

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

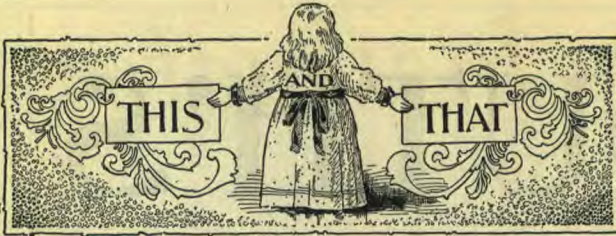
July 7, 1908

No. 27



From Murillo's Painting

"DIVINE SHEPHERD"



In the World of Business

In the statistics of successful men the sons of preachers seem to hold the best percentage. There are eight hundred ninety-eight sons of ministers in "Who's Who in America." In both the English and the French dictionaries of biography the sons of clergymen lead. Two presidents of the United States were sons of preachers, and out of thirty-seven names in the Hall of Fame, seven are of sons of clergymen.

A Spanish writer says the only thrifty countries of the world are France and Scotland.

South Africa every year consumes ten million dollars' worth of American canned goods.

America's export trade grew from \$1,050,000,000 in 1897 to \$1,850,000,000 in 1907. Of the latter sum \$740,000,000 represented the value of manufactured goods.

It used to be said that this country could never make tin plate. The production of tin plate in the United States last year was 1,293,738,880 pounds.

The total money in circulation in the United States was stated this year to be \$2,772,956,455.

Outside of the postal employees the government of the United States has 286,902 persons on its pay-rolls, and the average compensation in the District of Columbia for men is \$1,178 and for women \$837; elsewhere it is \$935 for men and \$766 for women. This is not as unjust as it seems, for, as a rule, Uncle Sam sets the example of paying women for the same class of work the same wages paid to the men.—*The Circle*.

Curious Money Facts

WHILE the first actual coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptian had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings, and nuggets, the purchasing value of which depended on their weight.

The Greeks improved somewhat on this system by first marking the weight on gold and silver nuggets, so that it would no longer be necessary to reweigh them every time they were to be used for the purposes of exchange or trade. Then came the introduction of gold, silver, and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. The next step was the molding and stamping of discs made from the precious metals.

Some of these first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. While the idea was based on excellent motives, it had to give way before the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency, and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

The earliest trace of the use of gold as money is to be found in the pictures of the ancient Egyptians weighing in scales heaps of rings of gold and silver. There is no actual record, however, that these rings were what may be termed coins with a fixed value.

Iron, judging from the statement of Aristotle, was once extensively employed as currency. Lead has also served as money—in fact, it still does so in Burma.

Copper has been more widely employed as money than either of the two last-mentioned metals. The early Hebrew coins were composed chiefly of it, while down to 269 B. C. the sole Roman coinage was an alloy of copper.

Tin money was once used in England, probably on account of the rich tin mines of Cornwall. Early English coinages contained much of this tin money, principally in the form of farthings and half-pence.

Silver formed the basis for the early Greek coins, and was introduced in Rome in 269 B. C. Medieval money was principally composed of silver.

The only other metals for money are platinum and nickel. The former was coined for a short time by the Russian government and then given up as unsuitable. The latter is used as an alloy and in this country for the 5-cent piece familiarly referred to as a nickel.

Coined money was first used on the continent of Europe twenty-five years before the Christian era. It was in copper and silver. Gold was not coined there till the eleventh century, and money did not receive the round form to which we are accustomed until the lapse of another hundred years or so.

The oldest coin in the United States is owned by a Southern collector. It was minted about the year seven hundred B. C. in Egina. The design, in high relief, represents a tortoise crawling across the face of the piece.

The Swiss were the first to date their coinage. They introduced the dated coin four hundred years ago, and the style was universally adopted within a very short time.

The coin of the smallest value ever issued is the "mite," so called, such as the widow of the Bible story contributed to the poor. Its shape was hexagonal, and its face value one fiftieth of a cent. Five thousand "mites" are equivalent in value to one American dollar.—*New York World*.

Interesting Items

IN Munich, women sweep the streets.

Switzerland is best supplied with post-offices. There is one for every nine hundred and sixteen inhabitants.

Some five or six thousand feet of nets are stretched in the North Sea at the height of the herring fishing season.

The total gross trade of Korea last year amounted to about twenty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars.

Pennsylvania leads all other States in the country in steam power, using twenty per cent of that used in the entire United States.

The Italian immigration to South American ports last year was one hundred thirty thousand; to the United States two hundred eighty-seven thousand.

Gold is much heavier than silver. A cubic foot of solid gold weighs one thousand two hundred ten pounds, while the same quantity of silver weighs only six hundred fifty-five pounds.—*Woman's Magazine*.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

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No. 27

To the Heights—"Excelsior!"

BY ERNEST LLOYD

HIGHER! Forward! "Be not weary!"
"Faint not" in the evil hour;
He who brought you on this journey
Will uphold you by his power.

"Looking off" the things around you,
"Unto Christ," your Friend and Guide,
You can never fail to conquer,
Keeping closely at his side.

Higher! never be contented
With the heights that you have gained;
Linger not upon the pathway
Till the summit you've attained.

Onward to the Holy City,
Where our struggles all shall cease;
Upward to the land of glory;
Heavenward—to the land of peace.

No Discharge

"THERE is no man that has power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in this war." Eccl. 8:8.

Since coming to India the truth so tersely stated in this saying of the wise man has been impressed on the mind. It is a truth that our youth will do well to remember. India as the reader knows is under British rule. We have here the wonderful spectacle of 300,000,000 people ruled by 40,000,000 people, living on a group of islands more than eight thousand miles away. To accomplish this there are thousands of British troops stationed at strategic points well connected by a very good railway system.

Among these thousands of soldiers, are many who enlisted very young, with but little idea of the trials and temptations awaiting them on a foreign shore. Many of them left comfortable homes, and the contrast of the strict army régime, with its barely furnished barracks, its frugal diet, and lack of privacy, leaves a homesick feeling that hungers for congenial companions. To some such the homes of our missionaries, when located near military stations, are real havens of rest. The quiet atmosphere of these Christian homes brings enjoyment to these lonely hearts. The way opens for a quiet study of the Bible. The heart is won by the Lord to the third angel's message.

Then a struggle begins. The rigorous rules of military discipline allow but little chance for Sabbath-keeping. In fact but very few have the courage and faith necessary to take the stand for all the truth while in the army, but wait anxiously the day of discharge.

I remember such an one in Bangalore who had served nearly ten years in the army. At different places he had come in contact with our missionaries. Finally he accepted all the truths taught by us, and practised as many as he felt he could in the army. When we first met him, his day of discharge was only a few months in the future. How he longed for it! With what glad anticipation he looked forward to the day when he would be free! How his face shone, as he came in one day with quick step, saying that in two weeks he was to sail for England, and then after a few preliminaries he would be free. His day of discharge was only the matter of a little time.

But the wise man speaks of a war "from which there is no discharge." It is the war that is continually in progress in our mortal bodies. There we see a con-

stant struggle between the forces of life and death. The decree, "Dying thou shalt die," rests upon us all. With some it is complete a few years earlier than with others. But to all the grave awaits the end of the race, and relentlessly, remorselessly swallows up the children of men.

In youth the forces of life are more active, as manifest in the buoyancy of the step and the bloom of the cheek. From middle age to old age the powers of death gradually gain the supremacy. The buoyancy flees away, the bloom fades, and the faltering footsteps rapidly approach the tomb.

While this truth is so evident that none can deny it, the vast majority close their eyes, and will have none of such thoughts. Somehow they hope to get a discharge from this war that will turn out in some other way. They continually banish from the mind all thoughts of the end to which they are steadily drifting. It may be that they try to drown all serious thoughts in worldly pleasure and riotous living, or even business and study. But the haunting ghost "of no discharge" will not down. In vain are all their efforts. "There is no discharge in this war."

