

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Boy Habits Mould the Man

ONE beautiful day last year, while walking in the great Highgate Cemetery, London, I chanced to see one of the plainest of headstones with this inscription: "Michael Faraday, Born 22d September, 1791, Died 25th August, 1867." I had read considerable about Michael Faraday as a man of science, and now, when standing by the side of his grave, my reflections led me to review his life, especially its early part, to see from what grew so eminent a character as his.

The conclusion drawn was that the future of every young person is in his own hands. That is to say, it is in the power of every one starting out in life to mold his own future to a large extent, since this is mostly controlled by the habits formed in childhood and youth. Scarcely any eminent character, of either sacred or profane history, has been endowed by nature with apparent advantages over his contemporaries. Whatever developments appeared in them were the result of cultivation in those directions.

The career of Michael Faraday was no exception to this rule. His father had been a journeyman blacksmith of Clapham village, in Yorkshire, but removed to London in 1791, just before the birth of the subject of this sketch. The family means were quite limited, so much so that when Michael was five years of age, they occupied a room over a coach house. At the age of nine, the boy was allowed but one loaf of coarse bread for each week's rations.

When thirteen years old, the age when boys go out to service in England, young Faraday was employed for "one year on trial," as errand boy for a bookseller named Riebau. His duty was to distribute, and gather up again, the papers that his master loaned to customers. At the end of the trial year Michael was apprenticed to his old master to learn the trade of bookbinder and stationer. In England it is customary for parents, when thus binding out a boy to a trade, to pay quite a sum for the privilege. But in young Faraday's indenture papers was written this clause: "In consideration of his faithful service, no premium is given."

During his apprenticeship the boy read such works as Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry," and the electrical treatise in the "Encyclopedia Britannica." "On the Mind," by Watts, was another work which he said was the first reading that made him really "think." Along with these he read Sturm's "Reflections on the Works of God," and others of a similar character, so that the science he learned was not an unbalanced one.

At the close of his seven years' apprenticeship, young Faraday engaged himself to a Mr. De la Roche, as a journeyman bookbinder. But this business was not to his liking after all; and although his employer made him flattering offers to remain with him in business, he said he could not do so. Having attended a few of Sir Humphry Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution, he wrote to that noted scientist, asking for employment under him. In due time he received a note from Sir Humphry, asking him to call on him the following day. As the result of this

above others, but because of the sterling qualities he possessed. These, too, were attained by a stubborn fight on the right side of principle. His niece, who was intimately acquainted with him, said that in him "a most fiery passion was kept under by the most perfect master." Not more than twice in all the years she knew him, could she remember that he let his passion get the better of him, and these occasions were each but for a moment.

With all his accomplishments, Michael Faraday was a deeply religious man, and found time not only to attend the general meetings of the Sandemanian church, in Paul's Alley, of which he was a member, but also to minister to the congregation quite regularly from the sacred desk. His was indeed a busy life, one that was overworked, so that at threescore and ten his memory had failed, and his bodily powers had become very weak.

Near the close of his life, Faraday left the Royal Institution, and removed to a house at Hampton Court, which was placed at his disposal by Queen Victoria. Here he quietly passed away, in his study chair.

"Such lives are precious; not so much for all  
Of wider insight won where they have striven,  
As for the small still voice with which they call  
Along the beamy way from earth to heaven."

J. O. CORLISS.



MICHAEL FARADAY

interview, he was given a place as assistant in the laboratory, at six dollars a week, and two lodging rooms in the garret of the institution.

So pleased was Sir Humphry with his young protege that soon after, when he was to tour the Continent in the interest of science, he chose Faraday for his traveling companion. Thus by his faithfulness was the young man being constantly rewarded with opportunities for advancement, until he rose to the topmost rung of his profession. He not only in time became president of the Royal Institution, but was chosen as lecturer in chemistry at the Royal Academy at Woolwich.

During the last forty years of his life this wonderful man was honored by all, from the highest to the lowest. So numerous indeed were his appointments to high places, that a continental professor is said to have addressed him thus in a letter: "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all the Learned Societies of Europe." All his honors came, not because nature favored him

a beautiful silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and so seemed utterly lost, and the question came up: "Could it ever be found again?" One said it could, but another replied that, being dissolved and held in solution by the acid, there was no possibility of recovering it. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and in a little while every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom, and he took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before.

If Faraday could so easily precipitate that silver, and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had before formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decayed bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!—  
*Canadian Churchman.*

### Faraday's Lost Cup

A MINISTER once, in replying to the charge of credulity made by an objector against those who believe that God will raise the dead from their graves, gave the following beautiful illustration:—





### If I Were a Boy Again

It is so many years since I was a boy, and I have seen so much of the world in those years, that my opinion ought to be of some value. The wrinkles are beginning to show in my face, but I do not think that there are any on my heart, because I still feel young, and I have so much sympathy with and for boys.

It is because I am so fond of boys that I would like to say a few things to them in regard to the things I would like to do if I were a boy again. Of course, I know that it is true that "boys will be boys" in many respects, and I am glad of it.

Every boy has a right to the joyfulness, the merriment, the buoyancy, and the freedom from care that belong to boyhood. Every boy has a right to be happy, but no boy has a right to be happy at the cost of the peace of others. We older ones have rights that youth ought to respect, and that you can respect without curtailing your own happiness.

If I were a boy again, and I knew all that I know to-day, I would try to be more mindful of the rights and the happiness of others. I would not insist on always having my own way, no matter how much inconvenience and real trouble it gave my family and friends. I think that I would have an occasional little conference with myself, and I would say in that conference:—

"Now, see here, boy, you have no right to make a nuisance of yourself for the gratification of your own pleasure. You have no right to create pandemonium wherever you are, simply because you want to 'let off steam.' Other people have a right to peace and quietness in the house, and you are bound by all the laws of kindness and

courtesy to respect that right, and you should be careful not to annoy others by uncontrolled boisterousness or rudeness."

If I were a boy again, I would set more value on personal tidiness. I knew not that my carelessness in this respect—grimy hands and uncombed hair—was a great annoyance to my family and friends. I know that a boy rises in the esteem of people when he is neat and tidy in personal appearance, and that a really untidy boy repels those of refined taste. God, too, requires cleanliness. If I were a boy again, I would make a very free use of those two cheap and abundant articles—soap and water.

