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REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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The Man Who Feels

THE man who feels is a happier wight
Than the man who is callous and cold,
For if he weeps in the gloom of night,
He laughs in the sunbeams' gold;
And if the tide of life runs low,
It reaches the summits of cheer;
He knows the heights, as the depths below,
And he smiles through a pitying tear.
And after it all, when all is done,
The world has most of the gladdening sun,
For the twilight lingers when
day is done,
And the sun's benediction is
dear.

The man who feels is happier
far,—

I say it again and again,—
Than ever can be, or ever are,
The pitiless sons of men;
For if he sighs for his own gray
woes,
He sighs for another's too:
If the plant of pain in his bosom
grows,
It is covered by sympathy's
dew.

And after it all, when all is said,
Still pity and love forever are
wed;
That the heart unfeeling is chill
and dead
Is true, and forever is true.

The man who feels is a dear
God's gift
To a sorrowful, travailing
world;
By the hands that the burdens
of life uplift
Is the flag of our peace un-
furled.

We need not the souls that are callous as fate,
And selfish, and wedded to greed,
But the pitying tear for our fallen estate
We need,—and we ever shall need.
And after it all, when all is past,
'Tis the deed of love that alone may last,
And the rest is chaff in the winnowing blast:
In the garden of life, a weed.

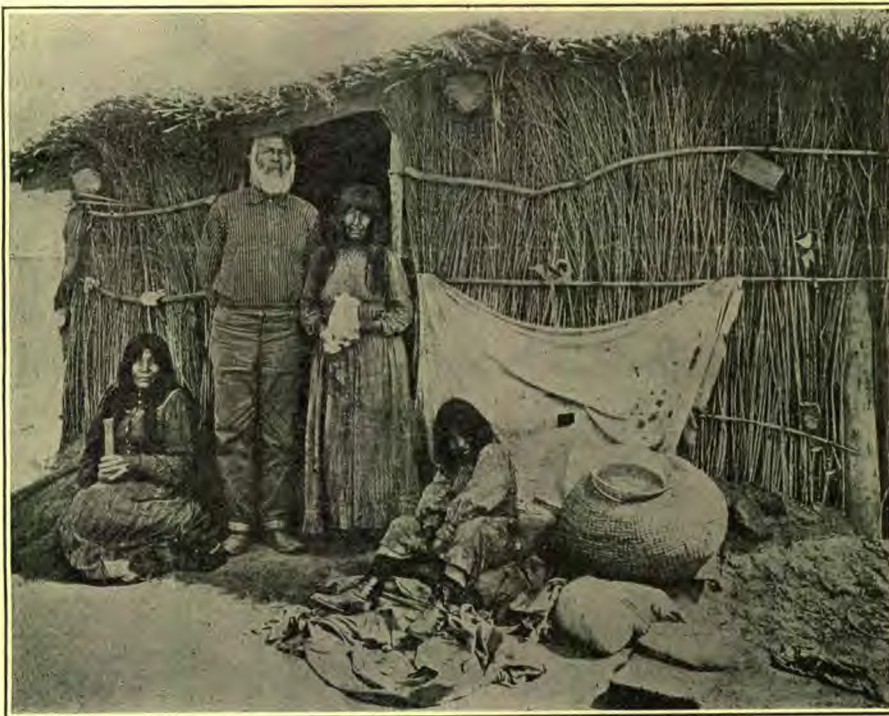
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in *Success*.

The Trees of the Lord

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap." Ps. 104: 16.

A PINE forest is one of the most beautiful features of nature. Of all quiet scenes it is surely the quietest. The harsh sound of the busy human world, and even the dreamy murmurs of summer, are hushed there; no song of bird or hum of insect disturbs the solemn stillness; and only at rare intervals the mournful coo of a dove, making the solitude more profound, is heard in the deeper recesses. The weary, care-worn spirit bathes in the serenity of the silence, and feels the charm and refreshment of its highest life. The trunks of the trees have caught the ripened

red of many vanished summers, and are bearded with long, streaming tufts of gray lichen, which impart to them a weird, savage appearance; but they are touched with grace by the wild flowers growing at their roots; childhood sporting in unconscious loveliness at the feet of old age. They form long-drawn aisles and vistas, like the pillared halls of Karnak, or the Thousand Columns of Constantinople, which are indescribably attractive, for they appeal to that love of mystery which exists in every mind; they reveal only enough to stimulate the imagination, and lead it onward to lonelier scenes beyond. It is the same vague sentiment of expectation or hope that gives the charm to every natural as well as to every moral landscape. Life itself without these vistas of expectation would not be worth living.



A MARICOPA (ARIZONA) DWELLING

When the sun is shining brightly, and pierces here and there through the dusky foliage, the effects of the checkered light and shade, the alternations of green and gold, are very lovely. Richly tinted mosses, that "steal all noises from the foot," palmy clusters of delicate ferns, starry flowers of the *Trientalis*, waxen bells of the *Pyrola*, and green and crimson leaves of the blueberry, cover every inch of ground not occupied by the boles of the trees, and form mosaics more beautiful than those of the Vatican. The dim, slumberous air is laden with an all-pervading balsamic fragrance, strongly stimulating that sense which is more closely connected with the brain than any other, and suggesting numberless vague but sweet associations and memories of the past; while through the pyramidal tree tops may be obtained glimpses of the quiet sky, which seems to come close to the earth, as if in sympathy, and appears calmer and bluer than elsewhere, by contrast with the dark-green motionless foliage.

Beautiful indeed is the pine forest in all seasons; in the freshness of spring, when the gnarled boughs are penetrated and mollified by the soft wind and the warm sun, and, thrilled with new

life, burst into fringes and tassels of the richest green, and cones of the tenderest purple; beautiful in the sultry summer, when among its cool, dim shadows the cheated hours all day sing vespers, while the open landscape is palpitating in the scorching heat; beautiful in the sadness of autumn, when its unfading verdure stands out in striking relief amid changing scenes, that have no sympathy with anything earthly save sorrow and decay, and directs the thoughts to the imperishableness of the heavenly paradise; beautiful exceedingly in the depth of winter, when the tiers of branches are covered with pure, unsullied wreaths of snow, sculptured by the winds into curves of exquisite grace. It is beautiful in calm, when the tree tops scarce whisper to each other, and the twitter of the golden wren sounds loud

in the expectant hush; it is more than beautiful in storm, when the wild fingers of the wind play the most mournful music on its great harp-strings, and its full diapason is sublime as the roar of the ocean on a rock-bound shore. I do not wonder that its long rows of trunks, vanishing in the dim perspective, should have furnished designs for the aisles of Christian temples, and the sunset, burning among its fretted branches, should have suggested the gorgeous painted window of the cathedral. It looks like a place made for worship; all its sentiments and association, seem of a sacred and solemn character. Nature, with folded hands, as Longfellow says, seems kneeling there in prayer. It certainly reminds us in various ways of the power, wisdom, and goodness of Him who thus spake by the mouth of his prophet: "I will plant in

the wilderness the cedar, . . . the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."—*Hugh MacMillan, in "Bible Teachings in Nature."*

(To be continued)

At Wounded Knee

ON the eve of the battle of Wounded Knee it happened that I found myself making my way on horseback through the crusted snow, across the country from Pine Ridge agency, when a snort and sudden stop of my horse aroused me. Just ahead lay a ravine skirted by a few pines, and as I looked, a flickering light was distinguished. It could be nothing else than the Sioux. Which band of the Sioux, of course, I could not tell, and for my personal safety it made a great deal of difference indeed. However, it was clearly a case of perish in the snow, or trust to chance in making for the fire, and I did not hesitate which course to choose.

