Winnie Davis,
Takoma Park, D.C.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII January 5, 1909 No. 1

THIS and THAT

GOVERNOR-ELECT LILLEY, of Connecticut, has appointed Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as his aide-de-camp.

"BY touching a telegraph key at the Naval Observatory the exact time of the beginning of the winter solstice was made known by ocean cable, military telegraph, and wireless to all points in Alaska, December 21. 'Our object,' said General Allen, chief signal officer of the army, 'was simply to let the folk up there know just what moment the sun starts north, and at the same time let them know we were thinking of them.'"

FIVE thousand cats recently left one of the principal German ports on board a vessel bound for Japan. On their arrival they are to be settled in various seaside towns of the mikado's dominions. These are to be followed by four other consignments of the same size, according to the London *Globe*. These twenty-five thousand cats are not imported simply to serve Japanese boys and girls as pets, but to rid the country of its plague of rats.

"TWELVE children, belonging to a village in southeast Africa, walked over twenty miles to find the missionary, and then worked hard at the mission, carrying loads of sand upon their heads, to pay by their labor for a copy apiece of the New Testament. The Testament at that time was not fully translated into their language, and would not be printed for at least a year; but they wanted their names on the list for copies, though it was only the 'waiting list.'"

ONE of the speakers at a recent missionary convention told of a woman of Korea who, "at the request of her neighbors, had walked two hundred fifteen miles, carrying her baby on her back. In their remote valley they had heard of Jesus. They had heard that he was in their country. They wanted him. The others had household cares that prevented any of them from going, but that woman could go; she had only a baby, and they would help her. Each of her neighbors put two handfuls of rice into a sack. They said, 'Go, this will feed you on the trip.' The woman took her baby on her back, and the bag of rice, and came to the people who had Jesus with them. She found the Lord for herself, and carried him back to her country and her people."

"A Thousand Thoughts"

THESE thousand pithy thoughts referred to in the heading were written by Will Carleton, and are offered for sale in an attractive book form. A few selections from the book follow:—

"Many a lie has been told in words that were the exact truth."

"Carelessness is the silent partner of utter and complete failure."

"A child in the house at nine o'clock in the evening is worth ten in the streets."

"If ignorance is indeed bliss, it is a very low grade of the article."

"It is a great thing to know exactly where your absence is most advantageous."

"When any one never wants to be alone, you may be sure he is rather poor company."

"Tact has oiled more machinery than any other preparation in the world."

"You seldom really need things you get at a bargain."

"When a woman in modest garb wins a man, she can be pretty sure that she, not silkworms, accomplished the task."

"A good leader is of no good unless he can be led — and in the right directions."

"If you want your work mercilessly criticized, call on a lazy man."

The price of the book containing the foregoing thoughts, and nine hundred eighty-nine others of equal interest, is fifty cents, and it can be obtained of the Everywhere Publishing Company, New York.

A Pronunciation Test

"THE following rather curious piece of composition," says *Correct English*, "was placed upon the blackboard at a certain teachers' institute, and a prize of a dictionary was offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made:—

"'A sacrilegious son of Belial who has suffered

from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, and went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen.'"

A study of "The Speaker's Manual of Pronunciation" would help one to pass successfully the foregoing test. This valuable book can be obtained from the Review and Herald Office, Takoma Park, D. C., for twenty-five cents. It contains the correct pronunciation of nearly two thousand words.

"EMOTION, feeling,— these are well enough if they feed the springs of power."

"CHEERFULNESS is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence."

WHEN the "comic" supplement of the Sunday newspaper has become so debased and evil that as popular and prominent a journal as the *Literary Digest* should venture to condemn it, it is time the trash was forever expelled from the home of every Seventh-day Adventist.— *Kansas Worker.*

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 5, 1909 No. 1

Our Contributors

Close Observation Versus Scattered Observation

REPEATEDLY, in visiting regions new to me, I have been disappointed at the inability of residents to give information concerning local objects. Many persons do not realize that the most common need about our own premises has greater claim to our intelligent study than has the rarest plant from a foreign land. The insects that infest our garden, the bird which builds its nest under our eaves, or the rodent that burrows in our lawn, may be as remarkable as any creature known to zoologists; the bush that grows in our fence-corner may not have a duplicate in entire continents; the peculiar cleavage of the pebbles in our path, may mark them as being rare in some regions; local geographical names may contain clues to historical events as interesting as any commemorated by famous monuments; and the homely scene which we view, perhaps unheedingly, from our own windows, excells, mayhap, many that are depicted in distant galleries that we fain would visit.

If we wish to see more of the world, let us look closer before we look farther. There are many "globe-trotters" who are intellectually purblind; and there are home-dwellers who continually find new features of interest in the most familiar surroundings. A gifted woman whose duties had called her to many lands, once took me to see a peculiar wild plant which she had discovered in an unsightly vacant lot near our homes; and she exhibited the plant with as much enthusiasm as if it had been an orchid from Tibet. Among my neighbors in cosmopolitan California are several who have traveled in far countries; but the one who can give most information of value, has spent nearly all his life in the country in which he was born. One of the foremost botanists in the United States formed the foundation for his great work by studying the weeds in a neglected field of the home farm.

Verily, as one's powers of observation develop, one feels less need of wide territory in which to afford them due exercise. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

A Well That Witnessed for the True God

MANY a seemingly insignificant detail assumes large importance in dealing with superstitious minds. When, in an Indian village, a few families became Christians, at once the community was up in arms against the Christians using the village well. It would break the caste, and bring upon all the wrath of the gods. Therefore the converts got their water from a river. But the monsoon, or the summer rain, failed, and the river was going dry. The missionary decided that a well must be dug. Down in the hollow, water was surer, but the drainage of the village might contaminate the supply. On the higher ground on the upper side of the mission compound was the place — if only water could be found. But opinion in the village was against finding water there. Then, too, it was useless to dig a well without the services of the priests to secure the favor of the gods. But the Christians prayed to the God of heaven, and with all eyes in the village upon them, they went ahead with their well on the higher ground. Mr. Norman Russell tells the sequel as follows: —

"As the hole grew deeper and deeper, the prayers grew more earnest and frequent. It was not merely a question of getting water; to them the very God of the Christians was assailed, and his faithfulness at stake. The men never seemed to tire; the rest hour was shortened, even the time for meals was grudged from the well. The great heat, the unusual labor, the unfriendliness of the villagers, all were forgotten in the excitement of expectancy. Even the women gave a hand, and helped with the baskets. Deeper, still deeper, yet how slowly the hole crept downward; they were stripped to the waist, and the sweat was rolling down their sides; the rock was growing harder, and the great blocks of morum more difficult to dislodge; and yet as they looked round upon the uneven well-bottom, torn into rude crevices and ragged ridges, only the hard, dry stone appeared. But suddenly Raghu, dropping the basket he was loading, rushed to the side of the well, and began to examine carefully the bottom of a great slab of stone.

"'See,' Raghu exclaimed excitedly, holding up his apparently moistened hand, 'Isn't this water? Maro!' (Strike!) he shouted to the man with the pick; but without waiting for him to obey, he seized the implement himself, and with a mighty blow and still mightier upheaval, tore away the face of the slab.

"'Again!' shouted the three excited men, as the broken stone revealed sure signs of moisture on the soft rock beneath.

"'Shalask!' (well done); 'Bahut Achchha!' (very good); the shout of joy broke in exclamations from their lips, only, however, to be immediately checked, as they saw the hole quickly widen, and the stream of water grow clearer and increase. It seemed to them as if a subterranean reservoir had been struck; and for a moment or two the instinct of self-preservation occupied their whole attention; quickly the men were drawn up in the basket, the last tying the tools to the rope, as with nervous haste he scrambled out of the water, now fast approaching his knees; and they were barely out of the well when the place where they had been working was filled with water.

"Down on their knees they dropped in brief prayer of thanksgiving; and then — could you blame them? — a feeling of exultation and triumph burst up in their hearts, and rushing out into the village street, past the bunya shops and on to the kachahri of the Kamasdar, they shouted, 'Pani mil gaya! Pani mil gaya!' (We've got water! We've got water!) The villagers would not believe it till, hurrying out of the shops and houses, they rushed to the side of the well, and saw the fast-increasing water. It would have been difficult per-

haps to analyze their thoughts; a feeling of revulsion seemed to fill the hearts of many, and more than one exclaimed, 'Sach hai, Pani to mil gaya!' (It's true, they've got water!) And probably in the mind of not a few the conviction was uppermost that the God of the Christians had not failed them.

"Into all the countryside went the news that the Christians had procured water in a well, where even the Brahmans prophesied they would fail, and that without the aid of priest or pundit, or any service to the gods. And from all the village round about the people came to see the 'Jesus Christ well,' as it was commonly called. It was the best sermon we had ever had in the district. From that day we heard no more of the Christians being turned out; the well had conquered, and the followers of Jesus were received into the community. A few weeks later they were holding a service in the house of Kamasdar, preaching to some of their once bitter opponents of the love of Jesus." W. A. SPICER.

