

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE TABLE IN LUTHER'S GARDEN AT WITTENBERG AROUND WHICH LUTHER AND
MELANCHTHON DISCUSSED QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE REFORMATION





ANTWERP, Belgium, has only 15,000 of its 300,000 inhabitants left in the city.

STATISTICIANS claim that 5,000 persons visit Washington, the nation's capital, daily.

THE San Francisco-Hawaii cable cost \$20,000,000, while wireless stations for the same service cost only \$500,000.

THE British admiralty claims the destruction of fourteen German warships proper and eight auxiliaries, while the British themselves have lost only nine.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Michigan boy is to be commended for his achievements in running an eighty-acre farm, thus providing for his widowed mother, and at the same time obtaining his education at the district school, from which he was graduated with honors.

DURING this time of strife and commotion, peace treaties, called "Stop, Look, and Listen" treaties, with Great Britain, France, China, and Spain have been signed by Secretary Bryan. Twenty-six peace treaties have been signed with as many nations, and nineteen have been ratified.

MRS. AMY D. WINSHIP, who, at the age of eighty-three, completed a four years' course at the University of Wisconsin last June, says that she finds in study the best means of keeping young; and she has accordingly planned a three years' course in graduate work at various universities.

DATA collected by a British electrical engineer show that there are more than 13,000,000 telephones in the world. The United States claims 8,358,000 of these — one telephone for every eleven inhabitants. Europe possesses one telephone for every one hundred and twenty-six persons, or 3,153,000.

IN making up woolen garments, it is necessary to press portions of them before removing the basting threads. Sometimes the marks of the basting threads show after the pressing. This can be avoided by using silk thread for basting instead of the usual cotton thread. The silk thread will not leave any marks.

THE clear notes of a flute were heard by the captain of a vessel bound from Calcutta to Philadelphia. Wireless messages were sent to the capital of the Azores, three hundred and ninety-five miles distant, making inquiry as to the music. Word was received that it was a national holiday, and the man at the flute was playing "God Save the King."

BROWN UNIVERSITY, of Providence, Rhode Island, recently celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. It started as Rhode Island College, with one professor and one student. The first graduating class numbered seven, in the year 1769. One of the graduating orations was upon the subject of whether the American Colonies should declare themselves independent.

KING WILLIAM having abandoned his unruly kingdom, Essad Pasha, who was a claimant to the throne last spring, returned from his Italian exile to Durazzo on October 4, and entered the city in triumph. The Albanian Senate at once named him president of the provisional government. He is supported by 12,000 Albanian soldiers. King William has declared his intention of reasserting his sovereignty in Albania when circumstances are more favorable.

CHARLEROI of Xavier de Castelnau, son of the chief of staff of the French army, fell mortally wounded. When the message that his son had fallen and desired to see him, came to the chief, his reply was: "God bless him, for I can't go to him." He then continued the direction of the battle which had cost him such a terrible price.

ONE of the fountain pen concerns has just patented a device which enables a person to write in the dark. It consists of a small battery that can be carried in the vest pocket, connected by wires with a tiny electric lamp attached to the pen just below where the first finger normally holds it. The silver reflector covering the lamp throws the light on the paper, and this illumined spot of a few inches in width follows the pen as it moves across the page.

ACCORDING to the *Evening Telegraph* of Philadelphia, the cost in men and money of the eleven great wars since the eighteenth century began is more than \$18,000,000,000 and 4,019,510 men. The cost of the present European conflict is estimated to be several million dollars a day, and the loss in men up to October 22 was estimated to be 2,000,000. Lieut-Gen. Nelson Miles says that "the present conflict will be the most disastrous in the world's history. Civilization on the Eastern Hemisphere is to be set back countless years."

An Inspiring Example

MISS EDYTHE G. MANBY, of Battle Creek, Michigan, will pardon me, I know, for referring to her experience in home study as an inspiring example to our young people who are unable to attend our schools. For the past four or five years she has been steadily pursuing her studies in the Fireside Correspondence School. Recently, in sending her tuition for church history and college rhetoric, she writes as follows:—

"I have completed this year's work with a feeling of satisfaction. Besides studying literature with you, I studied denominational history and passed the Standard of Attainment examination with a grade of 97. I have completed two studies a year for the last four years. I am truly thankful I can spend my spare moments in self-improvement."

C. C. LEWIS.

Among the Schools

THE first school to report this year is the Pacific Union College. The Foreign Mission Band there was organized October 3, when "about sixty students passed in their names as volunteers for service abroad, and more will join later." The report goes on further to state that "the most of these are mature young men and women who are almost ready now to go into the field." This is excellent; the Lord is surely blessing Pacific Union with a fine class of earnest Christian students. What school will report next?

L. L. CAVINESS,
Interband Secretary.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
A Member of the Benevolent Society	3
Summer Work in Japan	4
Temperance Work in Connection With the Third Angel's Message in Peru	5
The Bitter Lesson	7
At a Lighthouse Station	8
His Dying Plea	12
Some Victims of the Liquor Traffic	16
Strong Drink	16
SELECTIONS	
A Travel Club	6
God Does Not Fail	9
Thankful for Small Favors	10
Twelve Old Dresses	11

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1914

No. 45

A Member of the Benevolent Society

ELSA NORTHRUP



THIS picture is not only a fine portrayal of dogs, but a clever bit of satire on one of the traits of human nature. The irony of the title, "A Member of the Benevolent Society," gives it that "touch of nature that makes the whole world akin."

The benevolent member resides in a large, fine dog house, and is a magnificent, well-nourished, well-groomed beast. His full white breast and glossy black head remind us of the portly, white-vested, and high-silk-hatted capitalist, or moneyed man, who publicly professes to be greatly concerned about the sufferings of the poor, but who in private life grasps and holds everything to himself, and meets all pleas of the needy with gruff rebuffs. The way in which he covers his bone with one paw and stiffens out the other paw as a safeguard against any further encroachments of the beggar, is strongly suggestive of this trait of selfish, greedy human nature.

The lean, hungry, distressed, unkempt little cur, as he rises on his hind legs and assumes the abject attitude of a beggar is rather more graphic than true of real dog nature. He is a real beggar, however, in every detail of his make-up, and we can almost hear his self-pitiful whine as he relates his distressing tale of woe and pleads for recognition. He may as well save his breath, however, for the hard, cold eye and determined jaw of the big rich dog show plainly enough that he has no intention of allowing himself to be touched by pity.

This delicately humorous portrayal of dogs is typical of many of Sir Edwin Landseer's most popular pictures. His ability to make his animals seem to have human thoughts, feelings, and traits of character is one of the secrets of his great popularity, although the art critics do not regard this type of picture so highly as that in which the artist depicts animal nature as it really is. They claim that the mind soon tires of the unreal situation, no matter how interesting or humorous it may be, but that we never weary of real nature when it is beautifully and truthfully portrayed. Landseer made enough of both kinds of pictures however, to satisfy the art critics as well as to win the popular favor. Perhaps the work of no other painter during his lifetime was so familiar and so well beloved in every home.

Sir Edwin Landseer (1802-73) came of an artistic and gifted family. His father was an engraver, and a famous writer on art subjects. His beautiful mother was the model whom Reynolds painted as a gleaner in one of his great pictures. His oldest brother, Thomas, was a famous engraver, and by his excellent interpretations of his brother Edwin's pictures, helped to make them famous throughout the world.

Edwin enlarged and improved his remarkable talents by diligent and hard study. When a mere child, he became an earnest student in the Royal Academy. At the age of thirteen he exhibited his picture of "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind," which is regarded by art critics as a masterpiece of animal painting. It is described as showing astonishing vigor in design, rich in animal character, perfectly drawn and minutely finished, bold in tone and carefully composed. A great critic once said that

this little boy's picture was one of the very finest that any master of art had ever made. A live dog which was let into the room with it—as critic, maybe—proved to be the most flattering of such, because he bristled instantly for a fight.

At one time when a famous old lion died at a menagerie, Edwin got its body and dissected it to make himself master of the anatomy of a lion. Immediately afterward he



A MEMBER OF THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

painted three great lion pictures.

After his first visit to Sir Walter Scott in the Scottish Highlands, he painted some splendid deer pictures, one of which, "The Monarch of the Glen," is universally admired for its exquisite beauty, and is considered by many the finest deer picture ever produced.

But his favorite subjects were dogs, over whom he had wonderful power. He said that all dogs liked him because he had "peeped into their hearts." His little house near London, where he lived with his sister for the last fifty years of his life, was filled with many great paintings of dogs. A friend who often came to visit him there, would call out at the door: "Landseer, keep the dogs off me. I want to come in, and some of them are going to bite me; that fellow in the corner is growling furiously."

