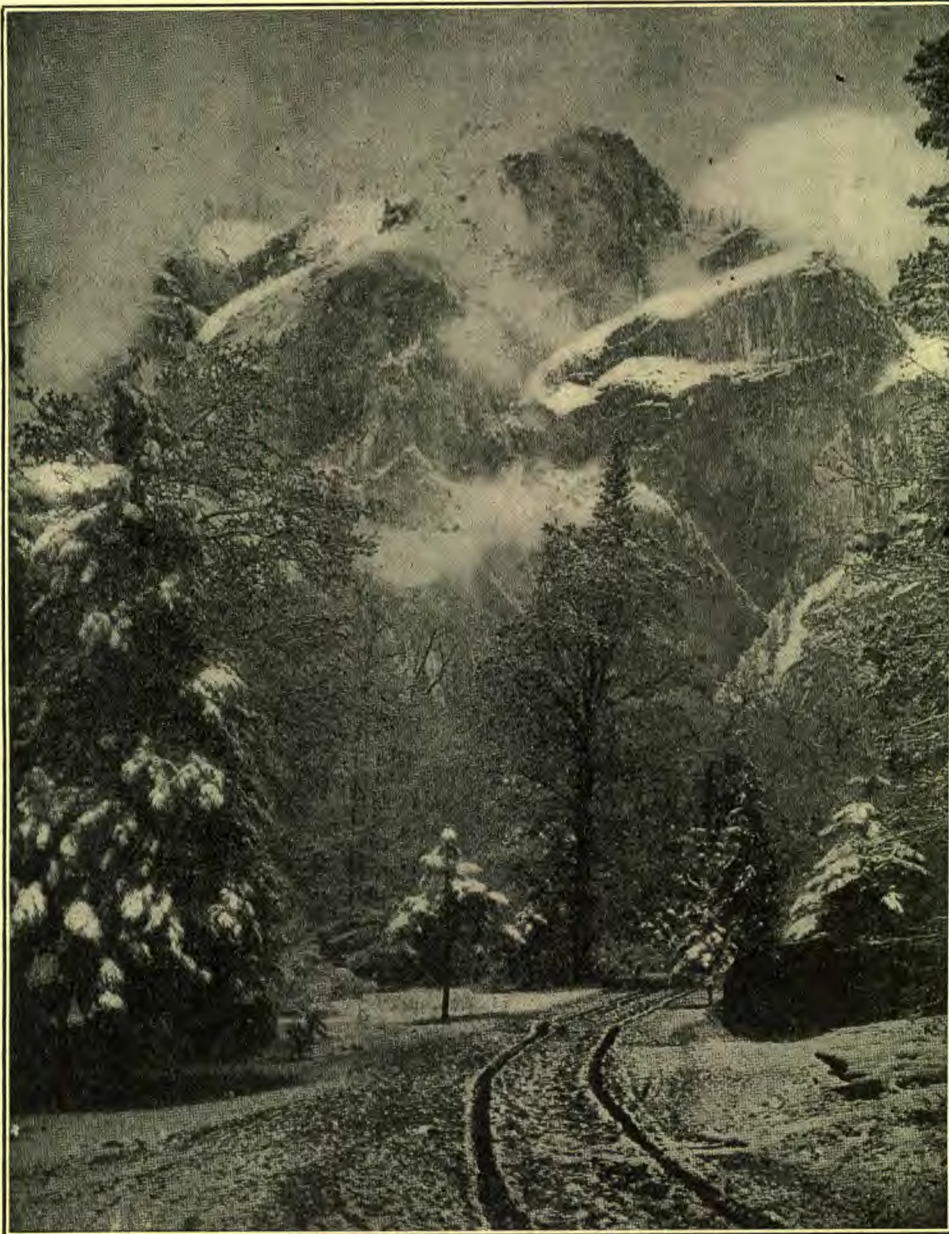


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

March 31, 1908

No. 13





A WATER-LILY never grows fair and sweet, till it gets a glimpse of the sky.

"MISSIONS to the foreigner? Certainly; but let us spell it far-and-near."

SIXTY thousand sewing-machines were sold during one year in Turkey.

A NEW training-school has been recently established in Singapore by Elder Gates. It is called the "Eastern Training-school."

"A CENTURY ago there were one hundred Protestant missionaries on the field; to-day there are more than eighteen thousand."

MR. GEORGE S. PAINE, of Winslow, Maine, has invented a basket holder which enables pickers to have the use of both hands for the picking process. It will hold two of the ordinary berry baskets.

THE representative who introduced into Congress the Prohibition bill has received over three hundred threatening letters from those who sign themselves "The Black Hand"—a poor comment on the increasing goodness of the world.

RUSSIA is one of three countries that together produce one half of the world's crop of wheat. While it stands second in the amount grown by any country, it has just ordered 50,000 barrels of flour for immediate shipment from this country.

THE Carnegie Institution has prepared a new magnetic chart, correcting sufficient errors in former charts to make it possible for mariners crossing the Pacific to shorten their course sufficiently to save in the cost of coal and other expenses from one thousand to two thousand dollars.

ITALY is planning to construct a canal from Genoa to Lake Constance, high up in the Alps, at a cost of one hundred million dollars. "The traffic of this whole central region is sent to northern ports, Rotterdam and Antwerp in particular, despite the fact that Genoa is only about half of the distance from the region where the traffic originates."

DIFFERENT colored lights have been found to produce different effects upon plants. Under the effect of a red light, certain vegetables, as lettuce, grew fifteen times as fast as under blue light. On the other hand, blue light has a greater preservative power. Ripe fruit can be kept under a blue glass for three weeks or more.

"THE German is absolutely intolerant of unnecessary noise, for he wants to keep his nervous system normal. The discordant cry of the newsboy, the sempiternal steam whistle of the peanut vendor, the over-exuberant solo on the street-car gong, the whine of the beggar, the bell and bugle of the scissors-grinder

—all these are conspicuously absent from German cities."

Justice

ABOUT the time that the Thaw trial began in New York, the *Chicago Herald* published a cartoon, with a great question. On the steps of a building was a multitude of wealthy people, and the throng had jammed in the door and none could move. In the midst of the throng was the figure of a woman bearing on her shoulders balances and in her hand a sword. She, too, was caught in the throng. Underneath was written, "Will Justice get in?"

Whether she did or not, at the great bar of God, Justice will get in and hold sway, for under God's régime, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*The Expositor*.

A Noble Roman

A YOUNG Roman had been condemned to death. He had been found guilty of treason, and condemned by the judges to die, when up stepped a brother, an older one, who had served in the country's wars, and had both arms cut off. This brother, standing before the judges, holding up the stumps of his arms, pleaded for his brother's life: not for what his brother had done, but for what *he* had done. He confessed that his brother was guilty; he confessed that his brother was worthy of death; but for what *he* had done in the service of his country, he pleaded that his brother's life might be spared. And looking on what the brother had done, the judges for his sake pardoned the guilty brother. Ah, that is just what Christ does for us guilty sinners. Christ died on Calvary that we might live. We deserve death; but for the sake of Christ, and because he laid down his life that we might live, God pardons our sins.—*The Traveler's Guide*.



Blue Beard's Castle, St. Thomas, W. I.

Great Musician's "Inspiration"

MANY people have heard the "Marche Funebre" of Chopin, but few are aware that it had its origin in a rather ghastly after-dinner frolic.

The painter Ziem, still living in hale old age, relates how, some fifty-six years ago, he had given a little Bohemian dinner in his studio, which was divided by hangings into three sections. In one of these was a skeleton sometimes used by Ziem for "draping," and an old piano covered with a sheet.

During the after-dinner fun Ziem and the painter Ricard crept into this section, and wrapping the old sheet like a pall around the skeleton, carried it among their comrades, where Polignac seized it, and wrapping himself with the skeleton in the sheet, sat down to play a queer dance of death at the wheezy old piano.

In the midst of it all, Chopin, who was of the party, was seized with an inspiration, and, seating himself at the piano with an exclamation that brought the roisters to their senses, extemporized then and there the famous "Marche Funebre," while his Bohemian auditory applauded in frantic delight.—*Selected*.