If I were a boy again, I would try not to think that I had a right to the best of everything on the table, the best chair in the house, the lion's share of everything, and I would try to have more respect and consideration for my elders than some boys of whom I know. If there is anything in the world that makes friends for a boy, it is real unselfishness and real kindness and courtesy to those much older than himself. When I see a boy rise and lift his hat and give his seat to a lady or an old gentleman in a street-car, or when I see him ready and eager to render some service to ladies or to the aged, it warms my heart toward him, and I know that he has the instincts of a real gentleman. And when I see a boy absolutely unselfish—only the Christian

boy can be—in his home and among his mates, I know that I see a boy who can not fail to have the sympathy and help of others as he enters upon his life-work, and this is of great worth to any young man in any work.

If I were a boy again, I would not reserve all of my smiles and merriment and courtesy for others, and be sullen and rude and "cross as a bear" in my own home. I have known some boys of that type, and I can not help thinking that they are humbugs, for they often receive credit for being "such nice boys" when they are not agreeable at all to those to whom they ought really to be most kind and courteous. The boy who snaps and snarls at his mother, and is sweet and smiling to the mothers and sisters of other boys, is really deceptive.

If I were a boy again, I would be a regular attendant at church and Sabbath-school; for by doing so I would not only be honoring my Creator, but I would be saved from many temptations that come to the street lounge.

If I were a boy again, I would cultivate a spirit of true patriotism, and I would honor my country and my flag. I would know all that the beautiful red, white, and blue emblem stands for, and I would do all that I could to add to the glory and honor of my native land. One day not long ago I saw some boys trying to raise a small flag to the top of a flagstaff on the lawn before which I was standing, talking to a friend. The



boys were having some difficulty in hoisting the flag, and while they were trying to make it rise, a fire-engine came along with a rattle and clatter that always sets a boy's blood to tingling. The two boys who had the flag in their hands at that moment dropped it on the ground, and started to follow the fire-engine, but the third boy tarried, and was folding up the flag when one of the boys looked back over his shoulder, and called out: "Come along, Ted! You'll miss seeing the fire!"

"I'd miss a dozen fires before I'd go off and leave my country's flag in the dirt," replied Ted, and I felt like saying: "Good for you, my boy! you have the spirit of true patriotism!"

If I were a boy again, I would spend no time at all in what some persons call "loafing." And I would keep off the street when it was unnecessary for me to be there. I would shun tobacco and rum because it has been very clearly demonstrated that they are bad for any one, and that rum in particular is at the bottom of most of the evil and sorrow in the world. If I were a boy again, I would make almost any personal sacrifice in order to secure a good education, not only because an education adds immensely to the pleasure of life, but because it adds to one's usefulness, and it is imperative to the highest degree of success.—*J. L. Harbour, in The American Boy.*

### Do It Yourself, My Boy

WHY do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as work your problems for you.

It is in studying as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit, not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns than for what the best pupil learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems and answer the difficult questions for the lazy boys.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words, or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded, after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class!

He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him, with something of wonder, as a superior. The problem lies there,—a great gulf between those boys who stood, yesterday, side by side. They will never stand together as equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up both school and study forever.—*Success.*

### Gentleness

GENTLENESS is one of the most admirable features of character. It has a far greater influence on the actions of those with whom one comes in contact than any other persuasive power. The effect of

gentleness is very perceptible, even upon dumb animals, but much more so upon human beings.

A reprimand administered with tact, kindness, and above all, with gentleness, will be far more effective than one carrying with it fierce threats and commands. As the sunbeams so often accomplish what the winds vainly endeavor to do, so will a gentle and persuasive manner influence a fellow being for good where more forcible arguments fail.

Gentleness is like the silent influence of light which gives color to all nature. It is more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the earth and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growth.

A harsh, rough manner is often the greatest obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of one's desires, while the same argument, hidden in the guise of a gentle voice and manner, just as often carries conviction with it. How true, then, is the quotation by Francis de Sales, "Nothing is so strong as gentleness, and nothing so gentle as real strength."

ETHEL PAXSON.

"UPON our childhood rests the glistening cloud  
Of His sweet benison; the unseen Hand  
Holds up our steppings in that way of years  
Which leads through life to the eternal land."



# Science Stories

## The Trap-Door Spider

THERE are many kinds of spiders, as garden spiders, water spiders, crab spiders. The one in our illustration is named the trap-door spider, and a very clever spider he is. That you will see when you read how he makes his house. He selects for his site a place bare of grass, sloping in such a manner as to carry off the water, and of a firm soil, without rocks or small stones. He then digs a hole from one to two feet in depth, just large enough to allow him to pass in and out with ease. He lines it with silk tapestry glued to the walls.

Having finished the inside, he begins with the door. He takes a number of layers of earth, properly kneaded, and binds them together with silk. On the outer side it is flat and rough, corresponding to the earth around the entrance, for the purpose of concealment. On the inside it is round, and covered with a web of fine silk. The door is now fastened to the upper side of the entrance with a hinge of silk.

Having finished his house, he takes up his abode and dwells in comfort. When he is at home, and the door is forcibly opened, he pulls it strongly inward; and even when half opened, often snatches it from the hand. But when he is foiled in this, he retreats to the bottom of the nest as the last resort.—*Selected.*



TRAP-DOOR SPIDER AND ITS BURROW

## The Mysterious Sounds of Nature

ECHOES are frequently mentioned that repeat the sound six or seven times. Such an echo is said by Pliny to have been at a portico in Olympia; another echo, described by Gassendi, repeated a verse of the "Eneid" eight times. Addison heard in Italy a pistol-shot echoed fifteen times. An echo in the county of Argyll repeats the sound eight times after equal pauses, but with diminishing force. These phenomena are favored by the neighborhood of rocks, caves, and bodies of water. Pierre de Castellane, a French officer who served in Algiers, relates that he heard an echo repeated a thousand times on the mountain-road to Bel-Abbes; it seemed to pass from one mountain to another, and to resound from side to side. Admiral Wrangell, in his work on Siberia, tells of an echo at Teheki, near Kirensk, on the Lena, where a pistol-shot is repeated more than a hundred times among the high rocks, and seems like a volley of musketry, but of the force of a cannon-shot.—*Scientific Monthly.*

## A Mosquito that Does Not Bite

If we must have mosquitoes at all, people will regret that the new species of these insects which Dr. William L. Underwood has discovered is a native of the Maine woods instead of more populous parts of the country. For this mosquito does not bite, although it is so large that if it were given to biting, it would be a terror; and moreover its larvæ feed eagerly upon the larvæ of other species of mosquitoes. For this reason experiments are being made to determine if the new mosquito will thrive in the climate of southern New England. It has received the name of *Eucorethra Underwoodi*. Its manner of disposing of the larvæ of other mosquitoes is calculated to make sufferers from recent mosquito bites gleeful. "The victim is caught," says Dr. Underwood, "shaken violently a few times, and swallowed!"—*Youth's Companion.*

## The Manufacture of Cocoa

THERE are many brands of cocoa on the market, with equal claims to superiority. This article is not for the purpose of discussing these claims, but to describe the process of cocoa manufacture by one of the largest and most popular cocoa firms in the world.