Golden Possibilities of One's Own Nature

"THUS would I do, and thus would I show kindness to my fellow men, if I but had the means," says one, and settles back to his life of uselessness. He is thinking of money alone, and neglecting those golden possibilities of his own nature, "whose power in helping others is far greater than that of gold itself." You are not rich? Perhaps you are poor. Very well, the greatest and best men of the world have been so. But, as Frank Fall says, "You have a hand whose firm and hearty grasp can send a thrill of good feeling and encouragement through some weary fellow traveler. You have a voice that can vibrate with tenderness and sympathy, or ring with wholesome mirth, when you are called upon to mourn or to rejoice with those around you. You have a smile that can thaw cold hearts and win its way into the lives of the most secluded. You *have* means that the millionaire may well envy. If he gives gifts without heart, and you give heart without gifts, his offering may fail of its mission, but yours — never." Your encouraging hand-shakes, your cheering words and helpful smiles, may seem like trifles, but let us not forget that these ordinary things can become important factors for good, and lead to extraordinary results. Many a life has been given a new impetus simply through a hearty hand-shake and a few cheering words. Who can tell the worth of only a smile?

In "the redemption of the commonplace" in the system of nature, it is interesting to observe how her commonplaces are changed into valuable agencies. Carbon is turned into flashing diamond. Limestone and iron are converted into blood-red marble. Who can tell the latent possibilities in a speck of dust? Who knows what is cradled in an atom? "God's mountains are not made out of huge chunks of granite, but out of minute flakes of mica. *Size has nothing to do with the valued work,* and we can not be happy until we surrender our wills, and cheerfully accept the one talent, or two, or ten, *counting it honor enough to do our appointed work* more perfectly than any other can possibly do it."

Experts tell us a watch is not impaired by running, nor a man by working, but rust will spoil the watch, and indolence will stunt a man's faculties. That unused talent, "hidden in the earth" by the man who was afraid to develop it, actually lost some of its own weight; and the man, unprofitable to himself and others, was sifted out because of his negligence. The youth who buries his talent buries himself.

Rightly used, our talents will always bless; degraded by disuse and wrong use, they become a menace to ourselves and to others.

Just a song?
Then sing it, going on your way,
It will bring to some heart
Joy and hope to-day.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Give Thanks

FOR harvests reaped from fields well tilled,
Give thanks, give thanks;
For cellar, barn, and garner filled,
Give thanks, give thanks;
For eyes to see and ears to hear,
For tongues to make our wishes clear,
For shelter and for kindred dear,
Give thanks.

For bleating flocks and lowing herds
Give thanks, give thanks;
For hum of bees and song of birds
Give thanks, give thanks;
For blossoms fair and stately trees,
For morning dews and evening breeze,
For mountains, valleys, streams, and seas,
Give thanks.

For ships returning from the deep,
(Give thanks, give thanks)
O'er which we often waked to weep,
Give thanks, give thanks;
For friends come back from far-off lands,
Of frozen snows or burning sands,
To clasp again our eager hands,
Give thanks.

For hours of labor and of play
Give thanks, give thanks;
For quiet sleep at close of day
Give thanks, give thanks;
For sweetly solemn Sabbath bells,
For tales of Christ the pastor tells,
For heaven, where God our Father dwells,
Give thanks.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Ten Short Talks on Christian Education

1 — Definitions

FRIENDS, don't frown. I know that "Christian Education" is a hackneyed term. But only that is hackneyed to which we give narrow limits. In the opening sentence of "Education," we read, "Our ideas of education take too narrow and too low a range." Let us see if we can not get upon the highlands of Christian education, and with breadth and clearness of vision find a beauty and meaning in the outlook not found within the narrow streets of our common thoughts.

Commonly, I venture to say, "Christian education" means to us a term of study at a Christian school. But I know of men who have a Christian education who never went to such a school. And I know of men who have gone to such a school who have not a Christian education.

First, what is education? — Broadly, it is whatever we learn. The baby is getting an education when he first begins to move his little fingers before his eyes, and when he balances so carefully in his first steps. The city boy is getting an education when he stays out on the streets at night, or stands staring at a flaring poster on the bill-board. The mechanic is getting an education as he bends over his machine, the housemaid as she washes the dishes, the farmer as he plants his corn.

We are educated by the operation of our minds upon our environment. No two get the same edu-

cation from the same things; while, again, no two come into contact with exactly the same things. Two boys go along the same road to school. One at the end of his walk can tell of the chipmunks he has seen, the birds whose voices he has recognized, the weather signal of the distant cloud; and the cheer of the open is in his face. The other, moping, knows nothing of all this; he remembers only how early he had to get out of bed to milk the cows, and how poor a breakfast his mother got him. Each is receiving a different education. And this is what is really included in the breadth of the term "education;" that is, the formation of character by means of the life experiences.

Men may also get a partial education from books; but books alone would give a very poor education. As David Grayson, in "Adventures in Contentment," puts it: "They (who only read) experience described emotion and think prepared thoughts. They live, not in life, but in printed reports of life. They gather the odors of odors, not the odor itself: they do not hear, they overhear. A poor, sad, second-rate existence," — and a poor, sad, second-rate education. Yet an education it may be; for education is simply the training through life which makes one what one is.

It is evident, then, that "Christian education" means simply such a training through life as will make a Christian. Now a Christian is one who has invited Christ to live in him. Christ was unselfish, self-denying, self-sacrificing. He sought neither wealth, honor, nor ease. He gave others freely of his possessions and his time; and while none could rightfully precede him before whom angels bowed, he never, by word or act, demanded honor which men would not give of their own wills. And, as at the Last Supper, he made himself the servant of all. The Christian will follow him in all this.

So, then, let each for himself decide whether any course he is pursuing, for the moment or for a long period, is what will produce in him the characteristics of Christ. Is my aim to become more opulent than my Master, who had not a place to lay his head? Do I strive for excellence in class or in shop or in public life, that others may give me praise, that I may be rewarded with a head-mark or a higher wage or a doctor's degree? Am I working hard now, at philosophy or art, just so that I may have an easy time by and by? All these purposes are foreign to Christian education. But what shall take their place we must discuss another time.

Only let it be noted that Christian education depends upon the individual, not upon the institution. And, as a final definition, let us say that he who develops the character of Jesus has a Christian education; and that he who shows few or none of the graces of Christ — whatever school he may have attended, and whatever studies he may have pursued — has not a Christian education. A. W. SPAULDING.

Work for All

WE can not all be preachers, and sway with voice and pen,
As strong winds sway the forest, the minds and hearts of men;
But we can be evangels to souls within our reach:
There's always love's own gospel for loving hearts to preach.

We can not all be heroes, and thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture, some deed that mocks at fear;
But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true:
There's always noble service for noble souls to do.

— *Northern Union Reaper.*

A Spare Minute Circle

[The following excellent article was written by one of our Missionary Volunteer secretaries to the young people in her conference. Let us all join the "Spare Minute Circle."]

THERE are about five hundred young people in our field, and I have been diligently searching for some way in which we could all become better acquainted, and for some plan whereby we could improve to the best advantage all our spare time. After seeking divine guidance and giving the matter much thought, I am persuaded there is no better way in which we can strengthen our characters and improve our time than to form a Spare Minute Circle, taking for our motto, "The harvest of life is character," and for our aim, "Be like Him." 1 John 3:2. As our motto and aim imply, our circle will be for the purpose of improving our minds, broadening our knowledge, and perfecting our characters.

Life is a sacred gift from God, and some day, sooner or later, we must give an account of the use we make of it. We have often heard that the little foxes spoil the vines, and I have often thought that it is the little spare-times — the few minutes, the half-hours — that we allow to run to waste, that really spoil our education, or, rather, are to blame that we have not a better education.

The Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies are beginning to realize this, too, and are forming study circles to improve their spare time. The Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference, having realized the necessity of good reading for our young people, has recommended to us a Reading Course, which consists of some of the best books to be had.

Now in our Spare Minute Circle each member will endeavor to spend all his spare minutes profitably, by devoting his time to good reading, or doing some loving service, especially in the home, but outside of it if he has opportunity. Our motto says, "The harvest of life is character." If the farmer wishes a good harvest in the fall, he has hard and continuous labor all the spring and summer, preparing the soil and planting the good seed. If he bestows no labor on his field, he will not reap a crop of grain, but of weeds. It is just so with our lives: if in the years to come, we would reap character, we must spend our time now in tilling the soil, planting the good seed, and uprooting the weeds from our lives, asking God to give grace and power to overcome the world, that we may indeed and in truth "be like him."