The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 31, 1908

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The Island of St. Thomas

ST. THOMAS, one of the Danish West Indies, is situated about thirty miles east of Porto Rico. Although in point of size it is one of the smallest of the Antilles, it has enjoyed a renown equal to that of most of the larger ones. The reason for this is found in the fact that it possesses an excellent harbor that lies in the pathway of commerce between Europe and the West Indies and Northern part of South America. In the day of sailing ships it was a distributing depot for the West Indian world. Then merchants would send their orders for goods to St. Thomas, knowing that the storehouses there contained ample supplies,

the use of cannon and small arms. When or why it was first built there is no positive evidence. Some suppose it was erected over two hundred years ago by pirates as a place of refuge against any who might seek to punish them for their evil doing. Others seem to think that it was built by better people as a protection against pirates. The Blue Beard fable makes it appear that the former was the case, and that Blue Beard, who was a pirate, had an underground passage dug from the castle to the sea, through which he had his booty transported, to be buried beneath the castle; but there is no foundation whatever for such an idea, as the present owner of the castle and his neighbors will testify.

And right here is illustrated how much of the literature of the world is produced. A person possessed with a vivid imagination and a desire to serve self, meets with, or hears of, a *mystery*. The imagination quickly seizes upon this mystery, and out of it builds



ST. THOMAS FROM THE HILLS

and that in this way their orders could be filled more quickly than if they sent them to Europe.

But soon after the laying of the cable to this part of the world, this order of things was changed. Now the merchants find it more convenient to send their orders to the Old World by cable, and then have their goods sent out in steamships. Thus at the present time St. Thomas is not the busy place it once was. Still its port city, Charlotte Amelia, is a quaint, interesting city, and from the harbor presents as beautiful a picture as can be found in the West Indies. Although under the rule of Denmark, it still retains its cosmopolitan air. Danish is naturally the official language, but English, Spanish, and French are commonly used in the stores and on the streets.

But to many St. Thomas is interesting for another thing besides the beauty of its city and the memory of its ancient commerce, and that is for its Blue Beard's Castle. Perhaps not all the INSTRUCTOR readers have heard of Blue Beard, and it is no great loss to them if they have not. Apparently all there is to give rise to the fable is the mystery surrounding the origin of the castle already mentioned. This structure, which stands on a property adjoining that of our worker in St. Thomas, Elder Wallekar, is about fifty feet high, is strongly built of stone, and is fitted with openings for

a romance which serves as the mental food for thousands of people.

But God would have his people feed their minds on more solid food. Surely it is far more satisfactory to have nourished the intellect with facts that can serve some useful purpose in the future, than to have crammed it with fiction which it is more profitable to forget than to remember. "Of making many books there is no end." We have a large variety from which to choose. Let us remember that God holds us accountable for the choice we make.

W. J. TANNER.

A Million Dollars for Forty

A MAN living near Knoxville, Tennessee, sold a part of his estate to a company of men for forty dollars. Already ten thousand dollars' worth of marble has been taken out of the side of the mountain, and the whole mountain is solid marble! He exchanged property of a million dollars' value for forty dollars. And some of us by our love for worldly pleasure or desire for money, are in danger of making a far more serious mistake than did the owner of the marble mountain. Let us consider anew the infinite value of eternal things, as revealed in the Scriptures.



**God Overruling in the
Establishment of the Boundary Lines of the
Great West and Northwest — No. 2**

BUT the struggle for the possession of this joint territory was not over; and it might not have ended favorably, had not the missionaries of the American Board come to the assistance of the Methodists. The Board of Missions for the Congregational Church had been stirred by the appearance of the Flathead Indians, and planned to send two missionaries, in company with the Methodists, to Oregon in 1834, but could not secure the men in time. So this Board sent out, in 1835, Dr. Marcus Whitman and Mr. Parker, who were to explore the country, and return. Dr. Whitman returned, and reported favorably, and in 1836 he and his bride, and Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his bride, were sent to found a mission in Oregon. Methodist women had gone to Oregon in 1835 by ship; but these were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains — six years before General Fremont, the noted pathfinder, discovered the pass through which they entered Oregon. There was a marked difference between Mr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding was a man of some literary tastes, but was certainly not one of wild nature's favorites. On the trip out he was shaken by the ague, kicked by a mule, pushed off a ferry-boat by a cow, and saved himself from drowning by clinging to her caudal appendage; while an incipient Western cyclone carried off his tent, and stripped him of his blankets. We do not wonder that he concluded he was not adapted to Western life, and that he would have turned back, had not his brave wife persisted in going forward. But Dr. Whitman was one of nature's noblemen. He was not tall, but was compactly built, was a physician as well as a missionary, was keen, independent, self-willed, had the lofty courage of Sheridan, and the unconquerable tenacity of General Grant.

Despite the protestations of the British agent at Fort Hall, Dr. Whitman insisted upon taking his wagon through, and actually took it as far as Fort Boise, before he abandoned it in 1836. Later he had it brought on to Oregon, and thus proved, against the persistent statements of the Hudson Bay Company, that a wagon road from the United States to Oregon was practicable.

In October, 1842, Dr. Whitman was called to visit a sick man of the Hudson Bay Company, at old Fort Walla Walla. While there, the express rider from Canada dashed up with the mail. Dr. Whitman now learned for the first time that Governor Simpson had gone on to Washington to try to arrange for the yielding of our claim to Oregon. On receiving the news, the traders and the priests cheered for England and Oregon, and cried: "America is too late; the land is ours!" Dr. Whitman saw at once that the country would be lost without a most daring effort to save it. He rode back twenty-four miles to the American missions that afternoon, announced his determination to try to reach Washington, and asked for a companion. General Lovejoy, of the Methodist Mission, offered to go with him, and October 3, with a guide and two

pack-mules, the two men set out on horseback for the United States. These two brave riders saw before them a journey of four thousand miles. The first three thousand would be across trackless wilds, and the first one thousand through mountains which were almost impassable in the summer-time. They knew they would be exposed to wild beasts. The Blackfeet Indians had been aroused to savage ferocity by the advance of the whites across the Mississippi, and their fierceness had infected many other tribes. Worst of all, these travelers saw the winter coming on. From the human standpoint, it did not seem probable that a journey of three thousand miles could be made over mountains and across trackless plains in the depth of winter, with scarcely a house to shelter them. But they felt that God would help them. They were struggling for the civil and religious institutions of a region of large extent and boundless fertility, and the cause was worth their lives. To avoid the Blackfeet Indians and the cold of the northern plains, they resolved to bear south-east from their starting-point — Waulatpu, Oregon — to Fort Hall, thence almost south to Taos and Santa Fé, in New Mexico, thence east to Bent's Fort, in Indian Territory, on the Arkansas River, and thence northeast across Missouri to St. Louis.

General Lovejoy's brief notes of the trip show that the winter overtook them soon after they left Fort Hall. Their progress became very slow because of heavy snows. The snow covered the familiar landmarks so that the guide became uncertain of the way. In one instance they rode a week, supposing they were going east, and came back to the camp they had left seven days before. Again they started forward, and succeeded in reaching Grand River, six hundred yards wide, and frozen on either side about two hundred yards, but with a swift, dangerous current in the center. The weather was biting cold, and the guide declared the stream impassable. Dr. Whitman, however, determined to risk his life; and General Lovejoy and the guide pushed the horse forward with poles until the ice broke, and both horse and rider disappeared in the rapid current. They rose far below, and Dr. Whitman guided his horse to the other shore, broke the ice with a pole for a distance, then dismounted and helped his horse out. Then the others took the fearful plunge. Their clothing was frozen before they could build a fire. Again, a few days later, they encountered a Western blizzard. For ten days they were imprisoned in a cañon by the storm. They kept the horses alive on the bark of cottonwood trees, while they ate the faithful dog that had followed them. It was fast becoming, not a question of reaching Washington, but a question of life or death with the heroic travelers. On the eleventh day Dr. Whitman resolved to break the barricade of the storm, and they attempted to cross the mountains. But the storm blinded men and beasts; and after riding for hours, they resolved to turn back to the cañon they had left in the morning. But alas! after riding back a short distance, they found that the storm had obliterated their tracks. At last the horses came to a standstill, and all were becoming rapidly chilled with the cold and hunger. Dr. Whitman now gave up in despair. He dismounted, and, kneeling in the snow, commended themselves and the loved ones in Oregon and their beloved land to Almighty God. Just then the mule on which the guide sat began to prick up his ears. The guide gave him the rein. The mule started, then hesitated, and at last, by a strange instinct, started again, and led the party

back to the morning camp. The guide now refused to go farther east. One of the men must go back with him to the nearest friendly tribe, and procure, if possible, another guide. As General Lovejoy was beginning to fail, he was advised by Dr. Whitman to rest and recruit his strength (?) out of doors in a fearful storm in the winter, while the doctor went back after a guide. Dr. Whitman's imperious will overcame the returning guide's representation of certain death, and another guide was induced to undertake the dangerous trip.

