The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI July 14, 1908 No. 28

From one of her own paintings

ROSA BONHEUR

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND, after an illness of many weeks, died June 24, 1908, at the age of seventy-one.

PROBABLY the queerest coins in the world are the roundish, irregular lumps of silver used in Siam. They vary in size from that of a walnut to half a buckshot, according to the value represented.

"AN uncommon amount of versatility and a variety of accomplishments are required to be a lady in waiting on Queen Alexandra. Music, languages, elocution, and diplomacy, skill in needlework and in sports, and social tact, are all primary requisites. The queen is an accomplished musician, and often desires her maids to play duets with her. A special education is given young English noblewomen destined for this high social position in the household of the queen. They are sent to the Continent for the highest instruction in music and languages, and they spend many years in acquiring various kinds of knowledge which may be of use to the queen on future occasions."

"AFTER a terrible battle with hunger-maddened dogs on an ice-floe, lasting nearly forty hours, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the missionary-physician, was rescued by fishermen at Locke's Cove, Mareby. The temperature was ten degrees below zero, and he had only a knife to protect himself from the ravenous dogs. He narrowly escaped freezing to death, and his hands were terribly bitten by the dogs. He killed three, and the other dogs devoured them immediately. Dr. Grenfell made their coats into a blanket to protect himself from the cold. Having no pole on which to display a distress signal, he bound the ends of the dogs' legs together and attached part of his shirt to serve as a signal. It was this which was seen by the fishermen who saved his life."

Cleaning Straw Hats

THE last year's white hat may be cleaned till it looks like new at a cost of five cents. Get that amount of oxalic acid, and dissolve it in a pint of water. Remove all bands and trimming from the hat, and apply the acid with a toothbrush, rubbing around and around. When the straw is clean, rinse well in several waters to wash off all the acid, which would surely rot the straw if left on. Then place the hat on a flat surface in a bright sunshine, which, in combination with the acid treatment, bleaches it. If the hat is a sailor, turn it upside down when partly dry and put a weight such as a small flat-iron in the crown to prevent it from sagging in. Great care must be taken in using and disposing of the acid, as it is a deadly poison.— *Selected.*

Interesting Items

FEW Russian trains travel at a faster rate than twenty-two miles an hour.

In Madagascar silk is cheaper than linen, and every one wears more or less of it.

It is estimated that five million dollars' worth of wheat is ruined by rust each year.

More than thirteen thousand persons in Switzerland are employed in the ribbon industry.

A shipyard at Ommato, Japan, established nineteen hundred years ago, is still in operation.

A bottle dropped in the Gulf Stream as it leaves the Gulf of Mexico will cross the Atlantic in about one hundred eighty days.

Macaulay's history brought the writer one hundred thousand dollars during the first six weeks of its sale.

Some of the ice-fields in Greenland are said to be over one and one-half miles in thickness.

The firemen of Berlin wear water-jackets which are filled from the hose: these afford great protection from the flames.

Married men have two votes in Belgium and single men only one. Priests and prominent men often have as high as three votes.

It costs London twenty-five million dollars a year to educate its children in the public day-schools. There are seven hundred fifty thousand children and twenty thousand teachers.

Herbert Gladstone writes a letter to King Edward every night while Parliament is in session, keeping him in touch with the proceedings.

The increase of Germany's economic power in the past twenty years is astonishing. The coal consumption of the empire in 1871 aggregated 52,204,000 tons and by 1895 it rose to 105,877,000 tons, thus doubling itself. Last year it reached 208,167,000 tons.— *Woman's Magazine.*

Household Notes

MANY people object to the way potatoes have of bursting open when baking. This may be prevented by pricking them with a fork before putting them in the oven.

When candles are burned short, melt them, and mix with an equal part of turpentine, and you have a fine polish for floors, oilcloth, and stairways.

When making a skirt, put the band on, and hang it up overnight before finishing at the bottom. In this way the goods sags before and not after it is finished. Many dressmakers even attach light weights to the bottom, so that the goods can stretch all it will.

Toughen lamp chimneys by setting them on the stove in cold water, which is allowed slowly to come to a boil.

Table oilcloth will wear twice as long if a layer of brown paper is tacked on first.

When whalebone is too bent to use, soak it in tepid water a few hours, dry on a flat surface, and it will be as good as new.