The illustration on page two gives an accurate view of a country lane, in Bourneville, England, with a row of cottages occupied by prominent work-people engaged in the factory of Messrs. Cadbury, who began the business of cocoa manufacture there a little more than forty years ago. They started in business with less than twenty employees, but now have nearly two thousand, including men, boys, and girls.

This great increase of help shows the vastness of proportions the business has at last assumed. The productions of this factory comprise cocoa essence and sweet chocolate. The cocoa beans, or nuts, arrive at the factory in sacks weighing anywhere from one hundred to two hundred pounds, and are graded into sizes by being passed over sieves, slightly inclined. Being thus freed from foreign matter, the nuts are carried by machinery and deposited in the three roasting cylinders, each of which is capable of roasting a ton at once.

That is so important a process that only the most experienced workmen attend to it. Almost unerring judgment is necessary to determine the precise period when the nuts are properly roasted to give the desired richness of flavor which the commercial world demands. A slight miscalculation in time would likely spoil a large quantity of the material, and so entail great loss to the proprietors; hence the necessity of great care in this part of the work.

Having been roasted, the nuts are spread thinly on trays, for cooling, when they are ready to be "broken down." This is to pass them through a machine which cracks them, preparatory to separating the kernel from the shell by a powerful winnowing machine. The dark kernels thus separated are called "cocoa nibs." The shells are put on the market to be used in making a weak, though palatable drink, faintly resembling the cocoa.

The nibs are ground between granite mill-stones, and reduced to a creamy fluid. This is again ground until much of the oil separates from the body, which leaves it in the form of a thick paste. From this substance is taken cocoa butter by a special process, which leaves that which remains quite dry, when it is ground into a very fine powder. This is the cocoa essence of commerce, so much sought for as a table drink.

To produce the sweet chocolate, white sugar is mixed in certain proportions with pure cocoa. This is kneaded into a thick dough by appropriate machinery, and is then cut and mixed by the revolving motions of knives. It is then ready

to be molded into chocolate cakes, and also made into chocolate creams, so well known to most young persons.

One great bane of cocoa and chocolate manufacture is the adulterations to which they are liable, for trade advantages and other reasons. To reduce the great amount of fat contained in cocoa, there is added arrowroot, sago, potato starch, and such substances. These are not so objectionable if not used extravagantly; but frequently alkali, in the form of soda, or potash, or some metallic substance, like magnesia, is added in order to deepen its color, and make it appear of greater strength. Such adulteration is simply villainous.

J. O. CORLISS.

## Harvest-Time

AUTUMN'S here, the air is balmy,  
Softly fall the leaves all day.  
Fields and forests take on colors  
Which no artist can portray.

Birds are singing still in tree tops,  
Bees are busy as before,  
And the squirrel on the branches  
Gathers nuts for winter store.

Men have gathered golden harvests,  
Bounteous gifts from God above,  
Who provides for all his creatures,  
With an everlasting love.

Shall we then accept these blessings  
Silently without a word?  
And no sound of thanks or praises  
From grateful lips be heard?

Nay, to God be all the praises,  
How could we thank him more  
Than by bringing back to him  
Gifts to Jesus for the poor?

And in this we gain a blessing  
As recorded in his Word;  
For who helps a needy brother  
He but lendeth to the Lord.

As we bring these little offerings,  
May our eyes look back to see  
That one gift, above all others,  
Of our Lord on Calvary.

Prayerfully we're looking upward,  
Pondering o'er his precious Word;  
For up yonder are our mansions,  
Purchased by his precious blood.

Soon we'll be where flowers ne'er wither,  
Harps will ring with joyful tone  
When we gather over yonder,  
In our bright, glad harvest-home.

ESTER GARNER.

## Leave-Taking

I PERCH upon this high, bare twig,  
And watch the chill wind thickly fling  
The dry leaves down the forest aisles,  
Where I've been wont to hide and sing;  
My covert is in ruins now,  
Its fragments flutter all around;  
My song can find no hiding-place,  
And taught by fear, has ceased to sound.

A blue-winged brother, braver souled,  
A shrill remonstrance o'er the scene,  
With quick, impatient motions, throws,  
Where golden willows arch the stream:  
But undisturbed, the azure sky  
And golden sun gaze calmly down,  
While like an echo, blue and gold,  
The tree and bird gaze back to frown.

There seems no more a place for me;  
My kindred, now, are seldom seen,  
Or are but sorry company,  
So scant their speech, so dull their mien:  
O, for a full-leaved summer land,  
Just right for singing, clear and high,  
Or for a flit with falling leaves,  
Into that warm, bright southern sky!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.







## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### The Council at Jerusalem

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 15:5-35; Gal. 2:11-14.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 62-72.

HISTORICAL STUDY: Give a brief history of Antioch and the founding of the church there.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Subject before council.

Chairman.

Speakers.

Decision.

Judas and Silas sent to Antioch.

Letter written.

Meeting at Antioch.

Result.

Paul and Barnabas labor in Antioch.

Peter dissembled.

Rebuked by Paul.

#### Notes

All quotations in these studies, not otherwise accredited, are from "Sketches from the Life of Paul," by Mrs. E. G. White.

The technical point before the council was that of circumcision. The vital principle underlying it was whether a man was saved by works—the principle on which the papacy stands—or salvation by faith in Christ, the very essence of the gospel.

"Peter reasoned that the Holy Ghost had decided the matter by descending with equal power upon the uncircumcised Gentiles and the circumcised Jews."

"This yoke was not the law of ten commandments, as those who oppose the binding claims of the law assert; but Peter referred to the law of ceremonies, which was made null and void by the crucifixion of Christ."

"James presided at the council. . . . In this instance we have a refutation of the doctrine held by the Roman Catholic Church—that Peter was the head of the church. Those who, as popes, have claimed to be his successors, have no foundation for their pretensions."

"The council which decided this case was composed of the founders of the Jewish and Gentile Christian churches. Elders from Jerusalem and deputies from Antioch were present; and the most influential churches were represented. . . . The entire body of Christians was not called to vote upon the question. The apostles and elders—men of influence and judgment—framed and issued the decree, which was thereupon generally accepted by the Christian churches."