The doctor and the new guide reached General Lovejoy seven days after Whitman had left him in the cañon. They started on, and at last reached Taos, and soon after Santa Fé. Despite General Lovejoy's exhaustion, he accompanied Dr. Whitman to Fort Bent, on the Arkansas. The dangerous part of the journey was now past. Dr. Whitman crossed the State of Missouri alone, and reached St. Louis January 3, just three months after they set out from Oregon; and pushed rapidly on to Washington.

The great northwest region beyond the Rocky Mountains was supposed to be practically worthless. Public men naturally believed that our western coast was as cold as the eastern on the same parallels of latitude. They were not aware of the great warm current in the Pacific which raises the temperature of the whole northwest region as far east as Dakota. In fact, many leading statesmen were opposed to the extension of the American republic west of the Rocky Mountains. Senator Benton, of Missouri, father-in-law of General Fremont, and author of "Thirty Years in Congress," perhaps the best-informed senator west of the Mississippi, said in 1825, "The ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named as a convenient, natural, and everlasting boundary. Along this ridge the western limits of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be erected on its highest peak, never to be thrown down." (Senator Winthrop, of Massachusetts quoted Benton's remark in the United States Senate in 1844, and heartily approved of it. In 1843 another United States senator declared in the Senate Chamber that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and thanked God for his mercy in placing these mountains as our western boundary.) Even in 1846 Senator Winthrop declared that we would not be straitened for elbow-room in the West for a thousand years, and that neither the west nor the country at large had any real interest in retaining Oregon. Even General Jackson, a Western man, held the opinion in 1825 that our safety lay in a compact territory and a dense population. Webster in 1845 approved Jackson's view, and said, "The government is very likely to be endangered, in my opinion, by a farther enlargement of the territorial surface." This sentiment, combined with the opinion that a desert tract more than seven hundred miles wide lay east of the Rocky Mountains, that the mountains themselves were impassable, and that the western coast, after it was reached, was worthless, save for hunting and trapping, combined to make the transfer of this territory to Great Britain a matter of light concern. In fact, it was simply due to divine providence on the one side, and to our national pride upon the other, that this territory was not yielded to Great Britain in the Ashburton treaty of 1843. It was a second matter of divine providence that the Methodist missionaries had entered Oregon and taken a sufficient number of settlers over to out-

number the Hudson Bay Company. It was a third matter of divine providence that Dr. Whitman and General Lovejoy should attempt the most heroic ride recorded in history, and that Dr. Whitman should be permitted to complete the journey.—*Rev. J. W. Bashford, in Missionary Review.*

Watching a Colorado Sunset

SABBATH afternoon, Oct. 26, 1907, I sat alone in Congress Park, in the city of Denver, Colorado. The day had been a beautiful one. The atmosphere was unusually clear for Denver, so clear that the Rocky Mountains, twenty-five or thirty miles distant, could be seen very plainly. In the early forenoon I viewed with adoration the grand scene where the white caps shone with morning sunshine on the snow. Now, at the closing hours of the Sabbath, I sat in a position to witness the splendid scene that comes every twenty-four hours—the last flickering glimmers of the day.

It is to be regretted that man is so busy and so engrossed with the complexities of worldly life that he apparently has no time and little disposition to give his tired brain a vacation, even for so short a time as it would require to watch the sun set. It is true some of us need to go long distances to find a good view-point; but the reward is worth the effort.

I watched intently, and became fascinated. I tried not to lose any of the beauty and glory. First the great fiery orb sank behind a narrow strip of cloud which hid perhaps one fourth of the sun's surface. Then the lower edge gently came in range with the sharp outline of the mountain top. What a spectacle! During mid-day, one can not discern the actual movement of the earth; but now—see how rapidly the sun is disappearing! "Day is dying in the west." "O'er the hills the sun is setting, and another day is gone." Yes, I watched till the very last bit of red quietly, softly sank—sank into eternity. Oct. 26, 1907, had forever gone. The words and deeds of the day, whether good or bad, I could never recall.

I sat, looking at the beautiful halo of glory cast upon the clouds in marvelously blended hues, and mused to myself.

To the one who will open up his soul and eyes, there are even in this dark, wicked world many, yes, countless, evidences of the power and greatness of God. And what is the message for this very time? What should be our relation to the God of all creation just now? "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Reader, it is possible for you and me to be among that select company that shall spend eternity in that city of which we read in Rev. 22:5: "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever." Let us be there. WINFIELD A. NARY.

Intoxicated with His Work

NOT long ago I asked a young man how he was getting along, and he said, "I am just intoxicated with work. I can not get enough of it. I just ache every morning to get to my task, and I leave it with the same regret at night that a born artist lays down his brush when the twilight cuts him off."

There is no need of anxiety about the future of a young man who faces his work in this spirit.—*Success.*



Horology, or Evolution of the Clock

FEW persons appreciate the anxiety, expense, and time that have been required to complete the modern clock of to-day. To those particularly who have not given the subject special thought or study, the evolution of the indispensable clock will be interesting history.

The science of measuring time dates back to the earliest periods of man's existence. In Genesis the first chapter, God tells us that the sun was made to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night. The natural day is divided into four parts — sunrise, midday, sunset, and midnight. For pastoral and agricultural nations, these natural divisions of time were quite sufficient. But as the great wheel of progress revolved, man took up other pursuits, and the need of an instrument that would measure time more minutely, has been realized.



The clepsydra

The Sun-Dial

The first invention by man for the measurement of time, of which we have any record, is the sun-dial — an instrument to show the time of day by means of the shadow cast by a gnomon or style on a circular plate having the hour numerals marked on it. This was used as early as B. C. 710, according to Isa. 38: 3. There is no record as to how much earlier it was used, but it is quite probable for many centuries. Since this device could not be used at night, or when it was cloudy, its service was quite limited. A further search was made into the experimental field, and, as a result, the hour-glass was invented.

The Hour-Glass

While no exact date can be given when the hour, or sand-glass, was invented, its antiquity is proved by the fact that it was used in connection with the sun-dial. The hour-glass consisted of two glass bulbs joined by an intervening neck, and measured a prearranged period by the falling of fine, specially prepared sand, from the upper into the lower bulb. These were used in churches quite universally, as late as the sixteenth century; and are now used in the United States Senate for timing the speakers.

The Clepsydra

The next decided improvement in horology was the clepsydra, or water-clock — an instrument for measuring time by the efflux of water through a small orifice.

Of this style there were two classes: the ancient for recording hours of varying length, and the more modern ones of



An ancient timepiece

and after the sixteenth century, measuring equal hours. Among the first of this style of clock was a vessel having the hour numerals marked on the inside, and being filled with water, the time was indicated as the liquid passed drop by drop from its lower end or spout. In the seventeenth century the clocks became quite mechanical and accurate, more nearly resembling our modern clock. The crude clepsydra being

used by the Egyptians, Hebrews, Babylonians, and Phenicians, proves its antiquity.

Another simple but interesting device was that known as the wick and lamp timekeeper.

The more simple style adopted by the Japanese and Chinese, consisted

of a wick about two feet in length, resembling flax, which underwent some process, so that when ignited, it would smolder without breaking into a flame. Knots were tied at particular distances, and the effluxion of time was marked as the sections between the knots smoldered away.

Near the beginning of the sixteenth century Jehan Lhermite, Gentleman of the Chamber to Phillippe of Spain, made mention of a lamp timekeeper, showing the hours of the night. On a stand of pewter a glass reservoir with perpendicular strips was fastened; on one of these strips was cast the hour numerals from IIII at the top downward to XII, and then from I to VIII, thus covering a period of darkness during winter.

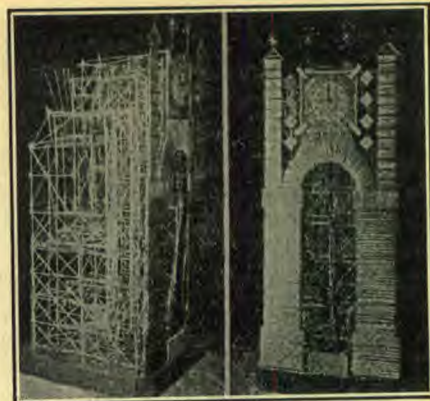
Weight Clocks

The word "clock," whether derived from the Saxon "clugga," the Teutonic "glocio," or the French "cloche," originally signified "a bell." Early efforts consist merely of a bell being sounded by a person as the sun-dial or hour-glass indicated the time.