He painted the portraits of the handsome pets of many distinguished persons, including Gladstone and Sir Walter Scott and Prince Albert (King Edward

(Concluded on page six)



IN OTHER LANDS



Summer Work in Japan



THIS summer's experience has been so interesting to me that I have decided to make it the subject of my letter to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. Doubtless, many of the young people at home who are regularly studying our missionary endeavor and giving to support it, wonder just how our work is begun and then carried on in these fields. Of course it is the same grand message as at home, and in a large measure the way of giving it is the same; but maybe my fellow Missionary Volunteers would enjoy a little closer acquaintance with us as we labor here, coming and going among this people. So I shall take them with us as we begin work in a new place.

In the summer when the weather is clement, one of our principal ways of working is with a tent. This summer we organized four companies to carry on tent efforts in different places in the empire. Our company consists of Brother and Sister Benson, a Japanese evangelist and his family, a young student of our mission school to act as tent master, and Mrs. Hoffman and me. The place we decided on is a country town of about three thousand inhabitants, called Yoka. Aside from a few of our papers that had once been sold here, the place had been practically untouched by Christian work; so we had virgin soil to begin on, with none of the prejudice to meet that work by other denominations often causes. On arriving we found that we had come to the realest of real Japan, which has been very favorable to our estimate of the Japanese. The people here are much more quiet, peace-loving, and genuine-hearted, and far better representatives of the spirit of Japan, than are their brothers and sisters in the large port cities, which have been so greatly affected and changed by contact with the often questionable influence of persons of all nationalities who are there for commercial reasons.

Being the only Western foreigners that most of the inhabitants here had seen, we were a curiosity, and created quite a stir when we arrived with our effects. This feeling later subsided a little and gave place to a less demonstrative interest, and many showed a willingness to become acquainted.

We found upstairs rooms that were suitable to live in for the summer months, and also a plot of ground for the tent, and immediately began to plan the opening of our meetings. Then we learned that it was just the time for the annual heathen festival. This town is very conveniently located, and is a natural center for a number of outlying villages; therefore the people of all those villages were to meet with this town to celebrate. Rather than to bring the dislike of the leaders of their religious interests upon us at the start, by trying to draw the crowd to our meetings, which, however, would have been hopeless, we decided to postpone our meetings, but we used the opportunity to advertise them to those who were in town. After two days and two nights of incessant beating of drums, feasting, worshiping, and marketing, the tumult ceased, and all again resumed their ordinary routine of life.

At this opportune time we began our meetings, with a large attendance. Large numbers stood outside, being unable to enter. As this continued night after night, and indicated more than idle curiosity, we sent for more seats and found means of enlarging the tent. And now we still have the seats filled, and each night some stand to listen to the truth of God and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

A family of believers in a village about two and a half miles distant, show their appreciation of these special meetings by walking to the tent every evening. Twice a week, in the daytime, the sisters in our company hold women's meetings, at which principles of health and diet are presented, and a Bible study is given. Last week a man from an industrial school outside of town, was sent to the house of our Japanese worker, begging that they be taught these things, too.

The reporter of the newspaper of the largest town in this section of country also came over a few days ago, and called at our house with a request for an account of our work. Elder Benson, who was at home at the time, wrote out a statement regarding the aims of our work, which will no doubt be read by thousands of persons.

The attendance and order at the tent meetings are the best we have heard of in Japan. It must be remembered that for nearly all it is the first meeting they have attended; but even the children, who come in large numbers and for whom we hold a special meeting earlier, show unusual respect and attention. The adults who come are in the main a good class of intelligent people, but, of course, even to these the gospel must be given in the most simple, straightforward way. As we take step by step with them in the beginnings of human events and God's great plan for saving sinners, their upturned faces are an interesting study, and an inspiration to us as we speak. The Lord only knows how many will truly sense these important subjects; we are depending on his promises.

In this place the houses are left open all night, something that is never seen in the larger towns. This seems to indicate a condition of mutual trust, and a trait of honesty in their characters; and we hope their hearts will be as easy of access as their houses, and that at least some will be susceptible to the working of the Spirit of God.

This is a beautiful spot tucked in between green mountains and refreshed by mountain streams. Many times I have compared in my mind this people and their homes with the Waldenses; and it seems that we surely must have a company of believers brought out here, to be a light to the many, many little villages situated in the surrounding hills and valleys.

Some already seem to be impressed with the importance of the things to which they have listened, and are beginning to ask questions; so when the tent effort is over, some one must remain here to study with them and lead them along. However, it will be my pleasant duty to visit this place very often, as it is only a short distance from Kobe, where I am now located.

But this is only a small part of this ripening harvest field. Thousands of other places in Japan need to be entered and worked in this same way. But where are the workers? whom can we send? With our present number of workers we simply cannot press on into new territory, but can only stand where we are and hold and develop the present interests. We hope soon to see results of our work, and that some

will accept the truth who after a short training can be sent out into the many towns and villages where nothing has yet been done. Surely all our Missionary Volunteers will pray earnestly and definitely for us now, and thus be a real help and power in this needy field, though they cannot at present cross the ocean and join us.

There are many inconveniences in living in these small interior places, and it has been hot and trying, yet we have enjoyed the summer's work. God's blessing and help have been realized, and we praise him for giving us a small part in this great work.

B. P. HOFFMAN.

Temperance Work in Connection With the Third Angel's Message in Peru

ABOUT two years ago, owing to motions made by our brethren and the representatives of the other missionary societies of Peru, an organization was effected, known as the Sociedad Nacional de Temperancia. A prominent member of the faculty of medicine of the university, Dr. Wenceslao Molina, an earnest advocate of total abstinence, was made president. A board of directors was chosen, among the members of which were the representatives of all the missionary boards working in the country. Our superintendent at that time, Elder A. N. Allen, was elected treasurer.

This organization has carried on an active propaganda, and as a result there is a live interest in the temperance question in all parts of the republic. In the annual address of the president, in 1913, he made special mention of the work done by our brethren in extending the influence of the society.

Lately a series of lectures, to be given by promi-

nances with the members of the church there, and to do what we could for the advancement of the work. We found two who desired baptism, one of whom, though over sixty years of age, walked six miles to take part in this ordinance. This is the mother of the young man who found one of our periodicals in Lima



CANVASSERS AT LIMA INSTITUTE, HELD APRIL 10, 1914

and carried it home with him. He became interested in it, and is now the bearer of the light to those of the valley. We now have a nice little church nestled among the hills, where the songs of Zion are to be heard from Sabbath to Sabbath.

The reception of the truth has had a wonderful effect on the customs of those who have received it.

The Adventists are wholly temperate, while the others spend the time during the all too many feast days in drinking and carousing. The Catholic man will ride the horse to the station, while his wife walks behind with a big bundle of produce on her back, and then he will probably spend the money for the produce in the purchase of brandy. This is reversed when the people become Adventists, the husband allowing the wife to ride, while he walks.

As the result of the spread of the message in the Otao Valley, there has been awakened an interest in the betterment of the condition of the people. Early this year there was organized a local branch of the Sociedad Nacional de Temperancia. Naturally our brethren are among the foremost members of it. The president is a reformed drunkard, not an Adventist, but very favorable. One of the secretaries is the clerk of our church. All our brethren are members, and are actively working to spread the truth

through their connection with this organization. While on this trip I had the pleasure of giving a stereopticon lecture on the subject of temperance to the members of this society. Nearly half the people of the valley were present, and the interest and enthusiasm was marked. This work offers us a good opportunity to get the truth before many who otherwise would pay no attention to it. Until the matter of our freedom of worship is finally settled, there is no better way to get a hearing among the fanatical inhabitants.

It is a privilege that we highly appreciate to be able



MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, LANCA, PERU

nent educators, has been arranged for the instruction of the students in the state normal school. One of these was given by the inspector for the Puno district. In his address he made mention of the quality of work that our missionaries are doing among the Indians of that section, contrasting it with the drunkenness and debauchery that had characterized the work of the Catholic Church for the last four hundred years. All these things help us.

Early in June, Brother Arthur Westphal and the writer visited the Otao Valley to celebrate the ordi-



MEMBERS OF THE LANCA CHURCH

to unite our efforts with those of the better-thinking classes who are entering the struggle against the effects of vice and sin. Pray for the work in this part of the great field.

