
July	75,700	120,973
August	46,500	66,900
September	32,000	51,000
October	40,000	62,700

The foregoing figures were given by Elder E. R. Palmer in a discourse, Sabbath, Dec. 5, 1908, at the Takoma Park church. They express in a practical way that some one is interested in getting the truth before the people, and they also show that there is an interest on the part of the people to read the truth. Surely they who are ready to step in through this open door, and hand out the message of truth to a waiting people, are especially dear to heaven; and such will have many sheaves to garner in in that glad day.

Illusions of War

WAR

I abhor,

And yet how sweet

The sound along the marching street

Of drum and fife! And I forget

Wet eyes of widows, and forget

Broken old mothers, and the whole

Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink

Of heady music, sweet as death:

And even my peace-abiding feet

Go marching with the marching street;

For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,

And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,

And my full heart is like to break;

And yet 'tis all embannered lies,

A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe

Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks

Hidden in music, like a queen

That in a garden of glory walks,

Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,

But not an infamy like this.

O, snap the fife, and still the drum,

And show the monster as she is!

—Richard LeGallienne.