"All were not pleased, however, with this decision; there was a faction of false brethren who assumed to engage in a work on their own responsibility. They indulged in murmuring and fault-finding, proposing new plans, and seeking to pull down the work of the experienced men whom God had ordained to teach the doctrine of Christ. The church has had such obstacles to meet from the first, and will ever have them to the close of time."

The beloved disciple John was present at this council (Gal. 2:9), but seems to have been silent. But that he was in full harmony with its

decision is shown by his giving to Paul and Barnabas the hand of fellowship. We have no further account of him in the Bible till we find him on lonely Patmos. This is the only recorded instance where Paul and John ever met.

Judas and Silas were possessed of the "spirit of prophecy." In addition to the written decision of the council, these prophets of the Lord were sent to give counsel to the brethren affected by this heresy. The brethren were "confirmed" with their words. Note the important place which the spirit of prophecy had in settling the threatened division in the church. It is even so now.

Note the wording of the decision rendered by the council: "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us"—the Holy Ghost first.

During the interval between the council at Jerusalem and the beginning of Paul's second missionary journey, Peter visited Antioch, where occurred the painful experience caused by the double part acted by Peter. At first he overcame his natural prejudices, and sat at the table with Gentile converts. But when some Jews came from Jerusalem who did not approve this, he changed his deportment toward these converts. Others followed his example, even Barnabas.

Paul, with his usual boldness, withstood him to his face. That this rebuke did not alienate Paul and Peter is shown by Peter's speaking of Paul, at a later date, as "our beloved brother."

"Peter saw the error into which he had fallen, and immediately set about repairing it as fast as possible. God, who knoweth the end from the beginning, permitted Peter to exhibit this weakness of character, in order that he might see that there was nothing in himself whereof he might boast. God also saw that in time to come some would be so deluded as to claim for Peter and his pretended successors exalted prerogatives which belong only to God; and this history of the apostle's weakness was to remain as a proof of his human fallibility, and of the fact that he stood in no way above the level of the other apostles." G. B. T.

### An Opportunity for Young People

THERE is a great political campaign in progress in this country. Vigorous efforts are being made to influence voters to cast their ballots for rival candidates. In country schoolhouses, town halls, and city auditoriums, the national issues are discussed. Special trains are employed, and noted statesmen and those who have great power of oratory are hurried through the country, speaking to great audiences. Thousands of dollars pour into the campaign funds of the great parties, and the political elements of the country are astir. As a result, men are taking their stand on one side or the other.

But the attention of the people of God has been called to another campaign at this time, and this should absorb their thoughts and awaken their interests as no earthly campaign could possibly do. This campaign is one in which the angels of God and all heaven are interested,—it is "a mighty missionary campaign to be inaugurated this fall, which shall know no cessation until this gospel of the kingdom is carried to every nation, tongue, and people." It is a campaign for the rescue of the souls of men. It is a campaign in behalf of the principles of the kingdom of God.

Heaven is astir, and the Saviour who gave his life, and the angels who minister, are watching with intense interest to see whether God's professed people will mightily bestir themselves. "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." This great movement will determine who of God's people are willing to unite with Jesus in the salvation of the lost. And not only the salvation of others, but our own salvation depends upon it.

Here is an opportunity for our young people

to work. "Young men and young women, can not you form companies, and, as soldiers of Christ, enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin?" First of all, see that every one of our people where you live has an opportunity to subscribe for the REVIEW, which will contain full information in regard to the campaign. To do this will be to revive the work of God in many hearts, quicken the spiritual life of some who are ready to die, and in doing it your own soul will be blessed, and you will gain an experience which will give you confidence to go to others not of our faith. Do this work at once.

Then take up the third angel's message series of the Signs and the special numbers of other papers to be issued. If there were those in danger of their lives, and you could rescue them by a warning cry, you would not be afraid of your own voice nor be too timid to speak. God will help you to lay aside your fearfulness and warn your neighbors and friends of the coming of the day of God. And your very earnestness will help to convince them of the truth.

Having gained an experience with periodicals and tracts, you will be prepared to take up the books recommended for the campaign,—books which are full of the message of salvation. And let us pray that this campaign shall not end until the work is done.

I believe that this movement will bring new life to hundreds of our young people. "Already many hearts are responding to the call of the Master Worker, and their numbers will increase." —"Education." M. E. KERN.

### Reading for the Bible-Text Band Love of God—Lesson II

1. Does God love the world?

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

John 3:16.

2. Which loved first, the people or God?

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John 4:10.

3. Why did he send his Son?

"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." John 3:17.

4. Does God love sinners?

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. 5:8.

5. Why do we love God?

"We love him, because he first loved us." 1 John 4:19.

6. What does he want us to become?

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John 3:1, 2.

7. If we accept his love, where shall we finally dwell?

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:2, 3.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, scorn not one;  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.  
—Wordsworth.





*Mother's Story*

God planted for us a beautiful garden  
 Of roses and lilies and sweet mignonette;  
 How fair are the acres of wheat and of barley!  
 How sweet is the clover, with morning dew  
 wet!  
 And yet in that garden the sharp thorns are  
 growing,  
 With weeds 'mid the flowers and tares in the  
 wheat.  
 'Mid bright, living blossoms, the dying are  
 scattered,  
 And everywhere bitter is mingled with sweet.

God painted for us a beautiful picture  
 Of mountain and valley and forest and stream:  
 They sleep 'neath the white mantle winter throws  
 o'er them,  
 And wake in the warmth of the sun's golden  
 beam.  
 And yet on that picture the trail of the serpent  
 Has blotted the scenes once so stainless and  
 fair;  
 Where verdure should clothe it, and blossoms  
 adorn it,  
 Its fields oft are desert, its mountains are bare.

God spread out for us a beautiful curtain  
 Of deep stainless blue, lighted up with the sun.  
 With delicate beauty the rainbow adorns it,  
 The stars in their courses do over it run.  
 And yet, o'er that curtain come thick clouds and  
 darkness;  
 The sun, moon, and stars are eclipsed from our  
 view:  
 Its winds are appalling; its lightnings affright us,  
 And great hailstones fall from that vault, once  
 so blue.