E. L. MAXWELL.

Perplexity Dispelled

THE reader may possibly be perplexed concerning the correct pronunciation of some of the European terms that he finds in his reading concerning the present European war. For his ease of mind we give a list of such names, with their pronunciation as given by the Century Dictionary:—

Aisne	ān
Allies	al-līz'
Alsace	āl-zās'
Armada	ār-mā'dā
Armentieres	ār-moñ-tē-air'
Attila	at'i-lā
Auvergne	ō-vairny'
Avignon	ā-vēn-yon'
Bastile	bas-tēl'
Berlin	ber-lin'
Bordeaux	bor-dō'
Boulogne	bō-lōn'
Bourges	börzh
Brussels	brus'elz
Calais	kāl'is
Cherbourg	sher'berg
Dixmude	dē-mūd'
Herzegovina	hert-se-gō-vē'nā
Magyars	mod'yors
Marseillaise	mār-se-lyāz'
Nantes	nānts
Nice	nēs
Przemysl	pzhem'isl
Rheims	rēmz
Lille	lēl
Verdun	ver-duñ'
Ypres	ē'pr

A Travel Club

BECAUSE a girl lives on a farm does not mean that she is not to see something of the world besides green fields and leafy woods. Every year hundreds and

hundreds of farmers' daughters cross the Atlantic, visiting the cathedrals and picture galleries of Europe, and the scenes famous before Columbus found the New World. Others visit the beautiful scenery and interesting cities of our own country, and come home with enlarged ideas of its greatness and its possibilities. And the girls who are not included in either class of travelers are all planning to go sometime, too.

But even if that day is not likely to dawn immediately, you can help to prepare for it, and entertain yourself in the process, by organizing a travel class. It may be that there is somebody in the community—the minister's wife, possibly—who has been abroad, and would be ready to undertake the responsibility of conducting a party of young folks across the sea to other lands. But if you cannot find a conductor, start out yourself; for in this kind of travel, inexperience has nothing to fear.

If possible, have the club meet every week. More frequent meetings are out of the question, of course, and if there is a space of two weeks between the gatherings, the interest is likely to die down. Map out an itinerary such as one might actually take, instead of skipping from city to city and country to country, regardless of routes. Start from New York, find out about the different routes, the cost of passage, the diversions which travelers use to while away the time on shipboard. Get some one who has been aboard to tell you about life aboard ship in as much detail as possible. There is no fear but that it will prove instructive, even though you may never have an opportunity of visiting foreign lands.

Plan your work ahead so that all the members of the travel class may be on the lookout for photographs, souvenir postals, magazine articles, and so on, which will throw light on the cities you are going to visit. A regular guidebook is very nearly essential. While too condensed to be immensely interesting, it will enable you to plan your trip as you could not possibly do otherwise.

In one such club one meeting was to be occupied by a visit to a famous picture gallery. The girl who had charge of the trip for the day acquainted herself with the most famous pictures in the collection, and obtained reproductions of each. What she could not find in old magazines, she obtained from the Perry Picture Company for a penny apiece. The visit proved so interesting that the club voted to repeat it the following week, and in the meantime to devote a little time to learning something about the principal painters represented.

This is only a suggestion of what a few bright girls living on neighboring farms can undertake with great pleasure and profit.—*Selected.*

A Member of the Benevolent Society (Concluded from page three)

VII) and Queen Victoria, with all of whom he was a great favorite, not only because of his extraordinary talents, but on account of his clever and charming personality.

We shall see more of his famous dog pictures in future issues of the INSTRUCTOR.

The Bitter Lesson

MRS. J. B. HILL



I OUGHT to be happy," said young Mrs. Melville, the bride of a few weeks, as she glanced round the tastefully furnished breakfast room. Evidently a refined taste had planned the furnishing—handsome carpet and curtains of harmonious colors, and all the other articles that do so much to make a room look well.

"How well off I am!" she continued, going to the drawing-room, and throwing open the shutters, that the bright rays of the morning sun might light up the beautiful apartment. "All this is affection's offering, for I am sure of my husband's love; and if any one has good prospects of being happy, it is I."

Ah! loving wife, what is it that makes your brow contract as if in pain, and a sigh, in spite of yourself, breathe forth? It is the remembrance of one failing your loved one has,—a lack of firmness to say no when needful; but you cannot entertain one thought of sorrow because of this, although even before marriage it gave you trouble. You think your noble husband cannot go astray with you by his side to speak the warning word, and so you sing the sigh away, and banish thought in brightening up your pleasant home against your husband's return.

For a year none could be happier than Annie Melville; and when a son was born to them, she thought her Heavenly Father could give her little more; her cup of earthly happiness seemed full.

But in spite of home attractions, in the second year of wedded life Mr. Melville spent more than one evening at the clubroom, where, with a few jolly good fellows, time slipped rapidly away. One night with grief Mrs. Melville noticed a wild excitement of manner, as in an irritable tone of voice he chided her for sitting up, so anxious looking, as if he could not take care of himself. The first unkind word, how deep it rankles! how sore the wound it makes! Long after Mr. Melville was asleep, Annie wept at the remembrance of it. Her eyes were open now to see her husband's failing in its true light, but, as the choice was her own, she hid her fears as best she could, striving to make home doubly pleasant.

After each night out, Mr. Melville would promise to be more careful in future to refuse the next invitation to supper, yet as surely he would fail. "A personal friend, Annie, who obliges me in a business way," was his ready excuse. Mr. Melville was a rising man (so the world terms it), and his society was much sought; his advice was often wanted in a business matter or in politics. And Annie would have had many lonely hours but for the sweet companionship of her boy. Willie was nearly four years old now, an attractive child, and his papa loved him dearly. Often had Willie nearly persuaded papa to stay with him in the evening; but if a friend called for him on his way to the clubroom, Mr. Melville could not say no, and Willie was put off with the promise that papa would be home early; but long before he returned, Willie's eyes were closed in sleep. Mrs. Melville hoped and prayed that God would open her dear one's eyes to his danger before it was too late, little dreaming the bitter trial that would be needed to effect this, for, like Bunyan's men in the arbor of enchantment, he was lulled to slumber, fearing nothing, yet in that false security nearly losing his all.

Almost every evening now Mrs. Melville was left alone, little Willie's entreaties proving of no avail in persuading his father to spend his evenings with him; but tonight Mr. Melville was not feeling well, and so made up his mind to rest on the sofa instead of going out. Mrs. Melville was bending over her child's crib; for Willie had been restless all day, and the quick eye of the mother saw that he was feverish. No wonder she turned pale as she felt the burning hands of her darling, and heard the quick, short gasps for breath, as if he were suffocating. Mr. Melville also saw that the child was seriously ill, and with a kind word to his wife, said he would hasten for the doctor. Just as he was opening the door Willie looked up, and with beseeching eyes begged papa to stay with him. "Willie's very sick," said the child in a feeble voice. "Papa will soon be back, darling," answered Mr. Melville, "and I will bring the doctor to make Willie well," and so he went.

Having told the doctor to make haste, Mr. Melville turned to go home, when at the corner of a street he met one of his club associates, who said he was just in search of Mr. Melville, and he must come if only for half an hour. Mr. Melville pleaded that his child was ill, and his wife anxious about him. "That is always the way with mothers," said his friend; "if a child is a little feverish, O, it's all over with him! It will likely be but a cold, and the doctor will soon put him all right." Mr. Melville had seen his wife anxious before, and he thought very likely it would turn out nothing serious after all, so he turned in for just half an hour; but once among his gay associates, Willie, wife, and home were forgotten.

At home was a different scene. Willie had a bad attack of croup, and although the doctor did his utmost, never leaving the child's side, it was too evident that Willie was growing rapidly worse. At first a verse of his favorite hymn soothed him for a little, then even that failed. As long as he could speak, he cried for papa. It was pitiful to see the look of disappointment that came over his face when the door opened and some other entered than the one he longed for. As his sufferings grew extreme, Mrs. Melville almost wished each gasping breath would be his last; but when the breath was fairly out of the little body and his sufferings were all over, she was almost heart-broken, as she knelt in speechless grief by the little crib where he lay.

Mr. Melville was found at the club, by the servant sent in search of him, and was almost sobered by the word, "Master, little Willie is dying." Without a word of farewell to his companions, Mr. Melville followed the servant through the now deserted streets, inwardly cursing his folly in yielding to the wishes of his friends; but it was too late. He saw at a glance the little, still, white face in the crib. Kneeling by his wife, he cried in tones of agony, "Say, Annie, our child is not dead." The anguish in Mr. Melville's voice opened the hitherto dry fountain, and with a burst of tears, Annie sobbed out, "Yes, the Lord has taken dear Willie."

Neither husband nor wife slept that night. Alone with God, Mr. Melville prayed for forgiveness, and vowed with God's help he would never again taste strong drink. He was now fully aware of the danger he had been in, and felt that this lesson was needed.

