

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



FINDEYAR





## WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

### A Few of the President's Wants

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has not only written longer messages than his predecessors, but he has succeeded in getting them read more widely. His latest message is a tremendous document. Here are a few of the things he wants —

He wants people to stop hoarding their money. The country is too prosperous to warrant a financial scare.

He wants the "successfully dishonest men" punished, but in doing it he wants to protect the interests of innocent investors as far as possible.

He wants the nation to assume "complete and sole control of interstate commerce," and he thinks that this can be done "without any extension of federal authority," but "with an extension of federal activity."

He wants the present laws relating to corporations and the government so changed as not to hamper corporations that are beneficial to the public, while at the same time publicity of accounts and facility of inspection will render it easier to punish the real culprits.

He wants a law requiring interstate corporations to take out federal charters.

He wants a law permitting the issue of money in emergencies by banks, on approved securities, such money to be taxed so heavily as to secure its retirement when the emergency is over.

He wants an income and inheritance tax, and believes that a law for such a tax can be so framed that it will pass the scrutiny of the Supreme Court.

He wants the tariff revised, but does not believe that it can be wisely done just before a national election.

He wants a law limiting the use of injunctions.

He wants a federal inspection of railroads that may prevent the appalling number of accidents.

He wants the employers' liability act strengthened.

He wants the eight-hour day extended to all government work.

He wants compulsory investigation of labor disputes.

He wants the government to enact for the District of Columbia and the Territories a model law regarding the employment of women and children.

He wants the government to undertake the making of a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

He wants the government to increase its irrigation operations.

He wants the government to assume control of the great grazing lands of the West.

He wants the government to drain the great swamps of the country.

He wants laws preventing reckless exhaustion of our forests by lumbering, and he wants an extension of the national reservations.

He wants the duty on wood-pulp repealed.

He wants postal savings banks.

He wants the parcel-post extended to rural routes.

He wants fourth-class postmasters put under the civil service and removed from the domain of partisan politics.

He wants local self-government given to Alaska.

He wants citizenship conferred upon the Porto Ricans.

He wants a Bureau of Mines added to the Interior Department.

He wants the necessary campaign funds of the great national parties furnished largely by the government, corporations being forbidden to make contributions, and the contributions of private individuals being limited to a certain sum. He anticipates many objections to this radical proposal.

He wants more money paid for the ocean transportation of mails.

He wants a larger army, a higher rate of pay for the soldiers, and an enlarged medical corps.

He wants four new battle-ships this year instead of one.

He wants the United States to preserve Cuba from ruinous internal dissensions, and to retire from the island as soon as that can be assured.

He wants immediate action toward a participation by the United States in the Japanese exposition of 1912.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### After the Appendicitis Germ

PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF is conducting some experiments at the Pasteur Institute in Paris that are attracting unusual interest. He has long held to the theory that most diseases, including old age, are caused by germs which destroy our organs and sap our vitality. He is confident that appendicitis is caused by a microbe which infects the intestines, and he thinks he has found a serum to kill the microbe.

To prove his theory he is now carrying on a series of experiments with monkeys. He selected the monkey because it is the only animal, except man, that has an appendix. Every day this able French scientist and his assistants inoculate one or more monkeys with an appendicitis microbe. They watch carefully the development of the disease, and then proceed to cure it with the new serum. Of the forty or more patients so treated, only one has died.

Professor Metchnikoff is exceedingly interested in regard to his new discovery. He says: "My work may appear cruel to the layman, but we expect to find a serum that will save thousands from operations and suffering. We make it a point to inflict as little pain as possible. As soon as we study the symptoms, we start to cure the animal with this serum."

Though Professor Metchnikoff has worked in the Pasteur Institute for many years, he is not a Parisian. He was born in Russia, where he first began his scientific studies. He then went to Germany and studied in the universities of Gien, Munich, and Göttingen, and was then made professor of bacteriology at Odessa. Some years later, he came to Paris to work in the Pasteur Institute.—*The Scrap-Book*.

ANOTHER famine is to be India's great calamity. Failure of crops owing to lack of rain throughout all the Upper India region, is the cause of this imminent destitution to so vast and populous a territory. Already the government has begun the establishment of relief works.

NEW YORK CITY has a new Sunday law, and it is said the people are not at all pleased with their first "blue Sunday" program, December 8. One minute after midnight, or just as soon as Monday was ushered in, the places of amusement were opened, and even at this unseasonable time a rushing business was done for an hour or two.

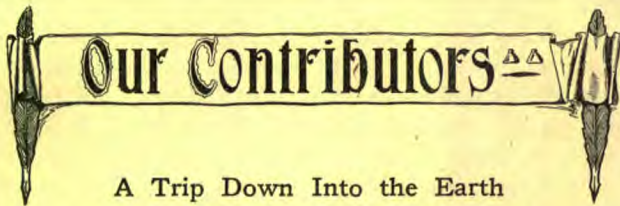


# The Youth's Instructor

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## A Trip Down Into the Earth

GENERALLY speaking, the world knows little of the gold and silver mines located at Virginia City and Gold Hill, Nevada; but in mining and financial circles they are known the world over. No doubt these are the greatest gold and silver mines ever known. The world-famous Comstock Lode (a vein of ore) was located less than fifty years ago. The news of the discovery brought in thousands of people, who rapidly built cities on the steep mountainsides that were once only barren wastes. To-day, for thousands of feet below these cities the earth is literally honey-combed with tunnels, the combined length of which would be hundreds of miles.

Elder Wightman and the writer recently visited the Consolidated Virginia and California Company's hoisting works, which stand immediately over the shaft that leads into the famous old mine. Before entering the mine, we were requested to change our clothing for a suit which consisted of a pair of flannel trousers, a shirt of the same material, a duck coat, a pair of shoes, and a hat. Then, with the guide, we stepped onto what is called a cage, but which would remind you of anything but a cage, as it is simply a platform that is entirely open at the sides. The signal was given, then we were let down, down, down into the bosom of the earth by powerful machinery which is, and must be, very exact in its workings, as it is a case of life and death. Human beings are suspended in a shaft that is about half a mile deep.

Every one hundred feet we passed a station from which run tunnels in all directions—ore excavations above and below. Massive timbers keep the huge mass of earth above from closing in. As we were descending into the earth at the rate of six hundred feet a minute, the rapid change in the air caused us to experience a tingling sensation in the ears; my companion was somewhat annoyed by it.

At the depth of 2,150 feet the cage stopped. We stepped out into an electrically lighted room with the guide, who began to show and explain the mines to us,—the mines that built San Francisco and placed the second Atlantic cable in the depths of that ocean; the mines that have added about eight hundred million dollars to the wealth of the world. But the obtaining of this vast wealth was not mere child's play. It re-

quired brain power; it even required the lives of many miners. They had to encounter just what the true Christian has to meet—obstacles hard to overcome. One such difficulty was and is the continuous rising of water in the mines. The first effort to master the water was the digging of the Sutro Tunnel from a place in the mine 1,750 feet below the surface, through the mountains out to the Carson River, four miles distant. It was a gigantic undertaking, but by it the mines were drained so man could continue his search for hid treasures.

Those portions of the mine down hundreds of feet below the mouth of the Sutro Tunnel must be drained in a different way. That water is raised in part by an inverted syphon system. To complete the work, however, the Truckee River—forty miles distant—is harnessed to pull the water out of the mine. The angry river is converted into electricity which runs the Reid-

ler pumps; these pumps are in a room 16 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 20 feet high, down 2,150 feet below the surface of the earth. A fourteen-inch stream is thus raised up to the drainage tunnel above. We stood in amazement to see how perseveringly and tirelessly do men work to obtain riches that so soon vanish, and how feeble are their efforts to obtain that which is more precious than the gold that perisheth.

But the difficulty did not stop here. As the men delved down deep through solid rock into the bowels of the earth, they found the water there very hot. Even after the mines were drained of the hot water, the place was still much too warm for the miners. Then blowers, to blow in fresh, cool air, were installed. These reduced the temperature several degrees.

Having seen the 2,150 foot level, the guide took us onto another cage that let us down one hundred feet more. Here, in some places, even though the blowers were running, the temperature was 106°—hot, summer weather. The miners here wore nothing but shoes, trousers, and cap; they work an hour, then after having an ice-water bath, rest an hour, and keep that up for eight hours, when another shift of men take their places.