No exact date can be given as to when clocks composed of an assemblage of wheels and actuated by weights, were first invented. It is quite generally accepted that one Gerbert, born 920 A. D., invented the weight clock. "Certain it is," says one writer, "that in 996 he made a weight clock for Magdeburg." In weight clocks some contrivance was necessary to regulate the weight so as to make the weight pass over equal spaces in equal times. This must be accomplished by a pendulum or escapement of some sort. A rude escapement is attributed to Gerbert about 1000 A. D. A better one was that of DeVick in 1379.

Although these inventions were a great improvement, accuracy in marking time was not attained until two hundred seventy years later, when the idea of attaching the pallets of the escapement to the pendulum rod and making the escapement horizontal, occurred both to Harris, an English clock-maker,

(Concluded on page eight)



This clock, every part of it, is made entirely of straw. It is 25 inches square and stands 66 inches high. It weighs 7 ounces, and was made by a German shoemaker who worked on it fifteen years during his leisure hours.



An hour-glass



A sun-dial



THE HOME CIRCLE

"Children, who in their tender years sow courtesy, shall in their declining years reap love."

Room in the Heart

A GRANDMOTHER came to a little house,
And she was poor and old;
And already the little house was full
As ever it could hold.

With father and mother and children nine,
The cupboard was very bare,
There was sometimes lack in the little house,
And always scanty fare.

"And how can you keep a grandmother?
I should think she would crowd you so."
"O, no!" cried sturdy Will, with a smile;
"My grandmother crowd? O, no!"

Dicky was young and questionful,
But Will was patient and kind;
"The room in our hearts helped us," he said,
"Room in the house to find."

Ah! poor little house, dear little old house,
Where the happy faces swarm!
And Will was right. There is always room
Where the heart beats true and warm.

—William Zachary Gladwin.

Surprises

"SURPRISES are mostly selfish," pronounced Aunt Phebe, bluntly.

"Why, Aunt Phebe Turner!"

"They are; the one that plans them has the fun, and the other one has to pretend to like it or be a curmudgeon. You told me yourself that Clifford came home with a headache on his birthday last year, and that he was lying on the couch with his collar off and needing a shave when those twenty people you had invited to surprise him walked in. Do you suppose he enjoyed that?"

"He'd better, after the pains I'd taken!" Clifford's wife retorted. "I had perfectly lovely refreshments, and a cake with twenty-seven candles, and all done without his suspecting a thing. But this year he's on guard, and just trying his best to forestall my surprising him. He wants me to come down-town to dinner on his birthday, but I sha'n't let him spoil my plans by humoring him in that."

"There it is; you know he doesn't want to be surprised, and yet you're bound to do it—to please yourself. Now isn't that selfish?"

Mrs. Clifford Ashley looked aggrieved. "I suppose you'd say it was selfish in me to come home on the three-o'clock train instead of the six, last week, and lug the baby and my suit case from the station all alone, just to surprise Clif by having dinner ready when he got home?"

"M-m, did Clif expect you on the six-o'clock train?"

"Yes, of course. Went to meet it, right from the office, and it was dreadfully late, and he waited and waited, and then, when it did come, we weren't on it. Of all the dejected-looking fellows, he was the worst when he walked into this flat. And astonished! I was paid for all my trouble by the expression on his face when he found us here."

"I wonder if Clif was paid for his, too? There, child, don't take that wrong. You see, I got through surprising about forty years ago, one winter when I was in school, and a lot of us came down on old Professor Belling with a surprise-party, and found him sitting in front of the base-burner, wrapped in a quilt, having a terrific attack of asthma. The sheets from his cold bedroom were draped on chairs round the stove—but do you suppose we young savages had sense enough or heart enough to go away?—No, indeed! We trooped in, and that poor, gasping man was hustled off into his cold bedroom, and between the times of waiting on him, his tired little wife made coffee and helped us serve the refreshments we had brought, and there we stayed until eleven o'clock at night. And it wasn't until just before we left that I realized what we were doing. I heard him groan out to his wife, 'Will they never go? I've got to sit up to breathe, and I can't in this cold room.'"

"Aunt Phebe!" Mrs. Ashley was laughing, in spite of her pique.

I was cured of surprises right then. Now, why don't you let Clif enjoy his birthday in his own way? Go down-town to dinner with him, if he wants that."

"But no, indeed!" cried Clifford's wife, with a sudden glint in her black eyes. "Clif's not asthmatic, and he's got to be surprised when I think best. It's such fun!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Shall We Use the Golden Pen?

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night."

These lines of Mrs. Sangster's repeated themselves over and over in my heart when, not long ago, there came to me news of the death of a friend—a former classmate. We had drifted apart, she settling in a distant Western State. Her one pitiful little letter, written from her new home, breathed homesickness in every line, and I thought to write her a long, gossipy letter, full of news of home friends; but the cares of life pressed heavily, and the letter that could be written any time waited a convenient season.

And then one day when I heard that she was dead I could only pour out my heart in a repentant letter to the lonely mother. Her answer came in time, but it did not bring me consolation. "Myra's illness was long and wearisome, and homesickness gnawed at her heart. Her eagerness for home letters was pitiful to see. I sometimes wished, almost bitterly, that her 'girls' could know what a benediction a cheery letter would be to that waiting heart—a letter full of the

little things that never get into the newspaper. I believe she never gave up hope of hearing from you."

Ah, that letter I did not write! It gave me a heart-ache that must go with me many a long day.

Standing, a few weeks later, beside an open grave that was to receive the form of a mother called suddenly from life, I overheard one of the mourners — a daughter — say to her brother: "That letter you wrote mama a short time ago was worth a thousand dollars to her. It did her more good than anything else on earth could have done; you said so many tender and beautiful things to her."

What a sweet memory to go with this young man through life! How glad he must always be that before death called, he broke upon that mother his alabaster box of love and appreciation, and that its perfume made sweet her last days on earth.

In contrast with this son was the one whose mother once said to me, sorrowfully, "Sometimes I think my boy hasn't any affection for his parents. He goes months without writing us a line, and half the time we do not know his address."

Now it happened that I was acquainted with the young man in question, and knew that at heart he was a loving son — just thoughtless about writing home, never realizing how much his letters meant to his parents.

"You have never written me a letter all the time I have been on the road," grumbled a traveling man to his sister, "and you write such good letters, too. I have often wished for them; they would have tided me over many a temptation."

And yet that sister had spent many an hour and whispered many an earnest prayer for her brother.

So many of us are timid about public work, and feel too weak to do much for our Lord. We covet ability for larger service, while undreamed-of possibilities await our hand in the simple habit of letter-writing. H. Clay Trumbull, that man who wrought so nobly for the master, was brought to Christ through a letter from an associate. There is the word of sympathy to be expressed when bereavement comes to absent ones, and the word of cheer for the hour of trial. Life balm to the soul in darkness is the thought that some one cares and has taken time out of this busy life to say so. There is the word of congratulation for those to whom a new happiness has come. Sharing the joys of others is a command that carries a blessing with it.

A beautiful work for the golden pen is the writing of cheery letters to those whom age or affliction has set aside from active service, and whose life is only a waiting. I know an aged man whose days are brightened by weekly letters from his granddaughter; just ordinary letters written from a quiet village, but their failure to arrive would leave a blank in the grandfather's life that would be hard to fill.

"Enter every open door," was Madam Willard's advice. This sort of letter-writing is surely an open door, whose entrance will lead to gratifying results, and will leave no heartache "at the setting of the sun."

—Luella R. Spencer, in *Young People*.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hope fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

Horology, or Evolution of the Clock

(Concluded from page six)

and to Huyghens, a Dutch philosopher. The anchor escapement of Dr. Hook, invented in 1666-8c, and the dead-beat escapement of Graham in 1700, gave a new impulse to clockmaking.

There has been no material change in the principles on which clocks are made since 1700, except the substitution of steel springs for weights, and in the finer movements, the addition of the hairspring to regulate still further the action of the escapement.

We now have clocks run and wound by electricity, chief of which are the "National" self-winding mantle and office clocks, that run from twelve to thirty months without attention, and are very accurate.