Therefore, let us as young men and women of the last generation, so consecrate to God and the right, the small space of time allotted to us here, that when the time comes for us to go the way of mortal men, we may close our eyes with the living faith that will transform death into a "sleep" to be broken at the Life-giver's call by the transformation to immortality. Or, it may be, that we shall live in this mortal flesh until Jesus comes. Then, if faithful, our text shall no longer be true. We shall not "sleep," but shall be changed from mortal to immortality, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

With such prospects before us, how can our youth do otherwise than to say, "From this day I willingly consecrate my service unto the Lord"?

GEO. F. ENOCH.

In Palace and Wood

[That the INSTRUCTOR readers may have a little taste of Mr. Spaulding's new book, "A Man of Valor," which is now in press, a few chapters, or parts of chapters, will be given in the INSTRUCTOR.]

LITTLE Mephibosheth had fallen asleep. A wandering cloud had blotted out his playthings,—the sunbeams and shadows,—and, wearied with waiting for his nurse, who did not come, he sleepily tipped over

upon his cushion by the fountainside, and knew no more of fair promises unfulfilled; unless, it might be, his dreams yet made fact of fancy; for around his lips there played fleeting little smiles, alternating with tiny frowns between his eyes, and one baby hand lay yet open and seeming to reach toward the playthings of an hour ago. The sun-dial, touched for a moment by its master through a rift of the cloud, proclaimed the hour of rest gone by.

The sound of a firm-treading foot in the corridor announced the coming of a visitor; and, ushered in by a soft-stepping domestic, a young man in soldier's garb appeared and bowed before the prince, whose eyes shone a welcome as he recognized one of the brothers whom he had sent to Hebron.

"Pelet, thou hast tarried," said the prince. "Yet thy mission was difficult. What news hast thou of David? and where is thy brother, Jeziel?"

"The son of Jesse, indeed, have we not seen," answered the scout; "for he keepeth himself close, and few be they that see his face. Yet while I tarried on my mission in Hebron, my brother was made a guest at Carmel by Nabal, the prince of sheepmasters, and by his wife Abigail, a woman in whom prudence dwells. And of the young men, the keepers, my brother was told that David lieth in the wood that is beyond Ziph, and also to the south. And of this the young men are well aware, for the men of David company often with them, and are a guard to them against the sons of Ishmael. My brother tarries now at Hebron, while I come to thee."

"Thou hast done well, Pelet," answered the prince. "Return now to thy father's house. Thou shalt not be forgotten when again I have need of a valiant man."

Two more points upon the dial had not been cast when the highway that led to Hebron saw a muffled figure upon a fleet dromedary speeding toward the south. Nog in its ruins, Jebus in its heathen pride, Bethlehem in its obscurity, saw the swift passing of the seeming courier; but the mystery of his message or his person was not unveiled. The hand that held the rein and the head that turned neither to right nor left, returned not the wayfarer's salute; the eyes that burned above the muffling folds of the mantle were set steadily toward the south. The sun sank slowly down toward the western hills, yet almost seemed to stay its progress as the soft-padded footfalls of the camel sounded nearer, nearer, nearer Hebron. But when the jaded beast brought his rider through the vineyards and groves near to the gate of the city, the last rays of the sun were fading off the hilltops on the north, and the busy life of the city's suburbs was withdrawn within the sheltering walls.

The shadows of city and hills were blending and deepening when the southern gate, opening to unusual authority, let forth two stalwart forms, that without pausing took the winding road to the southeast, and were quickly swallowed up in the darkness.

Far within the depths of the green oak forest, in a little rock-strewn, wooded valley, a band of armed men were reposing in rough comfort upon the ground. Their score of camp-fires were sinking down into glowing beds, and the murmur of voices was gradually dying out. Clapsed in the embrace of the high hills on either side, the little band, used to adventure and peril, felt themselves safer than within the walls of a city. With the bright shining of the stars above, and the deep silence of the night brooding over the forest and the rocks about them, deeper grew the influence of their evening hymn, which had so lately wakened the echoes of the surrounding cliffs:—

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber;
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

"The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand:
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

"The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and forevermore."

Upon the ridges of the hills, and also some distance from the encampment, both up and down the narrow valley, a double force of sentries was posted. For

Saul, with three thousand men, was seeking everywhere for this devoted band; and spies and treacherous friends were many. They were not all of the common rank who were given this sentry duty; for in David's discipline those became captains who were most ready to meet danger, and most able to bear hardship and fatigue. So upon this night it fell out that Asahel, brother of one of the chief captains, and himself of high rank among The Thirty, the second order of honor in the band, was stationed at the upper end of the valley. Pacing silently along the dark aisles of the wood, he kept himself unheard, as the darkness kept him unseen. Yet not a sound escaped his trained ear: the stir of the breeze among the branches, the note of the owl or the bulbul, and the distant cry of the prowling dog, were sifted through an ear that listened always for the dangerous sound of an approaching human step.



And the sound came. The crunch of a heel upon a gravelly spot, the crack of a broken twig, declared the near approach of strangers; not one merely, as the sentry's ear told him, nor two, but three or even more.

He grasped his short, broad-bladed sword, and stood in the path of the intruders. Nearer sounded the steps, nearer, until not more than three paces stood between the unknown comers and the guard. Then in low but sharp tones came his challenge: "In the name of David, stand!"

There was instant silence; for the newcomers, though they must have been expecting to be stopped, seemed wholly taken aback by that sudden challenge, issuing from the darkness but an arm's length before them. Only a moment, however, and a clear, deep voice answered: "'In the name of David!' To see him I am come."

"Who art thou?"

"I am Jonathan," came the answer to the astounded ears of the young Judahite.

Doubting so improbable a thing, and fearing treachery, he kept his sword-arm in guard and his ears alert for any movement, while he said, "If it be indeed thou, my lord, thou wilt pardon a discourtesy for the sake of him thou lovest;" and he whistled a shrill call. In a moment there were sounds of hasty footsteps, and three voices hailed from the darkness close at hand.

"Visitors to our lord, Uriah," said Asahel in somewhat ironical tones. "Lead thou the way. Hezro, keep thou the post."

Then spoke another voice from the front: "If that be Hezro the Carmelite, he knoweth his brother Ben-Ezbai, who hath guided my lord the prince hither."

"Of a truth, Asahel," responded the guard addressed, "it is the voice of Naarai the son of Ezbai, a dweller of the desert, and a friend to our lord."

"We shall see by the eye of the torch," responded the wary Asahel. "Follow, my lord the prince. Ithai, pass with me." And thus, Uriah leading, and the other two closing the rear, the band of six, guarded and guarding, filed toward the camp.

The fires had mostly faded into ashes, but as the file came to the outermost, Uriah, halting the march, stirred the embers into a blaze among some dried rushes, and, dexterously enclosing them in some twigs of the oleaster trees, quickly made a torch. Dividing it into two, he passed one to Asahel at the rear, flashing its light, as he passed, upon his charges. The face of the first, now unconcealed by the mantle, looked forth with a frankness, yet a majesty, that abashed the foreign-born soldier; and, though he had never seen the prince Jonathan and had heard only the ambiguous statement of the man Naarai, the thought flashed upon his mind that this must be the king's son, and he whispered to Asahel as he handed him the torch, "It is the prince."—*A. W. Spaulding, in "A Man of Valor."*

My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries, and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths.—*Horace Bushnell.*



The Spanish Inquisition — No. 6

LOOKING back through the mist of time, we think how easy it would have been for Spain to have saved herself much trouble and travail, and to have imparted great happiness to a frugal, industrious, and peaceable people by simply letting them worship according to the dictates of conscience, and regulate their own local affairs in whatever manner would have been most satisfactory to them. This would have been a simple solution, to be sure; but lust and greed of gain were against it, and to these monsters principle was sacrificed.

In 1567 the Duke of Alva, with a powerful army, was sent to look after the interests of Spain in the Netherlands. He was instructed to organize and preside over that terrible court, forever to be known in history as the Blood-Council. It was a mere informal club, of which the duke was a perpetual president, while all the other members were appointed by himself; and of these other members there were only two who had the right to vote; the remainder were not permitted to vote at all. This infamous court carried on its proceedings in defiance of all law and all reason. Information was lodged against one man or against one hundred men in a single document, and execution was frequently done upon the one man or upon the hundred men within forty-eight hours after the information had been lodged. The proceedings of the council were also *ex parte*, and an information was almost invariably followed by a death-warrant. Sometimes the sentences were in advance of the document. Upon one occasion a man's case was called for trial, but before the investigation had begun, it was discovered that he had already been executed. Moreover, upon examination it was found that he had committed no crime. "No matter for that," said Vargas, gaily, "if he has died innocently, it will be all the better for him when he takes his trial in the other world."