Within five minutes I arrived at a lone tepee,

in front of which a spot had been cleared, and the embers of several logs were yet burning. Nobody appeared; but as I stood there, a low voice began to croon, then to chant in a sort of mournful monotone which gradually broke into intelligible words, and this is what I heard:—

*Heci Waun wanin,
Heci Waun wanin,
Mita Wakantanka
Nikeyedan . . .
Kakish Mayanpisha
Etanhanto.*

I was dumbfounded to hear under such circumstances the words and tune of "Nearer, my God, to thee," in the heart of the bad lands of South Dakota, and coming from what must surely be the tepee of a hostile Indian. The snatches of song revived me. My blood seemed to quicken, and I staggered to the lodge, parted the flaps and entered.

Inside was another fire, and in one corner sat a squaw, who, although she saw me enter, looked up with only a sort of far-away stare, and continued singing, moving her body back and forth, keeping time with the tune. In her arms she held a bundle. The squaw seemed to be the sole occupant.

Drawing the only weapon I had, a revolver, I dumped the cartridges out upon the ground, and handed the weapon to her, handle foremost. Only then did the squaw cease her song and the rocking. Stretching out one hand, she took the revolver, and then handed it back in the same manner that I gave it to her.

"Keep it, Cugya," said she; "it can not speak," meaning that it was harmless without the loads.

No word was spoken for some time. I drew close to the fire and waited. The squaw showed me her bundle, which contained a dead babe.

"Cugya," said she, mournfully, "when Death calls, there is no use to be deaf. Since dark I have sung the white man's songs; but, Cugya, the Great Spirit hears not, for my people are on the war-trail against the whites who taught us songs and the Great Spirit's words."

Assuring the squaw that the song would go as far in the desert as from the agency Sunday-school, she seemed a trifle comforted, but would not be entirely satisfied until I joined in and sang the song with her.

It was while thus engaged that two buck Indians slipped into the tepee. My back was turned to them, but I could instinctively feel their presence, and half believed that I would be killed before turning about. The squaw, who sat facing the bucks, seemed in nowise surprised at their coming, and, although I watched her face carefully, she gave no sign until the song ended, when she raised a hand, and I cringed, feeling that I was about to be stricken down. My feelings of that moment are indescribable.

One of the bucks spoke. "How!" he said simply, extending a hand which to be sure I lost no time in grasping. Once more I proffered my empty revolver, but they waved it back. "Keep it," said the one who had welcomed me. "The wise man should always have an arrow left," which told me that on leaving the tepee I would not find friends so easily.

There were fully three minutes of silence in the tepee, during which I could hear the crunch, crunch of the snow, indicating the approach of other Indians. They came. How many I do not know, and down the gully I could hear an occasional "Yi, yi!" half suppressed.

"Sing, Cugya, sing!" commanded the squaw, again leading with the same song, and although it was the trial of my life, I sang again with her.

The squaw laid down her bundle and walked to the tepee door, standing there with arms across the opening, barring the passageway, while she delivered rapidly a few words half in command, half in pleading. Her words brought silence as

if magical, for she told of the dead babe and of my words of consolation. Only one voice rebelled, crying: "The snake may often change its skin; but it is a snake."

The two bucks re-entered the tepee, and the others left, followed by the squaw.

"They go to council," one of the Indians said; and after half an hour passed, the squaw returned, and I was told to mount my horse and be as far away as possible by daylight.

Not an Indian watched me as I departed. Detouring, I arrived at Wounded Knee battlefield just as the guns ceased their thunder, and the cries of the wounded yet resounded.—*Ross B. Franklin, in Sunday Magazine.*

The Chrysanthemum of Japan

CHRYSANTHEMUM means "golden flower," and it is the national flower of Japan. A day is yearly set apart in Japan for "The Festival of Chrysanthemums." On that day his majesty, the emperor, will allow us to go into his garden; and each man that cultivates this flower is ready to show us his "flower paradise," for that is the name he gives to his garden.

In most of these gardens the flowers are arranged as in ours. But the gardeners of Tokyo, the capital of Japan, train their plants, and often their trees, to look like pictures or statues. As we walk along, we see a Japanese hero dressed in bright pompon chrysanthemums. There is a picture of the setting sun, made out of gold-colored blossoms.

The Japanese are fond of seeing all these flower pictures, but there is one that is a great favorite. It is the picture of an old hero fighting with an eight-headed monster. A fair lady sits near by, looking on. She is made of yellow, red, and white chrysanthemums. This picture is thirty feet long.

From very early days, there have been two royal crests, or Japanese badges. One of these is the Paulonia-tree. This is seen only on the seals of the emperor's family. The other crest is an open chrysanthemum, and is used for government purposes outside of the palace.

The soldiers of the army wear the chrysanthemum crest on their caps and coat buttons, and it is seen on their barracks.

This flower is embroidered on flags and banners and printed on important papers. Some coins have both the Paulonia-tree and the chrysanthemum flower engraved on them. Silk dresses and the finest porcelain have had the golden flower to decorate them for hundreds of years.

You have read about the "Wars of the Roses." Well, the Japanese once had a "War of the Chrysanthemums." This was a war between two branches of the family whose badge was the chrysanthemum. The soldiers of one army wore red caps and carried red flags. The soldiers of the other army wore white caps and carried white flags. The war lasted fifty-six years.

Japanese boys think of that war as they play some of their games to-day. The boys on one side will wear red caps, and those on the other, white caps. They often name their kites, too, of which they have a great many, after the heroes of this old war.—*Fannie A. Deane.*

Chats on Letter-Writing—No. 2

Two things that aid in making a letter interesting are: first, the omission of that which is already known to the recipient; second, writing of those things that directly appeal to and concern the one written to. It is just as important to leave out, as to put in, certain matters. For example, details that are of a depressing, gloomy, unpleasant, or distressing character are much better left out entirely, or else dealt with sparingly; of course, being treated as the circum-

stances determine. But speaking as a principle, matters of this kind should be omitted. A letter that reads like a catalogue of woes can never be wholly satisfactory to the recipient.

One main feature of a good letter is its cheerful tone. If it breathes an atmosphere of gladness, hope, courage, optimism, sunshine, it can not fail to be of real interest. Such a spirit will be insensibly transferred from the page to the reader, and at its conclusion he will feel thankful for getting it. If received in the morning, such a letter will gladden the receiver's heart the whole day long; and it will be as a welcome ray of sunshine. Better far is it that a letter shall exert such an influence than that it shall come as a shadow, or a foggy day, shedding depression and gloom.

As a general rule, governed of course always by the circumstances of any individual case, the writer of a letter should avoid references to himself, always giving the foremost attention to the one addressed. Attention should be given especially to matters which are of particular interest to the one written to, and all such items should be borne in mind. Thoughtfulness in this regard will add materially to the quality of the letter which makes it attractive, and such evidence of kindness on the part of the writer will materially enhance its appreciation.

If the writer of a letter is familiar with books, good and appropriate quotations might be occasionally introduced into correspondence. If this is judiciously done, it may be of great value, both for the writer's own sake and in suggesting ennobling thoughts to the reader of the letter.

It must be remembered, however, that the character of a letter is determined largely by the personality of its writer. The sweet-tempered, cheerful, happy person will write bright and encouraging letters; the one who is doleful, morose, pessimistic, is certain to betray those qualities in the letters he writes.

Care will, of course, be taken to avoid references to any undesirable or painful topic. If the recipient is known to be sensitive along certain lines, that characteristic will be remembered, and the particular topics will not be mentioned. Kindness, sympathy, a desire to assist, a spirit of comradeship,—these qualities all go far toward making a letter prosy more than the filling up of the pages with matters of little importance.