How differently he thought now of the lonely hours his wife must have had; but bitterest of all was the thought of his dying child fretting for papa to come home, and yet he came not. No more would the sweet voice of his darling beg papa to stay one night with Willie. Over the confined clay of his child, Mr. Melville sought his wife's forgiveness, and promised that with God's help, as long as life lasted he would endeavor to save others from the dangers and allurements of the wine cup; "for if I had refused the first glass," he said, "I might have been spared this bitter lesson."

No other little Willie ever gladdened the again happy home of Annie Melville, but the bitter lesson was not forgotten: it did its work fully, and Willie, though dead, yet speaketh.

At a Lighthouse Station

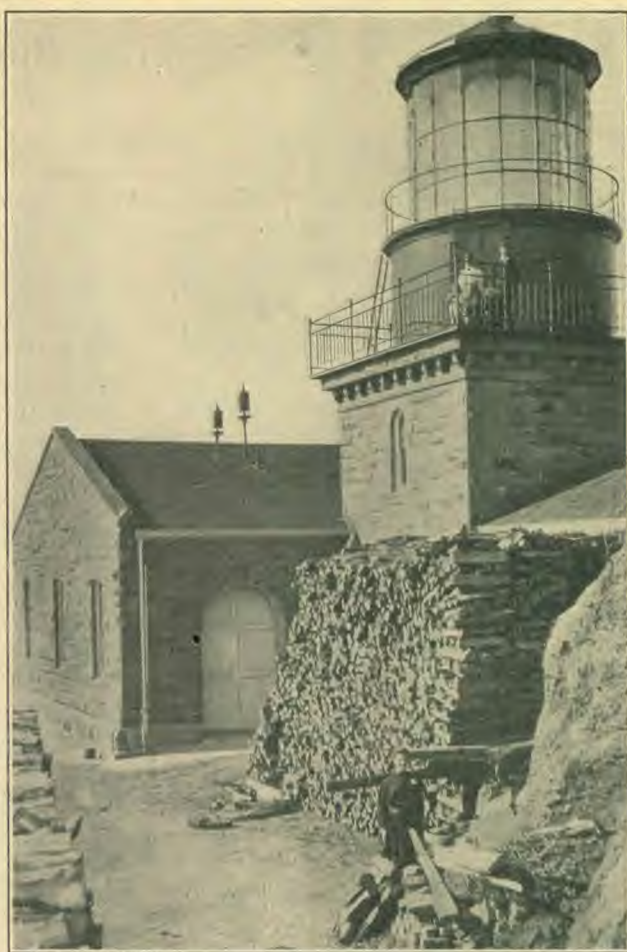
THE Point Sur Lighthouse station is situated on the Pacific coast, about one hundred miles south of San Francisco. At this point there is a rocky reef, extending quite a distance into the water, which is very dangerous to ships. Two large ships were wrecked here years ago, and so a first-order light was placed on a rock four hundred feet high, which juts out into the ocean. This station is thirty-five miles from a town, and there is no school within ten miles. No one lives at the station except the three light keepers with their families. As one of these families were Seventh-day Adventists, and wished to have their children taught by the methods used in our church schools, I was called there to teach the four children who were of school age.

One who has never traveled over the stage roads of the West has little idea what his feelings would be on such a trip. A thirty-five-mile drive along the cliffs, so close to the ocean that a pebble dropped from where one is sitting would go crashing down hundreds of feet into the water, is not very conducive to peace



THE POINT SUR LIGHTHOUSE STATION

of mind, especially if one is inclined to be nervous. It takes so long to go up those long, steep grades that when the top is reached the driver usually allows the horses to go down the hill as fast as they can run. Those who are not accustomed to such rides catch their breath, and expect to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below at any moment; but as the horses keep going faster and faster, if such a thing were possible, and no accident occurs, they soon become calmer and begin to enjoy the scenery, which is grand and awful in some places, and in others is fascinatingly beautiful.



THE POINT SUR LIGHTHOUSE

When I first saw the place that was to be my home for a few months, I wondered how any one could live there. Although the rock was high, I found that by winding around it a great deal a horse could reach the top quite easily. The wind always blows on the shore of the ocean, but the most terrific winds are nearly always sweeping over this rock. As one would suppose, the lighthouse was built on the side of the rock next to the ocean, and here the wind is always so strong that it is difficult to cross the bridge from the main rock where the homes are, to the lighthouse. Had this building not been made of the strongest iron, with a solid foundation, it must have been blown away. But there it stands like a faithful sentinel, warning all passing ships of the danger so near them. When

it is foggy so the light cannot be seen, the foghorn always sends out its warning note. Every fifteen seconds it gives a blast which seems almost to shake the very foundations of the rock, and sounds like a roll of heavy thunder.

The first event of any note after my arrival was when the government boat was seen approaching. As no steamer could land, and there was no rowboat at the station, it was a great event in the monotonous life whenever the "Madrona" came to call on them. It always anchored about half a mile from shore, and

sent rowboats in with provisions. Of course no one would be willing to miss the pleasure of being down at the beach to see them come in. The boat not only brought enough food to last the people at the station till its next visit, about six months hence, but it also brought the government inspector, whose business it is to inspect the work of the housewives as well as that of the men. Everything must be in perfect condition, from the closets and pantry in the house, to the bridges and all woodwork about the station. At first the women did not enjoy having a man inspect their housework, and especially their private rooms; but they had to submit, as this is the rule of the government.

Those who have always lived where they can see people whenever they wish cannot realize how a dozen persons living so far from any neighbors would feel when human beings come in sight. Usually passing ships came no closer than four or five miles, but one day we saw a small steamer towing a lumber boat so close to shore that we thought we could signal to the sailors. We fastened a sheet to two poles and waved it. After a few minutes we saw them hoist their flag, which showed that they saw us and were sending an answering greeting. We were as delighted as if we had seen some of our friends. Every Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, the "Santa Rosa" passed on its way to Los Angeles. We always watched for it, and were glad when we saw it coming in sight, although we knew that the distance was too great for those on board to see us. Several times they blew their whistles three times, when passing, which meant "Hello." The few persons who visited us were most welcome, and we gladly showed them everything of interest about our island home.

As soon as our school work was well started, I was eager to explore the place that to me was so wonderful. One of my most interesting expeditions was on the rock itself. There were parts of it where no human being had ever been, or ever could be, as the rock rose perpendicularly from the ocean on the north side. In company with one of my pupils, a girl of fourteen, I started out one day to see if we could not find some way to go around the rock close to the ocean, all except that one place where no one could go. We succeeded fairly well where the rocks were hard and there were places to which we could cling with both feet and hands; but when we came to the sunny side, the rocks crumbled like chalk. When we were tired of trying to climb, we sat down and rested. At one time a seal stuck its head up out of the water and looked at us as innocently as a child. It seemed to know that we would not hurt it.

In one place we jumped down to a ledge of rock below us, only to find that we were hemmed in by impassable rocks and the ocean. We could not go on, neither could we climb back. It was at least two hours before we finally found a way out. When we reached a place directly below the lighthouse, we found a slope of sliding sand and fine rock, which slanted down to the ocean where the water was about a hundred feet deep. How to cross this place was a problem. I had crossed about half the distance when I came to a place where I could not find a thing that was solid. I could stand where I was, but everything I touched crumbled or broke off. It looked as if I must stay there or else slide into the ocean. My companion was above me, and she finally got hold of a root that would hold her. Then she reached her foot down to me. I could

just reach it, and I succeeded in pulling myself up. If the root to which she was clinging had broken, we both should have gone down to our death, and no one would have known what had become of us. After going around the most dangerous places I had ever seen, we finally reached the beach for which we had started. Although we thought then that we should never risk our lives so again, it was so fascinating to us that we did the same thing twice afterward, but we chose times when the tide was low, and the danger was much less.

The times when we went fishing, swimming, gathering shells on the beach and strawberries in the sand, were all most enjoyable. It was a strange, new life for me. It was great sport to run along the beach close to the water, as the waves receded, and then run from them as they returned. Sometimes one wave would come up higher than we expected, and we would have to scramble to reach a place of safety. Very seldom did we go home without getting caught by some wave more audacious than the others, which gave us a thorough wetting. I think there is no greater pleasure than watching the grand old ocean in its varying moods.

One day we took a walk up the beach for some distance, then followed a river up the mountain, where, in the middle of the creek, we found a hot sulphur spring. We took off our shoes and stockings and enjoyed alternate hot and cold foot baths. We had walked twenty miles before we reached home. Although we were more tired than we had ever been before, we enjoyed the day immensely, and felt that the beautiful mountain scenery and the exercise in the exhilarating air had done us good.

The five months that I spent at the lighthouse are among the pleasantest recollections of my life, notwithstanding the fact that it was an isolated place and a lonesome life. I think I learned to realize the power of God while there as I had never done before, and I also learned to admire those who are willing to devote their lives to a work which seems very monotonous, and yet is so important to the lives of those who travel on the mighty deep. LELA M. BROWN.