The manufacture of clocks in the United States was begun before the Revolution, and the ideas embodied were characteristically original. About 1792 Eli Terry made, it is alleged, the first wooden-wheel clock ever constructed. Many hold the mistaken idea that the wooden-wheel clock preceded the metal-wheel clock.

Manufacturers in the United States now make clocks for the world. Their annual output exceeds 2,500,000, costing at the factories about \$6,000,000; each varying in price, from less than \$1 to \$1,000, according to their precision in time-keeping qualities and elaborateness of mechanical and ornamental construction.

Care of Clocks

The pendulum of the average clock swings 720 times each hour, 17,286 times a day, and 7,307,200 times a year. In time, the oil gums and collects dust, which cuts and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit; thus ruining a reliable time-keeper. An ordinary machine running only ten hours, is oiled daily. The clock and watch are the most delicate and active machines, and it is only reasonable that they should be oiled once a year, and cleaned at least every two years. If the pivots of a clock are kept well oiled and free from dust and grit, they will run indefinitely, and give good results. Neglect and poor workmanship are the causes for there being so many idle and incorrect clocks. "Clock-tinkers" and inattention will ruin any clock. Thoroughly first-class work is the cheapest, always. J. W. HIRLINGER.

A Sweet Voice

"O FATHER, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could, but there's no use wishing. There isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing. But don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why, father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying, 'Don't cry, Bud-die; sister'll mend it for you.'"

"Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, 'I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes to-night.'"

"That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!" — *Round Table*.



"And God Opened Her Eyes"

(Gen. 21:19; 2 Kings 6:17)

"THE water was spent;" see the poor child lie,
"A good way off," 'neath the shrub to die.
She had placed him there; though her heart beat true,
It was all her helpless hands could do.

And "she wept" as only a mother can,
O'er her child, be it babe or grown-up man.
She may feel the sin she did not control,
And now the iron has entered her soul.

For her sin to him she might ne'er atone,
"None of us liveth to himself" alone.
On the trackless desert so parched and bare,
'Twere enough to suffer were he not there.

She lifts her voice, though her heart is bowed;
Her soul is rent, and she weeps aloud.
Behind, the home they could share no more;
A pitiful death to her child, before.

If she thought of self we may never know,
For nothing on record will ever show.
Hopes crushed and dead now her fond eyes dim,
For her the world centers there in him.

The earth with its joy and its boundless wealth,
What is it compared with the boon of health?
When a dear one's life weigheth down the scale,
All is lighter than air, and no avail.

"God opened her eyes" with infinite love,
That shows how this great heart can forgive;
And she saw the well with the water there
That would save her soul from its black despair.

When the world grows small,
and its joy recedes,
And nothing is found to supply
our needs,
While the black waves toss
'neath a heaven of brass,
And we wait in darkness for the
night to pass,—

If our hearts are soiled with the dregs of earth,
Before or after the strange new birth,
If we wish to know where the whole truth lies,
And seek as for gold, God will open our eyes.

When the battle is fierce, and the foes o'erwhelm,
And we feel God has left us alone to them,
If our hope is anchored beyond the skies,
And our hearts are his, *he'll open our eyes.*

If we with the Infinite are only in tune,
Whatever life brings, in our hearts 'twill be June.
The well's always there, though too oft a surprise.
We know for the asking he'll open our eyes.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Saved by a Pigeon's Service

OUR attention has been called by a traveling friend to an incident which occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society. It certainly proved to him, and to all his friends in that region, in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier-pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction.

His little baby boy was taken suddenly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied on a carrier-pigeon to her husband at his store on Market Street, San Francisco. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to

save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then tying the little vial containing the precious restorative to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away swiftly through the air straight for the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three quarters of an hour to cover. In about twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband, the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.—*Selected.*

A Boy That Would Not Give Up

ABOUT thirty years ago I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While I was there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve

years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I've got sixty cents," he said; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little

while until I can give you the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"O, yes, if you like," he said in surprise.

At four different stores he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked. "I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, and I study when I can at home. All the boys have one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will let you have a geography, and you can pay me the rest when you can; or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."



The Cliff House near San Francisco.

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have ten cents left toward buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a terrific storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," he said, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely; but the vessel sank, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said: "Judge —, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I had ever seen him until I stepped aboard his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir. William Haverly."

"I am he," he said, "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly! — *Young Folk's Weekly*.

A Serious Charge

FIVE thousand persons were killed in this country last year in railroad catastrophies, and seventy-six thousand injured. The chief responsibility for this slaughter is placed upon the labor unions by those who have given the situation close study. The editor of the *Railroad Gazette* says that "the labor unions are arrayed against the general manager in practically every effort he makes to eliminate inefficient men, or to establish a code of discipline that will be really efficient." Even a prominent labor-union man also says that the influence of the railroad labor organizations has been exerted "to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to, or consideration for, the paramount interests of the traveling public."

The labor unions have espoused the cause of the laborer, presumably for his benefit, in securing higher wages and improved working conditions. If the laborer can be benefited without injury coming to another, then it were well perhaps that another espouse his cause; but when the union transcends this object and interferes with the successful management of a business corporation, and brings much suffering and death perhaps upon thousands of others not at all concerned in the controversy, it is well that the union call a halt and look seriously to its ways.

There is safety in perfect discipline, safety to the individual, to the home, to the school, and to the corporation. Any of these interests suffer from every effort to break down the discipline that is absolutely necessary for the successful accomplishment of the purpose of each.



Work for Missionary Volunteers — No. 6

Personal Work

"ONE of the most effective ways in which light can be communicated is by private, personal effort. In the home circle, at your neighbor's fireside, at the bedside of the sick, in a quiet way you may read the Scriptures and speak a word for Jesus and the truth. Thus you may sow precious seed that will spring up and bring forth fruit." — *Testimonies*, Vol. VI, page 428.

I can not leave this subject without giving the experience of one of the most successful soul winners of modern times, Mr. D. L. Moody. Mr. Moody was engaged in a very successful business in Chicago when God gave him this experience, which led him to give up his business and devote his whole time to the work of soul winning. We will give the narrative in his own words:—

"I want to tell you how God led me out of business into Christian work. I was for years only a nominal Christian. I really believed that I could not work. I did not know how, and had no one to set me to work. When I went to Chicago, I took five pews in one church, and used to go out on the street and pick up young men and fill the pews. But I never spoke to one of those young men about his soul. I thought that was the work of the elders. After I had worked for some time at that, and still no one was converted, I started a mission Sunday-school. I thought numbers were everything. If the school ran down below a thousand, I was greatly troubled; but if it went up to eleven or twelve hundred, I was highly elated. For some reason, though, the harvest was not gathered. Then God opened my eyes. There was a class of young ladies in that Sunday-school who were, without exception I think, the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill, and I took that class. They laughed in my face, and I had a great mind just to open the door and tell them to get out, and never come back. Thank God, I was kept from it! That same week the teacher of the class came into the store where I was. He was pale, and looked very ill. I said, 'What is the trouble?' 'Well,' he said, 'I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs, and the doctor tells me I can not live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to York State, and I suppose I am going home to die.' He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked him the reason, replied, 'I have never led any one to Christ, and I really believe I have done that class more harm than good.' I had never heard any one talk that way before, and it set me to thinking. After a while I said, 'Suppose you go and tell them just how you feel. I will go with you in a carriage if you will go.' He consented, and we started out together. It was the best journey I ever had. We went to the house where one of the girls lived, called for her, and began to talk to her about her soul. There was no laughing then; it was not long before the tears stood in the eyes of that pupil. After he had explained the way of life, he suggested that we have prayer. He

asked me to pray, but I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray God to convert a young lady right then and there; it was new work for me. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer. We went to other houses. He would go up-stairs, all out of breath, and would tell the girls what he had come for; it wasn't long before they broke down and sought salvation. When his strength gave out, I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with a face literally shining. I do not believe that Stephen's face before the council shone any more. He said, 'Mr. Moody, the last one of my class has yielded herself to Christ. I tell you, we had a time of rejoicing.'