Next we were taken down another one hundred feet—2,350 feet from the top. Can you comprehend the depth? An elevator in the highest skyscraper on earth would appear as but a dwarf beside this deep shaft. If you were let down in this shaft a distance equal to the height of the Washington Monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet, then down that much farther, then again, and a fourth time, you still would



General Grant and party immediately after coming out of the mines, Virginia City, Nevada. General and Mrs. Grant standing in the center.



be one hundred and thirty feet above us and three hundred and thirty feet above the bottom of the shaft. The heat was so intense on this level that the air of the electrically lighted room was dense with steam. We were led to the mouth of a tunnel, and told we could follow the guide in, returning when we wished. Most visitors return before they have gone twenty-five feet. Two of us went in about sixty feet. The heat at this point was almost unbearable, as the thermometer registered  $140^{\circ}$ . The perspiration literally streamed from us. As it stood out in heavy beads on us, a



SHAFT AND SUB-STATION OF THE MINES

gust of hot air reaching us would heat the perspiration to scalding heat. We had to hold clothing over our faces in order to breathe. In working in this portion of the mine, the miners—two together—rush into this awful place and work for fifteen minutes, then come out. While one works, the other plays a stream of cold water over him for a minute or two. Then they change places for an equal length of time. The water running from this tunnel would boil an egg.

Our visit in the mine occupied about an hour. On returning to the cage, the signal was sent to the surface, and in an instant the huge engines at the top were drawing us rapidly up to where the sun shines.

Wonder of wonders! Man will delve deep into rock, overcome gigantic difficulties, even though it takes years and costs many human lives, to get, what? Only that which will pass with life's fleeting years. "But where shall wisdom be found? . . . It can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir." Job 28: 12, 15, 16. (Even one of these well-known mines is named the Ophir.) Let us arise to the work given us of God, and work as faithfully as do the gold seekers, mastering every difficulty. Let us work untiringly, and in perfect harmony, and the world will be stirred with this message as it has never been. Let us seek for that which will continue time without end.

B. E. BEDDOE.

### History of Mexico — No. 3 .

#### New Spain

THE city of Mexico (Tenochtitlan) having been conquered, it did not require much effort to complete the conquest of the remaining tribes. The judicious use of the unusual arms and armor of the Spaniards quickly put the unsophisticated Indians to rout and compelled obedience.

Cortez, now in control, set to work to govern the land. For a number of years military government exercised its power directly, excepting in Mexico City and Vera Cruz, which had good municipal governments. Such a vast extent of rich territory having been suddenly opened, brought many adventurers and unworthy scions of the nobility who were desirous of repleting

their empty coffers. Many such men were in the government, and caused trouble by their wicked oppression of the natives. To correct these evils, Spain sent out royal officers and resident judges, who in turn were followed by the royal audience or auditors.

These means not only failed, but aggravated the evil conditions, the officers seeking only for themselves and for their king, as much gold and silver as they could get.

Cortez was constantly in trouble with the officers at home and abroad. His dictatorial ways did not always coincide with the wishes of the auditors, and it was not many years before he finally returned to Spain, where he died in 1547.

From 1535 and onward, viceroys were appointed by the king of Spain. These men as a rule sought their own interests and those of their overlord.

Occasionally through the centuries there would shine out the beneficent rule of some conscientious and courageous noble who was not a despoiler of the land.

The church was not slow in organizing its forces. Different religious orders were established, missionary priests went about and preached to the Indians. Notable among these was Padre Las Casas, who was a true friend of the natives, and a protector of their interests. On the other hand the Dominican Order with others not only dominated the Mexican church but also controlled political conditions. Alleged miracles were perpetrated on the unsuspecting natives, and patron saints multiplied over the country, leading to a mixture of semi-barbaric rites mixed with Christian worship. The Inquisition was established, and its terrible machinery not only worked against heretics, but against those who were opposing the political and commercial policies of Spanish rule.

We quote the following from "Mexico Viejo," by Gonzalez Obregon, a noted Mexican author, concerning the first auto de fe: "Mr. M. Philips, a witness and participant, enumerates the following criminals: Three to be burned, sixty or seventy to be publicly whipped or sent to row on the galleys, and seven to serve in convents."

The night drawing near at the close of the ceremony, "they called Jorge Rively, Pedro Momfrie, and Cornelio el

Islandes, and condemned them to be reduced to ashes. They were sent at once to the place of execution in the market plaza, where they were soon burned. The rest of us were sent back to jail. Thus ended the first auto de fe, which lasted from 6 A. M. to 5 P. M. The ceremonial was so solemn and well attended that it was not inferior to the most famous auto of Valladolid Spain, except that it lacked the king.

"The next day the prisoners who were condemned to be whipped were mounted on horses. These poor men had their backs bared and were made a spectacle



The auto de fe—the judgment and execution of the inquisitorial decree.



to the people along the principal streets. A number of men applied long whips to their naked bodies, and with the greatest cruelty gave them the allotted number of lashes.

"At the head of the procession went the town criers, crying: 'Behold these English and Lutheran dogs, enemies of God;' and all along the road some of the inquisitors and friends of that evil fraternity cried out to the executioners, 'Give it to them hard, these English and Lutheran heretics, enemies of God.' Having passed through the principal streets they returned to the house of the Inquisition, with their shoulders streaming with blood and great lash marks."

Such actions on the part of the authorities dissatisfied the people. The other religious orders were jealous of the power of the Dominicans, and soon there came a reaction. The strife among the different orders quickly ended their usefulness. While in the beginning there is no doubt but that orders helped the natives, yet it is acknowledged that after the eighteenth century they failed in their mission.

It is also true that the first printing-press of the New World was brought to Mexico in 1536, and the first university of this continent was founded shortly afterward, in 1552; but these were practically limited to the work of the church. "Everything in Mexico was subject to Madrid, and Madrid was but the Foreign Office of the pope."

For a short time under Carlos III there was an effort to reform these evils, but the result was a failure. Owing to official red tape, it was next to impossible for the natives or those who were not favorites to obtain legal justice. Their despair is shown in the following expression, which was well-nigh universal, "God is in heaven, and the king is in Spain."

Race prejudice grew. The native-born Spaniards who came over looked down with a sneer upon their own brethren who had been born in Mexico. They thought less of the Mestizos, or mixed race, and treated the Indians almost as slaves. The Creoles, or Mexican-born Spaniards, as well as the other natives, keenly resented this treatment. The Spanish laws, furthermore, made it impossible for the Mexicans to produce or manufacture anything of value, but gold, silver, and precious stones, which were monopolized by the Spaniards. The Mexicans were compelled to purchase their imports from Spain, such as cloth, and many other necessities. Even vineyards were prohibited.

It did not take long for the Creoles, Mestizos, and Indians to act their part. Gradually they united against a common enemy, and after nearly three centuries of misrule and oppression, they began their revolutionary movements which were to break down and overthrow Spanish tyranny.

WALTON C. JOHN.

### The True Man

WHAT constitutes a true man? I feel as if it is almost superfluous to use the adjective in this place; for there is only one kind of man,—the others who go by the name are creatures of the male sex, but they are not men.

There has been one Man who is a pattern for all men,—God's Man,—Jesus Christ. In him are the qualities of strength, gentleness, justice, mercy, severity, and tenderness which are synonymous with the word man.

One quality most hateful in men is effeminacy.

Men shut their teeth hard, and square their shoulders when they meet what we know as a "sissy." Women draw their skirts closer and turn their heads at his approach. I saw an incident one evening that showed to me how small the effeminate man was in my estimation. A company of young people were coming home on a late, crowded car. The night was cold; every window in the car was closed, and the fire roared mercilessly. Presently a girl friend of mine, sitting just in front of me, becoming faint from the close air and heat, asked that the window beside her be opened. No sooner had her escort taken his seat after having performed this service, than the fat, burly conductor elbowed his way through the crowd and ordered the window put down. The young man, a harmless sort of creature, without a protest meekly lowered it. His attitude nettled me; I pounded out a defiant tattoo on the floor with the toe of my shoe; I bit my lip to keep from saying what I thought. Presently it seemed imperative that the window again be raised. Sighs of satisfaction escaped many as the fresh air rushed into the stuffy little car,—when our friend the conductor again made his way toward us. But before he reached the center of the car, there was a stir at the other end, and a big, square-shouldered young fellow obstructed the official's passage. Catching the conductor by the shoulder, he said, quietly but authoritatively, "Look here! That lady is sick, and this window is going to be left up! Do you understand?" The conductor understood, and waddled his way to the end of the car and through the door into the entry, mumbling words we did not care to hear. Do you wonder that my friend's escort seemed suddenly very small in spite of his politeness, and that the young giant seemed a head and shoulders taller than any other man in the car?