Always butter bread before attempting to cut it thin enough for sandwiches. To make the slices match, cut the loaf in two in the middle, butter one or both sides, then cut off and put together.

An easy way to make sandwiches is to mix the butter with the filling, when it can all be spread at once.

A little bluing added to the water in which glass is washed makes it much more brilliant.

To clean willow furniture, use salt and water and apply with a coarse brush; dry thoroughly.

Polish mixed with turpentine, when applied to stoves, prevents rust, is blacker and more glossy, and wears longer than if mixed with any other liquid. The odor soon passes off.— *Woman's Magazine.*

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 14, 1908 No. 28

Our Contributors

The Heights

MINE eyes from childhood have looked up,
And up, and up afar.
I've longed to reach the loftiest cliff,
To leap the topmost bar,—
The heights of God my goal.

The time is coming, praise the Lord!
When sin shall be no more,
With pinions as the eagle swift,
Where Jesus went before,
I'll rise to meet my God.

O heights afar! O heights sublime!
O heights of heaven's throne!
'Tis mine to point the pilgrim faint
To glory I've been shown,—
The glory of the Lord.

E. H. MORTON.

Robert Moffat and South Africa

To the Moravian Church belongs the honor of sending the first missionary to South Africa, in the person of George Schmidt. Later Vanderkemp became the pioneer of the London Missionary Society, who was followed by the Albrecht Brothers in 1807. A few years of terrible hardship laid these workers in the grave. It was to carry on their work that Robert Moffat, the Scottish gardener, went forth.

Moffat, like the disciples of old, was an unlettered man; but he had a teachable spirit and native ability. He was born in Scotland, Dec. 21, 1795. His parents were poor, but respectable, God-fearing people. During the long winter evenings Mrs. Moffat taught the children to sew, knit, and do other household duties. She also read to them about the sufferings and work of the early Moravian missionaries. When Robert was eleven years old, he accompanied his older brother in attending Mr. Paton's school at Falkirk. This was the last school he ever attended.

In his youth he loved gay society, but he never forgot to read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening,—a promise which he had made to his mother on leaving home.

Mr. Moffat had been working at the gardener's trade for a number of years, and was on a fair road to success, when one night he attended a missionary meeting at Warrington. He recalled the stories his mother had read, and at once decided to become a missionary.

After a year of private instruction he was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and in company with four other men sailed for South Africa, and safely reached Cape Town in January, 1817. While waiting here for permission to go on to Namaqualand, he learned the Dutch language, which enabled him, later, to preach to the Boers.

The name Africaner is inseparably connected with Namaqualand. That outlaw chief struck terror to the colonists and natives far and near. At last permission was granted, and in spite of the dire predictions of the farmers, and the hardships of the way, Ebner, Kitchingman, and Moffat pushed steadily on until they reached the kraal of Africaner. Here Moffat lived for six months in a beehive hut, which the women had made for him in half an hour. He started a school which Africaner attended regularly. The latter began to read the New Testament, soon making it his constant companion. The effect of his reading became very apparent. Instead of committing depredations, he now became a peacemaker.

In 1819 Moffat visited Cape Town, taking the converted chief with him. The money that had been offered as a prize for the outlaw's head, was now used in purchasing presents for him.

While Mr. Moffat was in Cape Town, he was asked by the directors of the society to start a mission at Kuruman among the Bechuanas, instead of returning to Namaqualand. Among these people he spent most of his life. They knew nothing of God or worship of any kind. They practised polygamy; they believed in the common rights of property, at least as far as Mr. Moffat was concerned; and at one time they threatened the life of the missionary, charging him with bringing a drought.

Finally after ten years of faithful work, six converts were baptized, and the first church was organized. During these anxious years Moffat had made several exploring expeditions, and had mastered the language. By 1825 a spelling-book, catechism, and small portions of the Scriptures were ready for the press. In 1830 he went to Cape Town, learned the printing trade, and returned with a printing-outfit. From this time the work prospered.

In 1839 he went to England to have the New Testament printed in the Bechuana language, returning again in 1843 to the great joy of the natives, whose confidence he had completely won. By 1849 the books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" had been added to the Bechuana literature; and by 1857 the stupendous task of translating the Old Testament had been completed.

Moffat now felt that his great work was done. However, he remained thirteen years longer, doing a faithful work at Kuruman, and making exploring expeditions among other tribes, thus opening the way for future missionaries. Among these might be mentioned David Livingstone, who married Mr. Moffat's oldest daughter.