HENRY W. ROSE.

As Years Go On

As years go on, we learn to say
Not more, but less;
To guard our lips from hasty speech
Lest we transgress.
As years go on, we train ourselves
More oft to smile;
And things that contradict,
To reconcile.

As years go on, our vision widens,
And we see
That life, God-centered, is the life
Of liberty;
That death to self means life abundant,
Sweet and rare;
A character matured and precious,
Bright and fair.

As years go on, we learn to know
As we are known,
With knowledge that can come
From God alone.
As years go on, we learn to lisp
The angels' song,
And weave a strain of heavenly music
Through life's throng.

—*Mary E. Kendrew.*

Daily Bible Reading

"Who read a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes."

How to Do Personal Soul Winning

EVERY one who believes the third angel's message, or who loves the Saviour, has a desire to have others receive a saving knowledge of the truth; but often one, from timidity or other reason, neglects to improve the opportunities that present themselves for helping those about him. But personal work is expected and required by our Father of every Christian. In a recent number of the *Sunday School Times* Mr. Charles Alexander gave some excellent thoughts in regard to personal work. These are reprinted here, for they are helpfully suggestive to all Christians:—

I am thoroughly convinced that every man and every woman who names the name of Christ should be a personal worker, and make it the aim of life to bring definite people to a definite Christ at a definite time. I have seen thousands of dollars wasted in so-called religious work wherever we have visited, which might have been used in the salvation of souls, but they had lost the idea of bringing people straight to Jesus, and were doing things which they named religious work. They blighted and withered where they should have been giving life. So my message to every one who names the name of Christ is, Go to work! You ask, "With whom?" With the person next you.

I was once being entertained in a beautiful home, and was telling my ideas on this subject. My hostess asked me what time she could find for personal work, and with whom she could work, with all her numerous duties in connection with her large home, her missionary society, choir, prayer-meeting, and other occupations. I asked her how many maids she had, and she told me. "Are they all Christians?" I inquired. "I do not know," was the reply. I said, "Then I need not outline any more work for you until you have found out where they stand."

Any one can do personal work. You must come in contact with somebody who is not a Christian, and there lies your opportunity. It straightens out the life. It drives people to their knees. It teaches them the value of the Word of God and its power to bring men to Christ. There is a revival wherever there is a true personal worker, for into that heart God has put his revival power. People who are all the time talking of past revivals and wondering why one will not come to them, can have one of their own, no matter how humble or ignorant they may be. God reaches people through people.

I have never seen a revival where people were not stirred to doing personal work. Here is a chance for any pastor or any community to have a revival. Comply with God's conditions, get right with God, go right out immediately and find some one else and bring him to God. You learn to do a thing by doing it, and you never learn any other way. Do you ask me when and where? With the next man or woman you meet who is not a Christian.

Never talk lightly in personal work of God, the Bible, or the human soul. It is usually best to be very gentle and tender, and, above everything else, as polite and courteous as you know how to be. Don't let people switch you off to talking about other things, but try to get that heart and Christ together. Keep those ideas in mind, and it will give point to your work.

One of the thousands who were thoroughly converted to the idea of personal work as the business of life during the Philadelphia campaign was Dr. C. R. Watson, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church. In speaking at a revival luncheon of the new conception of personal work that he had gained through the mission, he said:—

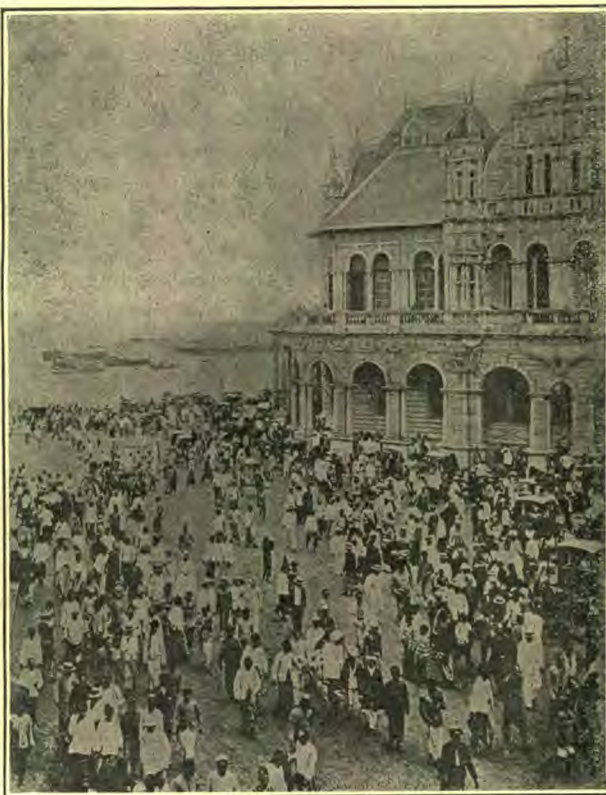
"Before Mr. Alexander came here, I believed in personal work; believed in it mightily, theoretically, and practised it some. But at that time I always had the idea that you had to know a man about ten years before you could be polite enough to talk to him about his soul's salvation. I never thought one could just hitch up to a street-car and stay out in the cold with the conductor and talk to him all the way from Thirty-first Street to Broad Street about his soul. I used to think you ought to approach it gradually,—a sort of 'inclined plane' process, and have the inclined plane about a mile long, and by the time you had gotten to the top, the fellow had gone by, and the opportunity too.

"I think the greatest thing the mission has taught me is that even on the train, in a street-car, or wherever you may happen to be, you can open up a conversation with a stranger and go right to his heart; not ask him whether he is a church-member and try to get him to be good merely, but just to ask him the straight, blunt question as to whether he is saved. I must confess I have gotten a tremendous lot out of the mission in learning the lesson that one can do personal work suddenly, and that by following the providence of God he will show us where to do it."

One day during our campaign in Scotland I urged Miss Blanche Torrey, the second daughter of Dr. R. A. Torrey, to go down and begin personal work. Two years later when I called upon her to tell what personal work had done for her, she said:—

"When I went to school in New York three years ago, I was thrown among worldly girls. I did not have the courage to talk to them about accepting Jesus Christ, although they knew the stand I took, that I did not go to theaters nor dances, nor care for the worldly things they did.

"When I went to England with my father and Mr. Alexander, and heard them urge the Christians in the meetings to go down into the audience and speak to others about their salvation, I tried to hide behind some one big. But Mr. Alexander soon picked me out, and he said, 'Blanche, you get down there and do some personal work,' and down I had to go. That night I won my first soul to Christ by definite personal work. I think the Lord helped me win that girl to encourage me; if I had failed that night, I would have been very discouraged, and not have



A STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE

wanted to try again. Now I do personal work in the meetings, on the streets, and elsewhere, and it fills me with joy to do it. I thought I was having a good time in school, but since I have been trying to win souls, my happiness has been so much more real, and my life so much fuller than before.

"Since returning to America and realizing the opportunities I lost with those girls in school, I have been writing them letters, telling them definitely what stand I have taken, and how personal work has brought so much more happiness into my life. My aim is now to try to help everybody with whom I come in contact to do better, just by a word, or by a definite talk, as I feel I am led.

"I want to testify to every girl in this room that you will not know what real happiness is until you talk to others about Christ."

My advice to you is not to wait to get ready to get ready to get ready to get ready to do personal work. Go at it! And keep at it! You must be willing to have your feelings hurt, your pride laid in the dust, or if necessary to be made a door mat for Christ's sake. And sometimes it may seem as if you have made a mistake, but God overrules for his glory things which look like mistakes on our part. Trust him

to bring everything out right, and go ahead. Every bit of culture and refinement you have or can get will be helpful; every bit of knowledge which you can accumulate can be used in personal work. It is a great mind-developer, as well as a heart-developer.