God Does Not Fail

A FEW years ago, while riding in a crowded Western train, a dear little white-haired lady took a seat by my side after carefully arranging the pillows for her aged invalid husband across the aisle. After a while our conversation drifted to things of God, for, of course, I wanted to know if she was a Christian; and what a blessed testimony she gave. I think it was one of the sweetest stories I ever heard of God's care for the needy.

She told me of their early pioneer days in the Northwest, and how, though many miles from the railroad, and with very few neighbors, they organized a Sunday school, and had such good times together, as many a pioneer can remember. They were so far from town that the winter supplies had to be laid in before the deep snow came, for in that prairie country many a man has lost his life in the fierce blizzards that sweep over hundreds of miles of flat country.

They were right in the midst of one of these long, cold, snowed-in winters, when unexpected company came in the shape of two men who had escaped from jail and walked over the snow to the settlement. The one reason that their feet were not frozen was because they had bound them in newspapers. In a few days

the constable arrived in pursuit, but he had not been so fortunate, for his feet were frozen. There was nothing to do but to keep them until the thaw should come; but what about food, with three extra men?

The little mother was a Christian, and so did her duty. When the flour got low, she borrowed all she could, but the neighbors' stock to give was soon gone. The constable said to her, "You had better turn us out and save your children."

She said, "You know what would happen to you if I did." It meant death to them.

The last batch of biscuits was made, and her faith was pretty low; but a psalm that morning had given her God's promise to care.

Later one of the boys went out toward the corral for something, but came running back to say there was something in the corral. The men went out and found several young deer that had drifted in with the storm. O, what a blessing to have meat in time of famine! And either that day or the next the postman arrived with several sacks of flour, and so God proved his power to keep his promise.

As the aged couple got off the train, and I saw their son, a big fellow, take the feeble old man in his arms, I could not but be thankful that they were so blessed in their old age.—*The Young Soldier*.

Thankful for Small Favors

HAPPY is the man or the woman who comes up to the Thanksgiving season of the year with a heart filled with gratitude for the common everyday favors and blessings of life—for things so common that we hold them cheaply, such as health and strength, not only for ourselves, but for our children and for those we hold dear. As the cry of famine and bitter want comes to us from other lands, there is the duty of being thankful for what we may regard as the small favor of food for our daily needs. There is a call to be grateful for the friendships that are ours, and for all the material necessities of life, even though we are denied the luxuries. It is a time for us to take to heart the old Arab maxim that bids one to be thankful for what one has if one cannot have the things one wants. It is a time to remember that it is the little things that make up the sum of life. We are disposed to accept as a matter of course the small favors of life, and to feel that we have no call to give thanks unless some great blessings and mercies fall to our portion. The story is an old one of the old woman who had but two teeth, but who felt to be thankful because they "hit." Such a spirit of gratitude as this never finds it difficult to find something for which to be thankful with each recurring time of Thanksgiving. It is a trite saying that some people do not know when they are "well off." They remain in this state of ignorance because they give no heed to the common mercies of life, and the things for which they should be profoundly grateful make no impression upon them.

It is doubtful if any other word in the English language prevents so much gratitude as the little word *if*. "If we only had this," "If we only had that," or, "If we only had the other," how happy we should be, or how happy we think we should be. But how often it happens that the achieving of the heart's desire does nothing but create some new desire. Some new "if" presents itself, and gratitude for the desire achieved ends.

It is because they are so common, because they add so much to the comfort and happiness of the everyday life, that we should be thankful for the common mercies of life. They are the essential things of life, and it often happens that the things for which we long with such eager desire are not really essential to our well-being. I have in mind an old woman living on a little hill farm in New Hampshire who is a good deal of a philosopher. At eighty-three years of age her outlook on life is happy and cheerful, although she has all her long life been denied many things that some consider essential to their happiness. Hers has been a life of constant toil, a warfare against poverty, that has given her shoulders the pathetic droop that comes from years of overwork. Her hands are twisted with toil, and it is necessary for her to practice extreme economy in her old age. But her spirit has not been broken, and she has steadily and boldly flaunted a no-surrender flag in the face of discouragement and despair. One of her common expressions is, "It ain't necessary."

I have often enjoyed sitting on the tiny porch at the front door of her little old house on summer evenings, and listening to this cheerful old philosopher discourse on the things that "ain't necessary." Once I heard her say:—

"I'm too thankful for the things I've got to fool away any time fussin' an' frettin' over the things I ain't got. For one thing, so many o' the things I ain't got ain't necessary. I reckon now that it must be real nice to have runnin' water in the house like so many o' the farmer folks has these days, but, after all, it ain't reely necessary, an' no one around here has a better well than I got. I so often feel to be thankful for that well o' such beautiful water that never gives out, no matter how dry the season is. And cold! Why there ain't a well around here that has, such cold water in the summer time. I never draw up a bucket of it on a scorching hot day without thinkin' o' what a mercy it is to have such a well! I've always thought it'd be nice to have a top buggy, but, la me, it ain't reely necessary. I can get to town about as quick in my old democrat wagon as other folks git there in their top buggies, an' sev'ral fam'lies around here ain't got even a democrat wagon. I've made it a pint all my days to try to be satisfied with the things I have without fussin' over the loss o' things I ain't got, an' that it ain't necessary I should have."

Here is a woman who will come up to the Thanksgiving time joyful because of the common everyday mercies of life. I believe that this spirit of contentment has had something to do with the fact that at eighty-three years of age she is a woman of such unusual mental and physical vigor, and for these blessings she is constantly expressing her gratitude. She has exhausted none of her strength in vain fretfulness because of the lack of things that "ain't necessary," and she has learned to be pleased with things she has.

And here is a great truth it is well to bear in mind as the time of national thanksgiving draws near:—

"It is God's common mercies to us, after all, which constitute what we might call the atmosphere of our lives. Their presence increases our happiness indescribably. Let God be thanked for them, therefore, more devoutly than ever."—*J. L. Harbour, in Zion's Herald*.



Only One Tongue

THE very dullest children in Japan speak Japanese;
In Spain they chatter Spanish as they play;
In Holland it is much
The custom to speak Dutch,
While German youngsters talk the German way.

In Paris little children do their lessons all in French;
In Athens even baby talk is Greek;
It makes me feel quite blue,
And rather stupid, too,
For English is the only tongue I speak.

— *The Child's Hour.*

Twelve Old Dresses



IT'S going to be a beautiful party, mother. There are to be twelve girls, and each one is to have a fairy lamp at her plate. O, no! not twelve, either. There will be only eleven of us. Belle Marks won't go."

"And why won't Belle go?" asked Mildred Smith's mother.

"Because she has nothing to wear but an old dress, a real old muslin that has been washed and darned. All the rest of us have new dresses, and you know Belle would feel bad. We are sorry. Everybody loves Belle, and she knows so many nice games to play."

"Couldn't you persuade her to go?" asked Mrs. Smith. "It seems to me that she could have just as nice a time in an old dress."

"O, no, mother; she would feel queer. I offered to lend her a dress,—I knew you would let me,—but she would not take it."

"I like her all the better for that," said her mother. "But, Mildred, did you offer to wear your old dress, too? Maybe that would make her willing to go?"

"Wear my old dress? O mother, I don't want to do that!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Smith. "I won't say any more about it. When you get to have as old eyes as mine, little daughter, you will see that a fine dress is one of the smallest things in the world, a great deal smaller than giving to anybody a single hour's pleasure. But perhaps I am asking too much to expect you to see that yet."

Mildred went off to school, feeling very much stirred up in her little mind. The thought of the new blue dress with its lace was very tempting. "That plain old white muslin is horrid!" she said to herself.

"But, then, it would be so nice if Belle could have part of the fun, too."

Was it a white angel that stood at the little girl's side and made it seem better to please Belle than to wear her pretty dress? Nobody saw the wings, but I believe an angel was there.

At the noon recess, Mildred and Belle ran up to Mary Clifton with bright faces.

"O Mary," cried Belle, gayly, "please ask me over again to your party! I want to say Yes this time. Did you ever know anything so sweet? Mildred is going to wear her plain old muslin to keep me from feeling bad."

"You won't mind having us in old dresses, will you, Mary?" asked Mildred, in a joyous tone. "We are going to carry big bunches of flowers out of my garden, and that will make us look fine."

"Mind, indeed!" cried Mary. "I just believe——" She stopped off short, and kissing the two little girls, hurried away without finishing her sentence.

But when the twelve fairy lamps were lighted, Mildred and Belle found out what a bright idea had struck Mary, for all twelve girls wore old dresses and carried bunches of flowers.