In 1870 Mr. Moffat and his wife, who had been a sharer in all his hardships and labors, returned to England, and there filled many engagements in the interests of missions. In 1883 he died, having reached his eighty-seventh year. EDGAR BRIGHAM.

Truths of the Message Illustrated — No. 2

"WHY devote so much time and money in an effort to bring Christians and others to the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath? why lay so much stress on the definite day?"—To demonstrate our loyalty to God. The stars and stripes, the flag of a free people, is re-

spected by every loyal citizen; but would it not be regarded as an insult to the government should I tear it from the flag-pole, trample it under my feet, and cause to fly from the flag-pole a flag representing an antagonistic government? By my words I may boast of my freedom and of my loyalty to the government, but who would have the least confidence in my profession while I continue to trample the flag in the dust? God declares the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, to be the *sign* of his authority and power. Eze. 20: 12, 19, 20; Ex. 31: 17. In Isa. 58: 13, God states that some have his sign under their feet, and promises a blessing upon those who will take their feet from off his day, and find delight in honoring it. Reader, which flag is on your flag-pole,— Sunday, the sign of apostasy and rebellion, or the seventh day, a sign of loyalty to God and his Word?

On his arrival home each night, a father is greeted by his children with marked expressions of love. After a time, the father decides upon a test by which the children may reveal more fully their loyalty and love. He selects seven very fine oranges; with his pocket-knife he cuts a cross on one. Calling the children together, he tells them that six of the oranges are theirs, but the one with the cross belongs to him, and he would like to receive it on his return home in the evening. All day long he wonders if the children will prove true to his simple request, and on his arrival home calls for his orange. The oldest boy produces an orange, and the father looks in vain for the cross. "This is not my orange; where is the one I marked?" "O, papa," comes the reply, "we could not see any difference in the oranges, so we decided to eat yours, and give you one of ours." Did they do right? Would one of the other oranges do just as well? Not only had they violated an express command, but in doing so they put their will in the place of the father's. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" JOHN N. QUINN.

A Prayer

DROP Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

The Departure

THE West, the fateful West! Rumors from Ekron, a report from Beth-Dagon, alarms from Sharon, word of messengers from Megiddo! The plague of the West had broken out again, and in the defenseless state of the kingdom (defenseless because of the mad demands of the fear-haunted king), town after town had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

The palace at Gibeah was besieged by terrified refugees, who declared that the might of Achish of Gath was not to be measured by the sands of the sea nor the swelling torrent of Jordan. His chariots of iron stretched in unbroken line from the hills of Gilgal to where the waves of the Great Sea laved their wheel-rims. The glitter of the helmets of his warriors made all the plain a blazing sea of brass. His armies of archers, like dark clouds of vultures, were trooping to the horrible feast of Israel slain. And where in his ivory chariot the proud Philistine king followed his van, there moved with him the exiles of Israel, the desert-hardened, battle-scarred veterans of David of the Hold. Sharon was taken, Baal-shalisha, Pirathon, Gilgal, and Betha; Aner had fallen; Dor was threatened; and, last, the passes of Megiddo had been forced. Jezreel, with all its fair fields and towns, lay at the mercy of the victorious invaders. Where was the Saul of the days of Jabesh-Gilead? Where was Jonathan of Michmash? But ah, fathers! Samuel was dead. But ah, warriors! the lion-banner of Judah was unfurld in the armies of the aliens. Ah, mothers in Israel! blessed were the children that died unborn; for the babies of to-day, like the child of Phineas, must be called Ichabod; for the glory was departed.

Out from the palace gates, out amid the cries of the street, the wailings of a city, strode the fierce captain Abner. Before him with brazen bugles marched the royal trumpeters. Striving with all his will to throw over his countenance an expression of confidence and benignity, he bestowed on the people right and left forced smiles of reassurance, here stopping to speak, with rough voice that tried to be smooth, to the frightened child clinging to a disheveled woman's robe; there throwing a look of mingled animation and disdain upon the shrinking forms of men with rent garments and dust-covered heads.

The trumpets began to sound. The alarm of war, with the stirring, martial ring of its intermittent blasts, sounded far over the city and into the camps. At first, short, sharp, incisive, they called only to the royal guards. But soon, winding a longer note, they spoke their message to the first levies of the kingdom. A pause, and yet again — lengthened, protracted, persistent — they swelled to the thunder of the full muster-call. The nation was summoned to battle.