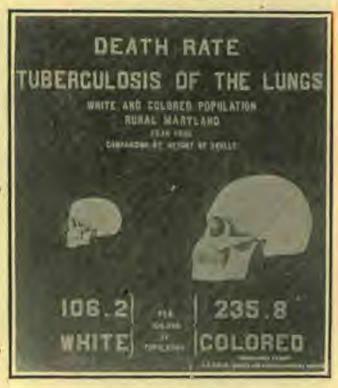
One of the most effectual ways to do this is to store the mind with truth by reading good books. Our books are our mental and spiritual pabulum,— the material on which the inner man feeds. Shall we feed our minds and souls with the heavenly manna? It is our privilege to do so. It is the good seed with which we may sow our field, and reap a harvest of character. This is to be the choice of every one who joins the Spare Minute Circle. It has been said, "The pen is mightier than the sword." This is true in more than one sense. The pen, if employed in writing truth, can move the heart when the sword can not; but if it is employed by the wicked and depraved, it is more destructive than the sword; for it not only destroys the usefulness of the life that now is, but also deprives of that which is to come. The sword kills bodies, but the pen ruins characters. Let us forever turn away from this dangerous reading-matter, and fill our minds with the good, noble, and true.

HEALTH HINTS

What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 5

Race and Tuberculosis

THE color of an Eskimo's lungs — a delicate pink — is in beautiful contrast to the black of a Pittsburger's lungs, and speaks volumes for the purity of the arctic air; yet if the Eskimo and the Pittsburger are equally exposed to tuberculosis, the man with the clean lungs will likely succumb, perhaps to quick consumption, while the man with the dirty lungs will yield much more slowly, or else recover.



Under similar conditions, the negro, the Indian, and the Eskimo are far more susceptible to tuberculosis than the whites. The wretched dwellers in the Jewish quarters of New York live notoriously unhygienic ghetto lives, but have few deaths from tuberculosis, as compared with other nationalities living under similar conditions. That this difference in race susceptibility is a matter of heredity, acquired by generations of contact with the disease, would seem evident from the facts.

The natives of the tropics are far more resistant to malaria and yellow fever than those who have come from temperate regions. Perhaps for generations these diseases have killed off the most susceptible, leaving the most resistant to transmit their characteristics to their children. In this way each generation becomes a little more resistant than the previous generation, and after a lapse of centuries a high degree of resistance is established.

How many centuries scarlet fever and measles have been with the whites, we do not know; but it has been so long that the resistance of the whites to these particular disorders has increased until now they rarely attack any but children; but if one of these diseases becomes implanted on new soil, like the islands of the Pacific, it kills off a large proportion of the population, old and young.

When the red men roamed this continent in freedom, and lived the open-air life, they were free from tuberculosis; but contact with civilization and the tubercle bacillus, and life in "civilized," air-tight houses has proved too much for them, and they are rapidly falling away before the white plague. Having tissues unused to the struggle with the tubercle bacillus, the combination of the white man's whisky, and the white man's houses, and the white man's germ, is proving too much for poor Lo. It is possible that if a few of the red men escaped the disease, their progeny, under fairly favorable circumstances, would be more resistant; and if there were many generations to follow, the red man might finally become highly resistant to the various evils of civilization which now threaten his extermination.

An interesting comparison has been made of the Irish and the Jews. Tuberculosis is probably a comparatively new disease in Ireland. Half a century ago the tuberculosis death-rate in Ireland was small as compared with that in Great Britain; but as the rate in the larger island has steadily diminished under better sanitary conditions, the rate in the smaller island has steadily increased, until now the death-rate from tuberculosis in Ireland is much higher than in Great Britain. The Irish live an open-air life, and there seems to be no reason why they should so readily fall victims to the disease, other than the fact that the disease is a comparatively new one to them, and they have not yet acquired by heredity a resistance to it.

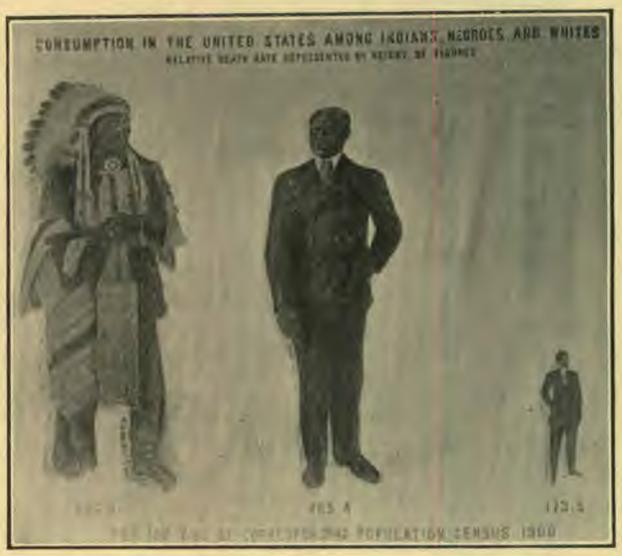
In the Irish quarter of New York the broad-chested fellows do not often contract tuberculosis, but when they do, they usually die of it; the narrower-chested dwellers of the Jewish quarter very commonly have tuberculosis, and have it for years, but usually die of something else. This difference is explained by one worker to be the result of generations of outdoor life on the part of the Irish not in contact with the bacillus of tuberculosis, and generations of crowded city life by the Jews, in constant contact with the bacillus.

It would seem then that unhygienic conditions and contact with the tubercle bacillus, while they ravage the present generation, may, through a long series of generations, have established a greater resistance to the disease. This would seem to be a plausible explanation for the difference in race susceptibility; but as has been said before, the problem of tuberculosis susceptibility is far from being settled.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

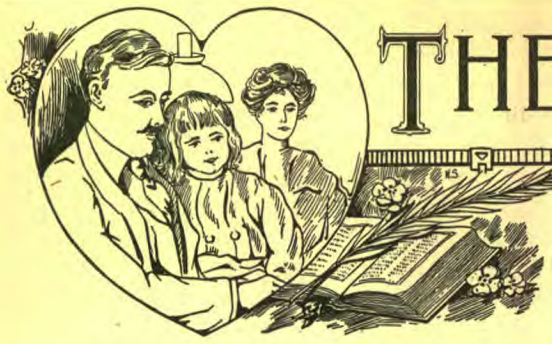
A Brave Soldier

COL. W. S. CRITTENDEN, a soldier of twenty-eight, while filibustering in Cuba many years ago, was captured and ordered to be shot. As he stood against the



wall where he was to be executed, he was ordered to kneel, to which he replied, "An American kneels only to God!"

The next instant he fell forward, his face riddled with bullets. He was indeed a brave soldier, but just as brave is the young man who in these days, when ordered to conform and kneel to the life of the flesh and sin, says: "A Christian kneels only to God!" and then reveals his allegiance to the Lord by his constant adherence to right principles.— *Selected.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

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

The Standing-by of Marjorie Weston

"You will be careful now, dear, won't you? And see that the man doesn't mar the parlor furniture."

There was a look of anxiety in Mrs. Weston's eyes as she looked at her daughter Marjorie.

The girl laughed, but it was a slightly scornful laugh, not just the merry kind we like to hear from a young girl's lips. More than this, her tone was a bit impatient as she spoke.

"Now, mother, of course I will be careful. But I've just got to own that it does exasperate me, seeing how little you trust me since I came back. What if I have been in school for four years? That shouldn't make you think that I have forgotten all about how to do things here at home."

"I didn't mean it to look that way, dearie," said Mrs. Weston. "But really it does not seem right for me to go away and leave this extra work on your hands. I had so much rather the carpenters would wait until I get back."

"No waiting, mother dear," said Marjorie, pressing her lips with decision. "These folding doors have got to be in before Madge Williams comes, and you are going to be a surprised little mother when you get back." Then, with a slight hesitancy and the barest semblance of a flush, Marjorie said, "Mother, don't you think that the rooms would be prettier for summer to move out some of the lumbering old furniture into the sitting-room, and put those light chairs in the parlor? When we get the folding doors in, we shall want to keep them open, you know, and the lighter chairs would make the room look so dainty, especially"—Marjorie gave a very solicitous look at her mother—"if you would just let me take down some of those old-fashioned pictures, and put up some of my etchings and prints."

The mother dropped down into a chair, and surveyed her daughter with a slight air of wonder. Evidently she was asking herself what was this that had overtaken the Weston home. She could place her daughter, but her many ideas were hard to grasp.

"Move out the parlor furniture, Marjorie?" she said. Then she added, "Why, it would not be a parlor without the parlor furniture!"

The girl laughed—a merry laugh now, yet one doesn't like to hear a girl just stepping into womanhood laugh merrily over her mother's discomfiture. Mrs. Weston was biting her lip nervously, and, looking closely, one would have seen that there were tears back of the soft blue eyes.