However, according to the rules which defined and constituted guilt, it was almost impossible for a man to be innocent before such a court. People were daily executed upon the most frivolous pretexts. "Thus Peter de Will, of Amsterdam, was beheaded because at one of the tumults in that city he had persuaded a rioter *not* to shoot a magistrate. This was taken as sufficient evidence that he was a man in authority among the rebels, and he was accordingly put to death." "Madame Jurien, who in 1566 had struck with her slipper a little wooden image of the Virgin, together with her maidservant, who had witnessed, without denouncing, the crime, were both drowned by the hangman in a hogshead placed on the scaffold."

"Death, even, did not in all cases place a criminal beyond the reach of the executioner. Egbert Meynartsoon, a man of high official rank, had been condemned, together with two colleagues, on an accusation of collecting money in a Lutheran church. He died in prison, of dropsy. The sheriff was indignant with the physician, because, in spite of cordials and strengthening prescriptions, the culprit had slipped through his fingers before he had felt those of the hangman. He consoled himself by placing the body on a chair, and having the dead man beheaded with his colleagues.

"Thus the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the nation, within a few months after the arrival of Alva, seemed hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets; for there was hardly a home which had not been made desolate. The scaffolds, the gallows, the funeral piles, which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the incessant executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields, were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded.

"Thus the Netherlands were crushed, and but for the stringency of the tyranny which had now closed their gates, would have been depopulated. The grass began to grow in the streets of those cities which had recently nourished so many artisans, and in all those great manufacturing and industrial marts, where the tide of human life had throbbed so vigorously, there now reigned the silence and darkness of midnight. It was at this time that the learned Vigilius wrote to his friend Hopper that all venerated the prudence and gentleness of the Duke of Alva. Such were among the first-fruits of that prudence and that gentleness.

"Upon the sixteenth of February, 1568, a sentence of the holy office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom only a few persons especially named, were exempted. A proclamation of the king, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition. This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women, and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines, and, as it was well known that these were not harmless thunders, like some bulls of the Vatican, but serious and practical measures, which it was intended should be enforced, the horror which they produced may be easily imagined.

"Under this new decree the executions certainly did not slacken. Men in the highest and humblest positions were daily and hourly dragged to the stake. Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the expiration of holy week, 'at eight hundred heads.' Many a citizen, convicted of a hundred thousand florins, and no other crime, saw himself suddenly tied to a horse's tail, with his hands fastened behind him, and so dragged to the gallows. . . . The tongue of each prisoner was screwed into an iron ring, and then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation, which were the immediate result, prevented the tongue from slipping through the ring, and of course effectually precluded all possibility of speech."

Still the sturdy Hollanders were not crushed. Fear never sat upon their breasts; and never did they stack their arms until the Duke of Alva had been forced to leave the country. But there was no peace even then; Spain kept up the fight, and the people of the Nether-

lands contended against the most fearful odds which history has to record. Then came the far-famed siege of Leyden. The beleaguered city endured sufferings untold, and it seemed impossible for their brethren to bring them relief. Leyden was not upon the sea, but they resolved to send the sea to Leyden. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," was the cry of the patriots. They determined to pierce the dikes that kept back the ocean, and drown their land in the waves. The Spaniards mocked at the very idea. The idea that any people could love liberty sufficiently to purchase it at such an awful price was foreign to their lust-loving and greedy souls. "Go up to the tower, ye beggars," was their frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if you can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief." "And day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, fearing, praying, and at last almost despairing of relief from God or man." Once, fearing that they had been forgotten, they addressed a despairing letter to the estates; but back came the reply: "Rather will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also."

Once during the siege a crowd of those who had grown faint-hearted during the long and terrific struggle came to Adrian van der Werf, the burgomaster. They assailed him with threats and reproaches. He waved his hand for silence, and spoke as follows: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows, and surrender the city to the Spaniards, a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures? I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect not to surrender so long as I remain alive." His words inspired courage, and a shout of applause went up from the assembled throng.

At length the last dike was pierced, and the ocean, aided by a strong equinoctial gale, swept over the land. In a light flotilla came the relieving force with supplies for the people of Leyden. Terror took possession of the Spaniards, and in the early morning they poured out of their entrenchments, and fled toward the Hague. They were none too early in their flight. Rapidly did their path vanish in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the flood. Leyden was relieved.

It is needless for me to write here of the Dutch Republic which followed, when the Netherlands gained their freedom and separation from the crown of Spain. Suffice to say that before the advent of the United States upon the stage of earth's history, the little Dutch republic was the home of the oppressed of all Europe; and it is significant that Leyden was the home of the Pilgrim Fathers before they sailed upon that memorable voyage which landed them upon Plymouth Rock, where they laid the foundation stone of a new and greater republic.—P. T. Magain, in *"The Peril of the Republic."*



THE HOME CIRCLE



Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.— *Chesterfield.*

Not Speaking to Others

"WILL, how is your old friend, Max Arnold, getting on? I haven't heard you mention him since I came," remarked Uncle Hubert on one of his annual visits in Will's home.

"I don't know, uncle. I don't speak to Max nowadays."

"Don't speak to Max? What's up?"

"He played me a mean trick, and I won't have anything to do with him."

"Is that working a cure in his case?"

"A cure? I'm not trying to cure him of anything. I simply won't notice him."

"Are you setting yourself up as so good that ordinary sinners must not approach you? Or are you afraid that you can be really injured by what another fellow does? I don't seem to understand your philosophy."

"O, I don't think that, only ——"

"Seems to me you are taking a good deal upon yourself. God doesn't treat you in that way when you are not true to him, not even when you are severe on Max, who is one of his children. Your parents keep right on speaking to you even when you disobey them. Did you ever think what actual impertinence it is for one human being to assume that he is too good to speak to another, to try to punish a fellow being by cutting him off wholly from ordinary intercourse?"

Will was silent, evidently thinking hard.

Let us all remember to rank this "not speaking" to a fellow human being as a "relic of barbarism," or a "blot on civilization," or as some other "impossible" for us, then relegate the practise to oblivion forever. Let us think of those who offend us as fellow sinners only, and do as we would be done by.— *The Wellspring.*

Charity

WE set a standard high
For other souls to reach,
And never think that we
Are stranded on life's beach,
As wrecks are thrown, forlorn,
Our anchor cast and gone.

Our hearts are empty, cold,
No light within to cheer,
Outside of Him who died
To make our pathway clear
To heights where angels dwell,
Where all is well, is well.

'Tis charity we need
In this wide, wicked world,
A charity to meet
The darts at others hurled,
E'en though those darts should turn
And pierce our hearts and burn.

The cruel spear was thrust
Into our Saviour's side,
And yet he murmured not,
That faithful, loving Guide.
'Tis charity we crave;
For it alone will save.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

"Well, well; if there isn't a sermon in a signboard, or on one, as well as sermons in stones."

"Where? I don't see. Do you mean that big advertisement for the —— piano over there? What of that?"

"Read what's on it, before we get past. It says, 'The quality goes in before the name goes on.' I say that is one of the best bits of advertising I ever saw. If the company lives up to that, the —— pianos will make their way. The name will mean something. The trouble is, nowadays, that people clap on a name first of all, whether there's anything to warrant it or not; the result is that soon it means nothing at all. It is a common error."

"That's true, both for persons and things. Many a quack puts on a title, a name, a specialty, when nothing has gone in beforehand. I always liked that story of the manufacturer of the Wedgewood ware that bears his name."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Wedgewood positively forbade any ware, even a single piece, with the smallest flaw, going out of the factory. He said his name must stand for perfection."

"Good! After the name goes on and the thing goes out, there is not much chance for quality to go in, if it was not there before. A name ought to stand for quality, instead of covering up defect, whether in chinaware, pianos, or character. Before a man claims the name of philanthropist, reformer, or Christian, let the quality go in. I wish all our young people

could lay to heart the words on that big signboard, whether they wish to buy pianos or not."