"Now, I'm never going to mind about my old dresses again," said Belle, as she kissed the others good-by. "You may all wear the newest sort of dresses after this; and when I put on my old white muslin, I'll feel happy to think how sweet you all were to me about it. I'll just love the old things."—*Selected.*

THERE is no gentleness in the world like that which is manifested by power.— *Henry Ward Beecher.*



His Dying Plea

IDA HUDSON



IT was in the early morning hours of an autumn day when the ambulance slowly drove up the street to the hospital door. On a stretcher the patient was carefully borne. Custom had only deepened the sympathy in the lives of the "carriers" as the daily sights, the woeful tragedies, touched the heartstrings, bringing tenderness into sweet melody. Up through corridors and into a light, sunny room overlooking the beautiful coloring of nature below, they slowly brought him, and with equal solicitude they laid him upon the bed of immaculate whiteness. Then in answer to the doctor's ring the nurse was placed in charge of the case.

As she dexterously stepped toward the bedside, and looked into the white face, distorted with misery, she suddenly stopped, spellbound, as it were; for never had she seen depicted upon countenance of man or woman such unutterable anguish of soul.

He was only a young man, scarcely more than twenty-five. His face was that of a scholar, sensitive and thoughtful, the chin masterful, and the mouth expressive. There were lines of invincible determination, that focused in the right direction would have won for him a worthy position in the world.

As the nurse drew nearer to the bedside, scrutinizing every line of the visage, she detected the betrayal of the signs of the demon sin. Pathos and regret were discernible in the dark eyes that had lost their once clearness of vision. Ah, she knew beyond a doubt that he had at one time, and perhaps not so long ago, faced the world squarely, eye to eye, bearing witness of an unspotted manhood, and — now!

It was truly a deplorable sight, and more so as the nurse, after assisting the doctor with the examination, came to the full realization that the patient had been brought there to die — wrecked, ruined, and beyond the restoration power of man. It would be just a little while until another life would be spent, another funeral sermon preached, another grave dug. What of this life? Could we say it had been entirely useless? The thought proved an incentive for activity, and as the nurse ministered to his several needs, the oft-repeated question formed itself upon her lips, "O, how did it happen? What was the cause?"

Beyond a yes or a no the patient was quite noncommittal. He suffered much, mentally far more than physically, as he struggled in an almost hopeless effort to conceal the phantom which haunted his mind. He spent a restless, tantalizing day which finally wore to a close. Thus followed many days, fair repetitions of their forerunners, until at last they brought him to the closing day of his earth's history.

Stationed at the bedside to await the visit of the death angel, the nurse remained through the anxious vigil of that last night, praying that in some way she might touch the chord that would vibrate to the Master's plea, "Come unto me." Sharing to a great degree the general anxiety of the patient, and with the true nurse's instinct, she felt rather than perceived that he was being aroused from a state of semiconsciousness. Conversation was encouraged and entered into with a will. Finally she expressed a desire to ask him a question, not from idle curiosity, but that with the knowledge thus gained she might be enabled in some way to warn some other soul. Showing not a

little excitement, he granted the request, and she asked: "Would you tell me the very beginning of your downfall? Would you tell me the very first step that you took?"

His eyes burned into her very soul as he turned to her, and with pain and great difficulty, said: "I'll tell you nurse, and O, warn the girls! Tell them with your voice and pen to heed the words of a dying man, echoing from the very depths of the grave."

Girls, take a lingering look into that death chamber. It is but a little past midnight. With the exception of the soft tread, tread of the nurses' feet on the floor above and below, all is wrapped in the death stillness of the night. The electric light burns dimly. Away in the distance the night owl hoots, as it were, an "amen" to his dying appeal. And from the shadows, fanciful or real, one is almost persuaded he sees human forms to be reached, to be warned, to be saved.

Lying weak and prostrate upon his bed, while sleep was a far-away phantom; with the torture of mind and body that he had endured stamped upon his face, which was as haggard as if death had already claimed him; with labored breath, and yet with a vehemence never to be forgotten, stopping to rest often because of fast failing strength, he related the following story. And I tell it now to you because his dying request of the nurse was that the girls be warned:—

"Only a few months ago, nurse, I filled my place in the world. In the golden enthusiasm of youth, I was full of ambition and an indomitable worker. With the wealth and encouragement of cultured parents, my plans for development knew no bounds. My goal was high. I was determined to make of my life a success. But, O, it was not all smooth sailing! There were battles to be fought. There were victories to be won, and I had fairly succeeded. I had been reared a church member, but Christianity to me had been only secondary. My aspirations came first, before my crucified Saviour, and thus I slew him anew. I met a young girl, professing much, and I believed she was all she said she was; and today I cannot but say I believe she intended all she did for the best. She simply didn't know. O, the sinfulness ignorance alone is accountable for!

"We were together much in school and out, and I was learning to consciously and unconsciously look to her as an example in all things. She did not know this. No, these young girls do not know with what aptitude we young men will follow in the way they lead, as if it were law to us. The finalities of our characters they hold in the palms of their hands. O that they could realize the enormity of such a responsibility and meet the ever-present occasions as Christian women!

"An hour came that proved to bear the seal of my destiny, and but for that hour I would not be here. There was a battle to be fought within, and I was needing, sadly needing, the personal influence, with its saving grace of a womanly woman. I thought I had proved my friend to be such, and so in my dire need I sought her. She never surmised why. We stood together, she and I, upon the dormitory steps, I a step below her, discussing life in general and its finalities. She drew near, and for the first time in her life she placed her hand affectionately upon my

shoulder. It was an act of undue familiarity, but in the eyes of the world only a little thing; but O, I beg of you to tell the girls my misspent manhood is the direct result. Ah, it was a big thing! The battle I was fighting seemed less near victory. The resolutions I had so manfully formed were crumbled and lay a hopeless mass at my feet. All the evil desires and unholy passions were aroused anew under the caressing touch of a woman's hand.

"The temptation came, and as an incarnate fiend I left her to take my first step down. For days, yes, weeks, I could feel that electric, nerve-burning influence upon my shoulder, and then would come another step, and another, always down. Of course, I reasoned, I could stop before going very far. I meant nothing really wrong, and every fellow has to sow a few wild oats, I said. These were my first. No one would know. I would soon stop. Thus I mused: but I had tasted, I had indulged in, the evil that would sooner or later destroy the mental as well as the physical part of my being, and I knew it. But the stopping was not so easy a matter. Often I said, 'After the next step then I'll stop;' but on, and on, and on I went until I could not stop if I would. I left school before disgrace crowned my course. I left before they knew. Into the city I went, and amid the clamor and turmoil of the mad rush of the world I scattered, not seeds of life and truth, but abominable wild oats that have hurled many a life of purity into degradation.

"To make a long story short, nurse, suffice it to say that they picked me up one night, paralyzed from my waist down, and carried me to my father's home. From there they brought me here."

Closing his eyes, he lay silent a few minutes, while the marks of strong suffering now revealed his manhood's experience. And then he slowly added, "From here they will take me to the grave." Dry sobs in pain beyond all tears shook his tender frame. Looking up into the nurse's face, he hoarsely whispered, "O, tell the girls to keep their hands off the boys!" Several times the plea was repeated, and each time the voice grew weaker, until it sounded as from the far-off distance, "Tell them, O, warn them — to keep — their — hands — off — the boys!"

In the false strength of the last few moments, he slowly raised himself to an upright position, and waved his arms frantically. As the nurse supported him, watching the awful contortions of the pain-racked body, she listened in silent agony to his earnest tones as he begged her to neglect no opportunity to entreat our girls "to keep their hands off the boys."

The last vestige of strength was given in the piteous but manly appeal that our girls be warned. And then with an almost sacred awe stealing over the pale-faced nurse, she placed him back upon the pillow — dead.

O that human language could portray the sentiment of the nurse's heart as she stood alone with the grim monster death, and with the question, "What was the cause?" answered!

With mind and heart reeling at the sight of such misery and death, she was too horrified to stir, and a moan escaped her lips as she looked above and whispered, "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

After the undertaker had softly closed the big doors of the hospital, and the sound of the horses' hoofs on the pavement grew fainter and fainter and died away, the nurse, sick at heart and wearily worn with the

strain and the shock of the story, walked meditatively back to the empty room. The tumbled bed, his few personal possessions, the cut flowers in profusion, and the very furniture seemed to loudly echo his dying strain. And long after the black shadows changed to a deep gray, and the faint morning light stole into the room, she lingered, deeply touched, and prayed that our girls would reflect upon the influence of their moral powers. For when such powers become enervated, the minds become confused and enfeebled. Many a life that might perform efficient service is perverting its God-given talent, and altogether disqualifying itself for a responsible position anywhere. There are moments, as they are seized or neglected, in the lives of every man and woman, girl and boy, which decide their future destiny.