"I know it is well to worship old things," said Marjorie, "but, after all, modern ways of doing are not to be overlooked. You see, mother, we could move out the old couch into the dining-room. I have planned it all out, as you will find before I get through. As I was saying, we could move the old couch into the dining-room, and father could have his newspapers out there. Then that would make room for the sofa from the parlor here in the sitting-room, and in that place where the old sofa has stood we could have a table with your prettiest jar of Boston ferns. It would make the room look so nice and dainty."

"But the fern would die in there, child!" said the mother. "It must have light and fresh air."

"But we are going to have light and fresh air, you know, and the parlor is going to be just a part of the rest of the house. But there! don't bother your head about it. You just trust me, mother, and it will be all right. When you come back, you will forget that there was ever a big, gloomy parlor in the house."

"But the parlor is cool, dear, and it is restful. It has been my little place of refuge," said the mother, rising and walking quietly into the other room.

From one old picture to another, Marjorie saw her move with a rapid step, but she reasoned to herself that when her mother got used to the change, she wouldn't mind. A moment later she said: "Now, mama, you will have to hurry. I heard the horn of the stage down at the hotel. It will be up here in a jiffy. Are you sure you have everything?"

"Everything, dear," said the mother, gathering up her gloves and her veil, and taking a last survey of the parlor. Marjorie had already started across the porch with her mother's satchel. Just as the stage-driver, in a high-keyed voice, asked, "All right in there?" preparatory to closing the door upon his one passenger, Mrs. Weston started as from a trance. Had she by her silence given consent to what Marjorie asked? She turned to call, but Marjorie was already back to the porch, and, the door of the stage being slammed at that moment, she only gave her handkerchief a wave, and sank back.

"I am afraid of the strangeness of it all," she sighed, looking back to the home she had left. "The child doesn't know the memories of that dear room. I can see John there on that sofa in the corner now."

The tears were falling, and a sharp turn in the road took the view of the home from her. The little mother sank back upon the faded seat, and, as there was no one to note, she let the hot tears fall. Was she disappointed in this one who had come to her now, after all the years of separation? Should she be? She was a dear girl, but how apart from them all she seemed to stand! If Marjorie could have seen her then, she would perhaps have taken the little woman who had waited so many years for the companionship of her child, and said: "Mother dear, there shall not be a thing in the old home touched. It shall be as it has been." Had this been done, it might have been the losing of some of Marjorie's hopes, but would she not have gained in the loss by the heart-companionship of the one who stood more near to her than any other in life?

As Marjorie went around through the house straightening up after her mother's departure, she thought: "Mother's a dear! She is just in love with that old, stuffy parlor, though. I must get her over that. She encourages father in his old-fogy notions. It is going to be a little hard for both of them, having that room used for common, but when they see my fancy work in there, they will feel more at home." Then she added, "At any rate, it has got to be," and she stopped and pressed her foot down hard on the well-worn sitting-room carpet, and gave a nod to her head. "There are some things that are not nice to do, but have got to be done. If I don't make my stand now, when I first come home, for a new way of running things, nothing will ever be accomplished. Brussels carpet and plush chairs! And O, those pictures! Well, I will take time to plan it all so beautifully that there shall be no real jog, after all."

Suddenly into the midst of Marjorie's plans came the sound of voices, and then a call: "Marjorie! Marjorie Weston! Where are you?"

Marjorie sprang from the little rocker she had dropped into.

"O Aunt Lucy! Where did you come from?"

"From home, deary. But we were just beginning to think that you were all gone. We have had such a time finding you. Your father finally saw us, and came down from the field. He says your mother has just waved him a good-by from the stage. That's too bad! And what are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing particularly. I was only planning some little changes that we are going to make this week."

"I wondered what the parlor door was open for," Aunt Lucy said. "Isn't it a dear, cool room? You don't know, Marjorie, the nice little talks your mother and I have had in this shady little room, when the men were having their dinner, and we were too tired to eat. O, it's a dear room! And it was always of the girl at school we talked. Margaret, do you know how much your mother loves you?"

"O, I guess I do!" said Marjorie, laughing.

"And only Marjorie does she plan for. But do you know I wish Jim's girl could know you. They have had her off to school about as long as your father and mother have you, and, now she is back, you never heard the like of that girl's doings. She is about turning the house topsy-turvy. She has lighted down on their parlor, for one thing. She says they don't have parlors now, and, if she keeps on, she is likely to ruin it. There wasn't much left of it when I was over there; and, if she goes all over the house the way she has begun on the parlor, there won't be much that will look like home to Jim and his wife. And her sofa pillows! Her father says he can't use a chair now, there are so many pillows around it. Seems strange that she can't see she is just ruining all the comfort for Jim. He said to me the other day, 'Seems as if there was no room for a fellow's feet now. One can't move without knocking against some new folderol.' If there was ever a girl going to make her father uncomfortable, there is the girl. O, it hurts me to see how little loyalty there is in some of the young folks!"

Aunt Lucy turned and surveyed her niece. "Yes," she continued, taking another satisfied look at Marjorie, "I wish that girl of Jim's could see you. Now, you've got sense! You've been off to school and got your education, but you are not going to throw off everything else of life just because you know a little of what is in books. You are going to stand by your father and mother and the dear old home, and enter into the life here, and know its sweetness and the worth of love. Your mother waited quite a long time before she got everything she wanted, and you are going to be patient, too. You are not going to jump right into things, expecting to get them all your own way. Why, Marjorie, there isn't a thing in this parlor that hasn't its story — but then, I reckon they have been told to you. It was a long time before your ma got her parlor furnished. You know your Uncle Eben, her twin brother, gave her the money. He gave your Aunt Martha the same amount to furnish with. And then, you know, he died. I guess you can remember some things about it."

Marjorie was in a little chair by the front parlor window, where the sweetbrier, having had a shower early in the morning, was sending its dainty perfume in through the window she had opened. Her face was softened now. She was not the same Marjorie her mother had left.

"O, yes, auntie, I can remember about the time when it was just a bare room." Aunt Lucy laughed.

"Yes, it stood bare quite a while. She told your father they would just get things a little at a time. When your Uncle Eben's money came, she was in no hurry. Your Aunt Martha got a set all to match, you know. But your mother wasn't that kind. She took a little of your uncle's money and got a piece at a time, when she was sure she wanted it. Your Aunt Martha's parlor, when it was done, was just what the money did for it. But with your mother, everything stood for something: a little talk with your father as to whether it should be a table or a chair, or maybe a talk with me about just where a picture should hang. And sometimes she would say she would like it done just the way Eben would like, and, after it was done, she would often say, 'Eben seems right here in this room; I can't tell you how sweet it is having this one nook apart from the rest of the house.'"

Marjorie was now sitting with her chin in the palm of her slender hand. While her aunt had been speaking, her eyes had roamed over one thing and another, and somehow there was a beauty in the room she had never seen before. The picture of the girl at the stile was old-fashioned, but what a sweet face the girl had! The frame was dimmed. It might have a new frame and not hurt it. And so Uncle Eben's money had provided for everything? — Yes, she knew that before, but somehow she had never put her mother's twin brother straight into things, as this talk of Aunt Lucy's put him. At last she rose, her aunt having risen, and it was characteristic of her that she did not say anything of the thoughts that were in her mind.

A little before she had been so sure of what she wanted to do, but now she was a-tremble with loving tenderness. O, if only she could stand by her mother in everything, just as her mother wished her to stand — warm, close, and helpful! A little later her aunt was whipping up the roly-poly for dinner, when she heard Marjorie say to her father, who had come up from the field to visit with Aunt Lucy: "You send word to the carpenters, father, not to come, at least not until mother gets back. There is no hurry about the folding doors, and I really think mother would rather we waited."

"There ain't no doubt about that, Marjorie," Aunt

Lucy heard him answer. "But ain't you kind of disappointing yourself in not having it done? Didn't you say you wanted it done before that school friend came?"

"O, it's no matter, father! I doubt whether mother really wants the change made. Aunt Lucy has been telling me all about Uncle Eben's money fixing the parlor. I had forgotten about it. It is really Uncle Eben's room. I don't believe we ought to lay light fingers on it. I can fix up the sitting-room instead, and then we can leave the parlor for mother. Don't you think so, father?"

Aunt Lucy gave a slight exclamation of surprise as she heard these words, but she was wise, and did not enter into the conversation. But there flashed through her mind a wonder — had she not been led by some invisible, loving guide to say what she had? Well, she hadn't known the ground she was on, that was sure. And she whisked a clean towel around the steamer the pudding was to be placed in. Busy as she was, she did not hear more of the conversation, but the father came close to the girl and laid his hand on her shoulder. His face was tanned, but a look of wonderful beauty was on it now as he looked into the eyes of his girl.