Not only in stones and brooks may sermons be found. They are everywhere in every-day life, if we care to see them.— *Young People.*

No Learning Is Lost

THE train was rushing across the prairies of one of the States of the middle West. A traveler's eyes that were always on the lookout, and therefore were looking out of the window for sights and suggestions along the way, noticed a great advertising board posted conspicuously in a broad field.

Sermon in a Signboard

"NOTHING comes amiss," says Edward Everett Hale, in one of his half-whimsical, wholly sensible, essays to young people; "nothing comes amiss in the great business of preparation, that you have thoroughly well learned. A sailor teaches you to tie a knot when you are on a fishing party, and you tie that knot the next time when you are patching up the

emperor of Russia's carriage for him in a valley of the Ural Mountains." An illustration of this truth is found in the following little story from *Success*:—

"A friend of mine, a music teacher, told me of a peculiar hardship that befell her while in training for work.

"Her teacher gave her as a lesson a very difficult and unattractive accompaniment. She implored to be excused, saying that she could never possibly have use for it after all her work, but the teacher remained firm, and the task was mastered.

"Years after," she said, "I was in a strange city making my *début* as an instructor. One night, while in attendance upon a classical concert, in an emergency I was unceremoniously summoned from my seat as auditor to play a violin accompaniment. With trepidation I opened the music, to recognize with joy my despised lesson of long ago. How glad I was to be able to acquit myself with credit, when it might have been humiliation if I had forsaken a disagreeable duty. This taught me that the common, every-day duties are but opportunities in disguise." — *The Wellspring*.

Only

ONLY one drop of water at a time, that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop! Yet, if that boy in his morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what terrible results might have followed? Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows has it fanned, how many hearts cheered, by its gentle touch! Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in a child's heart, and the little quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But it cheered a broken heart, and produced a ray of hope, and changed a life. Only a word! but it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character. O, how it pierced that lonely heart!

"Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave through its influence! How many homes made desolate, how many bright anticipations of a glad and happy future blasted by its influence!"

Only a mound in the quiet churchyard, yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost its light, some vacant chair is a constant reminder. Only a little child! but, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a boy!—the only visible conversion for a whole year of effort on the part of a Scotch minister, yet that boy was Robert Moffat, the great missionary to South Africa. "Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian—yours is a glorious work; hope on—yours is a bright reward." Only one soul snatched from the ways of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts, coupled with the grace of God, will add luster to your crown of glory.

Only a lifetime! A short day in which to prepare for death—and eternal life. Let us, then, gird on the armor anew, and press forward in the hope of a brighter hereafter, using the weapons of prayer, lest we enter into temptation and become "castaways." "Who hath despised the day of small things?" "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

ERNEST LLOYD.

Only

ONLY a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given relief,
For her heart ached sore the while.
But, weary and cheerless, she went away,
Because, as it happened, that very day,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, "Speak;"
But the worker passed onward, unblessed and weak,
Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion, and love anew,
Because, when the message came to you,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,
To a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,
That the Spirit said, "Sing to-night;
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;"
But you thought, "'Mid this motley throng,
I care not to sing of the city of God;"
And the heart that your words might have reached
grew cold—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But O! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is, "Abide in Me;"
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If out of touch with your Lord.

—Selected.

Overlooked the Jaw

A FEW years ago when I was teaching, I very much desired the principalship of a certain high school. My work had attracted some attention in that part of the State, and I felt I was in a position to demand what I wanted—and I really was if I had only known enough not to do it.

But I learned that the board at — had been favorably impressed with what they had learned about me, and later when they wrote me to come and visit them, I felt sure the steering apparatus was already in my hands.

I arrived at — in the afternoon, rather tired and hurried, and went at once to Castiron, the president of the board. He was a large, solid fellow, with very black eyes and a square jaw that projected threateningly—matters I did not notice until afterward.

"Mr. Castiron," I said, after a few minutes' conversation, "the board must meet to-night if you want to consider my application, for I want to go back in the morning, and must know at once what you are going to do."

Instantly I saw my mistake; but seeing flyspecks on the back of Opportunity is no compensation for having overlooked its open hand.

"Very well, then," he said, with cold finality, "we will not consider your application. The board does not meet to-night."

And they never did consider my application—I knew enough not to apply.

Since then I have always looked at a man's eyes and jaw twice before I said "must," once. In fact that word has almost become obsolete with me, for I have found that more force can be put into a suggestion than a command.—*William H. Hanley*.



The Ragged Little Boy

HE stood beneath the flaring lights,
His clothes were thin and old;
The wind upon the avenue
That night was piercing cold;
He tried to sell his papers,
But the people would not buy;
And while he shivered on the stones,
A tear stood in his eye.

"What will you do when you're a man?"
A stranger kindly said.
The boy a moment seemed to smile,
And then he shook his head;
"I can not tell you, sir," said he,
And brushed a tear away.
"But mother says she hopes that I
May rule this land some day."

A lady fair upon whose hand
A diamond flashed its light,
A moment stopped before the lad
That cold and stormy night;
Her dainty fingers drew her purse,
And in his hand so cold
She dropped, with just her sweetest smile,
Some bright and shining gold.

"When you're a man what will you do?"
The wealthy lady cried;
"I'll pay you back a hundredfold,"
The little boy replied.
"One little room we call our home
Amid the shadows gray;
But mother says she hopes that I
May rule this land some day."

Beneath the starry flag that floats
With pride from sea to sea,
A ragged coat is no disgrace,
For here all men are free.
The little boy who shivers in
His garments old and poor,
May open, as the president,
Some day, the White House door.

We can not cast the horoscope
Of every boy we meet
And jostle as we hasten down
The ever-crowded street;
For a mother's prayers are answered in
A region far away;
And he who wears a ragged coat
May rule our land some day.

— Selected.

News of Interest

As he laid aside his batch of letters, Grandfather Hilditch sighed.

"Here, Janie, don't you want to read them?" he asked the young girl, who sat at his feet reading her own mail.

"The weekly budget from the uncles and aunts? We are a methodical family, aren't we? Your children are faithful about these Monday letters, aren't they, grandpa? I know that every Sunday father reminds mother to write. He isn't much of a hand at letters, but he certainly wants you to hear from us — and mother has so much time."

"Yes, the children are all good about writing. It is

a habit they learned when they were away at school," replied grandfather, and again he sighed almost imperceptibly. Janet looked at him curiously, and then began with the letters.

She read them through, and then read them again. There was one from her own mother, hoping that Father Hilditch was quite well, and that Janet's visit of a week would not prove troublesome to him. She concluded with information that all were well, that the weather was unsettled in Atlanta, and that there was no news of interest.

There was a six-line note from Uncle Sam, stating that it was rainy in Jacksonville, and the mosquitoes were still bad, but that all were well. No other news of interest.

Aunt Isabel wrote briefly that she was suffering from a cold, that they were having lovely weather in Asheville, and that nothing worth mentioning had transpired since her last.

Uncle Tom's letter was comprised within a very few type-written sentences, hoping that his father was well and comfortable, and requesting to be notified at once should there be anything to the contrary. He added that his family was well, and taking advantage of the fine autumn weather to make a little cruise with some friends in their yacht. There was nothing else worth telling, except what father had already seen in the newspapers.

"Grandfather!" Janet sat up very straight, after a few moments of deep consideration. "I wonder what people think they mean when they say, 'No news of interest'?"

"Eh?" He laid down the paper, and regarded her over his glasses. "News, you say, honey?"

"Yes, news. These letters seem to have so little in them."

"O, yes, yes. Except for the dates, they are pretty much the same every week, but I am so thankful to hear from the children, and to know that they think enough of me not to neglect to write on the appointed day. I have good children — and good grandchildren, too." He smiled at her. "I tell you, it pleased me mightily that my young lady granddaughter should come to the old place in the country in her round of visits, when the other places are all so gay and lively with young folks."

"I think it is lovely here," replied Janet, absently; and then, returning to the subject of the letters, "Do you write every week to the others, as you do to us at home?"