God builded for us a beautiful mansion,  
 And tenderly guards it while far we must  
 roam;  
 Until he shall come in a bright cloud of glory,  
 And bid us, with all of his children, "Come  
 home,"  
 And there, in that garden, are no thorns nor  
 thistles;  
 And over that picture no serpent-trail lies;  
 And heaven's blue curtain holds no clouds nor  
 darkness;  
 For sin ne'er shall enter that fair paradise.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

**Jack's Fidelity**

THERE was held in Hartford, some years ago, a convention of the colored Baptist Association of New England. I was invited to address one of the sessions. To show what those converted in early life are sometimes enabled to endure by God's grace, I related the following story:—

J. D. Husbands, a lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., assured me that the facts were perfectly true. It was in the days of Southern slavery, when Willie, the master's son, brought home a spelling-book. A little slave boy, Jack, asked:—

"What's dat, Willie?"

"That's a spelling-book, Jack."

"What's de spellin'-book for?"

"To learn how to read."

"How's you do it?"

"We learn those things first."

And so Jack learned A, B, C, etc., mastered the spelling-book, and then learned to read a little, though the law forbade any colored person to do it.

One day Willie brought home a little black book, and Jack said:—

"What's dat, Willie?"

"That is the New Testament, that tells about Jesus."

And ere long, Jack learned to read the New Testament, and when he read that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and that he really loved us and died for us, and that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," his heart went out in love to Jesus. He believed in him, his sins were forgiven, his heart was changed, and he became a happy Christian.

Though a mere child, he at once began to tell others of Jesus' love. When he became a young man, he was still at work for the Lord. He used to go to the neighboring plantations, read his Bible and explain it to the people.

One day the master said to him, "Jack, I am

"But, Jack, I told you if you went off preaching, Sunday, I should whip you on Monday, and now I will do it."

Blow after blow fell upon Jack's back, while oaths fell from the master's lips, and he said, "There, Jack, I don't believe you will preach next Sunday. Now go down to the cotton field and go to work."

When the next Sunday came, Jack could not stand straight, his back was so covered with scars and sores. But with his Testament in hand, he stood before the people of the plantation and said, "Mas'r whip me mose ter death last Monday, an' I don't know but he will kill me to-morrow, but if he does, I shall not suffer more than Jesus did when he died on the cross for us."



Monday morning the master called him and said, "Jack, I hear you have been preaching again."

"Yes, mas'r, I must go an' tell sinners how Christ was wounded for our transgressions, how he sweat drops of blood for us in the garden, an' wore that cruel crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of joy when he comes."

"But I don't want to hear your preaching. Now bare your back, and take the flogging I told you I should give you if you went off preaching."

Fast flew the cruel lashes until Jack's back was covered with wounds and blood.

"Now, Jack, go down to the cotton fields and go to work. I reckon you'll never want to preach again."

When the next Sunday came, Jack's back was in a terrible condition. But, hobbling along, he found his friends in the neighboring plantation and said:—

"Mas'r whipped me almost to death last Monday, but if I can only get you to come to Jesus and love him, I am willing to die for your sake to-morrow."

If there were scoffers there, do you not think they were led to believe there was a reality in religion? If any were there who were inclined to think that ministers preach only when they get money for it, don't you think they changed their minds when they saw what wages Jack got?

Many were in tears, and no doubt some gave themselves to that Saviour for whose sake Jack was willing, if need be, to die the death of a martyr.

Next morning the master called Jack and said, "Make bare your back again; for I told you that just as sure as you went off preaching, I would whip you till you gave it up."

The master raised the ugly whip, and as he looked at Jack's back, all lacerated, he could find no new place to strike, and said, "What do you do it for, Jack? You know that as surely as you go off preaching on Sunday, I will whip you most to death the next day. No one pays you

told that you go off preaching every Sunday."

"Yes, mas'r, I must tell sinners how Jesus died on de cross for dem."

"Jack, if you go off preaching on Sunday, I'll tell you what I'll do on Monday."

"What will you do on Monday, mas'r?"

"I'll tie you to that tree, take this whip, and flog all this religion out of you."

Jack knew his master was a determined man, but when he thought of Christ's sufferings for us, and heard his Lord saying unto him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," he resolved to continue his work for the Lord, next Sunday.

With his New Testament in hand, he went down to the plantation and told them his master might whip him half to death the next day, but if he did, he would not suffer more than Christ had suffered for us.

The next morning his master said, "Jack, I hear you were preaching again yesterday."

"Yes, mas'r. I must go and tell sinners how Jesus was whipped that we might go free."



anything for it. All you get is a terrible flogging, which is taking your life from you."

"Yer ax me, mas'r, what I'se doin' it for. I'll tell you, mas'r. I'se goin' ter tak all dos stripes an' all dos scars, mas'r, up to Jesus, by an' by, to show him how faithful I'se been, 'cause he loved you an' me, mas'r, an' bled an' died on the cross for you an' me, mas'r."

The whip dropped, and that master could not strike another blow. In a subdued tone he said, "Go down in the cotton field."

Do you think Jack went away cursing his master, saying, "O Lord, punish him for all his cruelty to me"?

No! No! His prayer was, "Lord, forgive him, for Jesus Christ's sake."

About three o'clock, a messenger came down to the cotton field, crying, "Mas'r's dyin'! Mas'r's dyin'! Come quick, Jack, Mas'r's dyin'!"

There in his private room, Jack found his master on the floor in agony, crying, "O, Jack, I'm sinking down to hell. Pray for me! Pray for me!"

"I'se been prayin' for you all de time, mas'r. You mus' pray for yourse'f."

"I don't know how to pray, Jack. I know how to swear, but I don't know how to pray."

"You mus' pray, mas'r."

And finally they both prayed, and God revealed Christ on the cross to him, and then and there he became a changed man.

A few days after, he called Jack to him and said, "Jack, here are your freedom papers. They give you your liberty. Go and preach the gospel wherever you will, and may the Lord's blessing go with you."

While telling this story at the convention, I noticed a man, perhaps sixty years of age, with quite gray hair, who was deeply moved. When I had finished, he sprang to his feet, and with a clear but tremulous voice, said, "I stand for Jack. Mr. Hammond has been speaking of me. He has been trying to tell of my sufferings, but he can not describe the terrible agony I endured at the hands of my master, who, because I was determined to preach the gospel on the plantations around us, every Monday morning for three weeks called me up and laid the cruel lash upon my back with his own hands until my back was like raw beef. But God helped me to pray for him, until he was forgiven and saved through Christ. And, thank God, Jack still lives."