In your own strength you will be helpless. I would advise you to adopt this daily prayer: "Lord, fill me with thy Holy Spirit for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Word from Singapore

THE Chinese are brought up to obey their parents, and even after they are married, they must not do anything without the consent of their father and mother. Very often the married people continue to live with the parents of one or the other, and can have no say in the management of their own house or children. If any of these so situated see the truth and desire to obey it, they dare not do so on account of displeasing their parents. When one of our sisters wished to be baptized, she thought she would not tell her old mother until afterward, as she was sure her mother would not allow it. As she expected, the mother was very angry, and said very bitter things against her daughter to us, and declared that she would never forgive her. However, it was not many weeks before the mother herself became interested, consented to have Bible studies, and is now going to all her friends telling them what she has found to be the truth. Forgetting her own late experience, she is astonished at their slowness and dulness in accepting what is now so plain to her. She has been keeping the Sabbath for several weeks, and we think it will not be long until she will wish to follow her daughter's footsteps in being baptized. Her son-in-law also fully believes and is preparing himself and his affairs so that he can observe God's statutes. Their children are members of our Sabbath- and church-school, and are a credit to their parents and to the cause.

There is another woman who was formerly much opposed to any religious teaching, caring for only the things of this world. But the Lord allowed a severe illness to come upon her, when she became willing to have some one visit her and pray for her, and in answer to our prayers, her life was spared. She was grateful to God, and wished me to continue visiting her and reading the Bible to her. I found her very ignorant, as she was brought up in the convent and was taught nothing of the Bible; but, the Lord having touched her heart, she was eager to learn. She is also much concerned about the salvation of her relatives. Her continual burden and prayers for them make me feel sure that sooner or later some of them will submit to the strivings of the Spirit. This lady is walking in the light just as fast as it comes to her, and I expect that she also will wish to be baptized soon. Some other time I hope to be able to tell you of the full surrender of an aunt of hers.

MARION V. JONES.

Perseverance

THE majority of young men to-day lack, to an amazing extent, the perseverance, stick-to-it-iveness, and the unswerving purpose that made their fathers rise and finally become successful in the trade or profession that they chose for a life-work.

We need not go far back into the history of our country to come to the time of sod houses and log cabins, the stage-coach and the prairie wagon, and the slow and laborious ways of doing things that these stand for. Now one can press a button, use the telephone, and have anything one wishes brought to the door.

What has brought about this change? It is the work of our fathers; it is their untiring efforts, in spite of the many failures that are always experienced in developing an idea. What would seem to many to be impossible, has been worked out by some persevering person.

Think for a moment of the repeated failures Mr. Cyrus W. Field experienced in laying the American cable. He knew his idea was all right, and that it would prove a boon to the world; but he had hard work to get his associates to help him, or to appreciate his scheme. To secure proper material and get it suitably prepared to stand strain and rough use, were two more obstacles that he had to overcome; but he triumphed in the end. The cable was laid; now one can read the world's news of the previous day and night at the breakfast table.

Many more instances of this kind might be cited. For example: John D. Rockefeller, when a boy, laid plans, and determined to control the production of petroleum. Sir Thomas Lipton was once a clerk in a

small store; he now owns large tea and coffee plantations; he is very wealthy, and is known all over the world. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was a poor Scotch boy; by hard work and continued effort he is now a multimillionaire; his libraries may be seen in many parts of the United States and in various countries of Europe.

The men just mentioned have achieved marvels in the financial world. That, however, is not the highest ambition one may have. A noble character, a good reputation, or an education, is above the getting of money; but the principle of hard work and determined effort, is the point to be emphasized in the illustrations which we have given.

We as Americans sound the name of Abraham Lincoln as high as any; how often do we think of the long, thorny road he trod from his poverty-stricken condition in the log cabin, to the presidential chair, where he guided this nation through, in some respects, the worst of our Civil War. He began his study by the flickering light of a pine-knot. In that man perseverance, honesty, and integrity were personified.

In a late paper is published an interview with one of our senators. At the age of thirteen he was working in a lumber camp; when sixteen, he had practically no education. A little later a friend gave him a start; he then went to school; by working and studying until he nearly broke down, he earned all the first prizes. He continued his studying and working until he finally finished as a lawyer. His first year's practise netted him over twenty-five hundred dollars. When a comparatively young man, he delivered prominent speeches in the South and West. One took twelve columns of a large newspaper to give it in full. He gave these all from memory, without the aid of notes.

Great satisfaction he must have when he looks

at the rough road over which he traveled, and the difficulties he overcame.

Each one may have that same kind of satisfaction to the extent that he tries to better his own condition and surroundings. If many of our young people whose parents are in moderate circumstances, had more of this principle, our schools would be overflowing this school year. Make up your mind to have an education; bend every energy in that direction. There is much truth in the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

It is very probable that you will sometimes wear clothes that are not of the best material and latest make; you will have to deny yourself some of the comforts and luxuries of this life; but what of that? Some day you will come out on top. The pleasure and satisfaction you will then have, no one but yourself can fully appreciate.

Many of the young men attending our high institutions of learning are supported by their parents. They have an easy time in school; they

surrounded by ants, which, by means of their antennæ, or feelers, seem to be abstracting the "honey" from the aphides. Some believe that ants keep aphides as we keep cows; not as unwilling prisoners, but as beloved domestic animals. Many doubt that there is any such relationship. One naturalist, Mr. Gentry, of Philadelphia, says that "when a young man, he was disposed to drift with the popular opinion in this particular, but a few facts that fell under his notice established in him the idea that with one species of ant at least this was the case."

On one occasion he overturned a large stone where there were ants in their burrows, some caring for the immature ants, and others attending to the aphides, going from one to another, and with their antennæ, seemingly extracting a small drop of the sweetened juice exuded by these insects. So busy were the ants, that it was some time before they noticed their danger. When they did, they did not desert the aphides, and run away, but carefully escorted each one to a place of safety underground.

"You should have seen their anxiety," he says, "and the presence of mind they exhibited. Conscious of attack, and knowing the peril that beset them, they did not flee to their underground galleries, or to the adjoining grasses for shelter, and thus leave their flocks to the mercy of the invader, but they manifested the deepest concern for the little creatures, so unable to defend themselves, that had so willingly catered to their temporal wants. Not an ant was seen to desert its post, but all remained on duty till the last of their protégés was carried to safe and comfortable apartments in the ground beneath."

Mr. Gentry believes that there is

the same affection between the ants and the aphides that there is between man and the domestic animals. Interesting in this connection is a portion of a letter written by a lady who has been camping for the summer on the borders of the beautiful Lake Tahoe in the mountains in the angle of the boundary line between California and Nevada:—

"We saw a queer thing yesterday. I have read of ants' milking cows, and I guess they were doing that which leads people to think so. There were two ants that seemed to be herding a few black bugs that looked as if they might be a species of aphids, but larger than the flower lice. The ants kept petting them with their antennæ, and became much excited and angry when we touched them. So I suppose that is what people call ants' milking cows.

"I never saw such a variety of ants in all my life as are to be found here. My pet ants will not touch sugar or jelly. The other day I put some malted nuts near the hole, but they would not allow it near their premises, but dragged it off and threw it down the rocks. They are very fond of meat, however."