"He had to leave the next night, so I called his class together that night for a prayer-meeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition was to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that that meeting would take me out of business, I do not think I would have gone. But how many times I have thanked God for that meeting. That dying teacher sat in the midst of his class and talked with them, and read the fourteenth chapter of John. We tried to sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we knelt down to pray. I was rising when one of the class began to pray for her teacher. Another prayed, and another, and before we arose from our knees, the whole class had prayed. As I went out, I said, 'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night.' I did not know what it would cost me. The next day I was disqualified for business. I was good for nothing. I had got a taste of another world, and cared no more for making money. For some days after that the greatest struggle of my life took place. Should I give up business and give myself to Christian work, or should I not? Let me say that I have never seen the moment when I regretted my choice."

Books have been written, some of which may be mentioned later; giving abundant evidences of God's approval of, and blessing upon, this method of work. So we shall consider some lines of work in which we may engage, always with the idea of having a definite purpose in view, and that purpose the winning of a certain person or persons to Christ.

MEADE MAC GUIRE.

Another Profitable Ingathering Service

THE Ingathering service of the Lynden, Wash., Sabbath-school was held the second Sabbath in October, and was conducted by Miss Naomi Worthen, who had come here from the East a few weeks before.

Our church was beautifully decorated with ferns, flowers, and potted plants, brought by members of our Sabbath-school, and a few others. Appropriately interspersed among these were apples, pears, quinces, squashes, pumpkins, etc., which were afterward sold, and the proceeds added to the donations given at the close of the service. The literary exercises consisted of songs, and recitations by the children, and a very instructive lesson from the trees, given by Miss Worthen, aided by the senior class. A tree, with its root entire, was exhibited, in illustration of some of the truths taught in this exercise. This was our first service of this kind, but we trust it may not be the last one. The amount of the collection and proceeds was \$19.57.

MRS. L. S. BUSSARD.

Helped by Personal Effort or by Reading

A Book and Its Influence

ABOUT eighteen years ago two of our young men were selling "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation" in the southeastern part of Cape Colony. The Dutch Reformed minister made it very hard for them by denouncing them and their work from the pulpit, and ordering the books to be burned. But the brethren did not become discouraged; they faithfully visited every farm, and left as many books in the field as they could.

One man who purchased a book gave it to a friend who had sufficient courage to keep it and read it, and he was deeply impressed with the truths it contained. A few years later he lent it to a friend who prized it greatly. When the Boer War broke out, and the English placed the people in the large concentration camps, the borrower of the book took it with him to the camp, and cared for it as he would his Bible. During their long confinement the book was read by a large number of the people in the camp, and the seeds of truth found their way into many hearts. It is said that you can tell every one of these people by their conversation when talking with them upon Bible themes.

After about twelve years the book was returned to the owner, and although well worn, it is still in a fair state of preservation. It is prized highly by this gentleman, who loves to tell of the experience of the book.

The sequel of my story is that the owner of the book and three members of his family are keeping the Sabbath, and have been baptized and joined the church. His brother and family, who live on the same farm, are also Sabbath-keepers. A young woman who is a government school-teacher on the same farm, has also accepted the Sabbath and is a faithful member of the church, and many others are deeply interested, for whom we have hope.

Elder D. H. Groenewald, one of the two who sold the books, says that this is the only book that he has ever heard from since he was in that section; but he is greatly encouraged to know that fruit is appearing after so many years have passed. Truly our canvassers ought to be encouraged to labor on, being assured that they will see fruit in the kingdom, even though they may not see it in this world.

W. S. HYATT.

Interesting Experiences

A MAN was most bitter toward the truth, when some one began to send his wife the *Review*. Every number he could get he put in the stove. His wife took one paper and pasted it up over the wood-box. One cold day he came in from his work, and sat down near the box to warm his feet by the stove. He caught a headline on the paper and began to read. He read a short distance down the column, and then saying, "That's a lie," he tore the paper off and threw it into the wood-box. He went out to work again, but he could not get the article out of his mind. After a while he went in, and when his wife was out of the room, he pulled the wood out of the box and hunted out the torn pieces, and held them in their place on the wall, until he had read the entire article. From that time he read the paper every opportunity he could get when not observed. Finally becoming convinced of the truth, he told his wife that they were wrong, and that this was

(Continued on next page)



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 439-450.
DISCUSSION OF RESOLUTION.

Book Study

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE IN EDUCATION: What are some of the causes of skepticism? Page 439. Show how skepticism unfits one for holy living. Page 440. "It is because the human heart is inclined to evil that it is so dangerous to sow the seeds of skepticism in young minds. Whatever weakens faith in God robs the soul of power to resist temptation. It removes the only real safeguard against sin." Why is Satan such a skilful deceiver? Page 440.

HISTORICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LORE: What should be the purpose of all history study? What are the benefits of such study? Pages 441, 442. What is the essential study for soul winners? Page 443.

CLASSICS: What dangers in the study of classics are pointed out? What studies are suggested in their place? Pages 443, 444. Consider carefully questions in paragraph three, page 444. What are the evidences of true education? Page 444.

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE: What are the evils of sensational literature, romance, and fiction? Pages 444-446. What reasons would you give for total abstinence from fiction reading? What influences do myth and fairy tales have upon the minds of children? Pages 446, 447.

A PURER FOUNTAIN: Where does God direct us for wisdom? Prov. 22:17-21. What was the nature of Christ's teaching? Why? What lesson may we draw from this? Pages 448, 449.

KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN BE UTILIZED: What kind of knowledge is of the highest value? Pages 449-450. Discuss the importance of cultivating right principles. What is the highest education? Page 450.

Resolution

The following action was taken at the Sabbath-school and Young People's Convention held at Mount Vernon, Ohio, July, 1907:—

"Resolved, That we urge our young people to follow the light given in the chapter in 'Ministry of Healing,' headed 'The False and the True in Education,' on the subject of literature for the young, and that they institute a crusade against harmful reading."

Note

Let each member respond to the roll-call with some quotation from this chapter in "Ministry of Healing." Spend some time in the discussion of the above resolution. What will you do in this matter?

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 22

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 97-113; Test Questions, 1-19, page 213 (omit 7, 8, 15).

Notes

JOHN HUNT, a poor, honest farmer boy, was often

laughed at. He had a thirst for knowledge and a missionary zeal. Africa was uppermost in his thoughts, and his daily prayer was for fitness for the work of God in that dark continent. As pioneer missionaries in Fiji, he and his heroic wife endured indescribable hardships, but he wrote to his friends, "'Trials' and 'privations' are words seldom used by us," and his favorite expression was "turning care into prayer." When friends thought he worked too hard, he would say, "I must be on the full stretch."

"THE DUFF:" In 1796 the "Duff" was purchased by the London Missionary Society, to open missions. Aug. 10, 1796, with twenty-nine missionaries on board, it made its first trip to the South Sea Islands, returning in July, 1798. Nov. 13, 1798, the second voyage was begun, with forty-six missionaries on board. In the summer of 1799 the "Duff" was captured by a French privateer off the coast of South America, and sold as a prize.

THE MAORIS are native inhabitants of New Zealand. They are well-built, slightly brown in color, and are experts in tattooing. They carve with great delicacy. Their religious beliefs were crude. They recognized the soul as distinct from the body. They worshiped nature and their ancestors. Before the coming of the English, they were mostly vegetarian. Both their physique and numbers have suffered since the introduction of civilization. Most of them now profess Christianity, but they have vigorously though unsuccessfully resisted English rule.

SINKING THE WELL: At certain times of the year fresh water was very scarce in Aniwa. Much suffering resulted. Mr. Paton resolved to dig a well. He explained his plans to the chief, who thought him crazy, and that it would never rain from below. The work was begun, however, and soon the natives were assisting, receiving fish-hooks and knives for pay. One morning the walls were found caved in, and not a native dared enter the well again. Mr. Paton completed the work alone, and was rewarded by finding water. The people were greatly surprised at the "new order" of nature, and rejoiced because of the blessing. Many gave up their idols and were converted. The well is said to have "broken the back of heathendom" in Aniwa.

"THERE blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home."

Interesting Experiences

(Continued from preceding page)

the truth, when they all began to keep the Sabbath. Afterward his two brothers with their families, and his mother and younger brother became members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He probably never learned who sent that paper to the family. In the gathering day some one will be surprised to see those in the kingdom for whom they labored, yet never knew the result. Such will have stars in their crown.

A small bunch of tracts was found by a man coming from his house down a path near the railroad. It was supposed that they had been thrown from a car window. The man liked the tracts so well that he sent for others, and fully accepted the truth. Afterward

Elder L. McCoy was called to that place, and was made welcome at this brother's home, and after a series of meetings, a church was organized. The success here encouraged Elder McCoy to labor in that part of the State until three churches were raised up,—Bonaparte, Birmingham, and Croton.