"O, yes, indeed," said grandfather; and then he proceeded to look over the death notices in his paper.

Janet sat with folded hands, trying to remember just what was in those thin letters, that came weekly to her home, in their ready-stamped envelopes. It had been a good while since she had even taken the trouble to glance over one of them, and she knew how careless

the others of her family were. On Tuesdays her father would ask at dinner, "Hear from father this morning?"

"Yes, he is quite well," her mother would answer. "There was nothing else of any importance." And yet Janet recalled that the homely epistles told of the thriving and garnering of crops on the old farm, of neighborhood happenings, of the housekeeper's tribulations with her feathered flocks, and of the outlook for the cattle and swine—little things, that made up so much of life to the lonely old man, who preferred the independence of his own vine and fig-tree to a place in his children's homes.

"And these don't tell him a single thing!" said Janet indignantly to herself, and wondered why. A mischievous little twinkle crept beneath her lowered lids, after she had pondered a while. "Grandfather," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I am going to stay four weeks with you instead of one!"

"So? Think you can stand the country that long?" He put his hand softly on her head.

"I'll love it, if only you will let me feel that I am helping you."

"Helping me, little daughter? Why, of course. You shall do anything you like—you can drive me round the farm and read to me in the evenings."

"And I want to be your secretary, too. See how your hand shakes. Let me do all your writing—farm accounts and all."

"To be sure, to be sure."

"Well, then, this is your day to answer these letters. Tell me just what to say to them all."

Grandfather hesitated, and Janet looked away. She knew well that she was asking him to give up to her one of his greatest pleasures.

"Why, let them know that I am well, and tell them the news about the place. You know that as well as I do," he said, slowly.

Janet left him to his paper, and wrote four letters exactly alike, informing the second generation of Hilditches that their father was in his accustomed health, that the weather was auspicious for the cane-crop, and that there was no news of interest.

"And there isn't any of interest to *them*," she mused, cynically, as she sealed the letters, and then put them in the mail-box beside the road.

It was not very easy at first to either of them, for Grandfather Hilditch was not accustomed to being assisted about everything he did, and Janet had to compel herself to discuss her own affairs with him; but as the days went by, they gradually found common ground. Janet discovered that there was a certain fascination in driving through the fields, watching what changes a day and night had made there, and it was quite exciting to count over the big flock of turkeys every night to see that not one was missing.

"This is a pine mast year, honey," grandfather explained, when she remarked upon their beauty. "You know it falls only every second year, and it makes the finest turkey meat in the world. See those four great two-year-olds? I shall ship those to the children for Thanksgiving. I save the pick of the gobblers in each year's hatch to keep over. At two years old they are at their best."

"Where shall you go for Thanksgiving this time, grandpa?" Janet inquired.

"To Tommy's, I reckon. You remember, I was at your father's last year."

Janet did remember. She had not thought of it at the time, but she now recalled that although there had

been a midday dinner, out of respect to old times, her father had gone back to his office immediately afterward, her mother had entertained callers all the afternoon, and she had gone driving with a party of young people. How grandfather had put in the time she had not the remotest idea. At Uncle Tom's it would be exactly the same way, for Uncle Tom was the busiest of men, and his wife and daughters supplied a great amount of material for the society papers.

"Stay at home this time, grandfather, and you and I will have Thanksgiving all by ourselves, with maybe some of the neighbors!" she cried, impulsively.

"All right, honey, all right!" he agreed, heartily, and she saw a sudden leap of brightness in his blue eyes.

The two began planning at once, and for the next fortnight there was no lack of common interest.

Miss Lindy, the old housekeeper, entered warmly into their consultations. "But I won't say a word about it to *them*," thought Janet, the next Monday morning. So the letters which she wrote and mailed were the exact duplicates of those of the week before, except that circumstances demanded a report of chilly weather. In one or two of those which came from the children that week were inquiries as to where grandfather would spend Thanksgiving, so in her next communication Janet stated laconically that her grandfather had decided to stay at home.

"Something must surely be the matter with father," said Mrs. Isabel Huntley, uneasily, when she received her letter. "He hasn't spent a single holiday at home since mother died—fifteen years ago. I don't like these little notes of Janet's. She says father is well, but I don't believe it, for if he was he would do the writing himself! I'm going home!" So she canceled a number of engagements and went at once.

"Spending Thanksgiving at home! Why, that is queer!" mused Tom Hilditch. "I thought he was coming to us this time. There is something wrong, or he never would let Janet be attending to his correspondence this way." He slipped the letter into his pocket, and called up his brother Sam over the long-distance telephone.

"So you don't know that anything is wrong? Well, I'm not taking any chances on it: I shall go to-morrow. What? Meet me in Macon? Good! If he is, all right, we can have a day of it together, and if he isn't—Well, good-by!"

At Janet's own home there was consternation. "I don't know what on earth to think, Magnus," her mother said. "Janet was to have spent Thanksgiving with Sam's daughters. She has written such provoking little notes, anyway, ever since she has been at the farm. Something must be the matter. Sam's girls are giving a Thanksgiving party for her, and yet—"

"Will you just pack a few things into a bag for me?" said Magnus Hilditch, abruptly. "Janet has already remained with father three weeks longer than she intended—she has written all his letters. The probability is that he has had an accident of some sort, and will not allow her to tell us. You know his independence, and his reluctance to give trouble. It is a particularly inopportune time for me to leave, but I must look after him."

Thanksgiving morning found Janet up bright and early. She and Miss Lindy had made the old house spick and span from roof to floor, and Janet's artistic fingers had decked the rooms with autumn foliage and fruits.

Strange to say, Aunt Isabel had descended upon

the household in the middle of the night. There had been no explanations, but she entered at once into the spirit of things, and trailed her rich dress through room after room of her girlhood's home, as with her father and niece she gave a last look to see that everything was ready for the coming of the neighbors. Big oak fires burned in every room, in big open fireplaces, and the cheery flames were reflected upon brick hearths and andirons, whitewashed in the old-fashioned way, that always reminded Janet of snow and of frosted cakes.

"They're a-comin' a'ready!" called Miss Lindy; and sure enough, down the road a team was kicking up a dust. The three went to the gate, expecting to greet some of the invited guests, but lo!

"The boys! *The boys!*" shouted Grandfather Hilditch; and three big, bearded men climbed down from the wagon.

The old man's voice broke as he welcomed them, and there was something that made the three sons and the daughter avoid each other's eyes, and look tenderly upon the old man and the young girl who stayed so close to his side. They went within, and gathered about the fireplace in "mother's room," with its memories.

"How did you all happen to come?" Mrs. Huntley asked her brothers.

"Why, it seemed a spontaneous uprising of filial affection," responded Magnus Hilditch. "We all felt a little anxious about father,—it isn't easy to telegraph ten miles from the railway,—and when we found he was spending Thanksgiving at home, we just came. And how about yourself?"

"O, I had missed his letters so! I was sure that he never would have allowed Janet to write for him if he was able to do it himself."

Grandfather looked deprecatingly down at Janet. "Since it served to bring you home, Isabel, I don't regret it," he said, "but I'll have to own up that I have probably missed the writing of those letters more than you have the receiving of them. My little girl wanted to help me —"

"Our little girl needs to take a course in correspondence," laughed Uncle Tom. "I never in all my days read such unsatisfactory letters —"

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

Janet could bear no more. Half-laughing, half-crying, she sprang up, and from the corner of the mantel took down a budget of letters. The children's letters always had lain there from week to week.

"You needn't say a word—not one of you!" she cried. "I've taken my course in correspondence, and I learned right here—from these very letters—that there isn't anything worth writing about except the weather and the family health. I *told* you grandfather was well, and I *told* you the kind of weather!"

She flew out of the room, and down to the kitchen to help Miss Lindy.

"They'll not misunderstand, either," she thought. "Father will give me a lecture, but I suspect that he will do his own writing after this, and the others won't dare not to do better. But, O, they *do* love him—they *do* love my sweet old grandfather, even if they don't write to him as if he was a real live man, and that is news of interest to me, and I shouldn't wonder if it is to him, too!"—*Susie Bouchelle Wright, in Youth's Companion.*

"LIGHT words weigh heavy in God's balance."