G. H. HEALD.

A Psalm of Praise—Psalm 145

Note the *twenty-three* things the psalmist tells of the Lord in this psalm, and the *eight* things that he promises to do himself

I will extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name forever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name forever and ever.
Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall laud thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
Of the glorious majesty of thine honor,
And of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.
And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
Jehovah is gracious, and merciful;
Slow to anger, and of great loving-kindness.
Jehovah is good to all;
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall give thanks unto thee,
O Jehovah;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
Jehovah upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.
The eyes of all wait for thee;
And thou givest them their food in due season.
Thou openest thy hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
Jehovah is righteous in all his ways,
And gracious in all his works.
Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
Jehovah preserveth all them that love him;
But all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah;
And let all flesh bless his holy name forever and ever.

have all that heart can desire. When through school, many of them have no idea of the problems they are to solve when they come in contact with the hard, impartial world. It is a fact that there are many college graduates cleaning streets in our large cities; this work must be done; but the education they had should have enabled them to do their fellow men better service, and also put themselves onto a higher plane.

The thoughts in this article are not theoretical with the writer. He knows of what he is writing, and it is his hope that some one may arouse to the fact that the price of wisdom is above everything else, and that he may become fired with the determination to get an education, although it seems to be an impossibility at the beginning.

"THE OPTIMIST."

The Milch Cows of the Ants

MANY stories are told of the relations between the ants and the plant-lice, or aphides. The plant-lice secrete a sweet, sugary substance which the ants gather from them. On the leaves of young plants, numbers of the plant-lice may be seen,



Plain Bernice

THE last stroke of the bell was dying away ere Bernice Dahl walked timidly across the schoolroom floor, and sat down in the nearest empty seat.

"Oh, my, my!" whispered Myrtle Fling across the aisle to her chum, "she's the plainest-looking girl I ever saw."

Elizabeth nodded her head very positively, and two or three others exchanged knowing glances. A moment later a little piece of paper fluttered down at Myrtle's feet from a desk top. On it was written, "She's no plain. She's Rocky Mountany — all ridges and hubbles."

Meanwhile Bernice sat very still, her great, black eyes fixed on the teacher's face.

Have you ever held a frightened bird in your hand and felt its heart beat? That is the way Bernice's heart was going. She was a stranger. Her father had moved to this place from a distant town, and she had walked to school that morning with a pupil who lived on the same street, but who had fluttered away into a little bevy of children almost as soon as she had shown the new girl the cloak-room, and Bernice, naturally a bit diffident and sensitive, felt very much alone.

This feeling was heightened when the bell struck, and one by one the pupils filed past into the schoolroom with only a rude stare or indifferent glance, quite as if she were some specter on exhibition. When the last one had passed her, she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"It is because I am so homely!" she thought.

A month or more went by. Somehow Bernice and her schoolmates had not made as much progress in getting acquainted as one would have thought. The new girl was unobtrusive, attended strictly to her studies, and made few demands on those about her; yet it was true that there was among them at least an unacknowledged conspiracy to taboo her, or an understanding that she was to be ignored almost completely. This Bernice attributed to her looks. Ever since she could remember, she had been called "homely," "ugly," "plain," and similar epithets; and now, though she preserved a calm exterior, she could not help being unhappy because she was thus slighted.

One Monday morning a little flurry of excitement was visible among the pupils of the up-town grammar school. Elizabeth Weston had announced a house party to come off later in the week, and several of them had been invited.

"Will you invite Bernice Dahl?" asked Myrtle, bending over her friend.

"I've been thinking about it," Elizabeth answered, slowly. "Miss Somers says she has the best lessons of any one in her class, and then she was so nice to Jimmy Flanders that day he sprained his arm—I've half a mind to." And she really did.

That night when Bernice was telling her mother of the invitation she had received, she said, doubtfully, "I don't think I'll go."

"Why not?" was the reply. "It can do no

good to stay away, and something may be gained by going."

So it chanced that Bernice found herself at Elizabeth's home on the evening of the party. Her hostess met her smilingly. "She's really glad I came," thought Bernice, and she felt her soul suddenly warm to life, just as the thirsty earth brightens and glows and sends up little shoots of new green at a patter of summer rain.

The long parlor was decorated in green and white. The bright lights, the gay figures stirring beneath, and the shining faces, half of which were strange to Bernice, formed a pretty picture, and the girl moved here and there in the constantly shifting kaleidoscope with a freedom and happiness she had not known since coming to —

At last she found herself with the others sitting very quiet and listening to two girls playing a duet on the piano, and then one of them sang a Scotch song. There was warmth and richness, the warbling of birds, the melody of brooks, in the rendering, and Bernice heard a half sigh close beside her.

"I wish I could sing! Oh, always I wanted to sing!"

Then for the first time she saw who sat there — a tall, handsome, beautifully gowned girl whom she had noticed several times during the evening, and to whom everybody seemed to defer. She had heard vaguely that this was Elizabeth's cousin, and she wondered if it was for her that Elizabeth had given the party. "And can't you?" she asked, evincing instant interest.

The girl turned toward her with a smile. "Not at all. Sometimes I used to try when no one heard, and once when I was in the hammock with my brother's little girl, I joined her in the song she was singing. She looked at me in a minute with a rueful countenance, and said, 'Aunt Helen, I can't sing when you are making such a noise!'"

Bernice laughed.

"I haven't tried much since," the tall girl added.

"We have singing lessons at school twice a week," Bernice said, presently, "but I like the every-day lessons better."

"Do you? I like mathematics, and sloyd, and a hammer and nails and saw. Mama tells me I ought to be a carpenter."

"But you don't look like one," Bernice smiled, critically; and then continued, "We began physical geography this term. It is so interesting, and Miss Somers makes language beautiful. I can't help liking grammar!"

"I never understood it—it was always so blind!"

But Bernice was laughing again. The tall girl turned toward her inquiringly.

"I was thinking of what Johnny Weeks said down in the primary room the other day," Bernice began in explanation. "The teacher asked him what *cat* was. I guess he wasn't paying attention. He looked all around, and finally said he didn't know. She told him it was a noun. 'Then,' he said, after some deliberation, 'kitten must be a pronoun.'"

An hour afterward all the lights in the house were out but one. Elizabeth sat with her cousin, talking over the events of the evening.

"And how do you like Bernice Dahl?" she asked, and lent an eager ear; for Helen's word could make or mar things irretrievably.

"Like her? I have never liked any one better. Perhaps I wouldn't have noticed, had you not spoken particularly about her."

"Well?" said Elizabeth, as her cousin paused.

"She is all life and vivacity. I thought you said she was 'dummified.'"

"But she was. I never saw her like this before."

"Then something woke her. If any seemed ill at ease or lonely, she went to them, and behold, they chatted like magpies! I saw some of her schoolmates look at her wonderingly, and at least one sneered, but I watched. She had just one thought, and that was to make every one happy. You could have spared any one of the girls better; in fact, any three of them."

Long after Helen had gone to sleep, Elizabeth lay thinking. "Jimmy Flanders," she said, and counted off one finger; another followed, and then another. After all, it was wonderful how many good deeds she could reckon up, and all so *quietly done*. Strange she had never thought of them *en masse* before. How could Bernice be gay among so many frowns and sighs?

The next forenoon session of the grammar school was well under way. Bernice opened her history, and in it was a little slip of paper that she had used as a book-mark since that first morning. An odd spirit seized her, and almost before she knew it, she had gone up the aisle, and laid it on Elizabeth's desk. The next instant she would have given worlds to have withdrawn it. Elizabeth glanced down and flushed painfully. There it was: "She's no plain. She's Rocky Mountany — all ridges and hubbles." But Bernice was back at her work again, evidently unruffled.