One of our sisters writes me of an experience in personal work that resulted in good. She said: "One evening some years ago I returned to my room, wishing I might find something to do for the Master. I looked across the street and saw crepe upon the door. I knew there was sorrow in that home; so entering, I tried to comfort the mother whose eight-year-old son had been cut down by death. I spoke of the resurrection, and similar subjects. The next week I called again. This time I found the woman hungering to know more of the truth. She told me she had been reading a pamphlet on the 'State of the Dead,' which she had bought of a canvasser five years before, but had never read. What I had said to her led her to investigate further. Later I left the city, but learned afterward that she obeyed the truth."

A brother and sister had been trying for a long time to get their relatives interested in the truth, but they seemed to grow more and more bitter against it all the time. This brother and sister finally decided that they would have to give them up, as they could do nothing for them. They continued to pray for them, and the Lord heard their prayers and answered. The sister had lent a copy of "Prophecies of Jesus" to a family in the town where they lived, and when the family was through with it, she called and got the book. In taking it home she laid it on the buggy seat. She drove over a portion of this man's land, who was so very bitter against the truth, about a half mile from the house. In some way she lost the book on the way home; she never knew where nor how. This was in the spring. About two months later this man was out breaking prairie land with two ox teams. All at once the oxen stopped and would not go any farther. Even the whip would not induce them to go. (It may be that an angel stood in the way.) When the man went in front to see what the matter was, he found a little book, "Prophecies of Jesus." He took it home, read it, and a few months later one of our Iowa ministers baptized him and his wife. The man said that as he read that book, it seemed that he could remember every word that the brother and sister already mentioned had said to him about the truth.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Christian Courtesy

THE principle inculcated by the injunction, "Be ye kindly affectioned one to another," lies at the very foundation of domestic happiness. Christian courtesy should reign in every household. It has power to soften natures which, without it, would grow hard and rough. The wife and mother may bind her husband and children to her by strong cords if she is unvaryingly gentle and courteous in words and manner. Christian courtesy is the golden clasp that unites the members of the family in bonds of love that every day become closer and stronger.

Those who profess to be followers of Christ, and are at the same time rough, unkind, and uncourteous in words and deportment, have not learned of Jesus. A blustering, overbearing, fault-finding man is not a Christian; for to be a Christian is to be Christlike.

The conduct of some professed Christians is so lacking in kindness and courtesy that their good is evil spoken of. Their sincerity may not be doubted, their uprightness may not be questioned; but sincerity and uprightness will not atone for a lack of kindness and courtesy. The Christian is to be sympathetic as well as true, pitiful and courteous as well as upright and honest.

Kind words are as dew and gentle showers to the soul. The Scripture says of Christ that grace was poured into his lips, that he might "know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." And the Lord bids us, "Let your speech be alway with grace," "that it may minister grace unto the hearers."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

In the Fields with God

THE little cares that fretted me —
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen —
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

— E. B. Browning.

"Men of Yukon"

At a public dinner given to Secretary Seward upon his retiring to private life, he was asked what he regarded as the most important act of his official life. Mr. Seward unhesitatingly replied, "The purchase of Alaska; but it may take two generations before the purchase is appreciated." Secretary Seward, declares a writer in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, was wiser than his day and generation, and it was not until recent years that Alaska's vast wealth and resources have been appreciated.

During the summer months the rivers are fairly alive with steamboats of all sizes and descriptions. Poling boats and rowboats also add to the activity. The steamboats vary in size from large ones, the size of the Mississippi River steamboats, to craft scarcely bigger than the smaller motor boats in use on the "outside."

These boats, although there is a very large number of them, are kept busy carrying in during the short open season, three months, a sufficient amount of provisions and other supplies to last the country during the long winter. They also carry large numbers of passengers to and from the different camps in the valley and to the "outside."

At the time of the purchase of Alaska the great valley of the Yukon was peopled only by Indians, thousands in number, who knew neither the source nor the outlet of the mighty river on which they lived, yet recognizing its greatness, proudly called themselves "Men of Yukon."

Now it is peopled by thousands of the strongest and healthiest of the citizens of the great American republic, who, lured thither by the fabulous riches of the country, have built themselves homes, and, like their predecessors, the Indians, are proud to call themselves "Men of Yukon."—*Youth's Companion.*



II — The Quails Sent

(April 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 11:4-24; 31-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37:3.

Review

When did the children of Israel start again on their journey to Canaan? What did the people do? How was their sin punished?

The Lesson Story

1. Only a little while after the fire was quenched, the children of Israel began again to complain. "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting: and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes.

2. "And the manna was as coriander seed, and the color thereof as the color of bdellium. And the people went about, and gathered it, and ground it in mills, or beat it in a mortar, and baked it in pans, and made cakes of it: and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.

3. "Then Moses heard the people weep throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent: and the anger of the Lord was kindled greatly; Moses also was displeased.

4. "And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? and wherefore have I not found favor in thy sight, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? . . . I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me."

5. The Lord told Moses to choose seventy men of the elders of Israel, and bring them to the tabernacle. "And I will come down and talk with thee there: and I will take of the spirit which is upon thee, and will put in upon them; and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee."

6. The Lord also gave Moses this message for the people: "Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow, and ye shall eat flesh. . . . Ye shall not eat one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days, nor twenty days; but even a whole month."

7. Moses could not see where flesh could be found for this large company. "And Moses said, The people, among whom I am, are six hundred thousand footmen; and thou hast said, I will give them flesh, that they may eat a whole month. Shall the flocks and the herds be slain for them, to suffice them? or shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together for them, to suffice them?"

8. The Lord reproved Moses for his lack of trust. He said, "Is the Lord's hand waxed short? thou shalt see now whether my word shall come to pass unto thee or not."

9. After Moses had told the people the words of the Lord, he took seventy men of the elders of Israel, and set them around the tabernacle. "And the Lord

came down in a cloud, and spake unto him, and took of the spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders: and it came to pass, that, when the spirit rested upon them, they prophesied."

10. "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails: . . . and they spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp.

11. "And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague.

12. "And he called the name of that place Kibroth-hattaavah: because there they buried the people that lusted."

Questions

1. What did the children of Israel again do? Who were the mixed multitude? What did they do? What did the children of Israel ask? What did they say they remembered? How did they speak of the manna?

2. What was the manna like? What color was it? Read Ex. 16:31. How did the people use the manna? When did it fall? When was it gathered? Ex. 16:21.

3. How did Moses feel when he heard the people weeping in the door of their tents? Whose anger was also kindled against the people?

4. What did Moses ask the Lord? What did Moses say he was not able to do?

5. What did the Lord tell Moses to do? What did the Lord say he would give to the seventy elders? After this how would these men help Moses?

6. What message did the Lord give to Moses for the people? How long did he say they should have flesh to eat?

7. How many men were there in the company of Israelites? What questions did Moses ask that showed his lack of trust in God's promise?

8. How did the Lord reprove Moses for his lack of faith?

9. After Moses had told the people the words of the Lord, what did he do? How did the Lord appear to Moses and the elders? What did he do? What did the elders do when the spirit that was upon Moses was given to them?

10. Tell how the Lord's promise to give meat to Israel was fulfilled. How high above the ground did they fly? How long did the people gather the quails? What did they do with them?

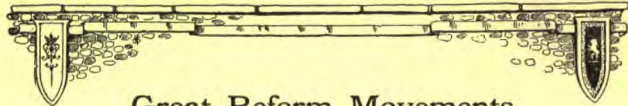
11. While the flesh was yet between their teeth, what did the Lord send upon the people?

12. What name was given to the place where these things took place?

"THEN let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
For shaping words and molding fate,
God's system is so intricate."

If an inhabitant of another planet were to visit our sphere and should ask to see the most significant, victorious, and precious object now known to man, I, for one, should unhesitatingly show him the Bible.—
Joseph Cook.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



Great Reform Movements

II — The Flood and the Preaching of Noah

(April 11)

MEMORY VERSE: "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Heb. 11:7.