Our personal influence, girls, is unceasingly wielding a power for the glory of manhood to shine with greater luster, or for a life of pitiful destruction. Let us bear in mind the evils of undue familiarity. God grant that we may, one and all, fix our minds upon the fact that the eternal interests of ourselves and others are concerned in our actions of today.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Study for Sabbath, November 21

Suggestive Program

(This program may be exchanged with the one for November 28 if desired.)

1. OPENING Exercises (ten minutes).
2. Bible Reading (ten minutes).
3. Recitation (five minutes).
4. What I Am Thankful For (ten minutes).
5. The Spirit of Praise and Thanksgiving (ten minutes).
6. Thanksgiving Testimony Meeting (ten minutes).
7. Closing Exercises (five minutes).

1. Song ("Christ in Song," No. 475); sentence prayers; special music; review of Morning Watch texts; collection of individual reports and offering; secretary's report.

2. "Praise and Thanksgiving." Ask the questions and have different ones read the answers. Have all read in concert the answer to the last question. See *Gazette*.

3. "An Optimist's Thanksgiving." See *Gazette*.

4. Have four or five two-minute talks, each emphasizing a different thing; such as, (a) For my Christian experience, (b) that I have learned the Christian religion rather than Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Hinduism, or paganism; (c) that our country is not harassed by war; (d) for the third angel's message; (e) for the so-called "common" blessings of life; (f) for the privilege of doing something for the salvation of souls; (g) for the great missionary campaign now on. This may be made a very interesting exercise if each speaker will study much and talk short. The article "Thankful for Small Favors," in this INSTRUCTOR, is very suggestive on (e). Other material can be easily found if desired.

5. Let the leader read "Christ's Object Lessons," beginning with the paragraph at the bottom of page 298, and ending at the close of the paragraph beginning at the top of page 300.

6. Testimony meeting conducted by the leader. Encourage every one to follow the example of those who gave the two-minute talks, by telling why they are thankful. If any are too timid to speak, they can read a verse of Scripture. A little thoughtfulness in speaking to such before may add much to the meeting.

Junior Society Study for Week Ending November 21

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING Exercises (twenty minutes).
 2. "Joseph Hardy Neesima" (ten minutes).
 3. "Summer Work in Japan" (ten minutes).
 4. A Missionary Recitation (five minutes).
 5. Echoes From the Field (ten minutes).
 6. Closing Exercises (five minutes).
1. Song; review of Morning Watch texts; sentence prayers; secretary's report; reports of work done; offering taken; special music.
2. The biography of this missionary may be read or given as a talk by a Junior. See *Gazette*.
3. Have a Junior read this interesting report from Brother Hoffman, in this number of the *INSTRUCTOR*.
4. Recitation to be given by four children. See *Gazette*.
5. Appoint a Junior to glean missionary items from recent issues of our papers, also from the *Missionary Review of the World* if possible.
6. Announce band meetings. Repeat together the membership pledge.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 7: "Ann of Ava,"

Pages 129-164

1. WHY was it necessary for Mrs. Judson to return to America? When did she take passage?
2. How did she feel about leaving Burma even temporarily?
3. Tell about the first Burmese converts.
4. For what did Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman appeal to the court at Ava? With what result?
5. By whom was Mrs. Judson entertained in England?
6. Describe her home coming.
7. Where was it necessary for her to spend the winter? Why?
8. While recuperating, how did she employ her time?
9. Who returned to India with her? When did they sail?
10. While left alone in Rangoon, what work had Mr. Judson completed?
11. Where did they move immediately upon Mrs. Judson's return? What induced them to take this step? Tell something of their journey.
12. Who met them at Ava? What news did he have to relate?
13. What was the cause of the war between Burma and England? What occurred May 23, 1824?
14. Why were Mr. Judson and Dr. Pierce arrested? Relate the story. Where were they confined?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 7: "Under Marching Orders," Chapter 11, From Page 183; Chapter 12

1. On July 17, after nearly a month's siege, what message was received? What reply did Major Conger send back by the messenger, to be forwarded to Washington? How was the news from the besieged legation regarded by the world?
2. What good news reached the legation on July 18? How was it brought? What word was received more than a week later? What disguise was employed by the Chinese boy who brought this message?
3. How did the foreigners in the compound spend that evening? Knowing that relief was on the way, what did the Chinese soldiers do?
4. How many days passed before the allies arrived? Describe the night of August 13. When was the siege ended? Why could not the beleaguered company raise a cheer when the soldiers came to save them?
5. How many years of service did Mrs. Gamewell give to China? After returning to the United States, how did she still work for the people of that distant land? What did she plan to do? What caused this plan to fail?
6. Describe the little school in Shan-tung, and tell how it came to be opened. How is the daughter of Clara Wang carrying on the work that was begun in Filial Piety Lane?
7. How has the work prospered that was begun in distant Chung-ch'ing, on the Yang-tze-kiang River? How many Christians are there in that district?
8. What new buildings were erected in the Filial Piety Lane compound? Describe the new school for girls. How wide is its influence? What special reform has it been instrumental in bringing about?
9. How many Chinese Christians laid down their lives during the Boxer uprising? What was the effect of their martyrdom? What is said of China as an opportunity for gospel effort?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

73. WHY not let each society prepare its own Missionary Volunteer lessons?

We shall answer by asking you a question. What should you think of letting each Sabbath school prepare its own lessons? Surely, no one would suggest doing away with our uniform Sabbath school lessons. The Sabbath school is the church at study. The Missionary Volunteer Society is the young people of the church at work and at study. If you prepare your lessons, they are of local interest. The department prepares lessons of general interest to all. If the same amount of time, thought, and study were devoted to making the department lessons interesting in the society as are devoted to preparing your own programs, every one would be much more benefited.

74. Why do you think our school societies should study the Missionary Volunteer lessons prepared by the department?

We believe our school centers established and maintained by denominational money should build up the organized denominational work. If the young people in our schools prepare their own Missionary Volunteer lessons, when they leave school they advocate in local societies the preparation of their lessons, thus opposing the instruction sent out by the Division Department. The lessons prepared by the department are of interest to every one. Those prepared locally are only of local interest, and do not give a broad field survey.



VIII.—Daniel's Three Friends

(November 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God." Isa. 43:2, 3.

Questions

1. How was Daniel brought into notoriety the next year after he completed his course of instruction? Dan. 2:1-5, 10-13, 17-19.
2. What effect did this have on the heathen king? To what high position was Daniel promoted? Whom did Daniel remember in his prosperity? What position did he secure for them? Verses 47-49.
3. How do we know that Nebuchadnezzar's good impressions about God finally wore off? Counting twenty-one inches to the cubit, how many feet high was the image he made? How broad was it? Where did the king set it up? See map. What advantage was there in erecting it on a plain? Dan. 3:1.
4. Who were invited to the dedication? What sort of people? From how many provinces did they come? What shows that they were of different nationalities, and that they spoke different languages? Where did they all assemble? Verses 2-4.
5. How many pieces were in their orchestra? What were they all commanded to do when they heard the first strains of music? Under what penalty? Verses 5, 6.
6. How did these ideas of compulsory religion agree with those of the Hebrew captives? Verses 8-12. What had they been commanded about having other gods? Ex. 20:3. To guard them from the least in-

clination in this direction, what must they not make or bow down to? Verses 4, 5. What harm would there have been in their appearing to worship the image, as long as their hearts worshiped the true God? 1 Thess. 5:22; Matt. 5:16. But have not God's people been commanded to obey earthly rulers? Titus 3:1. Why, then, should these obedient Hebrew captives boldly refuse to obey their king? Acts 5:29.

7. Who reported the three Hebrews to the king? What feeling seemed to prompt their evil report? What feeling did it arouse in the king? Where did he order them brought? How did he cross-question them? What second chance did he offer them? What was to be the penalty if they again transgressed? How did the king also defy their God? Dan. 3:8, 12-15.

8. How long did they parley with this temptation? What did they declare their God was able to do, if he wished? But even if he did not deliver them, what would they not do? Verses 16-18.

9. Although a king in name, over what small kingdom did this king not have control? How hot did he command the furnace to be heated? What did he command done to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego? Who were chosen to do this? Verses 19, 20.

10. How did the king cut off every chance of escape? What proves that there was no mistake about its being a real fire and exceedingly hot? What shows that it was impossible for the three captives to help themselves? Verses 21-23.

11. Yet what astonishing thing did the king's eyes behold? What was even this heathen king forced to admit? When he saw that he was fighting against God, what did he beseech his prisoners to do? Whose servants did he recognize them to be? Verses 24-26.