When the bell tapped for intermission, Elizabeth went to her. "Bernice, I did write it. Oh, I am so ashamed!" and bursting into tears, she hid her face on Bernice's shoulder.

One of those smiles that somehow have the power of transforming the harshest features, swept over the girl's face, and picking up Elizabeth's hand, she kissed it softly again and again. "I won't kiss her face," she thought, "I am so homely!" but from that day she slipped into the queenly place she had a right to occupy, and it was not long before every one forgot her plainness.

And let me whisper you a secret, girls (for even now Bernice doesn't seem to know), as she grew older, the rough lines mellowed and softened, the short figure stretched upward, till she was beautiful as ever her dearest wish had pictured. Wasn't it the lovely spirit within, for Bernice was a Christian, molding and modeling the clay into a fit dwelling-place for itself? That is a beauty that never quite withers away. Its roots are planted in the soul beautiful, and a beautiful soul can never die.

ELVIRA A. WEBBER.

Love of Money

SOME of the dishonest practises which men carry on in order to make money were brought to light by the recent destruction of San Francisco. According to the reports of the inspectors, many of the buildings which fell would have withstood the shock of the earthquake had they been constructed as agreed upon.

The contractors thought their work was forever covered from the gaze of men. But their perfidy was suddenly laid bare to the world.

Many are weaving "wood, hay, and stubble" into their characters, and when the great destruction of the last day comes from the Lord, the defects will be easily discernible, and all the world will see their dismay at the revelation of these. Only the gold and silver endure the great fire of God's wrath. So he says, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." C. E. HOLMES.

"In life's small things be resolute and great.
... Knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

Odd Phases of Bird Life A Feathered Weaver

THE crafts are nearly all represented in bird life, but perhaps the most striking achievement is that of the tailor bird, of Asia. When preparing to make a nest, these birds choose a plant with leaves about the size of a man's hand. These they proceed to make into a bag. They pluck the boll of the cotton plant and actually spin it into thread with their bills and feet, and therewith literally sew together the edges of the chosen leaves.

Endurance of Migrating Birds

The vigor and endurance that birds display upon the wing is astonishing. Nearly all the migratory species of Europe must cross the Mediterranean without resting.

Our little bluebird pays an annual visit to the Bermudas, six hundred miles from the continent, and Wilson estimated its very moderate flight at more than a mile a minute.

Remarkable stories are told of the long flights of tame falcons—one going one thousand three hundred miles in a single day. Jewel mentions carrier-pigeons that flew from Rouen to Ghent, one hundred and fifty miles, in an hour and a half; and a certain warbler must wing its way from Egypt to the Baltic, one thousand two hundred miles, in one night.

The Drumming of Partridges

The drumming of a male partridge is a curious feat, and one well worth watching if the opportunity presents. The bird usually stands upon a falling log with his ruff and tail erect and his wings trailing and rigid. He begins to move his wings with a slow downward and forward movement, which steadily increases in power and rapidity until the swiftly vibrating wings appear only a semicircular outline of mist above the bird, thus giving rise to a sound which may be appropriately likened to the reverberation of distant muttering thunder.

This is done at the mating season, when the male is wooing the female.

How Sea Birds Quench Their Thirst

The means by which seabirds quench their thirst when far out at sea is described by an old skipper, who tells how he has seen birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles distant, or even farther off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.—*The Scrap Book*.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

ON the opening day of the schools in New York City there were seventy thousand part-time pupils, because there was not room for them in the schools.

LATE authoritative reports claim that the typhoon that struck Hongkong recently was more serious than has been thought, five thousand lives, twenty million dollars of property, and thirty steamers having been destroyed. Twenty other vessels were reported as being injured.

"ABYSSINIA has of late risen rapidly to a high place in European diplomacy through the signing of the Franco-Italian-British convention for railway construction. The integrity of the empire is guaranteed, making King Menelik's kingdom the Switzerland of Africa politically, as she is topographically by reason of her mountains."

It is said that the Armenians in Turkey have at last learned a lesson from their severe persecutions, and that is to lay aside prejudices and dislikes, and unite with Greeks, Nestorians, and other dissatisfied elements for mutual defense against a common danger. These various sects have had such an unfriendly feeling toward one another that they could not unite for self-protection.

PERSIA'S form of government is to be changed from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, without the shedding of blood. The shah has not made concessions voluntarily, but because he has been forced to do so by the demands of the people. His own extravagance is largely responsible for the present revolution, which, like most of those recorded in history, had its origin in financial difficulties.

AN imperial edict has ordered the total abolition of the use of opium throughout the Chinese empire within ten years. The emperor wisely says that the use of this narcotic is responsible for much of the poverty and the weakness of the nation. More is expected to result from this edict than from other similar ones that have been passed, because there is a strong prohibition party pledged to see to the successful carrying out of the emperor's demands.

MR. BURBANK, the man who has accomplished such wonders in the plant world, says that he has in mind always that happy day when, "with better and still better fruits, nuts, grains, and flowers, the earth shall be so transformed that man's thoughts will be turned from destructive forces to those that are only productive; and will offer his brother man, not bullets and bayonets, but fairer flowers, richer grains, and better fruits." We wish Mr. Burbank's hope might be speedily realized, but we fear that we shall have to wait until the new earth is given us by our Father above before such a happy condition can be realized by a selfish world.



LAS VEGAS, N. M., Sept. 16, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write. I think the INSTRUCTOR is a good paper to read,

because one can get so much good out of it. I am thirteen years old. I have no brothers, but I have one sister. I hope this letter will not crowd others out, and that we shall all meet on the new earth. EDITH MARTIN.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., Sept. 16, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to all the INSTRUCTOR readers to tell what a nice Sabbath-school we have. There are about twelve Sabbath-keepers here. We meet at Sister Phillips' every Sabbath afternoon at two o'clock. I give all my INSTRUCTORS to people who I think will be glad for them. Pray for me that I may be faithful, and may meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

FLORENCE GOLDENA SAVAGE.

BURT, IOWA, Sept. 9, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have seen no letters from Burt since I wrote last, I thought I would write again. We are all of good courage, and are enjoying the Lord's blessing. We are three families that keep the Sabbath, and we have our Sabbath-school every Sabbath at our homes, as we have no church. I love to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I have two ducks and three chickens for raising missionary money.

I will close with good wishes to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. HAROLD CHRISTENSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, N. D., Aug. 23, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I would not be without it. It is just harvesting-time now, and almost all the farmers around here are in the fields. I would like to have the INSTRUCTORS of July 30, 1906, August 7 and 14, 1906, if you have them. I did not get any of those numbers, and I would like them.

I want to be a good girl so that I can meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth. I am eleven years old, and would like some of the readers to write to me. Pray for me.

WINNIE SHIELDS.

SALEM, ORE., Sept. 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have finished Mrs. Long's "Work for Little Fingers." I think her articles are nice.

We have seventeen hens and nineteen pullets. I take care of them. All the old hens are named, but the pullets are not. We have a cow—her name is Juley—and two heifers, Ruddy and Sophy.

I like to read very much, but I have not time to read five books in a year, as some have. I have read "Gospel Primer," "Story of Joseph," and "Child's Natural History"—not all this year. I am reading "Pilgrim's Progress." I like it. Good-by. RACHEL ROSSER.

HADLEY, PA., Sept. 12, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter as I have never written before. I have read a good many letters from the INSTRUCTOR readers. We are the only Sabbath-keepers in this vicinity. I go to a graded school. We live on a farm about two miles from school. I am thirteen years old. We have a good sugar camp and two nice apple orchards, but they are small. There are not many peaches, but quite a few apples. Mama has been sick for over two years, and papa is seventy years old, and my mama is sixty-nine years old. Sister and I are the only ones at home now. I am an orphan girl, and am living with Mr. and Mrs. Hill. I call them papa and mama. I call Ida sister. I take the INSTRUCTOR, and I like it very much. FLORENCE MOORE.