Wishes for a Young Man

I wish thee life, full-orbed, replete,
With all that life itself can mean;
Not life to lose or know defeat,
But life divine that sits a queen,
And never knows, in right, retreat.

I wish thee strength, but not to fight
The beautiful, the good, the true;
But strength to bear and do the right,
To lift the cross, more strength accrue,
The strength of God, eternal might.

I wish thee power, but not to sway
The mass of men at human whim,
Or tyrannize along the way
The weaker souls in shadows dim;
But power o'er sin in all the fray
That lifts the soul to brighter day.

I wish thee will,—will to resist
The tempter's blight in soul and mind,
The tomes of chaff, the sheet that's kissed
By lust and passion,—will to bind
The soul's decision to God's kind.

I wish thee peace, not peace in ease
By compromise to sloth or sin;
Not peace by fixed and fast decrees,
But peace from conquests you shall win,—
The conquests over sloth and ease,
The peace which bides 'mid worldly din.

I wish thee wealth, not sordid gold,
Or bonds or lands or jewels rare,
Which knoweth rust and wear and mold;
Which weigheth heart and soul with care;
But God's true riches, faith and love,
He gives his children from above,—
The faith that strives, the love that's fair.

I wish thee grace, not worldly fawn
Or favor of the rich or great,
But God's grace, from the Fountain drawn,
The grace of Christ without abate,
The grace which giveth love, not hate,
And courage fronting to the dawn.

I wish thee triumph, though thou die,
But not in strife of earth's low field,
In selfish brawl where humans cry.
O, never in the conflict yield;
Still grasp thy sword, still boldly wield,
And triumph ever, though thou die.

I wish thee all of strife and toil
It takes to make a noble man;
I plead thee, shrink not from the moil
And strife and work in God's great plan;
But, facing ever toward the light,
Conquer in God's eternal might.

MILTON C. WILCOX.

How Babies Are Named

IN Japan the baby is taken to a temple when it is two weeks old. There the father suggests three names to the priest, who writes them on slips of paper which he holds in his hands a few minutes, and then throws over his head as high as they will go. The slip which reaches the ground last is the "right" one, and the name inscribed on it is conferred on the waiting baby. The priest then copies the name on a piece of silk or fine paper, which is handed to the father with the words, "So shall the child be named." — *Selected.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading—Isaiah 54.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

The Father of Modern Missions.

Early Life.

The First Missionary Society.

Departure for India.

On the Mission Field.

What He Did for India.

Song or Recitation—Hymn by Krishna Pal.

The Father of Modern Missions

EARLY LIFE.—One hundred fifteen years ago, William Carey, the father of modern missions, sailed from Doer, England, for his chosen field of labor. He was the pioneer foreign missionary of the first Protestant missionary society.

It is thought that he conceived the great missionary idea through reading "Cook's Voyages." With a persistency which characterized him even in his childhood, he began to study the subject. His mind seemed entirely absorbed with the problem of the evangelization of the heathen. Whether in pulpit, or school-room, or at his bench, this problem was the burden of his thoughts. He became known as the consecrated cobbler. On one side of the bench, where he toiled from morning till night, lay an open Bible; on the other was a map of the world. Day after day as he mended shoes, snatches from the Book of books and mental pictures of the dark portions of earth were sinking into his bosom to add fuel to the flame that had been kindled there. His love for souls deepened; and once when asked concerning his occupation he replied, "Sir, my business is to preach the gospel; I cobble shoes to pay expenses."

While he thus worked earnestly at home, he kept his eye upon the heathen world. The road that finally led him to India was a rough, thorny way. After pondering long over the words of our Saviour, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," he ventured to express some of his views openly. One evening while attending the meetings of the association with which his church was connected, he was urged by a senior member to offer a question for discussion. At last he suggested as a topic, "Whether the command given to the apostles to teach all nations, was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of time, seeing the accompanying promise was of equal extent?" Instead of considering the question, the minister severely criticized Mr. Carey, and ridiculed his views. Although he was greatly mortified at this harsh reception, he did not become discouraged, but continued to talk with his friends about the one burden of his heart.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—At a later meeting of the association he preached on Isa. 54:2-4; and while explaining that text, he uttered the well-

known words, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

One result of this sermon was a resolution that at the next meeting of the ministers, they should plan for the formation of a missionary society, which resolution was carried into effect. It was during the time just preceding this that Mr. Carey wrote his treatise on missions. The proceeds from its publication were to be given to forward the missionary enterprise. The title of this work, which contains suggestions valuable to workers in later days, was, "An Inquiry Into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen. In Which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings, Are Considered."

After organizing the society, and taking up a donation for the work, those ministers began to realize that some one must go to these heathen lands, and teach the gospel to the darkened people. A man had been found who would go if a suitable companion could be secured. Imagine their surprise when Mr. Carey himself arose and said, "I will venture to go down, but remember that you," addressing his brethren, "must hold the ropes."

DEPARTING FOR INDIA.—Trials awaited Mr. Carey and his fellow worker. Mrs. Carey refused to accompany her husband, and it was with a heavy heart that he prepared to go in obedience to the voice of duty. "The day fixed for the departure was the third of April, 1793, but the vessel was delayed for weeks off the Isle of Wight; and, to their bitter disappointment, when, after all the inconvenience and expense of the delay, she was about to proceed, the missionaries were summarily ejected from the ship." It was not long, however, until passage was secured on a Danish boat, and on June 13, the party sailed. This delay removed one of Carey's chief difficulties and regrets. Mrs. Carey had now consented to go, and after a five months' voyage they reached Calcutta.

ON THE MISSION FIELD.—Seven years of earnest labor followed before winning the first convert. Poverty, fever, bereavements, and jealousy of the government, tried the faith of God's servant. Five or six years passed before help was sent them. Finally four more workers came, but the East India Company refused them the privilege of joining their brethren in Calcutta; yet Providence did not leave the little group friendless. About fifteen miles from Calcutta were the Danish possessions, and there the strangers found a "city of refuge." Soon Carey joined them, and thus Serampore became "the cradle of Indian Missions."

During these years of trial he kept the grand purpose of his life distinctly in view. To his sisters he wrote: "I know not what to say about the mission. I feel like a farmer does about his crop; sometimes I think seed is springing, and then I hope; a little time blasts all, and my hopes are gone like a cloud. . . . I try to speak of Jesus Christ and him crucified, and of him alone." Nor could he be persuaded to turn his face homeward. To inducements offered he replied, "I account this my own country, and have not the least inclination to leave it."

Carey's power for work was extraordinary. Responsibilities, mastered several of the languages. His linguistic ability became so well known that he was invited to a professorship in the Government Col-

lege at Fort Williams. At first he taught Bengali, but was soon appointed professor of three Oriental languages,—Bengali, Sanscrit, and Mahratta. This office he held for thirty years.

Carey's power for work was extraordinary. Besides his duties at the college and the mission, he accomplished the stupendous task of translating the whole Bible into Bengali, Sanscrit, Hindi, Orissa, and Mahratta; and the New Testament and parts of the Old, into Chinese, Sikh, Afghan, Feling, Bikanir, Kunkuna, Multani, Assam, Gujurati, and the Kashmir languages. "At the time of Mr. Carey's death, the entire Bible or portions of it, had been translated into forty languages or dialects." In a speech delivered in 1875, Dr. Wenger, one of Mr. Carey's successors, said of him, "I feel bound to state that it passes my comprehension how Dr. Carey was able to accomplish one fourth of his translations."

But these heavy cares did not crowd out the love, which he manifested in his boyhood, for animal and plant life. He collected specimens and made descriptions of strange birds, fishes, reptiles, and other animals he found in India. He delighted especially in botany. We could scarcely think of Dr. Carey, at his last mission home, without having a picture of his garden brought to our minds. Here he retired to pray and meditate while surrounded by his flowers. He was considered an authority in botany, and his "Flora Indica" is still a standard work.

WHAT HE DID FOR INDIA.—The people of India owe much that has been done toward the abolition of the inhuman practise of the "sacrifice of children at their annual festival," and the "immolation of widows on the burning pile of their dead husbands," to Mr. Carey. Through his influence and direct efforts, and the efforts of his colleagues, Mr. Marshman and Mr. Ward, a school was established for the instruction of the children of indigent parents.