Out from the city gates burst first a body of runners, who, separating, turned straightway to north and to south, to east and to west. They were quickly followed by riders upon swift young dromedaries, who should carry the summons to farther points, that Israel's king and Israel's prince and Israel's captain called forth the people to fight. Let him that bore sword and buckler, let him that drew bow, let him that swung sling, if he be not new builder, if he be not late planter, if he be not but betrothed, if he be not faint-hearted, let him answer the call of the trumpet, and come up to the help of the Lord and of the king.

The night flashed the alarm farther and faster. The beacon-fires flamed up from the rocky cliffs of Benjamin, and leaped to the headlands of Ephraim and Manasseh, Dan, Judah; the mountain-wall of Bashan reflected readily the lurid news, and the shepherds in far Reuben were startled by the sign.

But they stirred not. Muttered the herdsmen of Gad and Reuben, 'Has Ammon risen? Let Saul look to his own borders." In Judah it was said, "Let Ephraim now prove his boastings," and, "Where is David?" Dan cowered in the hill fastnesses; for Dan had seen the might of Achish.

With the morning came the muster and the march. Little Benjamin had poured forth its thousands; and, with the king's body-guard as its heart, the Benjamite army, ordered in ranks of five, poured upon the valley, defiled through the passage of Michmash, and passed into Ephraim's territory.

The king spoke no word, but with rigid features gazed over the ranks of his tribesmen, and then set his face toward the north. To the energetic Abner he left the details of the army's formation and march.

Behind the king rode his sons Abinadab and Melchishua; by his side, Jonathan. That morning the

prince had stood in the midst of his household, and, arrayed in a somber suit of iron mail, newly forged for him, he had bidden a sad farewell. They were few who gathered to speed him. His gentle wife, the mother of his only child, had passed, another Rachel, to the tomb. His servants — the women only, for the men, in the bustle of departure, were busied elsewhere, huddled together at a respectful distance, awed by his changed appearance. Little Mephibosheth, wise with his five years of life, stood forward a little from his nurse, and gazed with archly tilted head to inspect the warrior. But when the father, stepping forward, reached his arms to take him, the child, in sudden fright at the gloomy iron armor, shrank back with a cry into his nurse's arms. In gold and silver and brass he had seen him arrayed before, but what was this black shade of a father, with eyes so dark and awful? He hid his face.

In a moment he heard his father's voice, deep and sweet as when, oh, many, many days ago, it used to call him out to chatter and play among the olives and the vines. He raised his head, and lo, the black cap was gone, and the black eyes were not there; for this was the father of old, with the smiling eyes and the rippling hair and the beautiful curve of the lips. He was all in the snowy white of a mantle that reached to his feet, and he held his arms out, as he used to.

The little master of hearts looked, and turned and looked again, and then into the father's arms he went, and was held close; and he toyed with the long black beard, that had gotten streaks of white since the long-ago days. But, oh, it was a very short time that his father kept him. And why did the smiling eyes grow black again and be full of tears when he looked up into them? In a moment his nurse was taking him away, and she was crying, too, and saying over and over, as if she were answering a question, "Yes, I'll keep thee! Yes, I'll keep thee!" But he hadn't asked her if she would keep him. He would rather his father would keep him or — David.— *A. W. Spaulding, in "A Man of Valor."*

Galilee

UPON the stormy waves afloat
The twelve disciples in their boat
Rowed hard against the sea;
When Jesus, coming from the land,
Drew near the little, fearful band,
Across dark Galilee.

But when they saw him calmly tread
The waters wild, they cried in dread,
Believing not 'twas he.
"'Tis I; 'tis I; be not afraid!"
The loving words that Jesus said
Rang out o'er Galilee.

"If it be thou," then Peter cried,
Across the waters dark and wide
Bid me to come to thee."
Then, "Come!" the Saviour gently said,
And Peter, bold and unafraid,
Stepped out o'er Galilee.

But as he saw the billows high,
He, sinking, raised the humble cry,
"I perish! succor me!"
When Jesus clasped his suppliant hand,
How safely then could Peter stand
On stormy Galilee.