PETERSBURG, VA., Sept. 3, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I enclose the answers to the Scripture Enigma, which was printed in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of August 28. I have enjoyed finding the answers, also reading the chapters in which they are found. I hope the answers are all correct. I would like to see some more Bible questions printed in the INSTRUCTOR. I think it would help the young people to study their Bibles more, for it will be very necessary that we all know it well. Some time in the near future we shall be left without it. Hoping to see many of the INSTRUCTOR readers' names printed as those who have answered correctly, I am,
Yours in Christ's service,
WILLIE HERRELL.

P. S.—I hope it will not be very long until we have some more of Mr. Edison Driver's pieces "Around the Work-table" in the INSTRUCTOR. I find them very useful as well as instructive. WILLIE HERRELL.

Only

ONLY a loving word
To comfort the soul that is aching,
Only a hand outstretched
To cheer the heart that is breaking.
Only a little taper
To lessen the shades of night,
To add to the sea of glory,
That gleams in the world of light;
Only a crust of bread
For the soul that is faint with hunger,
Only an impulse given
To the spirit's listless languor,
Only a cup of water
To the thirsty soul that is given,
Will add to the stream of joy
That flows through the courts of heaven.

Only a kind word spoken
To the heart that mourns in sorrow,
Only a helping hand
To point to a brighter morrow,
A pressure of the hand,
When friends to their dead are clinging,
Will be felt in the better land,
Where angel harps are ringing.

Only a little love
For the heart that is bowed with sadness,
May change the ashes of woe
To the fragrant bloom of gladness,
May change the stream of tears
To joy's alluring measure,
And all through heaven's bright years
Will add to the sum of pleasure.

L. D. SANTEE.

College of Evangelists

At Loma Linda, California, is established the "College of Evangelists." "The promoters of this school have no interest in developing intellectual strength or physical skill for its own sake, but to the one end only, that the heart may be enlarged and strengthened, and that head, hand, and heart may be devoted to the evangelizing of the world."

The college is affiliated with the Loma Linda Sanitarium, which is located in the beautiful San Bernardino Valley.

Three courses are offered. Those desiring further information should write to the principal for a catalogue. Address Warren E. Howell, Loma Linda, California.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — Good Angels

(October 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" Ps. 91: 11.

REVIEW.—Heavenly beings are called _____. They have appeared as _____. They _____. When they are sent with a message, they _____. Their number is _____. The angel who came to the tomb of _____ looked like _____. The one Daniel saw looked like _____. Angels have great _____. This is shown by _____.

Questions

1. On what mission are the angels sent forth? Heb. 1: 14. To whom do they minister?
2. What charge is given them? Ps. 91: 10-12.
3. How are those who fear the Lord protected? Ps. 34: 7. How many may have an angel as their guardian?
4. When Daniel was cast into the lions' den, who went in with him? Dan. 6: 22. How was he delivered?
5. When Elisha was surrounded by an army, what did his servant say? 2 Kings 6: 15. How did the prophet reply? Verse 16.
6. When the young man's eyes were opened,

what did he see? Verse 17. What are the chariots of God? Ps. 68: 17.

7. Tell about Peter's deliverance from prison by an angel. Acts 12: 5-19.

8. Describe Paul's perilous voyage to Rome. Acts 27: 14-20.

9. Who stood by him during the night? What message did he bring? Do you think angels are on the stormy sea, as well as on the land?

10. When Jesus comes the second time, who will gather the righteous? Mark 13: 26, 27. Whence will they be gathered?

Lesson Story

The angels are strong to help as well as to punish. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

When Daniel was in the lions' den, he said to the king, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

An army once came and surrounded the city in which Elisha the prophet was, "and his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he [Elisha] answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

In another place in the Bible we are told what these chariots and horses of fire were. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands [or many thousands] of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place."

The apostle Peter was arrested and put in prison, and Herod intended to put him to death. The night before he was to be killed, "Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison."

"And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and the light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands."

"And the angel said to him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision."

"When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him."

"And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod."

Peter went to a house where his brethren had gathered to pray for him. When he knocked, a girl came to the door, and she was so glad to hear Peter's voice that she forgot to open the gate, but ran in and told them Peter was there. They said she was out of her mind, but she kept saying it was true, and then they said, "It is his angel." They knew every child of God has an angel who is sent to keep and protect him.

The story of Paul's voyage shows that angels even go on the stormy sea to protect God's children.

When Jesus comes with great power and glory, "then shall he send his angels, and gather

together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The Captain of Our Salvation

(October 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Heb. 2: 10.

Questions

1. Who is the Captain of our salvation? Heb. 2: 9, 10.
2. How was he made perfect? Heb. 2: 10.
3. And being made perfect, what did he become? Heb. 5: 9. To how many?
4. What was Jesus called more than five hundred years before he was born into the human family? Dan. 7: 13; note 1.
5. Why did he become the Son of man? Heb. 2: 17.
6. What was the Saviour called when he was carried into the temple, a little infant? Luke 2: 30-32.
7. Unto whom was he born? Isa. 9: 6. What titles are here ascribed to him?
8. What record have we of his pre-existence? Gen. 1: 26; John 17: 5.
9. What part did he have in creation? Col. 1: 15, 16; John 1: 1-3.
10. How is the same power manifested in the plan of salvation? Eph. 2: 10; note 2.
11. How complete is the salvation which he is able to offer to men? Heb. 7: 25.
12. For what purpose does Jesus come the second time? Heb. 9: 28.
13. How will he be greeted by those who are waiting for him? Isa. 25: 9.
14. What will the wicked cry out? Rev. 6: 14-17.

Notes

1. The Spirit called Christ "the Son of man" through the prophet five hundred years before he was born into the human family, and nearly twenty-five hundred years prior to the actual fulfilment of the prophecy in anticipation of his being born "unto us."

2. Christ gave abundant evidence of his creative power while in the world, by healing the lame and those who had the leprosy; restoring sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf; by supplying bread to the multitude, turning water into wine, and raising the dead.

China's Call

NEARER fields, the reapers toiling,
Gather in the golden grain,
Still the distant Eastern borders
To the workers' skill remain.

Long the shadows there have tarried;
Late the precious seeds were sown;
Now the world's great Light is shining
On a harvest fully grown.

China, with its teeming millions,
Souls for whom our Saviour died,
Knowing heaven, but not the pathway,
Lost, is waiting for a guide.

Now the Word from home has reached them,
Are there none to lead the way?
Ere the harvest-time is over,
Will you help as well as pray?

CHORUS:

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them China's sheaves to gather
Ere the harvest-time pass by.

—Selected.



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The New State of Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA means "red men," or "red men's land," for the name was taken from the Choctaw words "okla" (red), and "homma" (people). This new State is larger than all the New England States together, or as large as Illinois and Ohio combined. It is as far from the southeastern corner of the new Oklahoma to the northwestern corner as from Augusta, Maine, to Washington, D. C.

Oklahoma, formerly a part of Indian Territory, was purchased by our government, thrown open for settlement by white people in 1889, and later organized as a Territory. When the land was first purchased and opened for settlement, thousands of persons made a wild scramble to locate homes. In one day a city was founded, a bank opened, and a newspaper issued. In less than a month over seventy manufacturing establishments were in operation. The excitement soon abated, however, and for a time there was much suffering. But very soon there began a steady growth, and now Oklahoma is one of the most prosperous of States, having been admitted into the Union by the fifty-ninth Congress.