But in efforts to avoid the fault of effeminacy let not the other extreme arise. Let not the belief of the ancient Romans, that all civilization, all culture, tends to weaken, take control. Often a man never shows his manliness more than when performing an act of gentlest courtesy. The fact that a man is refined does not make him any the less a man.

I was waiting for a friend on the veranda of a large hotel in Denver one afternoon, when a big, blue policeman came around the corner, half dragging a ruffian by the arm. His face was stern, almost hard, and I could not repress the feeling that made me draw my chair farther from the street. I sat there some fifteen minutes when a little girl standing on the corner caught my eye. She had a child's body, but a face that might have belonged to a woman of twenty. A glance at her old clothes and shabby shoes showed that she belonged to the poorer class. She looked half bewildered at the crush of people, wagons, carriages, and trolley cars. Every time she started to cross, the crowd seemed to press together to prevent her. Suddenly there was a parting of the mob around her, and the same big, blue policeman stooped down beside the child. "Big crowd for a little girl to get through, isn't it?" I heard him say as he lifted the frail little form in his arms and carried it safely to the other side. When he set her down she said no word, but greater thanks could not be given than shone in her large dark eyes. The policeman lifted his hat with as profound respect as if he were saluting a duchess, and turned down the pavement on his regular beat.

Although dress does not make the man, we can not overlook it. The binding of a book does not de-



termine whether or not a book is good or bad, yet a good book well bound has more value in our eyes than a good book with a paper cover. The roughly clad backwoodsman may be a man, but if so, he is a man in spite of his rude clothing, not because of it.

There is another quality of the true man which must not be forgotten; it is self-control. Owen Wister gives a bit of sound advice on this subject when he says: "A man—any good-sized man—ought to have a big lot of temper; and like all the rest of his valuable possessions, he ought to keep it, and not lose any." There is another kind of self-control,—the kind which makes a man able to do what he knows to be right, regardless of impulses or influences. To live a clean, sin-conquered life is the truest success that can come to any man.

I was talking to a little boy friend the other day, and in the course of our visit I asked him what "he was going to be." He sat very still for almost two minutes, which is a long time to him, then looked up into my face with his serious, blue eyes, and said, "I 'se a-goin' to be only jest a man!" This is the highest ambition any boy can have.

AGNES LEWIS.

### "Stand in Your Place, and Lift"

THIS is one of the happiest phrases coined by Dr. E. E. Hale, and was recently commented on by one of our leading secular newspapers as applying to civic affairs. Stand in your place as a good citizen, and lift there. Make your village better, your ward, your city, by doing the best you can in your own little place, however small it may seem; by voting right, by attending the primaries, by interesting yourself in village improvement, by doing what you can, much or little, in your own immediate circle.

It is a phrase that has a wider significance still. It is one that every Christian needs to ponder. It would be a good motto for every prayer-meeting room, and for every Sabbath-school class. You have a place, though it may seem a very narrow and constricted place. All you have to do is to lift, and lift right there. Do not reach over into the lot of some one else. Do not wait for a larger place. Stand in your own place, and lift.

There is a home to which you belong. Help lift its burdens. Every home, rich or poor, has its perplexities, its difficulties, its loads to carry, financial loads, loads of work, loads of service of various kinds. Stand in your place there, and lift.

There is a church to which you belong. It has a prayer-meeting to support, a Sabbath-school to sustain, benevolent work to carry on, at home or abroad. Stand in your place in the church, and lift.

You belong to a Christian Endeavor Society. You may be a very inconspicuous member. It may be a very small society. But that is your place. Stand in it, and lift. Lift in the prayer-meeting every week. Lift on the committees. Lift in the local union. You have the place of no one else to occupy, and the load of no one else to carry; but you have your own. Stand in your place, and lift.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

SOMETIMES it is duty to wait, instead of to work. It is he who aspires highly who highly achieves.—*Ernest Bournier Allen*.



### Watch and Pray

IN the hush of midnight stillness,  
When my mind from care is free,  
I would steal away, dear Saviour,  
For an hour alone with thee.

In the quiet of the morning,  
Kissed by heaven's refreshing dew,  
How I love a quiet moment  
All alone, dear Lord, with you.

O, the sweetness and the fragrance  
Of the hour of secret prayer!  
Would you gather strength for conflict?  
Sister, you will find it *there*.

If our loving, sinless Saviour,  
As life's rugged way he trod,  
Felt the need of soul-communion,  
Hid away, alone with God;

How much more should we, his children,  
As we tread life's weary round,  
Seek for courage, grace, and wisdom,  
Where alone it can be found.

O, my precious, tempted sister,  
*Watch, and pray, and trust, and try!*  
And the Lord will surely save you  
In his kingdom, by and by.

CARRIE K. BUTCHER.

### Work of the Missionary Volunteers—No. 1

IN looking over an old book—older than I—a short article caught my attention, and its frequent reading since has impressed me deeply. The writer, a Sunday-school teacher, relates his dream, which illustrates the spirit that actuated many Christian workers fifty or more years ago, but which, sad to say, is not often met with to-day. Here is the article just as I found it:—

"I went to sleep with souls on my heart. I dreamed I was in prayer with these souls. I agonized in my sleep. I awoke, and said, 'Lord, let it be so.' I fell asleep again. I seemed to be traveling in some strange place, and it was nearly night. I found two small children by the side of the road. They were very sick. No one was with them. They lay on the ground alone. I went to them; I bent over them. Fever was on their faces. I distinctly remember how their cheeks glowed and how hot their breath was. They were poorly clad, or half naked. It was a chilly air. I said, 'These children will die here.' I was distressed for them.

"I struggled in mental agony. I took one of them up in my arms and carried it up the hill, up, up, and found its home. It had wandered far away and sickened, and fallen down thus. I hastened again to the



spot. The other child was there. I distinctly remember how it seemed to me, part of the time a little child, part of the time a grown-up child. I seemed to have it in my arms. It was in a raging fever. I said, 'This child will die before I get it home.' I felt it pant for breath. I felt it stretch itself back in my arms. I said, 'Is this the death struggle?' I seemed hours wearying myself with that child. At last I reached a house, and asked, 'Does this child belong here?' 'No, but in the house at the top of the hill.' I struggled on. I met the father at the door. I put the child in his arms, and, *it was well.*

"I awoke. I said, 'I have many soul-sick children in my Sabbath-school. This dream is to tell me what I must do. I must take each one in my own arms and carry it to its Heavenly Father's house. They have wandered. They have fallen down by the way. The fever of sin is on them, and they will die if they stay where they are. I must agonize for them as I did in my dream. I must put them in the arms of Jesus, who waits to receive them, and, *they shall be well.*'"

We as young people are looking for the coming of our King in this generation. For years we have proclaimed our faith in the third angel's message. It has done much for us and promises to do more, and it has become very dear to us. Did it ever occur to you that we might be working more because of our love for the "message" than because of our love for souls?

We may love this truth, and may labor to win others to it because it is the truth, but in so doing we are living far beneath God's ideal for us.

Because Jesus loved us, he came to this world with a great message, which had power to save us. He did not come to preach about that message, for he was the message. The gospel was not and could not be separated from Jesus; for he was and is the gospel. In the same way we must become the message—living, earnest, serious, enthusiastic. Our object must be not to proclaim a precious truth to men, but to be a savor of life to precious men—to love souls, and therefore become a living embodiment of that message which alone can save the people in this generation.

When this is our experience, our love, expressed in prayer, in words and deeds of sympathy and kindness, will draw the hopeless, discouraged, and perishing to our Jesus, who alone can give hope and courage and life.

Did you ever picture to yourself that scene, greater than the universe has ever yet witnessed (Matt. 25: 31-46) when Jesus sits upon the throne of his glory, lifted up above the earth, and the unnumbered millions of the nations are gathered before him? There that last, awful, final separation takes place. Hundreds, thousands, millions, pass silently to the left, while those who have followed the loving Shepherd are gathered on the right. How bitterly sad it would be to see brothers or sisters, loved friends and companions, pass from us to be forever lost. How unendurable if we should feel that had we loved their souls and longed for their salvation enough to overcome all our indifference or fear, they might have been saved.