Mr. Carey died in 1834, at the age of seventy-two years, having spent forty-one years in India. He seemed to be an indefatigable worker. While employed in the indigo factory, he arranged in one corner of the room a small printing outfit. To this he devoted his spare moments so closely that the natives called it his god. Years passed away, but still Carey continued to toil; and even just before his death, when he was unable to sit up, he finished the Revised Bengali Bible. "The British authorities had denied Carey a landing-place on his first arrival in Bengal; but when he died, the government dropped all its flags to half-mast in honor of a man who had done more for India than any of their generals. The universities of England, Germany, and America paid tribute to his learning, and to-day Protestant Christianity honors him as one of its noblest pioneers."

"From the lowest poverty and obscurity, without assistance Mr. Carey rose by dint of unrelenting industry to the highest honors of literature, became one of the first Orientalists, the first of missionaries, and the instrument of diffusing more religious knowledge among his contemporaries than has fallen to the lot of any individual since the Reformation,—a man who wrote with the most profound and varied attainments, the fervor of an evangelist, the piety of a saint, and the simplicity of a child."

BEULAH M. CALLICOTT.

"THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

A Hymn of Consecration

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore.
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

O no! till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Then through eternity I'll sing
The matchless love of Christ my King;
And finding there no end of days,
So shall I find no end of praise.

—*Krishna Pal (first Hindu baptized by Dr. Carey, 1800), translated by Marshman.*

A Letter to the Missionary Volunteers

DEAR VOLUNTEERS: As it was the privilege of the writer, under God, to effect the first general organization of the youth among Seventh-day Adventists, and that in the State of Ohio, naturally the movement has been followed by me with deep interest and earnest prayer.

In an early day a few young people in that State banded themselves together at camp-meeting in what they called the "Caleb and Joshua Society." They worked for the interest of the youth throughout the State, and, as other workers will, all worked themselves into honorable positions in the great army of carriers of this message. The writer was the junior member of that Society; and afterward, being at the head of the Sabbath-school work in Ohio, was burdened to see all our youth share in such blessings as the few had enjoyed. From a leaflet published soon after the organization, I quote the following:—

"Christian Volunteers is the name of the young people's organization formed in Ohio . . . under the auspices of the Ohio Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, Aug. 3-14, 1899."

"Missionary Volunteers" is a more operative form of the expression, and certainly is appropriate. Before the first year was ended, I was called, with my family, to Hawaii, where it was my privilege, after a short year, to baptize one Chinese youth. Broken health brought us back to the Coast, and later it was arranged for us to labor in North Carolina, where we have been since 1903. Many of those dear Volunteers of Ohio have now gone to other fields.

As I read over the INSTRUCTOR this evening, I seemed to be in the presence of this vast company of Volunteers. I felt I wanted to bid you one and all Godspeed, and pray for you to be courageous and true. Now is not only the chance of a lifetime, but of eternity. The battle soon will close. Enlist, and stay enlisted, for a hard, quick fight with sin. That we may all prove "more than conquerors through Him that loved us," and at last be numbered with those who shall come with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them, is my prayer.

ALBERT CAREY.

"NONE can help this world who look only for its honors."

If God made his footstool so beautiful, what must his throne be?—*Beecher.*



III — The Story of Ruth

(July 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: The Book of Ruth.

MEMORY VERSE: "Beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. 31:30.

The Lesson Story

1. "Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land." Because of this, Elimelech, a man of Bethlehem, took his wife and his two sons, and went to the land of Moab. After a time Elimelech died, and his two sons married Moabitish women. Mahlon married Ruth, and Chilion married Orpha. In about ten years Mahlon and Chilion died also, and only Naomi was left.

2. Naomi had heard that the famine in Canaan was over, and she decided to go back to her own land and people. Ruth and Orpha started to go with her; but when they had gone a little way, Naomi, remembering that she was poor and had no one to comfort or care for the young women, said to them, "Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you." They both wept at the thought of parting with Naomi; and after a little while Orpha kissed her mother-in-law, and turned to go home.

3. But Ruth would not leave Naomi. She had learned to love the true God instead of the idols that her own people worshiped. When Naomi urged her to go back to her own people, Ruth made this beautiful reply: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

4. When Naomi saw that Ruth was determined to go with her, she said no more; and they two went on together till they came to Bethlehem. It was the beginning of the barley harvest when they reached Bethlehem; and Ruth, who was young and strong and wished to work to support herself and Naomi, said that she would go out and glean in the harvest-fields. And Naomi said, "Go, my daughter." The first field in which she gleaned belonged to Boaz, a kinsman of Naomi's husband.

5. When Boaz came out into the field, he said to the reapers, "The Lord be with you." Then, noticing a strange damsel among the gleaners, he asked who she was, and they told him that she was the Moabitish woman who had come back with Naomi. Boaz spoke kindly to Ruth, and told her that she need not go to any other field to glean, but that she could stay there. When she was thirsty, she could drink from the vessels that the reapers had filled. Boaz also told his reapers to let her glean among the sheaves, and to let some handfuls of grain fall on purpose for her.

6. When the land of Canaan was divided among the children of Israel, each tribe was given a certain part for an inheritance. The Lord said: "If thy brother be waxen poor, and hath sold away some of his possession, and if any of his kin come to redeem it [that is, to buy it back], then shall he redeem that which his brother sold." So Boaz, who was a kins-

man of Elimelech's, had a right to buy back, or redeem, the land that had been Elimelech's.

7. Naomi knew this law, and she sent Ruth to Boaz to see if he would buy the land that had belonged to Elimelech. Boaz said that there was another kinsman who was nearer than he. This man would have the first right to buy the land; but if he should refuse to buy it, then Boaz himself would buy it.

8. "Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he turned aside, and sat down. And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, Sit ye down here. And they sat down."

9. Then Boaz asked the kinsman if he would buy Naomi's land. "And the kinsman said, I can not redeem it for myself; . . . redeem thou my right to thyself; for I can not redeem it."

10. Then Boaz called the elders and all the people to witness that he had bought of Naomi all that had belonged to her husband, and to her sons, and that he would take Ruth the Moabitess to be his wife. And all the people and the elders said, "We are witnesses."

11. So Ruth found a peaceful, happy home with Boaz,—a home where God was loved and worshiped. Naomi lived with her; and when a son was born to Ruth and Boaz, Naomi "took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it."

12. This child was named Obed. He became the father of Jesse, who was the father of David. Jesus was born of the house of David, and is often called the "son of David." So because of her trust in the God of Israel, Ruth was honored to become one of the ancestors of the Redeemer of mankind. This teaches us that the Lord is "no respecter of persons," but that "in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

Questions

1. Why did Elimelech take his wife and his two sons to Moab? What became of Elimelech? What were the names of his sons? Whom did they marry? How long had Mahlon and Chilion lived in Moab when they died?

2. What good news did Naomi hear from the land of Canaan? What did she decide to do? Who started with her? What did Naomi say to these women when they had gone a little way with her? What did they both do? After a while where did Orpha go?

3. Why did Ruth hesitate to leave Naomi? Repeat the beautiful reply that Ruth gave when Naomi urged her to go back to her own people. In this reply how does Ruth express her determination to worship the true God?

4. To what town did Ruth and Naomi finally come? What time of year was it? What did Ruth wish to do? What did Naomi say? In whose field did Ruth first glean? Who was Boaz?

5. How did Boaz greet the reapers when he came into the field? When he noticed Ruth among the gleaners, what did he ask? What kindness did Boaz show to her? What did he tell his reapers to do?

6. When the land of Canaan was divided among the children of Israel, what was given to each tribe? If any family had to sell part of their land, what did the nearest kinsman have a right to do? Who, therefore, had a right to buy the land that was Naomi's inheritance?

7. On what errand did Naomi send Ruth to Boaz? What reply did Boaz make to this suggestion? Who

would have the first right to buy the land? What did Boaz say he would do if this kinsman refused to buy the land?

8. Where did Boaz then go? Who came by? What did Boaz ask the kinsman of Naomi to do? How many elders did Boaz ask to sit down with him and the kinsman?