There are estimated to be a million white inhabitants in the new State, which of course includes Indian Territory, and about one hundred thousand Indians. No State at the present time, unless it is Texas, is receiving so large an immigration as Oklahoma. Nature has done much for this State. The land is fertile, well-watered, rolling prairie, except in one or two sections. There is a good growth of timber, and its coal-mines supply the surrounding country with coal as far south as Galveston, Texas. Its oil- and gas-producing power is said to rival that of Kansas. It can therefore be a great manufacturing State as well as an agricultural.

One farmer is said to have realized more than seven hundred dollars from ten acres of potatoes. It is a good fruit country, one orchard sometimes yielding in one year eight thousand dollars' worth of apples.

Doubtless there have been many who have lost fortunes in the State instead of making them, but it is true that many have been successful in realizing enough from their homestead to start them in a prosperous business. In 1904 between forty thousand and fifty thousand people went in on new homesteads, and it is estimated that twenty thousand went in and bought land.

"Oklahoma amazes an Easterner," says the *World's Work*. "The wide asphalted streets, the plate-glass fronts of department stores, the clean sidewalks, the well-dressed, unhurried shoppers, the finish, the metropolitan air, in Oklahoma City, for example, seem marvels to find in a country only seventeen years old." Thriving towns have sprung up everywhere. There are no drones, everybody is busy, and a man who goes into the

State and is not willing to work for the growth of the town or city he lives in, is soon made to feel that he is not wanted by the community.

The government has long prohibited the admission of liquor into Indian Territory, as a protection to the Indians, and the same prohibition is imposed on the new State. It would not seem unwise were the government to manifest a similar interest in all its citizens.

Standing Bear's Speech

THE first time an Indian was permitted to appear in court in this country, and have his rights tried, was in the year 1897. Previous to this every Indian in the United States was subject to the orders of the Secretary of the Interior. If he happened to be a man of a tyrannical nature, the Indians fared hard. One Secretary of the Interior at the point of the bayonet had caused all the Poncas Indians to be driven from northern Nebraska down to Indian Territory, depriving them of lands to which they held government deeds. They were left in the new country for months without rations, and more than one third of them died. Among these was the son of Standing Bear. The old chief refused to have the boy buried in the strange country, and gathering about thirty members of his tribe together, he started for their ancient hunting-grounds, intending to bury his boy where generations of the Poncas chiefs lay.

The Secretary of the Interior heard of the runaways, and through the War Department telegraphed to General Crook, of Omaha, to arrest the Indians and return them to Indian Territory. So General Crook arrested Standing Bear and his followers, and took them all, with the old wagon that contained the body of the dead boy, down to Omaha. Standing Bear told his story to the general, who was already familiar with many wrongs that had been committed against the Indians, and who was indignant at their treatment. He detained the Indians at Omaha until he consulted with a Mr. Tibbles, an editor of a newspaper. They agreed to espouse the cause of the Indian, securing to Standing Bear a trial in the United States court. It was the most notable trial ever brought in the West, and in fact, the scope was as wide as any ever tried in this country, for upon its decision one hundred thousand persons were made citizens.

Mr. Tibbles, who attended every session of the court, describes what took place in the following words:—

The court room was crowded with fashionably dressed women; and the clergy, which had been greatly stirred by the incident, were there in force. Lawyers, every one in Nebraska, and many from the big Eastern cities; business men, General Crook and his staff in their dress uniforms (this was one of the few times in his life that Crook wore full dress in public); and the Indians themselves, in their gaudy colors. The court room was a galaxy of brilliancy.

On one side stood the army officers, the brilliantly dressed women, and the white people; on the other was Standing Bear, in his official robes as chief of the Poncas, and with him were his leading men. Far back in the audience, shrinking from observation, was an Indian girl who afterward became famous as a lecturer in England and America. She was later known on both continents by a translation of her Indian name, In-sta-the-am-ba, Bright Eyes.

Attorney Poppleton's argument was carefully prepared, and consumed sixteen hours in the delivering, occupying the attention of the court for two days. On the third day Mr. Webster spoke for six hours. And during all the proceedings the court room was packed with the beauty and culture of the city.

Toward the close of the trial the situation became tense. As the wrongs inflicted on the Indians were described by the attorneys, indignation was often at white heat, and the judge made no attempt at suppressing the applause which broke out from time to time. For the department, Mr. Lamberston made a short ad-

dress, but was listened to in complete silence.

It was late in the afternoon when the trial drew to a close. The excitement had been increasing, but it reached a height not before felt when Judge Dundy announced that Chief Standing Bear would be allowed to make a speech in his own behalf. Not one in that audience besides the army officers and Mr. Tibbles had ever heard an oration by an Indian. All of them had read of the eloquence of Red Jacket and Logan, and they sat there wondering if the mild-looking old man, with the lines of suffering and sorrow on his brow and cheek, dressed in full robes of an Indian chief, could make a speech at all. It happened that there was a good interpreter present—one who was used to "chief talk."

Standing Bear arose. Half facing the audience, he held out his right hand and stood motionless so long that the stillness of death which had settled down on the audience became almost unbearable. At last, looking up at the judge, he said:—

"That hand is not the color of yours, but if I prick it, the blood will flow, and I shall feel pain. The blood is of the same color as yours. God made me, and I am a man. I never committed any crime. If I had, I would not stand here to make a defense. I would suffer the punishment and make no complaint."

Still standing half facing the audience, he looked past the judge out of the window as if gazing upon something far in the distance, and continued:—

"I seem to be standing on a high bank of a great river with my wife and little girl at my side. I can not cross the river, and impassable cliffs arise behind me. I hear the noise of great waters; I look and see a flood coming. The waters rise to our feet, and then to our knees. My little girl stretches her hands toward me and says, 'Save me.' I stand where no member of my race ever stood before. There is no tradition to guide me. The chiefs who preceded me knew nothing of the circumstances that surround me. I hear only my little girl say, 'Save me.' In despair I look toward the cliffs behind me, and I seem to see a dim trail that may lead to a way of life. But no Indian ever passed over that trail. It looks to be impassable. I make the attempt.

"I take my child by the hand, and my wife follows after me. Our hands and our feet are torn by the sharp rocks, and our trail is marked by our blood. At last I see a rift in the rocks. And a little way beyond there are green prairies. The swift-running water, the Niobrara, pours down between the green hills. There are the graves of my fathers. There again we will pitch our tepee and build our fires. I see the light of the world and of liberty just ahead."

The old chief became silent again, and after an appreciable pause he turned toward the judge with such a look of pathos and suffering on his face that none who saw it will forget, and said:—

"But in the center of the path there stands a man. Behind him I see soldiers in number like the leaves of the trees. If that man gives me the permission, I may pass on to life and liberty. If he refuses, I must go back and sink beneath the flood."

Then in a lower tone: "You are that man."

There was silence in the court as the old chief sat down. Tears ran down over the judge's face. General Crook leaned forward and covered his face with his hands. Some of the ladies sobbed.

All at once that audience, by one common impulse, rose to its feet, and such a shout went up as was never heard in a Nebraska court room. No one heard Judge Dundy say, "Court is dismissed." There was a rush for Standing Bear. The first to reach him was General Crook. I was second. The ladies flocked round him, and for an hour Standing Bear had a reception.

A few days afterward Judge Dundy handed down his famous decision, in which he announced that an Indian was a "person," and was entitled to the protection of the law. Standing Bear and his followers were set free, and, with his old wagon and the body of the dead child, he went back to the hunting-grounds of his fathers, and buried the boy with tribal honors.

WHEN thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?

—Trench.