Knowing the powerful, benumbing influence of sin and the character of his followers in this last generation, Jesus sent the message to us, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot," and he adds, "I would thou wert cold or hot."

"We are living in the closing scenes of this earth's history. Prophecy is fast fulfilling. The hours of probation are fast passing. We have no time—not a moment—to lose. Let us not be found sleeping on guard. Let no one say in his heart or by his works, "My Lord delayeth his coming." Let the message of Christ's soon return sound forth in earnest words of warning. Let us persuade men and women everywhere to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. Let us arouse them to immediate preparation; for we little know what is before us."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VIII, pages 252, 253.

Let us pray that the love of Christ may transform our lives, the burden of souls rest upon our hearts, and the Holy Spirit give us power to rescue the perishing.

MEADE MAC GUIRE.

### The Call of the New Year

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a burden to bear,  
There's a grief to share,  
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—  
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a battle to fight,  
There's a wrong to right,  
There's a God who blesses the good with might—  
So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a work to do,  
There's a world to make new,  
There's a call for men who are brave and true—  
On! on with a song!

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a year of grace,  
There's a God to face,  
There's another heat in the great world race—  
Speed! speed with a song!

—William Herbert Hudnut.

### Sunk by a Little Pebble

THE French submarine "Lutin" was maneuvering off Bizerta, and had made several descents, always returning to the surface, when a prolonged stay below the waves caused an alarm to her companion vessel. Many attempts were made to save her. The French government sent assistance, but it was some days before she could be raised, and all her crew were found dead. The French Minister of the Navy on making investigation found that the interior bulkhead of one of the water ballast compartments had given way under the pressure of the intake of water, which it was too weak to withstand. The unusual pressure was caused by the fact that the intake valve was incompletely closed, owing to the presence of a pebble, which must have drifted into the aperture. It was an insignificant thing to have caused so dire a calamity; but it often happens that there is a great disproportion between causes and results. The sins we are likely to call little may wreck souls.—*Selected.*

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY students earned last year sixty-six thousand dollars.



### Red Jacket's Illustrious Speech

RED JACKET, a Seneca chief and perhaps the most noted of all Indian orators, at a council at Buffalo in 1825, replying to the speech of a missionary from Massachusetts, who urged the Indian's acceptance of his instructions, rejected the overture in an address from which extracts are here given: "Friend and Brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Brother, we have listened with attention to what you have said. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed. Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their number had greatly increased. They wanted more land—they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy.

Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. Brother, our seats were once large and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the Book? We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love one another, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion. Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and his red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. Why may we not conclude that he has given to us a

different religion, according to our understanding?

The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied. We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you—we only want to enjoy our own. Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again what you have said. . . . Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey and return you safe to your friends." (A civility, says one historian, which the missionary had not the grace to accept.)

On another occasion, when a clergyman had made a strong effort to impress the chief favorably to Christianity, he responded: "Brother, if you white people murdered 'the Saviour,' make it up yourselves. We have nothing to do with it. If he had come among us, we would have treated him better." And in another address on the same subject he said, "We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white people do, but we believe that the forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit. It is the homage of sincere hearts that pleases him, and we worship him in that manner."

Red Jacket was a determined and powerful opponent to the Christianization of the tribe, and championed the cause of the pagan faction until his death, which occurred at the Seneca village near Buffalo, in January, 1830, at the age of seventy-eight. His Indian name was Sa-go-ye-wat-ha.—*Indian School Journal*.



TWENTY thousand persons, it is estimated, are now suffering from the grip in the city of Washington.

FORTY-FOUR million eggs are laid in this country each day of the year; and yet many millions have to be imported to supply the market.

RECENTLY an aged woman with grace and vigor, went forward in a Sunday-school and dropped ninety-one pennies into the birthday jar, one for each year of her life.

ALL of the eggs laid in a year would make a necklace long enough to reach from the earth to the moon and back again, with a string of eggs 120,000 miles long left. The moon is 240,000 miles from the earth.

NEVADA is sometimes spoken of as "the pocket State," not because of its area, for it has an area about double that of the six New England States; but because of its population, which does not exceed that of Holyoke, Mass., or Lancaster, Pa.

LOS ANGELES, California, has a pigeon "farm," with more than one hundred thousand birds upon it. The young birds are marketed when three or four weeks old, selling for two or three dollars a dozen. This ranch assures its owner a gain of at least thirty thousand dollars a year.





## For Spellers

WHEN "ei" and "ie" both spell "ee,"  
How can we tell which it shall be?  
Here's a rule you may *believe*  
That never, never will *deceive*,  
And all such troubles will *relieve* —  
A simpler rule you can't *conceive*.  
It is not made of many *pieces*,  
To puzzle daughters, sons, or *nieces*,  
Yet with it all the trouble ceases:

"After C an E apply;  
After other letters I."  
Thus a general in a *siege*  
Writes a letter to his *liege*;  
Or an army holds the *field*,  
And will never deign to *yield*.  
While a warrior holds a *shield*  
Or has strength his arms to *wield*.  
Two exceptions we must note,  
Which all scholars learn by rote;  
*Leisure* is the first of these,  
For the second we have *seize*.

Now you know the simple rule.  
Learn it quick, and off to school!

—Tudor Jenks, in *St. Nicholas*.

## Spoke the Truth

ONCE a little boy was found in a sailing vessel in mid-ocean. The mate called him up, and asked how he came to be on board. The boy said that his step-father had hidden him with a little food to last till they were well out at sea. The mate was angry, and would not believe him. He said, "Some of my men are in the secret. Point out the man who hid you away." The boy said, "I have told you the truth. I have no more to say."

Then the mate angrily ordered a rope fastened to the yard. He pointed to it, and said to the lad, "Do you see that rope? I give you ten minutes to confess; and if you do not tell the truth by that time, I will hang you like a dog." The little fellow turned pale, but never flinched.

"Eight minutes," called the mate. "If you have anything to confess, be quick, for your time is nearly up."

"I have told you the truth," answered the lad, and I can not tell a lie. Please, may I say my prayers?"

The mate nodded, and the boy knelt down, repeated softly the prayer which his mother had taught him. Then rising, he said, "I am ready."

The mate's heart was touched; he caught the boy in his arms, and cried, "God bless you, boy; you would not tell a lie to save your life."—*Selected*.

## Three Animals in One

JUST suppose, boys and girls, you saw an animal with a camel's head, a sheep's body, and a deer's legs. You would think he was a queer creature, wouldn't you? But that queer animal—his name is the llama—is one of the best friends that the boys and girls of Peru, as well as their mamas and papas have; for llamas do almost as much for the man of Peru as our

horse and sheep and bullock put together. I will tell you what they do.

First, they carry heavy burdens on their backs, up and down the mountains and over the plains. When the load is put on their backs, they take it quietly and march off with their heads high up in the air as if they wanted to see all the country round. They are unlike their cousins, the camels, in this. For camels make quite a fuss when they are loaded, crying and whimpering like great babies, and grunting all the time they are on their journey. No; the llama takes his burden quite cheerfully; but if it is too heavy, he kneels down until his master takes it off.

The Indians of Peru love their llamas very dearly, just as we love our favorite dogs and cats.

They show how fond they are of them by staining their thick, woolly coats all sorts of colors and tying their ears with ribbons. They have such pretty ears, and they move them up and down as a dog does when he hears some one coming whom he loves. Then, too, an Indian will always stop when his llama wants a rest or a graze.

It does not do to tease a llama. When he is cross he does not bite or kick or butt. He spits at you, and it makes your clothes smell very unpleasant for ever so long afterward. So Indian mamas always keep



their boys and girls away from the llama's reach.

Then there is his wool coat. This is thicker than a sheep's and coarser. But it makes excellent blankets and poncho jackets for his Indian master, who has good reason to love his faithful llama when he is alive and thank him for his coat when he is dead.—*Home Chat*.

## How Charlie's Fortune Was Told

THIS happened a good many years ago, and I'm not going to tell you the real names of these two persons, because I have not their permission; though they would probably be willing to give it.