I have given you only a few of his burning words, but I can tell you there were many eyes filled with tears during this touching scene, which will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.—*E. Hammond.*



### Marvels of Memory

SOME good instances of remarkable memories are to be gathered from the records of Greece and Rome. Themistocles, a famous Greek general, is said to have known every citizen in Athens. No doubt Otho, the Roman emperor, owed much of his success to a remarkable memory. He learned the name of every soldier and officer in his army, and this, among other things, rendered him so popular that he was at length acclaimed emperor.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, is said to have been able, after sitting a whole day at a public sale, to give an account from memory of all things sold, with the prices, and names of the purchasers.

Coming to later times, the following anecdote affords an instance of wonderful powers of memory: An Englishman went to Frederick the

Great of Prussia for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his powers of recollection. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who was then residing at the Prussian court. At the king's request, Voltaire read a long poem which he had just composed. The Englishman was present, and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, though he was concealed from Voltaire's notice. After the reading of the poem, Frederick observed to the author that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened in amazement to the stranger as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and, giving way to a momentary outbreak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. He was then informed how the Englishman had become acquainted with his poem, and his anger being appeased, he was willing to do penance by copying down the work from the second repetition of the stranger, who was able to go through it as before.

An instance of a wager's being won by a feat of memory was that of a person who repeated an entire newspaper, advertisements as well, after a single reading.

Another instance of a wager's being won by a feat of recollection was that of Mr. Futter, who, several years ago, was a well-known tith collector in Norfolk. He wagered that he could recollect every word of a sermon that was to be preached, and afterward write it out verbatim. He was not seen to take notes, and at the close of the sermon retired to a room and wrote out the sermon. On comparison with the manuscript, which the preacher had been asked to bring for the purpose, it was found to vary in one instance only, where a synonym had been used, but in that Mr. Futter was proved to be correct, for the clergyman had a distinct recollection of substituting one word for the other in his delivery.

When reporting was forbidden in the Houses of Parliament, and any one seen to make notes was immediately ejected, the speeches, nevertheless, were published in the public press. It was discovered that one Woodfall used to be present in the gallery during the speeches, and, sitting with his head between his hands, actually committed the speeches to memory. They were afterward published.

Lord Macaulay had a marvelous facility for remembering what he read. He once declared that if by accident all the copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" were destroyed, he would be able to write out the whole of this long poem without a single error. In fact, he once performed the marvelous feat of repeating the whole poem, making only one omission.

Charles Dickens, after once walking down a street, could remember the names of all the shopkeepers and their businesses.—*London Spare Moments.*

### Many Kinds of Clocks

How many kinds of clocks does the world tell its time by? "Oh, many kinds," do you say? Eight-day clocks and one-day clocks; tall clocks which have long, heavy weights, and small, round clocks like watches. There are great tower clocks and little mantel clocks; cheap clocks, in tin, or wooden, or nickel cases, and elegant clocks in hand-painted china vases, in malachite, or rolled gold, in alabaster, or silver—no end of clocks. Bide a wee, my readers; I shall tell you of stranger clocks or timepieces than those.

First there is the great clock, high in the heavens, made of stars. The sun, which is really a great near star, marks the time for our earth, and by that all clocks and watches are set. From very early ages people have watched the great clock of the skies, the rising and setting of the various stars telling the hours. Joseph and

Moses, watching their flocks by night, counted time by the stars in the sky; and the shepherds "in the solemn midnight when the Christ-child was born," were also counting the hours until daylight, by the clock of the sky.

A sun-dial is a clock-like face, or disc, with hours duly marked upon it, and a central pin or bar to cast a shade along the disc, as the sun moves higher or lower in the heavens. Sun-dials were much admired in gardens long ago, before town clocks were plenty.

Once I saw a flower-clock. It was a great, round bed in a garden; it was divided into twelve parts, by low, closely clipped rows of box-plants. It had a peg in the center, with two hands upon it, but they were only for show. Each of the twelve parts was divided in the center by a line of red coleus, and two divisions thus made were for day and night plants. Then the spaces were filled with plants which open at different hours of the day or night. Thus, there were poppies for five in the morning, and dandelions for six, and a tub of water-lilies for seven, pimpernels for eight, marigolds for nine, and so on. On cold, wet, or cloudy days, the flower-clock did not work very well; the flowers would not open on time.

What would you say to a water-clock? Little Greek and Roman boys told time by those, long ago, before our Lord was born in Bethlehem. A very simple water-clock was a globe with some fine holes in the bottom, or part on which it rested; through these holes the water slowly stole away. When the globe held just as much water as would drip out in an hour, one third marked twenty minutes, one fourth a quarter of an hour. A very pretty water-clock was a glass globe, with hours and parts of hours marked on it; within, on the water, floated a little figure with a wand, resting on this line of time marks. As the water sank, the wand moved down, so telling the hour.

When I was a child, I was often set to study my lessons by a sand-clock. What was that?—Just a little frame holding a wasp-shaped glass; there was enough fine sand to fill one of the halves of the glass, and it took just an hour for the sand to run from one to the other portion. The half and quarter hours were marked on the glass.

Who invented clocks such as we have now, which move by machinery, and can strike the hour?—Nobody knows. When were they invented?—That also no one knows. There is a story that a preacher named Pacificus, living in Verona, Italy, a thousand years ago, invented a clock, but there is no evidence that there was anything like a real clock until about six hundred years ago. I suppose, like other inventions, there was a very simple, crude beginning, and constant improvements.

Six hundred years ago people had in their church towers, clocks that would strike the hours. A little over six hundred years ago, the sultan of Egypt sent a clock to Emperor Frederick II. It was round, with the sun, moon, and stars upon it in gold. There were weights and wheels inside, which caused these gold planets to move on the surface of the globe, and so indicate the hour. The machinery of old-fashioned clocks was moved by weights, called pendulums. Now most clocks, especially of moderate size, are moved by springs, which are wound up tight, and then slowly unroll themselves, turning the wheels of the machinery, and so the hands of the clock move, pointing out the hour on the face. Watches are merely little clocks, and move by springs.

The machinery of clocks and watches is constantly made finer and more delicate and accurate. A watch-spring now is almost as fine as a hair, but the spring of my grandfather's watch, when I was a little child, was at least half as wide and thick as a strip of ordinary whalebone.