Questions

1. To what extent did apostasy prevail on the earth before the flood? How deep seated was it? Gen. 6:5.
2. What was the inevitable outcome of such a course? Verse 7.
3. How long a period of probation was granted to the world? Verse 3.
4. By what means did the Lord say that the destruction would come? Verse 17.
5. What was Noah's character? Verse 9. Read Gen. 7:1.
6. What instruction did Noah receive from the Lord? Gen. 6:13, 14.
7. What covenant of salvation did the Lord make with Noah? Verses 17, 18.
8. Describe the fearful loss of life in the flood. Gen. 7:21, 22.
9. Who escaped from the general destruction? Verse 23. Read 1 Peter 3:20.
10. What did Noah preach to the old world as the only salvation from great impending destruction? 2 Peter 2:5.
11. What is the explanation of Noah's experience of obedience and of his salvation from destruction? Heb. 11:7.
12. Of what did he become the heir? Heb. 11:7.

Notes

"The world was in its infancy; yet iniquity had become so deep and wide-spread that God could no longer bear with it. . . . A hundred and twenty years before the flood, the Lord by a holy angel declared to Noah his purpose, and directed him to build an ark. While building the ark he was to preach that God would bring a flood of water upon the earth to destroy the wicked. Those who would believe the message, and would prepare for that event by repentance and reformation, should find pardon and be saved. Enoch had repeated to his children what God had shown him in regard to the flood, and Methuselah and his sons, who lived to hear the preaching of Noah, assisted in building the ark. . . .

"He [Noah] gave the world an example of believing just what God says. All that he possessed, he invested in the ark. As he began to construct that immense boat on dry ground, multitudes came from every direction to see the strange sight, and to hear the earnest, fervent words of the singular preacher. Every blow struck upon the ark was a witness to the people. . . .

"The world before the flood reasoned that for centuries the laws of nature had been fixed. The recurring seasons had come in their order. Heretofore rain had never fallen; the earth had been watered by a mist or dew. The rivers had never yet passed their boundaries, but had borne their waters safely to the sea. Fixed decrees had kept the waters from overflowing their banks. But these reasoners did not recognize the hand of him who had stayed the waters, saying, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.'

"As time passed on, with no apparent change in nature, men whose hearts had at times trembled with fear, began to be reassured. They reasoned, as many reason now, that nature is above the God of nature,

and that her laws are so firmly established that God himself could not change them. Reasoning that if the message of Noah were correct, nature would be turned out of her course, they made that message, in the minds of the world, a delusion, — a grand deception. . . . They asserted that if there were any truth in what Noah had said, the men of renown, — the wise, the prudent, the great men, — would understand the matter." — *"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pages 92-97.



A chart made by a Chinese artist for our workers in China to use, as they find illustrating is indispensable in teaching that people. This chart is about the flood, and is made use of in preaching the second coming of Christ. No. 1 shows Noah and his family at prayer in their yard, and on the outside are the rabble gambling, drinking wine, and worshipping idols. No. 2, Noah's sons building the ark while he is exhorting the passers-by. No. 3 shows the animals going into the ark. No. 4, the waters prevailing and the people on the mountain tops just before they are swept away. No. 5 shows the ark on the waters, with nothing else visible except a little driftwood. No. 6 shows the animals coming out of the ark, and Noah and family returning thanks for their deliverance; the rainbow is also shown.

In Noah's time the experience of righteousness by faith had been almost lost. Reason had taken the place of revelation, and as a result the earth was filled with violence. The only salvation was in the message of righteousness proclaimed by Noah, — a righteousness which was manifested by the works of faith in preparing the ark. The key-note of Noah's message was the impending flood, and the test of faith in that day was to follow the Lord's instruction in the face of the ridicule of the wisdom of this world.

"He who knows the depths of the world's misery and despair, knows by what means to bring relief. He sees on every hand souls in darkness, bowed down with sin and sorrow and pain. But he sees also their possibilities; he sees the height to which they may attain. Although human beings have abused their mercies, wasted their talents, and lost the dignity of Godlike manhood, the Creator is to be glorified in their redemption."

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

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| YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION | \$1.00 |
| SIX MONTHS | .50 |
| THREE MONTHS | .25 |
| TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES | 1.50 |

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1870.

Boycotting Illegal

THE Supreme Court recently made a pronouncement against boycotting, "to which labor has so frequently resorted in its battles of late years. A Connecticut hat-manufacturer brought suit for eighty thousand dollars' damages against two hundred members of the local union, alleging that the company had suffered to this amount in their interstate trade by reason of the open and relentless boycott established by the union." The manufacturers won the case.

The *World's Work* makes the following worthy comment on this unjust means of seeking to gain certain ends: "Nothing could be more gratifying to the sound common sense of the average citizen than this decision. The boycott is unfair and un-American; now that our highest court has pronounced it illegal, we may hope that it will become a less popular weapon in labor quarrels."

"The Priestly Peril"

IN this time when it seems that almost the entire professed Protestant world is being deceived by Roman Catholicism into thinking that she is not the Catholic Church that Luther opposed, nor the church of the Inquisition, but that she advocates all the essential liberal and Christian policies of the American Protestant, it is refreshing to read in a paper of the character and standing of the *Christian Endeavor World* a word of warning against this iniquitous power. For the present, it is true, the claws of the lion are concealed, her stroke is soft and pleasant; but the close student of prophecy knows that she will in time reveal her true nature, and those who oppose her dogmas will feel her cruel strokes, as in ages past. The note of warning referred to follows:—

Three cheers, and God bless you for the editorial on "Mental Reservations" by "Ripple"! Yes, truly it's the "priestly peril" that threatens the very life of the free institutions bought by our forefathers' blood. The Romanist church is a huge, merciless political machine operating under the guise of religion. None know its aggressive power for places of preferment under the government, nor its venomous persecution when it fancies it has been injured, better than we who live at the capital.

There is more need of organized effort against this machine than against Mormonism. It is the religion of the criminals of our country, as is proved by statistics. The sealed-to-the-public convents and orphan

asylums would provide more scandal than all of the food manufactories of America. In God's name and for the republic's sake keep up the crusade, and rouse Protestant America to the deadly "priestly peril."—*Patriot*.

Hungry for Books

ELDER GATES, in writing of the progress of the work in Singapore, and in other near-by mission stations, says:—

It is wonderful how the printing work has developed in the last eight years. If we did not have something here to print our books for the East Indies, we should overwhelm the Avondale Press with work. We have given an order for five thousand copies of "Christ Our Saviour" in the Javanese-Malay, and are now having "Coming King" translated in Malay. I have never seen a place before where books sell so well as here. If we can get agents, we can sell all the books we can make. This is the greatest difficulty we find. Books sell almost on sight. Our Chinese brother, Timothy Tay, sells hundreds of copies of "Christ Our Saviour" to the heathen. I never before heard of selling the gospel truth like that to pagans, at our own prices. Some of the buyers say that they now understand what Christianity is. We want to flood this country with "Christ Our Saviour," then follow it up with books dealing more directly on the doctrines peculiar to the present truth.

Fred Parkins, our agent who sells the English books, is having marvelous success in selling "Daniel and the Revelation" in the Malay Peninsula. Several times he has sold over eighty books in a week, and has delivered over ninety per cent of them. In one week he sold one hundred two of these books. Soon he will go to Borneo, and later to Siam. After he finishes these places, he will go to Java and take up the study of the Dutch language, and while studying this will canvass for "Christ Our Saviour." Next month we expect one of our good Australian canvassers to come here to assist in this work. One object of my going to Australia a few months ago was to get some canvassers. I did not succeed as well as I had hoped, as there are but few to spare. But we hope for still another one, soon.

We are at present considering the matter of adding to our printing-office here in our school an outfit for the printing of Chinese literature. There are thousands of Chinese in all this Eastern country, and they are among our best book buyers. It is not as it is in China, where the people have no money. When we offer them books bound in paper covers, they ask if we do not have the books in better binding.

Our evangelistic work is still moving in this field; but I expect more to result from the book work than from any other line of work. Those who read themselves into the truth are usually more steadfast than others. We hope that as we get the literature scattered everywhere, many will accept the truth.

Reading Circle

THE Reading Circle is glad to welcome to its membership the following persons:—

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Daisy Orndorff | Helen McCoy |
| Bertha Wesner | Ruth McCoy |
| Mrs. T. H. Wendell | Vesta Samner |
| Rachel Wendell | Cassie L. Monette |
| Glen Russell | Hazel I. Price |
| Bula Russell | Forrest J. Carpenter |
| Mrs. Huldah McCoy | Virle Neall |

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage-ground of truth.—*Bacon*.