Mr. Allen was a well-to-do but quite peculiar old merchant; and when he needed a boy, one time, he found a very original way of trying him.

The boys of the town who wanted a place in the store came at once when they saw the sign, "Boy Wanted," in Mr. Allen's window. There were six boys who applied, but none of them stayed more than a few days. For Mr. Allen's test found them all more or less lacking.

(Concluded on page twelve)





M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman

Secretary

### Study for Missionary Volunteer Society

#### Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Music.

Scripture Reading: Eph. 6: 1-4.

Prayer.

BIBLE STUDY: Glorifying God.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 371-394.

#### Bible Study

How are we indebted to God? 1 Peter 1: 18, 19.

What does he ask in return? 1 Cor. 6: 20.

How did Jesus, when on earth, glorify God? John 17: 4.

What must we do to glorify him? John 15: 8.

How only can we do this? John 15: 5; Phil. 4: 13.

What principle must guide us in our work? 2 Cor.

15: 14.

What is the evidence of a true motive? John 14: 21; 1 John 5: 2, 3.

What privilege have those who obey the Father? Matt. 12: 50; 1 John 15: 10.

In what spirit should we render obedience? Phil. 2: 5.

How will living to glorify God influence our home lives?

#### Book Study

Thinking that the study of the chapters on "Child," "Mother," and "Home Influences," can best be prepared by those acquainted with the local needs, we leave this work with the leaders of the Societies and their associates. These chapters deal largely with the duties of parents, and perhaps reading them will suggest the responsibility resting on us as young people in the home. This seems an opportune time for the members of the Societies to study together something of home privileges and responsibilities. We are young men and young women at home only once, and the life lived there casts its shadow or sunshine on the path of after-years.

Perhaps in connection with the study of the chapters in this lesson short papers could be prepared on such subjects as "Mother's Burden," "The Family Altar," "The Christian Young Man at Home," and "The Christian Young Woman at Home." Those preparing the papers would find help in the "Testimonies," "Christian Education," in "Christ's Object Lessons," etc.

#### Note

**YOUTH'S BEST ANCHORAGE.**—Those of you who are best acquainted with the world, or who have read most extensively the best histories of men, will allow that in the formation of character, the most telling influence is the early home. It is that home which often in boyhood has formed beforehand our most famous scholars, our most celebrated heroes, our most devoted missionaries; and even when men have grown up reckless and reprobate, and have broken all restraints, human and divine, the last anchor which has dragged,

the last cable they have been able to snap, is the memory which moored them to a virtuous home.—*Dr. J. Hamilton.*

### Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 14

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 33, 44.

TEST QUESTIONS 1-14, page 193 (omitting those on Persia).

#### Notes

**KARENS.**—These people constitute the chief hill tribe in Burma. They worship demons through fear, but have traditions of creation and the flood, and are friendly toward Christianity. The Ch'ins and the Kach'ins are the most fierce and warlike tribes. These latter tribes and the Shans are probably of Chinese blood.

**AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY** (see "The Haystack Monument," page 17), on June 20, 1812, was granted a charter by the Massachusetts legislature. This Board selects and appoints missionaries, collects and manages funds, and supports and conducts foreign missions.

**ENGLISH CONQUEST IN BURMA** began 1824. In 1820 the emperor of Burma ("The Lord of the White Elephant") demanded of the East India Company that all Europeans leave the country. This precipitated war, which proved disastrous to the Burmese empire. Excessive outrages and repudiation of former treaties led to a second war in 1852, in which England received important territorial cessions. In 1885 the third and last struggle annexed Burma to England.

**KA THAH-BYU** was converted under Dr. Judson's labors, and baptized by Mr. Boardman at Tavoy, in 1828. He was formerly a slave, but became a zealous worker among the Karens.

**THE SIAMESE TWINS**, Chang and Eng, were born in Bangsan, Siam, April 15, 1811. Their bodies were joined at the sides by a short tubular cartilaginous band, through which their livers and hepatic vessels communicated. They grew to the height of five feet two inches. After traveling through Europe and the United States on exhibition, they settled on a farm in Mount Airy, North Carolina, where they resided until their death, Jan. 17, 1874.

**CUSTOMS IN TIBET** are interesting. The people are fond of display. They dress in gaudy colors, and adorn themselves with all manner of jewels and trinkets. Their houses are built of stone, and little holes closed with shutters, serve as windows. The furniture consists of mats and skins. The marriage customs differ from those of other Oriental nations, in that there is a plurality of husbands instead of wives. The women have a certain independence, which permits them to engage in business, and in some provinces to hold chieftainship. The most prominent thing about the Tibetan is his religiousness. Education is limited to the Buddhist priests, who are themselves so ignorant that travelers tell us "they have locked the door to knowledge, and lost the key."

### Life's Ups and Downs

THESE two little words speak volumes; they tell the whole story of life; for life is made up of sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow, roses and thorns, ease and hardship, success and failure, courage and despair. We all want the "up" half of life, but how many are glad for the "down" side? There must be shadow in our lives, in order for us to appreciate



the sunshine. All sunshine makes only hot-house plants. These may tempt a pampered appetite, but the working world prefers its food from fields of healthful grain and sturdy orchards, waving in the sun and wind alike. So the world needs sturdy men and women, who have been strengthened by blasts of adversity as well as by the sunshine of prosperity.

There must be sorrow, else our joy would not be complete. Pain and sorrow are often the only instruments that will bring us to God. Think of the patience, the sweet loveliness, chiseled out of some rough life by some terrible affliction. "Who best can suffer, best can do." If there were no difficulties, there would be no success. The hill of difficulty is the best of all "constitutionals" for strengthening the mental muscles. Why not consider difficulties as a sort of mental spring-board, by the aid of which to vault across the gulf of failure on to the sure and solid ground of full success?

Some one has said, "*Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair.*" Energy and enthusiasm are the best remedies for discouragement. The breath of difficulty should be to us only what the blast of the storm wind is to the eagle,—a force against him, that lifts him higher and higher. One great reason for discouragement is lack of energy, and half-heartedness in our aim and work. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the Christian life. Half-hearted Christians are always becoming discouraged, while those who put their greatest enthusiasm, their whole life, into their work, are overflowing with courage, sunshine, and success.

God knows what drill and what discipline are necessary to bring out the richest melodies of our lives. As the frosts, the snows, the tempests, the lightnings, are the rough teachers that bring the tiny acorn to the sturdy oak, so our trials, difficulties, hardships, or "downs," perfect our characters and mold our lives into strength and beauty. The rose with its thorns, gives a beautiful picture of the close relation between joy and sorrow in our lives. Surely the thorns in our lives only make our joys more sweet. So let us thank our Master for the "thorns."

Ease and prosperity alone, will weaken, instead of strengthen, the character. Hardship and poverty will *force* energy into the life. They are the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. From the ugly gashes which misfortune and sorrow make in our hearts, beautiful fountains of rich experience spring, and new joys burst forth. We are cripples indeed if we can not walk without the crutches of riches. God often takes these away, that we may stand upon our own feet, and develop the long-unused muscles of manhood and womanhood.

Great men can no more be made without trials, than bricks can be made without fire. "Imprison a gill of water in a solid rock, and deprive it of heat, and it will burst its flinty bonds." "Apply a match to a pound of powder in the open air, and it explodes with a harmless flash; but confine it in a rifle barrel, and tease it with the smallest spark, and it will carry death to distant life." GERTRUDE BERGHART.

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HOPE and keep busy.—*Abigail May Alcott.*

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ALL the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward out of self, out of smallness, out of worry.—*George MacDonald.*

## Helped by Personal Effort or by Reading

MRS. CAMERON, of Tingha, New South Wales, came into the truth through reading "Daniel and the Revelation," and "Great Nations of To-day." She has been in the truth about three years. She has as yet never seen a minister, and but few of our canvassers; but is loyal to the right. She takes thirteen *Signs* each week, and she has sold a number of "Christ's Object Lessons." She does much home missionary work among her neighbors.

Brother R. Pollock, also of New South Wales, came out by reading "Great Controversy." He has proved a good worker. He has sold a number of "Christ's Object Lessons," and given liberally to the cause of God.

I was visiting a family in the country once. I had stayed with them while taking orders for my book, and planned to be with them for several days during the delivery. They were so much encouraged with what help they received that they told me that I could stay with them for twelve months if I would teach them the Scriptures. A. E. HODGKISON.