"I rather think, little one, your mother has been kind of upset about it. I didn't want to say anything, but she has taken a sight of comfort in that room since Eben left. It seemed a sort of shrine for her. They thought a great deal of each other, those two did."

"Yes," said Marjorie, softly. "Aunt Lucy says she has taken lots of comfort there. Now I can see how it made her shiver when I began to talk of pulling it around. But there is something she is not just satisfied with. Once I caught her putting the things in different position, and she said somehow she never had seemed to get out of the room what there was in it. And you know, papa, I have an idea that maybe I will rearrange some of the things, and bring out what I think she would like."

"Marjorie, if there is anything you can do to make that little resting-place of your mother's prettier, and add to it without taking much from it, you just call on your father's pocketbook for whatever you want. I am going over to Brighton to-morrow."

Marjorie's face was transformed. A look of happiness was in her eyes, and a glint of joy.

"O father, how good you are! And we will keep the restfulness and the quiet, and just break the stiffness for her. We will hang some new curtains — white ones — with some clinging folds of cool green hanging down to break the sun beside them. And we will put in gray shades, and I will put up some of my pictures there. You know she would like to have it my room, too. O father, what a joy it is to do for one's loved ones, isn't it!" And then the girl pulled the shaggy head of her father down, and pressed her soft lips against the roughened cheeks.

It was two weeks later that Mrs. Weston came slowly up the footpath to her home. She had promised herself that she would be brave; that she would not mind the change; that she would stand seeing Uncle Eben's sofa in the sitting-room. Yes, she had said to herself, over and over: "I will not mar dear Marjorie's happiness. It is her day now. I have had mine."

But now, at the crucial moment, she felt her courage deserting her, and there seemed nothing left but stubborn resentment that the changes should be made. At the door Marjorie met her, and what a glowing, lovely, happy girl Marjorie was at that moment! The mother's eyes widened, and then the resentment left her heart.

"O Marjorie, having you and father, I have home!"

The girl understood, but she did not say so. She only answered, in a quiet way: "We changed our minds, mother, about the folding doors. It seemed so nice and restful, as you said. Father and I concluded that you were right, and we had better keep one room off from the rest. But father said it was to be my room, too, so I put some things in and made some little changes. I am sure you will like them. And we can use the room together, can't we, mother?"

A look of astonishment was widening the eyes of Mrs. Weston as she heard these words, and then slowly surveyed the quiet, contented daughter who stood at the entrance of their home. But Marjorie had turned and thrown back the parlor door. With one swift look the mother took in the changes. It was the parlor of her dreams — those dreams she had had so often, but which for some reason she had found it impossible to realize. All the anxiety of the past weeks and the weariness of the years before seemed to drop from the little woman as she stood there in the beauty of the room that was hers and Eben's just the same, but into which had come dainty touches as if a sweet young life was bearing them company. Her husband had followed, and was standing watching his wife with pleased satisfaction.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, looking from the woman to the girl, then back to the wife.

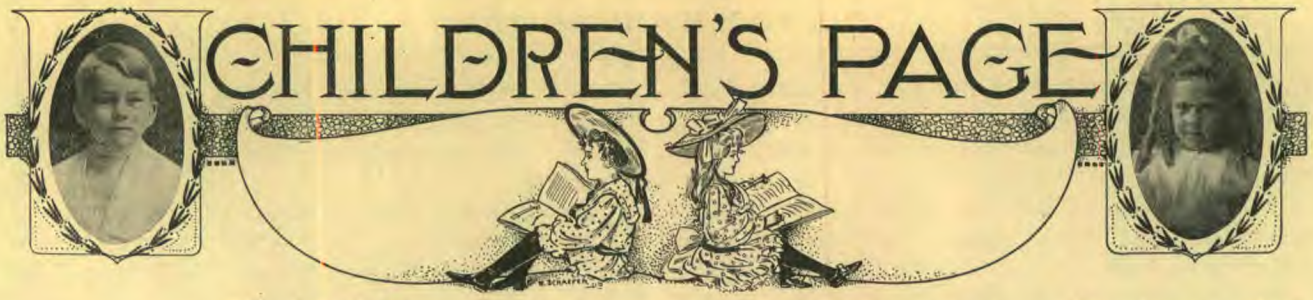
"I just can't say anything, father," said the little woman, taken by surprise. "It is as if something I had all my life been longing for had come at last."

"And I guess it has come," said the father, lifting the little woman in his arms — "a daughter to stand right by us, and keep the hill we go down all lighted with gold. It seems that way to me."

As for Marjorie, she was out on the porch back of the honeysuckles. She was crying, but they were sweet tears she shed. And to think how nearly she had been to shutting the door of opportunity to all this that had come to the Weston home! — *Frances Bowman, in Young People's Weekly.*

Plague of Locusts

ALGERIA and Tunis have this year suffered from an extraordinary invasion of locusts. The locusts arrive from the direction of the deserts in swarms so thick as to hide the sun. They cover the ground as with a yellow carpet, and sometimes render the railways so slippery that trains can hardly run. At this stage they are not voracious, being engaged principally in laying their eggs. But forty days later the young locusts, not yet winged, begin to run about, devouring every green thing, including not only leaves, but even the bark and tender shoots of trees. The hordes, advancing in a body, sometimes cover an area of several square miles. Barricades of cloth, surmounted with waxed strips, erected in the line of march, arrest the progress of the insects, which are unable to crawl up the smooth surface. Passing along the line of the barricades, they fall into ditches dug for the purpose, where they are killed with corrosive liquids. Another method is to smooth descending paths, ending in poisoned ditches. The insects follow the descents, and thus go to their death.— *Youth's Companion.*



Gave Their All

THERE is a poor family connected with one of our churches in Maryland, which consists of a father, mother, and three children. The mother is a member of the church and of the missionary society. Her two boys, aged about ten and twelve years, had been saving their money for a long time, with the intention of spending it for their own benefit or pleasure. But after hearing, from the lips of their mother in their home and from the promoters of the missionary work in the Sabbath-school and the missionary society, the urgent need of means to carry the last message of mercy to the fields beyond, their young hearts were moved to give all their earnings to the missionary work. So, with lips quivering with emotion, the oldest boy came boldly up to the librarian, and deposited a dollar and a half in her hands,— all he had. The younger one gave his fifty-five cents,— all he had.

No one but those who knew how long it took them to earn that amount, and the surrender of cherished purposes, can realize the sacrifice they made for the boys and girls in the fields beyond. The action of these boys profoundly impressed all who were present.

This incident shows what can be done by a mother imbued with the true missionary spirit.

JOHN F. JONES.

Two Kinds of Clocks

"THIS clock is broken. Can you mend it?" asked the countryman of a jeweler, as he laid two hands down on the glass counter.

"These are the hands. Where is the clock?"

"There is not anything the matter with the clock. The trouble is with the hands. I left the clock at home."

"Go back and get it," said the jeweler.

This was a foolish idea of the mountain man, but it is exactly like that of many persons in regard to the human clock.

Now stand up like men and hear a sermon on "The Human Clock." I tell you, if the tongue and hands and feet go wrong, the trouble is inside the clock, and not on the outside of its face. And if you want to be good, you must get good inside.

Man is a human clock, and he is made to mark God's time. If he doesn't do it, the fault is not with the hands outside, but the heart inside,— the hidden man of the heart.

Man was made to keep and to mark God's time. He was not made to think his own thoughts and to work his own will, but the will of God who made him.

Now the two most important things in a clock are the mainspring and the pendulum. There is a mainspring in you all, and the worst trouble that can happen to you is to have that wrong. The mainsprings of human life are the desires of the human heart. Sometimes we call them appetites or wants. They are what keep us moving. If you desired nothing, you would do nothing. What you want, something in your nature makes you try to get. And so, as the mainspring in the clock drives the wheels, these appetites keep driving men. Now if these drivers are wrong, everything in the boy's life must be wrong.

HERE ARE TWO KINDS OF CLOCKS

And there is a pendulum and regulator in you all, to keep your appetites and passions from unwinding too fast and breaking the clock to pieces. It is the slow, steady beat of the pendulum, moving two teeth that bite into the cogs of a wheel, that keeps the mainspring from unwinding in a minute. Your pendulum is your conscience. Its steady beat keeps you from going too fast or too slow. Now you have seen your father "regulate" the clock. There is a little nut on the end of the pendulum that he tightens or loosens to make

the beat longer or shorter. And that has to be done for you. Sometimes it has to be done with a birch rod by your parents; sometimes by a reproving word; sometimes God speaks to you through the Scriptures or by his Holy Spirit, and sometimes through the good instruction given you by your teachers, parents, or minister.