So if we on ourselves rely,
We'll perish with despairing cry
Beneath life's angry sea;
But if we clasp the Hand that saves,
We'll safely walk on wilder waves
Than those of Galilee.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Music Everywhere

THERE is music by the river, and music by the sea,
And music in the waterfall that gusheth glad and free;
There is music in the brooklet that singeth all alone,
There is music in the fountain with its silvery, tinkling tone.

There is music in the forest, a myriad-voicèd song;
And music on the mountains as the great winds rush along;
There is music in the gladness of morning's merry light,
And in silence of the noontide, and in hush of starry night.

— *Selected.*

How Corundum Was Discovered in Canada

MORE than thirty years ago Mr. Henry Robillard and his little daughter were picking berries on what is now known as Craig Mountain, Hastings Co., Eastern Ontario. Suddenly the little girl ran to her father, carrying in her hand a curiously shaped crystal, saying: "Look, papa, this is just like the stopper of our cruet bottle." Mr. Robillard stopped picking berries to examine the curiosity, wondering who had been so foolish as to try to make a cruet stopper out of stone. Then he sat down upon a rock, and was astonished to notice that the rock was stuffed full of "cruet stoppers, like plums in a plum-pudding." Further examination showed that the entire hill, or mountain, was composed of the same kind of rock, and that every portion of it contained the same kind of peculiar crystals.

Those "cruet stoppers" were pure corundum. The rock in which they were imbedded was feldspar, and the hill on which was located the berry patch is one of the largest ore bodies known to exist. As a result of the chance discovery made by the little girl's sharp eyes, the largest corundum mine in the world is now in operation in Eastern Ontario. A thriving town has been built up at the foot of the hill, and a very important addition has been made to Canada's list of mineral industries.

Just as the diamond is composed of crystallized carbon, so is corundum composed of crystallized alumina. Many of the world's most precious jewels are nothing but highly colored crystals of corundum. If the color is clear red, the stone is known as a ruby; if dark blue, it is a sapphire; if yellow or green, it is topaz or emerald. Next to the diamond, it is the hardest substance known in nature; and to this hardness is due the commercial value of the varieties not distinguished as gems. It is used as an abrasive, and is necessary in many of the arts and manufactures, such as for grinding and polishing plate glass; and, in the form of abrasive wheels, for grinding tools and in the making of various agricultural implements. Until after the discovery of the corundum deposits of Craig Mountain, this mineral was most familiar in the form known as emery, which is an impure corundum. The emery of commerce is a mixture of corundum grains with iron ore. To the grains of corundum it owes its value, so that pure corundum is many times more valuable as an abrasive material than emery. To supply the world's demands, about fifty thousand tons of emery are required every year, most of this being obtained from Turkey and the island of Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago. Since the

opening of the Canadian mines, the shipments from Greece and Turkey to Canada and the United States have rapidly declined, and it is probable that before many years have passed, Ontario will supply the demands of the Western Hemisphere for high-grade abrasives, and will also ship a considerable quantity to the Old World.

The mining of corundum at Craig Mountain is very simple. The whole body of the mountain is composed of feldspar, through which the corundum crystals are scattered. Underground workings are therefore unnecessary, and the mine is nothing but a huge, open-air quarry, in which the masses of rock are blasted down, ready to be broken up and conveyed to the reduction works.

The only difficult problem the owners of the corundum mine have had to contend with is the separation of the pure corundum crystals from the solid rock in which they are imbedded. The rock is first crushed into pieces, the largest not more than an inch square, and these pieces are then conveyed automatically between two large, solid steel rolls. The rolls further reduce the size of the fragments until the largest are no larger than peas. The ore then passes into the "jigs."

These are huge boxes, in one side of which are dashers, or plungers, which work up and down like the dasher of a churn. On the other side of these boxes are wire screens, placed about six inches below the top. The crushed ore is fed into these screens, which are too fine to allow the grains to pass through. When the plunger goes in on the one side, the water is forced up through the screens, lifting the crushed ore, which is called the "pulp." As the water recedes, the pulp drops back, or a part of it at least; but at every dash of the plunger a portion of the rock is washed over the screen. As the corundum is much heavier than the rock in which it is imbedded, nothing but the worthless rock is washed away. In this manner the separation proceeds until nothing but grains of pure corundum are left.