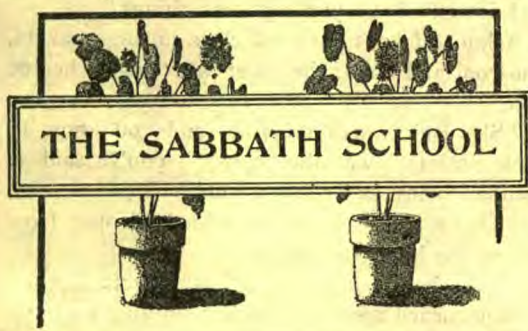
A cuckoo clock was once a very popular piece



of furniture or ornament. It was a clock with a little steel bird, beautifully made like life, and which, by means of machinery within it, could call, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" just like a live cuckoo bird. The machinery of the clock worked the motion and voice of the cuckoo, along with the hands of the clock, so that at each hour, or at a certain hour, a little door opened in the clock, and out hopped the bird, crying, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Many clocks have been made to move figures of some kind by machinery. One of the most famous clocks in the world is the great town clock of Strasburg. At noon the face of the clock opens, and the twelve apostles march out. These figures are so large that they can be plainly seen from the street, although the clock is high up in the church steeple. Beside the apostle figures, there are figures of time and angels, all of which are moved in various marchings and other performances by the works of the clock. A crowd of people is generally in the street below, waiting for the hour to strike and these evolutions to begin.—*Julia Wright.*

"Who sold a field with all that it contained? Where, by St. Paul, was sacrifice restrained? The second name of him who sold his Lord? Who, in a storm said, 'Cast me overboard'? What woman's prayers went up by day and night? City where Caleb did with giants fight?"



**INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**VIII—The Meaning of the Dream**

(November 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 4: 19-37.

MEMORY VERSE: "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase." Verse 37.

When Daniel had heard the king's dream, he was greatly troubled. At last the king spoke to him, and said, "Belteshazzar, let not the dream, or the interpretation thereof, trouble thee." Then Daniel told the king the meaning of his dream.

"The tree that thou sawest," he said, "which grew, and was strong, . . . it is thou, O king, that art grown and become strong: for thy greatness is grown, and reacheth unto heaven, and thy dominion to the end of the earth.

"And whereas the king saw a watcher and an holy one coming down from heaven, and saying, Hew the tree down, and destroy it; yet leave the stump of the roots thereof in the earth, even with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven, and let his portion be with the beasts of the field, till seven times pass over him; this is the interpretation, O king: . . . That they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven, and seven times shall pass over thee, till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

Daniel urged the king to turn from his sins,

and to show mercy to the poor, and it might be that his reign would be lengthened in peace. But the king seems to have kept on in his pride of heart. At the end of twelve months he was walking in his palace, and looking out over the beautiful city that he had built; and as he looked, his heart was filled with pride. "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built . . . by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" he asked.

But while the word was yet in the king's mouth, "there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will.

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."

At the end of the seven years, the king's understanding returned to him, and he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and praised the Lord. "I blessed the Most High," he declares, "and I praised and honored him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation. . . . At the same time my reason returned unto me; . . . and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me."

The king closes this wonderful story as he begins it, with words of praise to the Lord. He says: "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

**Questions**

1. When Daniel had heard the king's dream, how did he feel? What did the king say to him?
2. What did Daniel say was represented by the tree? Tell what the watcher said, in the king's dream. What did Daniel say was the meaning of these words?
3. For how long a time would the king eat grass with the beasts of the field? What lesson would he learn by this experience? What did Daniel urge the king to do?
4. At the end of twelve months, what was the king doing one day? What did he see? How did he feel when he saw it? What boastful words did he speak?
5. What spoke to King Nebuchadnezzar, while the words of his boasting were yet in his mouth? What did this voice say?
6. What happened to the king that same hour? As the years passed, how did he look?
7. At the end of the appointed time, what returned to the king? What did he do? In what was he established? What was added to him?
8. How does the king close his story? What do his words show that he had learned?



**VIII—The Law of God**

(November 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." James 2: 12.

**Questions**

1. Where do we find the law of God recorded? Ex. 20: 2-17.
2. How much is included in this law? Matt. 22: 36-40.

3. By whom was it spoken? Ex. 20: 1, 19; note 1.

4. In what form was it delivered to Moses? Who wrote it upon the two tables of stone? Ex. 31: 18; note 2.

5. How long will the law endure? Ps. 111: 7, 8.

6. What did Christ say about the perpetuity of the law? Matt. 5: 18.

7. What was his attitude toward it? Verse 17.

8. What is the relation of the law to the one who transgresses it? Rom. 3: 20.

9. What is sin? 1 John 3: 4.

10. What is the character of God's law? Rom. 7: 12; Ps. 19: 8.

11. How much of the individual life will be measured by it? James 2: 12; note 3.

12. To what law does the apostle refer? Verses 10, 11.

13. Where did the revelator see the law of God? Rev. 11: 19; note 4.

14. How extensive is its jurisdiction? Ps. 103: 19; note 5.

15. In view of this, what is the duty of each individual? Eccl. 12: 13.

16. What gracious promise is made to those who have broken its precepts? 1 John 1: 8, 9.

**Notes**

1. "Christ was not only the leader of the Hebrews in the wilderness—the Angel in whom was the name of Jehovah, and who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, went before the host—but it was he who gave the law to Israel. Amid the awful glory of Sinai, Christ declared in the hearing of all the people the ten precepts of his Father's law. It was he who gave to Moses the law engraved upon the tables of stone." "He who proclaimed the law from Sinai, and delivered to Moses the precepts of the ritual law, is the same that spoke the sermon on the mount."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 366.*

2. The Lord did not hand down his law to man through inspiration, the same as he did other portions of his Word. He came down from the throne in flaming fire, and earthquake power, and wrote it himself on the imperishable stone.

3. The law of God will be the standard in the judgment. Every act and word of the life will be measured by God's law. It is very evident from the context that the apostle refers to the same law that was spoken from Sinai.

4. "In the holiest I saw an ark; on the top and sides of it was purest gold. . . . In the ark was the golden pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of stone, which folded together like a book. Jesus opened them, and I saw the ten commandments written on them with the finger of God. On one table were four, and on the other six. The four on the first table shone brighter than the other six. But the fourth, the Sabbath commandment, shone above them all; for the Sabbath was set apart to be kept in honor of God's holy name. The holy Sabbath looked glorious—a halo of glory was all around it."—*"Early Writings," page 26.*

5. God's kingdom includes more than this speck of a world. It takes in every world on high, and every created intelligence, both angels and men. Within this universal kingdom there is but one King, and one law—the law which is in the heavenly sanctuary, a copy of which was given to Moses to place in the ark. Since sin is the transgression of law, it is very evident that the law was in existence prior to the introduction of sin into the world. Sin came because of its transgression. The fact also that sin could exist in any planet as well as this one, shows the claims of the law to be universal.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be: now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*





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"CONSCIENCE never can betray,  
Peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect."