This regulating of the human clock should be done while one is young. If you get started right, your conscience will help to keep you ticking and striking to God's holy will. What would we do without this pendulum of the conscience? — *Selected.*

Conquests

WHOEVER resolves that in time to come he will be master of his own spirit, has taken upon himself a task which will not only test his power of resistance, but will constantly require power from above. It would be difficult to make a better resolution. "The experiences of the past year which brought the least pleasure were those resulting in the weakening of the better self." In the future we shall succeed only by keeping that better self dominant through every day of every year. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city;" and until this conquest of self is secured, no one of us is likely to take a city or anything else worth taking. "'He conquers all who conquers self." But we must pray more, remembering that "prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness."

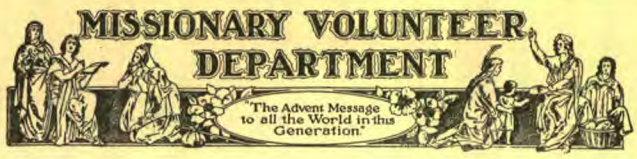
Such a wealth of meaning the word overcome suggests — a steady, upward climb. As each natural inclination presents itself, it is mastered; each worldly ambition is set aside, each temptation is conquered. With this experience we can truly say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15:57), who makes us "more than conquerors through him who loved us."

But let us not imbibe the world-wide but sadly mistaken idea concerning the latent power within,— that greatness lies dormant in every man, and if he will but recognize this, and arouse himself, any achievement lies within his reach. Let us hear the testimony of the sinless One, him who is our example in every circumstance, for he "was in all points tempted like as we are." "I can of mine own self do nothing."

What! could not Christ develop the good within him? At that very moment he would have ceased to be our example; for Paul says, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing;" and this is true of the whole human family.

Near the close of Christ's earthly life, having overcome by his Father's power, he left this testimony for our comfort: "The prince of this world cometh and findeth nothing in me." As Christ is our example in the former instance, so he is in the latter. And so the Word of God takes us from the low plane of nothingness, and places us upon the mountain peaks of victory.

There are many promises to the overcomer, but the one most precious is found in Rev. 2:17: "To him that overcometh will I give . . . a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." This new name indicates the new character of him who has overcome "by the blood of the Lamb." Let us, then, claim the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12:9), and go on from victory to victory. E. J. HAYTON.



M. E. KERN . . . . . *Chairman*
MATILDA ERICKSON . . . . . *Secretary*

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Temperance — No. 5; The Temperance Movement

NOTE.— This lesson, like the preceding ones, should be enlarged upon. It contains but a few historical notes on what is generally termed the temperance movement. Other phases of the temperance cause might appropriately be considered, such as the Anti-Cigarette League. Then there is Christian temperance. This subject, however, will be studied later. Next time we shall study briefly the lives of some of the leading temperance workers. Use Psalm 46 for your Scripture reading.

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.
GENERAL EXERCISES: —
The Temperance Movement (given in short talks).
Early History.
Recruits From the Enemy's Ranks.
Reaction.
The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
Song: "Christ in Song," No. 387.
The Temperance Movement (continued).
Anti-Saloon League.
Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow.
March of Progress.
Recitation: "It Must Be Settled Right."

The Temperance Movement

Crusades against intemperance are not a modern movement. The prophets were possessed with the terror of strong drink. Solomon preached against it, Daniel held aloft the banner of total abstinence, and Paul advocated it. But as the New Testament writers lay down the pen, a deep silence seems to settle over the civilized world; and for eighteen hundred years the advocates of temperance are almost entirely mute, while in the luxury of the ages, social life drifts on in the course of intemperance.

Early History

Then turn to America. The hearts of its early settlers had been impregnated with the noble influence of the Reformation; and it was in the soil of those hearts that the seeds of modern temperance sprang up and grew. Many a time has the Master Gardener had to prune the plant, and now and then a twig has been grafted in; but under his careful hand it has continued to flourish.

Away back in 1650 some of the colonies tried to regulate the liquor traffic. But more than a century rolled by before any organized efforts were made. The revival then started among some Connecticut farmers. Two hundred of these men leagued themselves together, and resolved "not to drink more than was good for them." That does not sound much like a twentieth-century temperance pledge, yet the Connecticut farmers stand forth as heroes; for in those days many of the worthy pioneers would hold one license from the state to sell whisky, and another from the church to preach. Alcoholic beverages were considered a necessity. Few men would work for those temperance farmers. They served no liquors on their tables, and that was looked upon as an infringement of the inalienable rights of hired help. The farmers

were called stingy, gossipers ridiculed them, their fences were torn down, and sometimes the reformers themselves seemed in danger of becoming martyrs to the cause. But God blessed, and the temperance "tide heaved onward." Some years later the members of the Methodist Conference in Virginia enjoined their ministers to preach against the sin of intemperance.

Crossing the threshold of the nineteenth century, we find other important events. In 1808 what is often called the first temperance society in America was formed at Saratoga, N. Y. Within four years, largely through the efforts of Lyman Beecher, this developed into a national movement. Already the temperance revival was bringing good results. It is claimed that during the third and fourth decades of that century, from one half to two thirds of New York's distilleries were closed, and it was estimated that during twelve months the commonwealth had saved $6,250,000 by the lessened use of ardent liquors. Together with a greater prosperity, the temperance revival also brought higher morals, and led to a religious awakening.

In 1833 Congress had a temperance society of its own members. But more important than this was the position taken in 1836 by the American Temperance Union. Its leaders had learned that efforts to reform which reserved the privilege of indulging now and then, meant absolute failure, and accordingly they hoisted the flag of total abstinence. That was a splendid platform, but it had one weak plank. Its pledge said nothing of stimulants, and because of this, some of the reformers relapsed into drunkenness through the use of milder intoxicants. On the other hand, the public, holding that it was the "*abuse*, and not the *use*" of liquor that was wrong, refused to indorse total abstinence. This brought the temperance movement to a standstill. But the spell soon broke; and in 1846 the Total Abstinence Society showed a membership of seven million in the United States, three million in England and Scotland, five million in Ireland, and three million in other countries. That was the high-water mark of early temperance efforts. One cause for such a great temperance victory was the labor of Father Matthew in Ireland, and of John B. Gough, the reformed drunkard, in England and America.

Recruits From the Enemy's Ranks

New blood coursed through the arteries of the temperance movement, when some reformed drunkards stepped into line. They themselves were evidences of the saving grace, and could speak with persuasive power of the terrible slavery of intemperance. Several societies were formed by these rebels of King Alcohol. Among the most important were the Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society, the Red Ribbon and Blue Ribbon reform movements.

The first of those mentioned was formed in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1840. Its charter-members were six tipplers, who pledged themselves to total abstinence. Their first meeting was called in a carpenter shop. To this gathering each of the six agreed to bring one other. The movement spread rapidly. In a month one thousand reformed drunkards joined its ranks; and in two years its membership reached six hundred thousand.

The Red Ribbon reform, with its motto, "Dare to do right," and its red ribbon badge, was founded by Dr. Reynolds in 1874, a few months after he reformed. It has been especially successful in Massachusetts, Michigan, and Illinois. The Blue Ribbon reform, of which Francis Murphy is the hero, has a similar record, and was formed about the same time.

Reaction

The Civil War brought a reaction. While temperance workers were on the battle-field helping to settle the slavery question, liquor dealers, busying themselves at home, began a work which finally secured the repeal of all prohibition laws, save those in Maine. That State remained true to the principles which Neal Dow had taught it several years before. There were some who felt this relapse very keenly. Lincoln, on the very day of his tragic death, said, "The next snare we have got to straighten out is the liquor question." Yet for about twenty years, temperance remained a dead issue. People were busy regaining lost fortunes, and protected the business which promised to help fill the treasuries and lessen the taxes. The liquor traffic boomed. But finally the temperance workers arose, and slowly but steadily their ranks advanced in the power of Him who fights the battles of justice and liberty.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union

One of the leading temperance associations formed since the Civil War is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was in 1873 that a band of earnest women, led by the governor's daughter, entered the saloons of Hillsboro, Ohio, to pray and sing. The event seems an insignificant one; but God's clock had struck the hour for a temperance pentecost. From that village a wave of influence went out which touched nearly every hamlet and town in the country. As these women went forth in their noble crusade, they made the forty-sixth psalm their "Magna Charta," and here are the words of their crusade hymn:—

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed.
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head.

"Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

"Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
Which caused thy needless fear."

About a year after the first meeting at Hillsboro, the movement was permanently organized, and became known as the W. C. T. U. To-day it belts the globe, and has its pledges printed in nearly every spoken tongue. Forty departments plan, pray, and work for the advancement of the different phases of this movement. Through its efforts, scientific temperance is in the public-school curriculum, and is one of the subjects taught in Sunday-schools. It has worked in behalf of men in every zone of human activity, and it has helped establish homes for the drunkard and his suffering children. Of it Miss Willard said: "The mission of the White Ribbon women is to organize the motherhoods of the world for peace and purity, the protection and exaltation of the homes."