However, the corundum grains are still too coarse for commercial use. They are again passed through another set of powerful rolls, to be further pulverized. Some grains of magnetite — a kind of iron ore — still remain; and these are taken out by means of a separator. The corundum then passes into another magnetic separator, which grades it into different-sized grains. The largest grains are one twelfth of an inch in diameter, and the smallest one two hundredth of an inch. The screens used for this separation are of the finest and softest silk. If wire or anything hard and unyielding is employed, the sharp, hard grains of corundum will cut it away; but on the elastic, yielding silk they have very little effect. The last process of all is to pack the grains into wooden casks, each branded "C. C. C."— Canada Corundum Company. These casks have gone to almost every civilized country in the world, and corundum is now recognized as the most distinctive of all the products of the Dominion.

It is interesting to know that the little girl whose powers of observation led to such important results still lives at the foot of Craig Mountain. Her name is Mrs. Kelley, and her husband is foreman of the mine that is located where she picked berries more than thirty years ago. She is now the mother of several little girls and boys of her own, and doubtless has told them the story of the "cruet stoppers" she found in the berry field when she was a little girl.— *John L. Cowan, in the Children's Visitor.*

The First Declaration of Independence in America

IT took place a hundred years before the Colonial Congress passed their famous act in Carpenter's Hall at Philadelphia. That was in 1776. The first Declaration of Independence in America occurred in 1676, so that it was just a century earlier than the other. Singularly enough, too, it took place on the fourth of July. The story of this first Independence Day is intimately associated with a very important event in early American history.

It was in Virginia, where Sir William Berkeley, a sturdy old aristocrat, who had been appointed governor by King Charles I, managed to get all the power into his hands and those of his friends. He was a selfish old tyrant, who cared for nothing but his own personal gain, and to have his own way. The people were oppressed by unjust taxes, and while Berkeley and his friends were making enormous fortunes, the poor planters were becoming poorer.

Just at this time, to make matters worse, an Indian war broke out. All along the frontier the savages rushed in upon the defenseless settlers, inaugurating a reign of terror. Several hundred of the whites were massacred. Governor Berkeley was petitioned for aid, but he and his friends were making a good deal of money out of the fur trade, and if troops were sent against the Indians this profitable traffic would be stopped. So he refused the military assistance asked for.

The people murmured, but they could not help themselves, and Governor Berkeley strutted around in his velvet and lace and jewels and kept adding to his heap of gold-pieces, and the Indians continued their inroads. At last one of the Virginians, a brave and able young man by the name of Nathaniel Bacon, declared that if he heard of another white man being killed by the Indians, he would lead a force against the savages without the governor's permission.

Not long afterward the Indians rushed in and killed several white men on Bacon's plantation. The young hero was as good as his word. He gathered a force of freeholders, and set off after the red men. As he marched along the plantations, they came out all around and crying, "A Bacon! A Bacon!" to join him. At the head of six hundred "well-armed housekeepers," he swept upon the Indian towns, and inflicted injuries upon them that quite disheartened them. Meanwhile Berkeley had proclaimed him a "rebel," and a force of militia was sent to arrest the daring young Virginian. But the people stood by their leader, and the governor was forced to make peace with them by promising to let them choose a new legislature.

The new Assembly gave Bacon a commission as general to fight the Indians, but Berkeley refused to sign it. As some of the Assembly sided with the governor, the young planter returned to his plantation on the James. But the country was all on fire. Men's minds were ripe for rebellion. All Virginia was shouting "Bacon! Bacon!" There was no resisting the current. Armed with good broadswords and "fusils," they turned out from lowland manor house, log cabin,

and plantation, and six hundred "well-armed housekeepers," with Bacon at their head, rode to Jamestown.

It was a sultry summer day — July 3, at about two o'clock in the afternoon — when the young patriots arrived at the capital. His horsemen bivouaced upon the green in the heart of the little village, and their commander went at once to work. Virginia was in flagrant revolution.

Bacon's drums and trumpets brought Berkeley upon the scene. With all his faults he was no coward. Arrayed as if going to a ball, the fiery old cavalier tore out upon the green, and walking straight toward Bacon, pulled open the lace upon his bosom. "Here! shoot me!" he cried wrathfully. "Fore God a fair mark, shoot!"

But Bacon was not there to shoot any one, but simply to demand his rights.