## Won Through Unconscious Influence

SOMETIMES a mere expression of the countenance is quite as effective in changing the sentiments or opinions of people as words themselves. About sixteen years ago Elder C. L. Taylor, while visiting one of our churches in an Eastern city, preached a sermon on the subject of the New Jerusalem. There was present at this meeting a young man of a skeptical turn of mind, who had gone so far as even to doubt the genuineness of all Christian experience. Coming into the meeting a little late, this young man was shown a seat that brought him face to face with a large part of the congregation. Not finding the subject interesting himself, his attention was called to the interest that the others were taking. Every eye was fixed upon the speaker as point after point of this beautiful theme was developed. Our young friend had seen children and others absorbed in a well-told story, but here a power seemed to be present that made the interest different. These were people for the most part past middle life, and the light that seemed to illuminate their careworn features was something new and strange to him.

Among the others was one white-haired old lady whose pleasure in the subject seemed to be greater than that of all the others. She was one of those persons who seem to be called to pass through an unusual amount of trouble and sorrow, and as the servant of God vividly pictured the marvelous beauty of the home of the redeemed, and described the reality of their joy and happiness, tears of joy started from her eyes. A light that seemed to come from the Holy City itself, settled upon her motherly features, so that, to one member of the congregation at least, her face was "as it had been the face of an angel."

Half reluctantly and half ashamed of his own past incredulity, the young skeptic found himself drawing the conclusion that, "If there is such a thing as a genuine hope for the future, undoubtedly this woman and this people have it."

This conclusion, forced upon him by the mere expression of a human countenance, was the turning-point in this young skeptic's views on religious matters. From that night onward for him the great truths



of the third angel's message were subjects of more serious consideration, and at a course of lectures a few months later he cast in his lot with the people of God, and has since become a missionary to one of the dark corners of this sin-cursed earth.

W. JAY TANNER.

### How Charlie's Fortune Was Told

(Concluded from page nine)

Such a queer test as it was!

Up in the attic over the store was a big, long box full of nails and screws and rusty iron, good for almost nothing—unless to try the patience of a boy very severely.

Each boy in turn had a trial over that box. Not the first day or hour, perhaps, but some time when there seemed nothing else to do. For if the boys had realized that this work was a test, of course they would have persevered.

But to each boy, Mr. Allen had given the task of putting to rights that box of iron "trash," as they all called it. Some of them had worked very well for a while, but sooner or later had given up in disgust, telling their employer that there was nothing worth saving there. And soon after that they were sent away.

By and by Charlie Dixon came. He had not applied before because he was working for Jackson, the grocer. But Jimmy Jackson, the grocer's son, was to help his father as soon as his school term closed, and the grocer would not need Charlie, who must find another place, as he helped to support his widowed mother.

As Charlie did not know the other boys, having been too busy to play, and not being able to attend school because of the need of helping his mother, he had not heard of that box.

He did the errands given him the first day like any errand boy. But the second morning, a rainy one, brought few customers, and there was less work to be done. So in leisure time, Mr. Allen told him to go up into the attic and put in order the long box of iron.

Dinner time came, but no Charlie. He was still working away.

"Have you got through?" Mr. Allen called up the stairs.

"No, sir," came down the answer, "not half, I think."

"Well, it's dinner time now. Go to your dinner, and then you can go back to the box," Mr. Allen told him.

After Charlie had eaten his dinner, he went back again to his task.

And all that long, rainy afternoon he worked away at the "trash."

At last, when it was almost dark, and his hours for work were really up, and more than up, Charlie came down into the store.

"I've done the best I could, Mr. Allen," he said. "I've got it in order now. And I found this at the bottom of the box."

And he handed a five-dollar gold piece to his employer.

"Queer place for gold," mused the merchant, and the darkness hid the twinkle in his eyes, as he took the money Charlie held out to him.

"Glad you found it. Well, good-night. You'll be on hand in the morning, of course?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Charlie, glad that the merchant seemed planning to keep him.

After Charlie had gone home, Mr. Allen took a lantern and went up into the attic.

There was the big box in perfect order, in spite of being the gathered rubbish of many years.

Mr. Allen's eyes twinkled again as he looked at it.

Charlie had been most thorough. He had made little compartments with some shingles, and each till was labeled carefully, a shingle with the words marked plainly being laid on top of each: "Screws," "Fairly Good Nails," "Poor Nails," "Picture Hooks," "Keys," "Bent Keys," "Iron Scraps"—and so on.

How Mr. Allen laughed to himself over his rubbish box!

"I've found a boy, and I rather think he has found a fortune," he chuckled to himself, alone in the attic.

Next morning the sign was gone from the window. Mr. Allen had found his boy.

One day the old merchant brought a motto to Charlie, and told him to hang it at the foot of his bed. "It tells your fortune for you," he said.

Charlie unwrapped it, and read: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Charlie had told his own fortune in that rainy day's work on the old box.

But it was not until a long time afterward that he learned the secret of that old box of iron trash.

Charlie owns the store now. Mr. Allen made him a partner, years later, and when he died, left it all to his one-time errand boy.—*Normal Instructor and Teacher's World.*

### A Day with the Siwashes

'Twas the one hundred twenty-eighth anniversary of American Independence. In other words, July 4, 1904. Far up in the Northwest a morning gray and chill, ushered in the midsummer's day.

But the young Americans of this part of our country are just as demonstrative as their cousins of the East, and it would be a dismal day indeed which would deter them from celebrating the "Fourth" after the manner of their kind.

Therefore, at Seattle, amid a continuous fusillade of firecrackers, and other explosives of that ilk, our party made its way to the dock where we were to take the boat for the Port Madison Indian Reservation, fifteen miles distant. For, upon that day of days, was Skookum (Strong) John, of the Siwash persuasion, to give a clambake, and the student body of the University Summer School was invited to participate in the festivities. Skookum John undoubtedly thought the clams a great attraction, for they have been considered a delicacy among the Siwashes from time immemorial.

But the ruins of the "Old Man House," and the grave of Chief Seattle were the real objects of interest to our party.

A pleasant ride of an hour among the evergreen islets of Puget Sound brought us to the Reservation. The Indians came out en masse to welcome us. We were agreeably surprised at the bright, intelligent countenances of the younger ones, and the general aspect of thrift which characterized the village. Neat, whitewashed cottages were scattered about on the slope of a hill overlooking the Sound. Near-by were cherry orchards of considerable age loaded with fruit of unusually large size.

Upon inquiry, we found that these Indians were not



only good farmers, but were preferred to the whites as laborers in the saw-mills and lumber camps. However, it is only fair to say that the most of them bear evidence of a white admixture.

An interesting feature of the place was the "Old Man House," which is said to have been the largest building erected by aborigines in America. We were unable to learn how it came by its name, but were told that, formerly, a whole tribe had lived in it. The structure stood a little way from the shore, and in its original state was nine hundred feet in length, and thirty or forty feet in width.

The sand of the beach for quite a distance around this place was covered to the depth of several inches with the shells of effete clams which, in days gone by, had been sacrificed to appease the appetites of hungry Siwash.

After lunch, our party made an excursion to the Indian cemetery, about a mile distant. Here, on an eminence overlooking the Sound and the city of his name, lies Chief Seattle. A monument above bears this inscription on the front:—

SEATTLE

Chief of the Suquamish and allied tribes. Died  
June 7, 1866. The firm friend of the whites,  
and for him the city of Seattle was  
named by its founders.

At this place we lingered for some time, indulging in reflections more or less serious; then, turning away we passed down the winding path and were soon in the midst of the hamlet.

By this time the clams were pronounced ready for eating, and the Indians, young and old, came trooping up for a share of the "delectable" mollusks. Skookum John and his assistants had made an excavation, perhaps four feet across and eighteen inches in depth. Around the sides and upon the bottom, stones were placed. A fire was then kindled, and when the stones were heated, the embers were taken out and the clams poured in. After being left, covered, for several hours, they were thoroughly roasted.

But the evening was near, and the whistle of our boat warned us that the time had come for our return.

During the day, the sky had cleared, and the peaks of Baker and Rainier were visible to the eastward as we steamed back toward the city. Looking westward we beheld the Olympics, the mountains whose fastnesses have never been trodden by man, rising like Titanic saw-teeth. The sun had just vanished behind them, and the edges of these seeming saw-teeth shone like burnished gold.