IN Africa there are now 6,838 preaching stations and 3,051 missionaries.

A HUNDRED years ago two stage-coaches bore all the travel between Boston and New York.

THE faithful hen serves Belgium generously; for that country exports annually \$6,500,000 worth of eggs.

THE bamboo rivals "Jack's bean" in growth; for it has been known to extend its length two feet in twenty-four hours.

THE recent discovery of a forest containing 120,000 camphor trees fails to excite the attention that it would were not German chemical factories supplying the market with artificial camphor.

A NOVEL farm is found in England. Half an acre of land has been planted with shrubs and trees for the purpose of providing home and food for thousands of butterflies of all varieties. Scientific men from all parts of the world are supplied with specimens from this farm.

STUDENTS at the University of Missouri conditioned the faculty to be allowed to eat only two meals a day, omitting the noon meal. The results of the experiments, conducted by six of the students, show that one has better health and spirits and greater mental vigor when living on two meals rather than on three. The football and baseball teams also favored the change.

A PRETTY sight it was—a group of little people on their way to school, each carrying a blossoming plant, the frank, sweet, innocent, child-face, however, making the fairest flower of all. The heights of knowledge have no halo of glory for the little ones, and hence they should be lured on in the difficult path by pictures, songs, birds, flowers, and trees until they have climbed far enough to catch some beams from the heights beyond.

#### Longevity of Birds

"SMALL singing birds live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens have lived for almost a hundred years in captivity, and parrots longer than that. Fowls live from ten to twenty years. The wild goose lives upward of a hundred years, and swans are said to have attained the age of three hundred years. The long life of birds has been interpreted as compensation for the great mortality of their young."

#### Good Manners Not Superficial

GOOD manners are a factor in success everywhere. There is hardly a line of business where politeness is not a help, while often it is the only thing which redeems from failure. The doors of good society swing open for the young people who have that air of good breeding which comes when the courtesies of life are practised habitually. But it should be remembered that good manners are not superficial. The true gentleman has the pleasure and the welfare of others at heart, and the golden rule is his guide, rather than the latest manual of etiquette.—*Selected.*

#### Looking for Sky

CLOUDLESS skies are quite rare even in these fine days. But how much more rare is the man who will see the glorious blue spaces, rather than the gray masses of overshadowing vapor! If we open our windows on what seems to be a cloudless sky, we must forthwith lean out and hunt for a cloud. Why not go about the day's duties thinking of the brilliant azure rather than of the gray mist? But there *are* clouds against the sky? Yes, and sky above and between and around the clouds! Sunlight pouring over and around shadow, glory streaming through gloom! What if the dark mists sweep across the sky? They cannot destroy it, and they need not shadow our day in the least. Let us see the sky rather than the clouds.—*Selected.*

#### Some Significant Figures

A MILITARY expert, writing to the *London Times*, has been giving some figures as to the cost of the war in the East. Starting with the cost to England of maintaining 300,000 men in the field in South Africa, as being about £1,250,000 in a week, he asks what is the war costing Japan and Russia?

The last war with China cost Japan \$150,000 a day, and it may be estimated that, owing to the greater effort in this campaign, the daily expenditure is \$500,000, or, roughly speaking, \$15,000,000 a month.

Russia's expenses will be very much greater, and the expert believes he is well within the mark in putting the Russian cost of maintaining the campaign in the East at \$40,000,000. So that we see in the war between Russia and Japan an enormous extravagance, entered upon because of dispute over property, and now costing nearly \$2,000,000 a day.—*Week's Progress.*

#### Some Do's for Boys

Do respect your father and mother, and give them their proper titles at all times.

Do learn to respect women. Never speak slightly of their worth, nor trifle with their name. Learn the lesson now, and you will find its value in your manhood.

Do treat your sisters and your girl school-mates in a gentlemanly manner. You have no idea how much it will add to your own appearance.

Do guard against a profusion of slang.

Do keep your lips from uttering coarse or unclean things. More than this, do not listen to them from the lips of another.

Do take care of your belongings.

Do close the doors without slamming.

Do be neat in personal appearance.

Do use three brushes every day—the tooth-brush, the clothes-brush, and the blacking-brush.

Do not yawn in another's face.

Do not lounge in your chair.

Do not scratch your head or clean the fingernails when others are present.

Do remember to remove your hat when you enter a house.

Do lay these "do's" up in your memory, and

practise them in your life.—*Maud C. Cook, in The Twentieth Century Hand-book of Etiquette.*

#### Buttons

THE Elizabethan era gave to us the button and the buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1689. It took two hundred years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together, with the cloth between. Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and cattle hoofs to mother-of-pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory.—*Boston Transcript.*

#### A Mother Worth Minding

"MY mother says—"

"Ho! your mother—she isn't one of the kind that's worth minding."

"What do you mean?" advancing threateningly toward the boy standing with his back to a tree. "She's as good a mother as ever lived, and I won't have you say such things."

A knot of boys gathered close to the speakers, one cool and quiet, the other with angry, heated face.

"She isn't worth minding, and you know it, Jack Somers," was the reply. "You've said so yourself many and many a time."

"That's true!" came in a loud whisper from one of the boys standing near.

"Everybody knows it, too," came from another.

Jack turned upon the speakers in angry amazement: "You're a pretty lot of boys talking about mother that way, and pretending you like her all the time!"

"We do like her," came in chorus from the half-dozen boys.

"Well, what do you mean?" anger giving place to surprise.

"Why, just this,—that you don't think she's worth minding."

"I never said such a thing in my life," said Jack, trying to recall any remark of this kind.

"Look here, Jack," said one of the boys, coming forward, "you don't seem to see what George and the other boys are driving at. You may not have said in so many words that your mother isn't worth minding, but you do say it *by your actions*. This morning, when your mother asked you to post a letter, you said you wouldn't have time to go around by the post-office, and yet you have had half an hour before school in which to play ball. When she told you to put on your coat for fear you would be cold, you still left it hanging over the fence, paying no attention to what she said. Tell you what it is, old fellow, I don't know of anything so satisfactory in the long run as minding mother."

The angry light died from Jack's face before Tom had finished his speech, and as it came to a close, he turned and walked away.

Here was a boy who loved his mother dearly, and yet how unmindful he had been of her wishes!

"Guess I needed that lesson, and although the boys may never know it, I am much obliged to them for it. I'll see that they don't have to tell me again!"

And they did not.—*The Evangel.*

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