Anti-Saloon League

The Anti-Saloon League, which was organized about fifteen years ago, has done much to federate the temperance forces. Its activity is giving the liquor dealers considerable uneasiness. Howard H. Russell, the founder of the league, is still the back-bone of the movement. It seems that its members are determined to wage war until we shall have "a saloonless country and a stainless flag."

Yesterday — To-Day — To-Morrow

Many battles have been fought and won through the past, but a strenuous conflict is still impending. It is a warfare against avarice and appetite; against an enemy which has the law for its shield, and politics for its sword. But there is a cause for courage. The eyes of the public are turning wistfully to the trail of blessings which temperance brings; and science is acquainting the people with the deceptive nature of alcohol. These conditions are helping to prepare "in the desert a highway" for the temperance army. The mistakes made in the past are a torch of the future. Methods have been tested, and more rapid progress is possible. It has begun. Within the last year there has swept over both sides of the globe such a wave of temperance sentiment as the modern movement has never known. It still rolls on. Charles Stelzle, in the *Sunday School Times* of Nov. 29, 1908, says: "The saloon is going at the rate of thirty a day." To-day is reaping the harvest of past sowing. Every civilized nation in the world is represented in the crusade against King Alcohol's forces. Our temperance warriors are moving on. Their drums beat no retreat.

"It has been weary watching wave on wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward.
We build, like corals, grave on grave,
And have a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
For where the vanguard rests to-day,
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

The March of Progress

1789 — Connecticut Farmers' Temperance Association organized.

1808 — First temperance society was formed at Saratoga, New York.

1828 — First temperance paper, *The National Philanthropist,* started.

1836 — Temperance societies adopted total abstinence.

1846 — High-water mark in early temperance movement.

1851 — Maine adopted prohibition.

1882 — Vermont passed the first law to teach temperance in public schools.

1883 — Frances E. Willard organized the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

1893 — Anti-Saloon League was formed.

1895 — International Reform Bureau was organized.

1902 — Georgia passed the law for temperance education. (All the other States had taken this step before.)

1908 — High-water mark of modern temperance.

M. E.

It Must Be Settled Right

"HOWEVER the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes,
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto,
In letters of living light:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

"Though the heel of the strongest oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voice of fame with loud acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep their motto in sight:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

"Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done;
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Lesson XIII — "Great Controversy," Chapters XVIII and XIX

Chapter XVIII: An American Reformer

1. READ the brief biography on page 702. Characterize William Miller. Note his early Christian experience, and how he prepared for his great work.

2. Note his method of studying the Bible.

3. What texts convinced him that the coming of Christ would be personal?

4. What texts proved to him that there would be no temporal millennium?

5. How did Miller's Bible study lead him to make a special study of the prophecies regarding the second advent?

6. Make a diagram of the twenty-three hundred days. Explain the divisions carefully.

7. What is the importance of each of these dates: 1818, 1831, 1833, 1838, 1844?

8. Contrast Miller's early and later experience as an evangelist.

9. How did Josiah Litch help in promulgating the advent message?

10. Note that the people of Noah's day had faith in nature, but not in God's message. What lesson has this fact for us?

11. What was the experience of those who accepted the advent doctrine?

12. How could it be said, "Protestantism followed in the steps of Romanism"?

13. Ask yourself, How has the reading of this chapter helped me personally?

Chapter XIX: Light Through Darkness

14. Do you see any "striking similarity" in the religious movements studied thus far?

15. Note the agencies in religious movements. What is man's responsibility?

16. Explain Mark 1:15.

17. Note the disappointment of the disciples,— its cause and its result. Upon what did their faith now lay hold?

18. How did the disappointment of 1844 test the people? What was the cause of it? The result?

Notes

THE FALLING STARS.— This great meteoric shower "extended over North America, and as far south as Mexico and the island of Jamaica."

"Meetings for prayer were held in many places, and many other scenes of religious devotion, or terror, or abandonment of worldly affairs, occurred under the influence of fear occasioned by so sudden and awful a display."

Sanford Williams, who was at that time living in Louisville, Kentucky, says: "I was playing a violin for a dance at the time. One of the ladies went to the door, and cried, 'The judgment! the judgment-day is come!' and fainted. Another ran to the door, and said about the same words, and fell lifeless. Then I went to the door, playing on my violin as I went.

(Concluded on page fifteen)

III — Hezekiah's Troubles

(January 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 18; 19; 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Good is the word of the Lord." 2 Kings 20: 19.

The Lesson Story

1. Hezekiah began to reign as king in Jerusalem when he was twenty-five years old. He reigned twenty-nine years, "and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord."

2. "He removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan," that is, a piece of brass.

3. The king of Assyria sent a great host to destroy Jerusalem, and his officers told the people that the Lord was not able to deliver them from him. Isaiah was the Lord's prophet at that time, and Hezekiah sent to inquire of him if the Lord would save his people. Isaiah sent back word for them not to be afraid; for the Lord would cause the servants of the king of Assyria to return to their own land.

4. Then one of the generals of the Assyrian army sent a letter to Hezekiah, telling him that the Lord would not deliver him; but the king took the letter and went into the temple, and spread it out before the Lord. The king told the Lord about their trouble, and he prayed that the Lord would deliver his city and his people from the king of Assyria, that all the earth might know that he was the true God.

5. That night the Lord sent his angel into the camp of the Assyrians, and he slew one hundred eighty-five thousand men. So the king of Assyria returned to his own land, and he was afterward slain in a heathen temple.

6. In those days Hezekiah became sick unto death. And the prophet Isaiah came to him and said, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Then Hezekiah turned his face to the wall and prayed, asking the Lord to remember how he had done that which was right, and he wept greatly.

7. Before Isaiah had reached the middle part of the city, the word of the Lord came to him, saying: "Turn again, and tell Hezekiah the captain of my people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. And I will add unto thy days fifteen years; and I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the king of Assyria." "And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."

8. The Lord gave Hezekiah a sign that he would heal him, by turning the shadow on the sun-dial backward ten degrees.

9. Then the king of Babylon sent a friendly letter by messengers, and a present to Hezekiah, when he heard that he had been sick. The king was pleased that they came, and he showed them all his precious things, his silver and gold, and all that was found in his treasures. "There was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah showed them not."

10. "Then came Isaiah the prophet unto King Hezekiah, and said unto him, What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee?" Hezekiah told Isaiah that they came from Babylon. Then the prophet asked, "What have they seen in thine house?" And Hezekiah answered, "All the things that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among my treasures that I have not showed them." Then Isaiah told the king that the days would come when everything he had showed the men would be carried to Babylon, and that nothing should be left. He also told him that some of his sons would be taken away, and that they should be made to serve in the palace of the king of Babylon.

11. Hezekiah failed to magnify before his visitors the true God and his healing power, and exhibited instead his treasures. When the king of Babylon heard of his riches, he coveted them, and years afterward they were taken to Babylon, as the Lord had said.

12. During the remainder of his life Hezekiah worked for the good of the people. "He made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city." At his death his son Manasseh, only twelve years old, was made king.

Questions

1. How old was Hezekiah when he began to reign? How long was he king? What did he do which pleased the Lord?

2. What did the king remove? To what had the children of Israel burned incense? What did Hezekiah do with the brazen serpent? What name did he give it? What does this name mean?

3. Who came to destroy Jerusalem? What did his officers tell the people? Give the name of the prophet of the Lord at this time. How did Hezekiah inquire of the Lord? What word did Isaiah send the king?

4. What did one of the generals of the Assyrian army send to Hezekiah? What did the king do with this letter? For what did he pray? Why?

5. How was Hezekiah's prayer answered? What became of the Assyrian king?

6. What trouble did Hezekiah have after this? What message did the Lord send him? What did the king do when he heard it?

7. How far had Isaiah gone before the Lord spoke to him again? What did he tell him to say to Hezekiah? What did the Lord say he would do? How much longer did he say the king would live? What promise did he make concerning Jerusalem? What did Isaiah tell them to do for the king that he might recover?

8. What sign did the Lord give to show that Hezekiah would be healed?

9. What did the king of Babylon send to Hezekiah? How did the king receive his visitors? What did he show them?

10. Who came to see Hezekiah after this? What questions did he ask? What did Hezekiah say? What did the prophet tell the king would be done with his treasures? What did he say would be done with some of his sons?

11. What did Hezekiah fail to tell his visitors? What evil came to the kingdom because of this?

12. For what did Hezekiah work during the remainder of his life? What did he make? Who became king at his death?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III — Paul's Desire for the Church

(January 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 1:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward men." Acts 24:16.