"No, your honor," he said, "we will not hurt the hair of your head, nor of any other man's. We are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

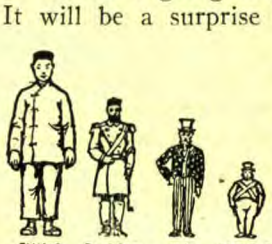
The governor and the burgesses talked it over, but nothing was done that night. But the next morning Bacon and his followers surged into the Assembly, sword in hand, and amid cries of, "We will have it! we will have it!" Berkeley was forced to sign a commission. It was a great triumph for the Virginian rebels. At the same time the legislature passed some good laws for the relief of the people. These laws were remembered long after Nathaniel Bacon's death, and were known as "Bacon's Laws."

In the warm sunlight of the July day, and while the mists of morning still lay around Jamestown, Bacon and his men marched away. He and his "well-armed housekeepers" disappeared, and "Bacon's Rebellion" passed into history. But the incident shows how, even in those early days, the spirit of resistance to tyranny and oppression lived in the hearts of the American people. There is no more dramatic chapter in colonial history than the story of the first American Declaration of Independence.— *Fred Myron Colby, in The United Presbyterian.*

A Good Word for China

MRS. HELEN E. GARDNER, who has been six years in touring the world, has spent considerable time in China. She says of this country: —

"China is going to give us a tremendous surprise. It will be a surprise such as the world has never known. The whole country is waking up — its men, women, and children are working toward an end that will open the eyes of the world. They are doing it quietly, and one can not tell how, because they keep their own secrets. But it is coming; and the women are taking a large part in the awakening of the kingdom. It is they who are responsible for the boycott of Japan. Indeed, yes; the women prevail in every enlightened country.



Comparative population of China

"China is getting a wonderful army, and is sending thousands of its students abroad to study, just as Japan did. It is believed the government superintends and manages these educational enterprises, but no one knows. China does not tell."

A Narrow Escape

THE *Denver News* reports the following story related by Attorney J. W. Donovan, in a case in the recorder's court, which shows how a touch of nature makes the world kin, and develops beneath a rough exterior the principles of tender sympathy and kindly charity: —

"On a hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch farther north, near Helena, Tex., and passing down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of about twelve mounted Texan rangers overtook the herdsman, and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

"It was before the day of law and court-houses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree, a warning to others in like cases.

"The poor fellow was completely overcome. The rangers consulted apart for a few minutes, and then told him if he had any explanations to make or business to attend to, they would allow him ten minutes to do so and defend himself.

"He turned to the rough faces and said: 'How many of you have wives?' Two or three nodded. 'How many of you have children?' They nodded again.

"'Then I know to whom I am talking, and you'll hear me;' and he continued, 'I never stole any cattle. I have lived in this section of the country over three years. I came from New Hampshire. I failed in the fall of '57 during the panic. I have been saving. I have no home here; my family remain East, for I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country. Days seem months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for letters from home [here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife] I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts,' and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. 'I expect to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture,' and he kissed it tenderly, and continued, "Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I am dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it.'

"'Hold on, now; stop right thar!' said a rough ranger. 'Now, I say, boys,' he continued, 'I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy: that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free, but you're lucky, mind ye.'

"'We'll do more than that,' said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; let's buy his cattle here and let him go.'

They did, and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him

helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback, for the nearest staging route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-by, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw. — *The Common People.*

What's in a Name?

BY the Puritan book of discipline, the minister was not allowed to baptize children by the names of Richard, Robert, etc., which savored of paganism; they were to use Scripture names, such as Obadiah, Zephaniah, and Hezekiah, which are so common among the descendants of the Puritans. The name of the Speaker of the Long Parliament was "Praise-God Barebones." The names of a jury in Sussex are thus given in "Broom's Travels:" Accepted Trevor, Redeemed Compton, Faint-not Hewitt, Make-Peace Heaton, God-Reward Smart, Hope-for Bending, Earth Adams, Called Lower, Kill-Sin Pimple, Return Spelman, Be-Faithful Joiner, Fly-Debate Roberts, Fight-the-good Fight-of-Faith White, More-Fruit Fowler, Stand-fast-on-High Stringer, Graceful Herding, Weep-not Billing, Meek Brewer.—*William Logan Fisher, in "Institution of the Sabbath Day," pages 92, 93.*

Perfect Peace

Two Americans who were crossing the Alantic Ocean met on Sunday night to sing hymns in the cabin. As they sang, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," one of them heard behind him a rich voice. He looked around, and though he did not know the face, he thought he recognized the voice; and when the music ceased, he asked the man if he had not been in the Civil War. He replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" "Yes, and a curious thing happened that night, and this hymn recalled it to my mind. It was a very dark night and cold; and I was a little frightened, as the enemy was very near. I felt homesick and miserable, and about midnight, when everything was very still, I began singing to myself and praying. I remember singing,—

"'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

"After I had sung these words, a strange peace came upon me, and through the long night I knew no more fear."