12. How was the knowledge of the true God spread over all the provinces of Babylon? How did Nebuchadnezzar bless the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego? Verses 27-29.

13. How did all the hardships work together for good to these servants of God? Verse 30. What promise had been literally fulfilled? Isa. 43:2, 3.

14. What great image is to be set up in the last days? Rev. 13:14. What will be the penalty upon those who do not worship it? Verse 15, last part. Yet what does the Lord promise to those who keep his word? Rev. 3:10.

3. What encouragement have we to pray? John 14:13; Luke 11:9-13; Matt. 21:22.

4. What example did Jesus leave us in this matter? Mark 1:35; Luke 5:15, 16; 6:12.

5. What did James say had hindered their prayers being answered? James 4:3. Note 3.

6. What similar instruction is given elsewhere in the Word? Ps. 66:18; Isa. 1:13-15. Compare 1 John 3:22; John 9:31.

7. What are professed Christians who unite with the world called? What is the friendship of the world said to be? James 4:4, first part.

8. What is said of one who is a friend of the world? Verse 4, last part. Note 4. Compare 1 John 2:15, 16.

9. In what words did Jesus state the same truth? Matt. 6:24.

10. What question does James ask? James 4:5. Note 5.

11. Whom does the Lord resist? To whom is grace given? Verse 6. Note 6.

12. How are we counseled to relate ourselves to God? What attitude are we to maintain toward the enemy? Verse 7.

13. How did Jesus when tempted resist the enemy? Matt. 4:1-10.

14. How successful was he in resisting the tempter's power? Verse 11. Compare Isa. 59:19.

15. What earnest admonition to personal godliness is given? James 4:8. Note 7.

Notes

1. Hitherto the instruction and admonitions seem to have been somewhat general. But now the application is made more personal: "Whence come wars and fightings among you." "Not public or national wars, nor yet conflicts in the courts, but rather quarrels growing out of their selfishness and uncharitableness."—Clarke.

2. "Ye have not, because ye ask not." One of the great causes of all spiritual death and of strife in homes and churches is here pointed out. It is the lack of prayer.

3. "The general sense is: If you pray aright, this feeling of continued craving after more of worldly things would not exist. All your proper wants would be supplied; and these improper ones which beget wars and fightings among you, would not exist."—Alford.

4. This world has its "god." We cannot worship the God of heaven and the god of this world. Those who bow before the god of this world are the enemies of God.

"How strange it is that people professing Christianity can suppose that with a worldly spirit, worldly companions, and their lives governed by worldly maxims, they can be in the favor of God, or have a place in the kingdom of heaven! When the world gets into the church, the church becomes a painted sepulcher, its spiritual vitality being extinct."—Clarke.

5. The Revised Version (margin) reads, "Or think ye that the Scripture speaketh in vain? That spirit which he made to dwell in us yearneth for us even unto jealous envy." This rendering contains a promise of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit to resist envy.

6. "The sure way to please God is to submit to the dispensations of his grace and providence; and when a man acknowledges him in all his ways, he will direct all his steps. The covetous man grasps at the shadow and loses the substance."—Clarke.

7. "The heathen and the Jews were accustomed to wash their hands before they engaged in public worship. The particular idea here is that in order to obtain the favor of God it is necessary to put away our sins; to approach him with a purpose and desire to be pure and holy. The mere washing of the hands, in itself, could not recommend us to his favor; but that of which the washing of the hands would be an emblem would be accepted in his sight. It may be inferred from what is said here that no one can hope for the favor of God who does not abandon transgression."—Barnes.

VIII — Friendship With the World; Its Results

(November 21)

DAILY-STUDY OUTLINE

QUESTIONS NOTES

Sun.	Personal application of strife among the members	1, 2	1, 2
Mon. ...	Prayer; Jesus' example; things that hinder	3-6	3
Tues. ...	Friendship with the world.....	7-10	4, 5
Wed. ...	Submitting to God; resisting the enemy	11-14	6
Thurs. ...	An earnest admonition	15	7
Fri.	Review the lesson		

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 4:1-8.

Questions

1. With what question does this chapter open? What answer is given? James 4:1. Note 1.

2. How is strife among members described? To what lack is their condition attributed? Verse 2. Note 2.

It is not so much how the work appears outwardly that commends it to God, . . . but it is altogether a question as to what, back of it all, prompted the service.—"The Lost Crown."

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THE community has the same right to prohibit saloons as it has to prohibit cesspools.—*David Starr Jordan.*

ALCOHOL and tobacco are the twofold curse of free America, and students of social reform and political economy are handicapped in their efforts to serve the body politic to the extent that they fail to plan by education and law for the complete elimination therefrom of these deadly foes.

SANFORD B. HORTON.

WHILE alcohol, even in small quantities, is directly injurious in various ways to the life of the tissues of the individual using it, the greatest evil in its use is its positive influence upon future generations. Alcohol is the right hand of the social evil that is producing the present awful increase in insanity, epilepsy, imbecility, and criminality.

C. F. BALL.

THE children of Israel were forbidden to keep an animal or an ox that was known to injure or gore persons; and if it was found that some one had been injured by such an animal, then the party owning him was severely punished. Now it is known as a fact that the drinking of intoxicants dethrones reason so that individuals under its influence commit crimes that they never would think of doing when sober. Applying the same principle God gave Israel, the persons who traffic in liquor become responsible for the harm done by individuals who become intoxicated by liquor sold them. Hence, it is not moral law to give that to our neighbor which will dethrone reason and cause crime.

O. A. JOHNSON.

WHY is it that the people of the better residential sections of our cities are so persistent in excluding all saloons? Why is it that respectable business men will leave their stores and offices and spend time to prevent the saloon from coming near? Why?—Because, to begin with, a saloon is an injury to real estate. Every square foot of ground in the vicinity loses value by reason of it. When the saloon enters a neighborhood, it does not come alone; it brings on either arm its two boon companions, the gambling-hell and the den of nameless infamy—three serpents trailing pestiferous slime. And with the saloon come dangers immeasurable. It is the great crime producer of the nation. The man who presides over the saloon is the worst of criminals, for he makes ninety per cent of them all. America will never be out of deadly peril till she has had the moral courage to deal adequately with the traffic in drink.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Victims of the Liquor Traffic

THE Vancouver *World* of September, 1913, contained an account of the death of a former chief clerk in the office of the minister of justice at Ottawa and occasionally acting deputy minister of justice. He was once a man of sterling worth and a clever lawyer; but for nearly a week his body lay in the morgue unidentified. Drink, which the government had licensed, proved this man's downfall, having robbed him of position, money, and friends.

The Hon. John G. Carlisle, one of the greatest constitutional lawyers the nation has known, and once Speaker of the House of Representatives and a former Cabinet officer, was hauled from an undertaker's establishment to be buried in a pauper's grave,—slain by the government he had so ably served.

There knelt one night at the altar of the Gospel Mission in Washington, D. C., a nephew of James Buchanan. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, but through drink had fallen to the lowest depths. Fortunately, through relying upon the strength given from heaven, Mr. Buchanan gave up drinking, and died an honored member of the church of Christ.

Ex-Senator Chauncey Depew once said: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman, and child in my home town. Those who began with me became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, and doctors, and it is remarkable to note that every one of those who drank is dead, not one living at my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one has proved a wreck, and wrecked his family as well."

Dr. Clarence Barbour says: "I knew of a young man who was graduated with honors from the Hartford high school; who was graduated from Yale University, and then from Yale law school at the head of his class. It seemed that there were no limits to his possibilities. Eight years after his graduation, however, I saw him stagger out of one of the lowest grogeries. Four months later, while intoxicated, he was exposed to a blizzard, and his hands and feet so frozen that amputation was necessary: his depleted system being unable to resist the shock, he died after a few days."

There are at least ten thousand college men in New York City who have been lured to destruction by the open saloon, and even a greater number in Chicago. It would seem that governments would do all they could to conserve such talent for public service; but instead, they issue annual licenses to hundreds of thousands of men to dispense freely to all whom they can entice to buy a poisonous substance which is acknowledged by all scientists to be one of the most destructive poisons known, one which in time is sure to destroy, both the soul and the body of its victims.

Strong Drink

It is a nuisance. It is the life of slums, joints, and dens. It always degenerates, it never works good.

It is a mocker. Though it sparkles and gives its color in the cup, and "moveth itself aright," it is a serpent; it bites.

It is selfish. It founds no asylums, shelters no poor; it feeds and robs self—nothing more.

It is wicked. It leagues with thugs, rogues, and thieves. It is like sin—it kills.

It is hellish. It robs homes to make dens, dives, and brothels. It is like the grave—it is cruel.

B. E. CONNERLY.