What words can describe the picture? In the west a roseate light; darkness in the east, with Rainier gleaming white against the sky; the murmur of the waves; the sighing of the firs covering the islets.

Verily,—

"A picture from the hand of God,—

A . . . sea set in a field of glory."

J. FRED SANTEE.

### Curious Punishments in Olden Times

IN looking over the records connected with the early settlement of our country, one can not help noticing the peculiar forms of punishment then prevailing. As we look back, from our present standpoint, the offenses, in most cases, seem trivial, and the punishment out of all proportion to the law transgressed.

In nearly all the penalties, the offender was, in addi-

tion, subjected to a degrading and helpless exposure, amid the jeers and insults of the general public.

As church and state were closely connected, a goodly number of offenses were of an ecclesiastical nature. Sleeping in meeting was a serious affair. In Virginia, under Sir Thomas Dale, absence from meeting was a capital offense.

Branding and maiming were favorite modes of punishment of the early Puritans, inflicted upon those who differed from them in theological opinions or beliefs. Quakers had their ears cut off and their tongues bored with hot irons. A large number of minor offenses were grouped together under the head of blasphemy. Twenty-five dollars was the penalty for interrupting or opposing a preacher in meeting, and, in addition, the miscreant was required to stand on a block, with this inscription, "A wanton gospeler," in capital letters.

"The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne, describes another humiliating form of punishment. Drunkards were compelled to wear the letter "D" upon their backs; blasphemers the letter "B;" and similar cases were dealt with in the same manner. Paupers bore upon their shoulders the first initial of the parish which supported them.

One of the earliest instruments of punishment was the bilboes, consisting of two iron bars, or bolts, with sliding shackles, and a lock at one end. The bilboes clasped the ankle just as handcuffs clasp the wrists. The prisoner was thrown on his back, and the end of the bilboes was chained to a gate-post, leaving his feet suspended in the air. This instrument derived its name from Bilboa, a seaport town in Spain, in which place it was first manufactured. The Spanish Armada was liberally supplied with bilboes, to shackle the English prisoners whom they expected to capture. From the fact that iron and iron workers were scarce in the colonies, bilboes were soon supplanted by wooden stocks.

In 1639 the town authorities of Boston commissioned Edward Palmer to make a pair of wooden stocks, and the use of these soon spread into other parts of the country. This method of discipline is so well known that it needs no description, their use dating back to antiquity. It may be noted that the great Cardinal Wolsey, when incumbent at Lymington, was placed in the stocks for getting drunk at a village feast.

Another device was the pillory, composed of two wooden uprights, with a crosspiece, with three openings: one for the head, and two for the hands. The culprit stood on a platform behind the pillory; his head and hands were thrust through, and safely secured; often the ears were nailed to the wood on the sides of the head hole.

Dishonest tradesmen were often compelled to stand in the pillory. Bakers who gave short weight were placed there, with a lump of dough upon the head. In 1671, at York, Maine, Thomas Withers was ordered to stand in the pillory "for putting large sums of money into the contribution box in meeting, to induce others to give largely, and then surreptitiously taking his back again."

But not all offenders were of this character. The pillory has been ennobled by many great and good men, who have graced it by their enforced presence solely for conscientious reasons, and, at times, there were individuals who dared to stand with them to partake of their disgrace.

A number of instruments were reserved for the



gentler sex. The branks, or gossip's bridle, was used to silence scolding women. This was an iron cage, worn over the head, with a gag to fit the mouth. The use of this was confined to England. One of these, dated 1632, is now in the vestry of the church at Walton, with this inscription:—

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,  
To cure women's tongues, who talk too idle."

A simpler device was used in the colonies, consisting of a cleft stick pinched on the tongue.

The ducking-stool was also in use for scolding women. This consisted of a beam, placed on a post like a seesaw, with a chair on the end, and a rope at the other. The woman was seated in the chair, and swung out over the water, and ducked. These were more common in Pennsylvania and Virginia. In the latter State, one Betsy, wife of John Tucker, for a violent tongue, was ducked. Betsy was stubborn and would not yield. But after five duckings, she cried out piteously, "Let me go! By God's help I'll sin no more." Then, on being released, she walked home in her wet clothes, a hopefully penitent woman.

Inanimate objects did not escape punishment. In Salem, certain books, condemned as heretical, were ordered to be beaten with forty stripes save one, according to the law of Moses, and then to be burned. This was accordingly done with great solemnity.—*Selected.*

#### Visit to a Pottery How Dishes Are Made

SINCE it was my pleasure to visit East Liverpool, Ohio, which is one of the centers of the pottery trade, I made good my opportunity of seeing how our common dishes are made. While visiting these various potteries, about thirty in all, the words of Jer. 18: 1-6 were made more impressive.

Gliding along on the Pennsylvania lines among the hills of southeastern Ohio, we came in sight of the Ohio River. For some time we traveled along its banks, visiting town after town, many of which are mining towns. At last we came to one of the most interesting, that of East Liverpool. This city of twenty-five thousand people is the center of the pottery industry of the United States. It, with Trenton, New Jersey, contains nearly all the potteries of America, there being a few scattered ones in Nova Scotia and in parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania. It is claimed that five or six thousand people in East Liverpool are engaged in making dishes.

#### From Clay to Beautiful Dishes

Shall we go as a little company through one of these most interesting manufacturing plants? Beginning at the huge bins of clay, sand, and flint, let us follow through until we arrive at the packing room. The clay is often obtained in England, where pottery trade far exceeds that of this country. Sand comes from the Southern States, and the flint is made in mills in Pennsylvania and Ohio. These ingredients are mixed together in proper proportions, and should there be lumps, they are ground up by huge rollers, which crush them to a powder. Water is then poured upon the mixture, and it is run through into a large vat, in which it is stirred until it becomes about as thin as water. This liquid is then pumped out, and poured upon a piece of silk stretched over a frame, and the liquid with the clay in solution passes through. If there are any lumps, they will be found on the silk.

From here it is pumped into pipes, which allow it to run off into sacks that are held in a frame, and are arranged side by side in a second frame, by which they are held closely together. The water passes out, but the clay remains in a circular piece from two to two and a half feet in diameter, and about one inch thick. After it has drained for a time, the frames are opened, and the clay is removed, and stored in a cellar with cement walls. Potters usually like to have it stored for months before using it, as it gets better by age. It is said that the Chinese are now storing for the next generation, and using that stored by their fathers.

From here we travel with the clay to the "pug mill." It is arranged with a large cylinder, in which is a screw-fashioned centerpiece. This receives the stored clay, with some water to make it more pliable, and pushes it through to the bottom in a six- or eight-inch mass of soft clay. As this comes from the machine, a man cuts it off in about two-foot lengths, and puts it on the elevator. He may stand these blocks on end upon a truck, or he may use as an elevator a belt about eight or ten inches wide, upon which are arranged little frames to receive the pieces of clay. Following the clay, we find what is called the "jigger-shop." Here hundreds of men and boys are hustling, for as a rule they are paid by the piece. Let us pass by this long bench and see them work.

To the left we see a boy taking some clay in his hands, and placing it upon a huge slab of plaster of Paris; with a second slab he "bats it out," or flattens it to one-quarter or one-half inch thickness. He then picks it up and puts it upon a mold. This mold is made of plaster of Paris; and should it be a plate, it is the shape or top of the plate on its upper or concave portion. All the elevations are depressions in the mold. Then it is taken by the jigger-man and put into a frame of iron built to receive the mold, which revolves on an upright cylinder. He moistens it a little, and then brings down upon it a piece of steel set in a frame, which is the same as the bottom of the plate. He holds this down tight, and all the excess clay over that of the thickness of the plate is removed as it spins around. He then trims the edge as it spins, and the plate is done. Here it is carried by a third boy into the drying-room. Saucers are made in the same way, cups being made by putting clay into a cup-shaped mold, and formed from the inside by a piece of wood and steel, as the cup turns on a vertical cylinder.

After the dishes have dried for a short time, they are removed by the boy who is carrying away from the jigger-man. These are placed in dozen lots, and turned over to the finisher, who removes any excess clay, and smooths the edges. Then they are taken to the greenroom, where they are stored. Here, as they are brought down, they are counted, and each man is paid by the dozen, and he pays his two boys and finisher. It is said a man can turn out three or four hundred dozen cups a day, a less number of saucers, and still less plates.