GENERAL NOTE.— "In this epistle to the Philippians, Paul commends their Christian zeal and firmness under persecution, informs them of his own temporal and spiritual condition, and of the progress of Christianity at Rome; gratefully acknowledges their continued affection to him, and the receipt of their gift by favor of Epaphroditus; exhorts them to unity and to a lowly, unselfish life, like Christ's (Phil. 2:1-5); and warns them against Judaizing teachers and the example of worldly men. Phil. 3:1-19. This epistle, written by Paul while a prisoner at Rome, A. D. 62 or 63, is remarkable for its Christian joy and for the warm affection the apostle shows for the Philippian converts. Phil. 4:1. It contains important teaching as to the humiliation and exaltation of Christ (Phil. 2:5-11), and the resurrection of believers. Phil. 3:21."— *Bible Dictionary, American Tract Society, Article, Philippians.*

Questions

1. Whom does Paul associate with himself in his salutation to the Philippians? What does this indicate? Phil. 1:1, 2; note 1.

2. To whom was the epistle addressed? Verse 1.

3. What is the office of a bishop? Titus 1:5-7; compare 1 Tim. 3:1, 2; note 2.

4. With what feeling did Paul always remember the Philippians? Phil. 1:3, 4.

5. For what was he thankful on their behalf? Verse 5.

6. Of what was he confident? Verse 6; note 3.

7. Why was it fitting that the apostle should have this thought of the Philippians? Verse 7.

8. How were they partakers with him in his bonds? 2 Cor. 8:1-4.

9. Of what did Paul tell them that God was witness? Phil. 1:8.

10. What was the burden of his prayers for the Philippians? Verse 9.

11. What may we learn by comparing verses 1 and 9? — That the fact that people are saints in Christ Jesus does not prove that they have reached the highest state of perfection. Saints are to grow in grace.

12. What is the proper condition to be in when Christ comes? Phil. 1:10; note 4.

13. With what did the apostle pray that the Philippians might be filled? By whom does the fruit of righteousness come? Verse 11.

14. Who only can bring forth good fruit? Luke 6:45; John 15:5.

15. What must we receive before we can bring forth the fruit of righteousness? Rom. 5:17.

Notes

1. In this epistle Paul associates Timothy with himself. In the salutation of nearly all of Paul's epistles, some one is associated with him. This does not indicate that those mentioned had any share in writing the epistle, but simply that they joined in the greeting to the brethren. The epistle was written by Paul.

2. In the Bible, the words "bishop" and "elder" are synonymous. Titus 1:5-7. The word "bishop" is from a Greek word signifying to "look over," to "stand guard as a sentinel." It is in the same sense that the word "overseers" is used in Acts 20:28, where we read that Paul told the elders of Ephesus to take heed to the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers. The idea of being overseers of the flock suggests shepherds; and in 1 Peter 5:1-4 we find that the elders are called under-shepherds, Christ being the Chief Shepherd. An elder who realizes that his duties are those of a shepherd, will know that neither harshness nor negligence are to be among his characteristics.

3. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. 5:24, 25. A work that is begun by man, that rests upon human power, will surely come to naught, no matter how good its appearance for a season. Christ is the only sure foundation. He is able to complete everything that he begins; and this thought, coupled with the fact of his willingness, as shown in his beginning the work, should beget the same confidence in all who have given themselves to him.

4. The word "sincere" means pure, clear, unmixed. The Greek word from which it is translated has the signification of "tested by the sun," as the sun shining through a substance is the test of whether or not it is pure, or has an admixture of some foreign substance. A Christian who is sincere is unalloyed.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

(Concluded from page thirteen)

When I saw the stars all falling, I threw down my violin, and cried, 'O Lord! O Lord! have mercy on me and save me this night, and I will serve thee until I die.' In every direction I could hear men, women, and children crying, 'The judgment-day is come.'"

Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, says: "The meteors did not fly at random over all parts of the sky, but appeared to emanate from a point in the constellation of Leo, near a star called Gamma Leonis, in the bend of the sickle."

AUG. 11, 1840.— Read "Daniel and Revelation," chapter 9. According to the prophetic word, the Mohammedans were to rule the Greeks for three hundred ninety-one years and fifteen days. History made July 27, 1449, the beginning of that period. With this fact and the prophetic word, J. Litch, in 1838, announced to the world that on Aug. 11, 1840, the Mohammedan independence in Constantinople would cease. Some years previous to that date the sultan of Constantinople and the pasha of Egypt had been at swords' points. The influence of foreign powers, however, had a restraining influence; but in 1839 the war-cloud burst. The sultan was defeated in battle, and the pasha captured the Turkish fleet, and carried it to Egypt. England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, fearing that the pasha would seize the Turkish throne, now interposed. The sultan, in his distress, left the settlement of the difficulty to the European powers. It was on the eleventh of August, 1840, that the relations between the pasha and sultan were settled. "That empire (Turkey) has existed ever since by the sufferance of these Christian powers. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled to the very letter."

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THE picture on the front cover page of this number of the INSTRUCTOR is a reproduction of Molitor's painting, "The Prodigal Son."

The Reading Circle

A NUMBER of our young people promised to make the attempt to read five good books during 1908. That year is now in the past, and without doubt many of them succeeded in their proposed endeavor.

Mr. Forest Washburn, of Memphis, Tennessee, writes an energetic, interesting letter relative to his reading. He says:—

"I have, as a member of the 1908 Reading Circle, just finished reading five of our denominational books. I have read 'Patriarchs and Prophets,' 'Desire of Ages,' 'Gospel Workers,' 'Fathers of the Catholic Church,' and 'History of the Soul.' Of these I have read 'Patriarchs and Prophets' and 'Desire of Ages' twice.

"This finishes my third year as a member of the Reading Circle, and I intend to continue a year longer, and still longer than that. I have already a list of five books for next year.

"I have obtained valuable instruction and spiritual blessing from my perusal of the volumes mentioned, especially from the first two."

The Theater

THE following question and answer appeared in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World*. The answer is given by Mrs. G. R. Alden, popularly known as "Pansy:"—

"Will you give several reasons why a Christian should not attend the theater? *Texas."*

"In compliance with this request let me quote a few sentences from several authors:—

"'Whatever may have been the character of actors and actresses when they went on the stage, it is undeniable that in multitudes of cases the stage has worked its degeneration. How could it be otherwise? Palmer, the great theater-manager, says: "The chief themes of the theater are now, as they ever have been, the passions of men, ambition leading to murder, jealousy leading to murder, lust leading to adultery and death, anger leading to madness." Could any man go through all this, entering with real feeling into these acts, without being affected by them?'

"'So long as the stage is as unclean as it is, and acting involves, as it constantly does, the simulation of the basest passions and emotions, and this even in good plays, it is almost impossible for a man to support it at all without in a real sense lending his support to all.'

"'When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as to positively hinder future resolutions and emotions taking the normal path.'

"'Henry Irving committed at least fifteen thousand murders on the stage. Miss Ada Cavandish was betrayed, deserted, or abducted fifty-six hundred times. And true acting consists in entering into the spirit of the murderer, the betrayer, etc.'

"'What can not be done without a tendency to moral harm can not be seen without a tendency to moral harm.'."

Three Air-Ship Lines

REGULAR air-ship travel along three established routes, and covering twenty-four cities, will be established in Germany early next year, according to announcement made recently. The first line will start at Friedrichshafen and include Nuremberg, Leipsic, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, Coblentz, Mayence, Frankfurt, Mannheim, and Strassburg, returning from the last-named town to Friedrichshafen.

The second line will include Friedrichshafen, Munich, Nuremberg, Plower, Dresden, Berlin, Magdeburg, Hanover, Cassel, Frankfurt, Mayence, Metz, Strassburg, and Stuttgart. The third will cover Friedrichshafen, Wuerzburg, Gotha, Brunswick, Hamburg, Kiel, Flensburg, and Copenhagen.

Special stations have been established at all these towns, in which the air-ships can land. The plans have been improved by Herr Niberg, one of Germany's leading aeroplane students.

The company plans to engage only in passenger traffic at the start. It has ordered seven air-ships of the Zeppelin type, each ship capable of carrying fifteen passengers, exclusive of the crew.—*Washington Times.*

Guarding a Treasure

THE Cullinan diamond, which weighs a pound and a half, is now being prepared in Amsterdam to adorn the crown of the king of England. After all the flaws have been removed, the diamond will be handed to an expert polisher, who, with three assistants, locked in a special room, will work every day from seven in the morning until nine at night for a whole year to put the finishing touches on this jewel, which is worth about five million dollars. Remarkable precautions to prevent theft are taken by the jewelers who have the work in charge. Every night the stone is conveyed by the manager, accompanied by ten fully armed men, to a strong room built of iron and cement walls three fourths of a foot thick, inside of which are several secret sliding panels. Behind one of these, with its nine locks completely hidden from view, lies a tiny safe, in which the diamond is placed. If such labor and vigilance are necessary to prepare a gem for an earthly crown, with what great care should the human heart be prepared and guarded that it may adorn the crown of him who is our Saviour and Lord?—*Farm and Fireside.*