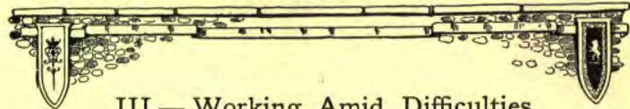
9. What did Boaz then ask the kinsman? How did the kinsman answer? What did the kinsman tell Boaz he might do?

10. What did Boaz call the elders and all the people to witness? What response did the elders and the people make?

11. Who lived in the home of Boaz and Ruth?

12. What was the name of the son born to Boaz and Ruth? Of whom was he the father? Who was Jesse's son? Of what line, or house, did Jesus come? Then of whom did Ruth the Moabitess become the ancestor? What lesson may we learn from the story of Ruth? Who in every nation are accepted by God?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



III — Working Amid Difficulties

(July 18)

MEMORY VERSE: "Surely he scorneth the scorner: but he giveth grace to the lowly." Prov. 3:34.

Questions

1. As soon as Nehemiah understood the condition of the city what did he urge his brethren to do? Neh. 2:17.

2. When Nehemiah told of the favors granted to him, how did it affect his brethren? Verse 18.

3. Who opposed the work of rebuilding? Verse 19. What accusation did they bring against the Jews? Verse 19.

4. Although Nehemiah was a faithful servant of the Persian king, yet who did he say was his master? Verse 20; note 1.

5. How did the high priest and the rulers co-operate with Nehemiah? Neh. 3:1.

6. Who failed to bear any responsibility in this work? Verse 5.

7. Whose daughters took part? Verse 12.

8. In what spirit did Baruch work? Verse 20.

9. Where did many work? Neh. 3:10, 23, 28, 29, 30; note 2.

10. What different occupations were represented in building the wall? Neh. 3:8, 31, 32.

11. What work will the people of God do in the last days? Isa. 58:12, 13; note 3.

12. How did the successful progress of the work affect the enemies of the Jews? Neh. 4:1.

13. What did Sanballat say? Verse 2.

14. Give Tobiah's opinion of the work. Verse 3.

15. To whom did the Jews appeal? Verses 4, 5.

Notes

1. Nehemiah did not consider his commission as governor of Jerusalem as his greatest authority for building. When questioned by the Samaritans, he frankly told them that he trusted in a higher power than earthly kings for help to carry forward the work.

2. Some built "over against" their own houses. In this is a lesson for those who can not leave their homes to labor in the Lord's work. Those may

always find something to do by their own homes.

3. Now, as in the days of Nehemiah, the true people of the Lord are entrusted with a special and an important work. A real city is not to be rebuilt, nor a real wall to be restored, but a spiritual restoration is to be accomplished. The foundation of many generations is to be raised up, and the breach made by apostasy in the law of Jehovah is to be restored. The rubbish of error must be removed, and the truths of God's Word restored to the people. The Sabbath of the Lord, long hidden beneath the traditions of men, is to be restored to its proper place in the decalogue.

Nehemiah

CHRISTIAN, in a land of strangers, captive to a world of sin,
Compass'd by a thousand dangers, foes without and fears within,
Art thou sad, like Nehemiah, though his place was near the throne?
Should we of thy grief inquire, will his answer be thy own?

"Shall I smile while through the nation, once the chosen of the Lord,
There hath swept such desolation with the fire and with the sword?
O Jerusalem! my desire! All thy walls are broken down,
And thy gates are burned with fire, and thine altars overthrown,
And our fathers' bones are sleeping in their graves polluted now;
Do you wonder at my weeping, at the cloud upon my brow?

"It is just; for our pollution caused the wrath of God most high;
'Tis a righteous retribution, though we languish here and die.
But our children—"O, our children!—in the after-years will say,
'Who is God that we should serve him? We have never known his way.'
When they see the idol temples at the head of every street,
When they view the smoking altars where the public highways meet,
They will join you, quite forgetting all the honors of the past,
And the love we gave Jehovah, with repentance to the last;
And the light will flee forever out of Zion's holy hill;
Hushed will be the voice of music, and the high-toned trumpet still;
Ne'er will come the promised Saviour, Judah and the world to bless,
For the covenant is broken by our own dire wickedness."

Say, is this thy lamentation, cold professor of the truth?
Sees thy soul such desolation? Hast thou lost the joys of youth?
Then go back, like Nehemiah, undismayed by hostile bands,
Build the walls and work, if need be, with your weapons in your hands;
Leave the dwelling of thy neighbor and begin at thine own soul;
If ye have "a mind to labor" every breach will soon be whole.
Go not to the plains of Ono, for the tempter lurketh there;
From thy great work he would lure thee to the desert of despair.
Teach your children all their duty; lead them often to the throne.
Would you have their spirits stainless? tear the idols from your own!
Build and consecrate the temple. Hallow ye your fathers' tombs:
Sound the trumpet loud for gladness when at last deliverance comes.
Yet because thy sins were grievous will thy bliss have much alloy;
There will be a sound of weeping, while the young men shout for joy—
Weeping for the ancient temple, for the glory of the past;
Blessed, blessed are the mourners whom the Lord makes glad at last.

—Helen A. Goodwin, in *The World's Crisis*.

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Wrong Judgments

WRONG judgments are not unknown in this world of ours. In fact it may be questioned whether they do not outnumber the correct or reliable judgments. It is safe to say that no person is so fortunate as to escape rendering incorrect and even unjust judgments at times; for only he who is in constant touch with infinite wisdom can always decide wisely.

The first cause of wrong judgments is the condition of one's own mind and heart. The person who is trustful of others, who in his heart willingly accords another an honest purpose as long as it is not absolutely known that he acts from wrong motives, is the one who makes the fewest wrong judgments.

If one must err in judgment, it is less serious without doubt to err in giving lenient than harsh judgments. The following incident emphasizes this point, somewhat ludicrously perhaps, but pertinently. The story is told that King James VI of Scotland, soon after removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a learned man, but one who had an idea that every country should have a "professor of signs," through whom persons of any tongue could communicate without the use of spoken or written language. The king, in order to do honor to his country, or, more properly, to himself, told the ambassador, when he was once lamenting the fact that no country in Europe was possessed of such a gifted person, that his college at Aberdeen, Scotland, had such a professor.

The ambassador was overjoyed at the news, and immediately determined upon meeting the talented gentleman. The king at once apprized the college faculty of the intended visit of the ambassador; so the faculty contrived a stratagem. "There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was got, instructed to be professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy cheerfully undertook the rôle. He was gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college. The ambassador was shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as best he could, the professors awaiting the issue with fear and trembling.

"The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordy clenched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from

his pocket and held it up; Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and held that up, after which the ambassador bowed to him, and retired to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. 'He is a perfect miracle,' said the ambassador; 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!'

"The professors inquired for the particulars of his interview. 'Why,' said the ambassador, 'I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that there are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say these three are one. I then took an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities but the luxuries of life, upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.'

"After the ambassador's departure, the professors sought Geordy to hear his version of the signs.

"The rascal!" said Geordy; what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, You have only one eye. Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was as good perhaps as both of his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers to signify that there were but three eyes between us, and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I steeked my neive, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' done it, too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocations here, but, forsooth, took out an orange, as much as to say, Your poor, beggarly, cold country can not produce that. I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither as long's I ha' this. But, by a' that's guid,' concluded Geordy, 'I'm angry yet that I didna' thrash him.'

The generous interpretation given the incident by the ambassador was due to the state of his own mind. He was ready and anxious to see the best in the new professor, and Geordy's mind was in just the right mood to interpret ungenerously the actions of the ambassador. This incident doubtless finds its counterpart again and again in the lives of us all. It might be well to form the habit of observing our judgments carefully, to see whether often they may not be unjust, due to our own preconceived ideas. Happy is he whose tendency is toward favorable or righteous judgments. It is a gift second to no other.

The Cutting Word

It came like a flash from a summer sky
It sank in a heart like a leaden die;
The impress was made like a brand of fire,
A livid mark from a living wire.

And no one will know the bitter tears
Of the homesick cry adown the years;
Be careful, soul, of the words you speak,
For the time is short, and the flesh is weak.

— Eliza H. Morton.

Forbearance

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.