From the greenroom we pass to the pressing room. Here on molds we find the workers making all irregular ware by the hand, using hard rubber or soft rubber devices of oval shape, and sponges. A pitcher, for example, is made half in one mold, and pressed out from inside, and the other half in another. The two are bound together, then the bottom formed on another.

(Concluded on last page)





# THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## VI — Water from the Rock

(February 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EX. 17:1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out." Ps. 105:41.

### Lesson Story

1. The children of Israel were led from the wilderness of Sin to Rephidim, where they camped. Here there was no water for the people to drink.

2. Again they found fault with Moses, and said, "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" And, in their anger, they were almost ready to stone Moses.

3. How quickly they forgot the Lord and his blessings! It was but a little more than one month since he had saved their first-born from death; he had made a dry path for them through the Red Sea; he had made the waters of Marah sweet; he had promised them health if they would obey him; and he had sent quails and manna for food. Even though they did not trust him, the Lord continued to do good to them.

4. The Lord told Moses to take his rod with which he smote the river, and go on before the people to Horeb. The elders of Israel went with him.

5. And the Lord said, "Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." In another place in the Bible we are told that this rock represented Christ, who was to be smitten for our sins.

6. The sweet, pure water poured from the rock, and the thirsty people drank. At the Lord's command Moses used his rod to bring suffering and sorrow to the Egyptians. But now the Lord in his mercy told Moses to use the same rod to bring joy and comfort to the Israelites.

7. In that country there lived some people called Amalekites, who were wicked and liked to make war. They came to fight against the Israelites.

8. Moses told a brave young man named Joshua to choose some strong men from the children of Israel and lead them against the Amalekites. "To-morrow," said he, "I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in my hand."

9. "And Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill." As long as Moses could hold his rod up toward heaven, the Israelites could fight better than the Amalekites, but when he let down his hand, the Amalekites could fight better than the Israelites.

10. "But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun."

11. Joshua and his soldiers won the battle. The Amalekites were a wicked people, so the Lord told Moses to write it in a book that the Amalekites should be destroyed as a nation.

### Questions

1. Where did the children of Israel go after leaving the wilderness of Sin? What did they long for that they did not find at Rephidim?

2. With whom did they again find fault? For what did they blame Moses? How angry were they?

3. Tell some of the wonderful things that the Lord had done for the Israelites. What was the Lord ready to do for them even though they did not trust him?

4. What did the Lord tell Moses to do? To what place did Moses go? Who went with him?

5. What was Moses to do to the rock in Horeb? Where did the Lord say that he would stand? What did this rock represent?

6. What came out of the rock? What had the rod of Moses brought to the Egyptians? What did the Lord cause it to do for the Israelites?

7. What wicked people lived in this country? What did they do to the Israelites?

8. What did Moses tell Joshua to do? What did he say that he would do the next day?

9. Who went up on the hill the day of the battle? What took place when Moses held his rod up toward heaven?

10. Tell the rest of the story.

# THE YOUTH'S LESSON

## VI — The Second Coming of Christ

(February 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour." Matt. 26:40.

### The Fact

1. What promise did Jesus make to his disciples just before his crucifixion? John 14:1-3.

2. When and by whom was this promise renewed to the disciples? Acts 1:9-11.

3. What statement is made concerning the coming of Christ "the second time"? Heb. 9:27, 28.

4. What should be the attitude of believers toward this event? Titus 2:13.

### The Manner

5. By what comparison did Jesus teach that his coming would be visible to all? Matt. 24:27.

6. With what attendant circumstances will he come? Matt. 24:30; Rev. 6:16, 17.

7. Who will accompany him? Matt. 25:31.

8. What will announce his coming? 1 Thess. 4:16.

### The Significance

9. What does the second coming of Christ mean to the righteous dead? 1 Cor. 15:22, 23.

10. What does it mean to the righteous living? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

11. What is bestowed upon all believers at the coming of Christ? 1 Cor. 15:51-53.

12. What desire of Jesus is thus realized? John 17:24; 14:3.

### Suggestions

Mention some Old Testament prophecies which will be fulfilled at the second coming of Christ. What message will be proclaimed to all the world as the preparation for the coming of the Son of man? How definitely may the time of the second advent be known? Ought believers to be surprised by the coming of Christ? What earnest exhortations are given in view of the second coming of Christ? See *Sabbath School Worker*.



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## Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work

OWING to the press of work in the type room, we were unable to have the summary appear in this number of the INSTRUCTOR, as was promised in the *Review*. It will doubtless be in the number dated Feb. 11, 1908.

## The Pathway to Worth

THE essential guiding principles to a successful life have all been tersely stated by some thoughtful person. In fact nearly every nation has these expressed in its own way in the form of proverbs. One of these, "Work is the pathway to worth," is recognized everywhere as the basic principle of a successful career.

Whether it is physical or mental work, so it is work, and work performed energetically and intelligently, it will bring worthy results.

"Some people are doing nothing to-day, but they hope to move a mountain to-morrow." The mountain gives way only to the persistent, faithful worker, and there's never a day without its appointed task. So slight no to-days and expect to accomplish great things to-morrow. Every great task needs the accumulated energy and power gained from the continued successful performance of other tasks.

## The Trouble Makers

"AUNTIE," said a little girl, "if all the folks in the world should think their cross thoughts out loud, what a racket there would be!"

So many of the cross thoughts are spoken aloud, that to heaven earth must seem a continual Babel. There is not one of us but would be ashamed to have our friends find us mixed up in a street brawl, and yet it may be that we are often counted by angels as having a part in the terrible Babel of unkind, sharp, stinging, criminal, accusing words that daily ascends to heaven.

Would it not be far better to be counted among the peacemakers, among the patient, kind, and meek of earth? Surely in honor to our Creator, if for no benefit to ourselves or friends, we should be careful to offend not in "word." And if we do this, great will be our gain; for the apostle James says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

A person who has complete control over his physical being, who stands erect, has a graceful carriage of the

entire body, and has every organ in good condition, completely subservient to his will, finds admirers everywhere, and justly, too. But how much more praiseworthy is he who does not offend in word, and therefore has complete control over both his physical and spiritual being. Such is indeed the perfect man. And our Father bids us be perfect.

## Read the Bible in a Day

DR. RUSSELL BIGELOW POPE, of the Methodist Church, was an unusual Bible student, having read the Bible through one hundred fifty times during his life of sixty years. He read it through thirty-eight times in one year, and once in one day. He read the Greek Testament through carefully once every three months. His was not a desultory or careless reading.

Dr. Pope said that he received his inspiration to this careful study of the Word from the clerk of a drug-store where he called to get a certain medicine. The clerk went to the rear of the store, and laid his hand on the unmarked vial.

"How do you know that is the medicine I inquired for?" asked Dr. Pope.

"I know my store," replied the young man.

This experience made the minister determine that he would know as well his store of divine truth, the Word of God.

## Visit to a Pottery

(Concluded from page fourteen)

The one is then placed on the other, and the sides glued together with strips of clay, and also the bottom in like manner. The handle is made separately, and attached later.

From the greenroom we now see men carrying out boards upon which are placed dozens of dishes. These boards, being about six feet long, are carried on the head.

The ware is then taken and placed in saggars, or boxes made of clay. These, when full of dishes, are carried into the kiln, and placed one above another until the kiln is filled, when the fire is lighted beneath. The kiln drawers then remove and store the ware. From here it is carried out by other men to men standing near a tub. The receiving men dip each dish into a tub containing a white solution. This solution is composed of lead and flint. After this operation, the dishes, when dry, are again stored. From here they are carried to the gloss-kiln and again placed in special saggars which have been washed with the same solution as the plates. This is done lest the part on the plates go over to the sagger, and thus leave too little on the plates, as is seen in some that become dark in spots, or where the glaze is worn off. After receiving a second burning here, they come out white and glossy, as we see them.

From here they go to the wareroom, and are sorted by girls into grades. Those to be decorated with flowers or gilded are placed aside, and go to the decorating-room. After being decorated, they are placed in the decorating kiln, and a third time the dishes are burned.

From the wareroom they are taken to the packing-room, and there, in huge casks, are packed with straw, ready for shipment to all parts of the country.

W. H. SMITH, M. D.