"Now," said the other man, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, though I didn't see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting for the word to fire; but when you sang, 'Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing,' I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles.' I could not kill you after that."— *Selected.*

What Scientists Say of the Human Race

A Common Origin

THE repeated and persistent efforts of a few unscrupulous persons to mix our currency with counterfeit money, in order to obtain a livelihood other than by the sweat of their brow, is suggestive of the efforts put forth by the "father of lies" to corrupt the truth of the gospel, and by deception cause the downfall of many who otherwise might come to a knowledge of the Christ. Science falsely so-called is one of his most successful methods of accomplishing his purpose; and it is refreshing in these days, when a multiplicity of "scientific" voices are raised to discredit the sacred Scriptures of the Christian Church, to listen to a few who speak the truth, confirming the Word of God:—

All men belong to one species. In all tribes and nations and in all stages of culture, man has the same general features of physical form and mental growth. He has the same number of pulse-beats and of inhalations in a minute, the same average temperature, the same wants, and the same passions.— *Prof. John H. Hittell, "History of Mental Growth."*

We are fully satisfied that all the races of man are, as the Bible clearly expresses it, of one blood; the black man, the red man, and the white man are links in one great chain of relationship, and are children who have descended from one common parent.— *Dr. John Charles Hall, in his introduction to Pickering's "Races of Men."*

There was originally but one human species, which, after multiplying and spreading on the whole surface of the earth, has undergone various changes by the influences of climate, food, mode of living, epidemic diseases, and the mixture of dissimilar individuals.— *George Louis L. Buffon, "Natural History."*

It can no longer remain doubtful to any reasonable man that the stately Brahmin, and the gay Frenchman, and the restless Albanian, and the Irish peasant, and the Russian serf, and the Lithuanian farmer, and the English gentleman, and the Dutch boor, nay, even the poor, outcast, wandering gypsy, all speak languages which were once a single and undivided form of human speech, and are all sprung from ancestors who radiated from one geographical center, which was their common home.— *Professor Farrar, in "Language and Languages."*

Early Home of the Race

Asia has been in all times regarded as the country where the human race had its beginning, received its first education, and from which its increase was spread over the rest of the globe. Tracing people up to tribes, and tribes up to families, we are conducted at last, if not by history, at least by tradition of all old people, to a single pair from which families, tribes, and nations have been successively produced.— *Johann Christoph Adelung, philologist and librarian, Dresden.*

Until it can be proved that matter can think and feel and choose, I take the existence of thought not our own in nature as proof of the existence in nature of a personal thinker not ourselves.— *Professor Agassiz, in his "Essay on Classification."*

Posterity will one day laugh at the foolishness of modern materialistic philosophers. The more I study nature, the more I stand amazed at the works of the Creator.— *Pasteur.*

There is not a particle of living matter of any kind which can be explained except on the view that it depends on God. The living particles themselves, and their action during life, can only be reasonably accounted for by attributing them to vital power created, sustained, and regulated from the beginning by the living God. The finite, designing, directing, sustaining power of the eternal living God, as it seems to me, looking from the science side only, must be acknowledged in every kind of living matter and at every period of life.— *Professor Beale.*

Forty years ago I asked Liebig if he believed that

(*Concluded on page fifteen*)

··CHILDREN'S··PAGE··

A "Band of Mercy" Girl

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl of eight years approached, and said,—

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the man-hole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled, and said: "Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts today. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

"I AM A CALIFORNIA BOY"

The crowd swarmed around the cart, many hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*New York Sun.*

He Was Willing to Be a Porter

A True Incident

"I MET him one morning in December," said a friend of his, who relates the story, "and he told me that he was worth one hundred thousand dollars, which he had made in railroad stocks. A year later, he told me he was not worth a dollar, and I lent him five dollars to keep him alive. Soon after, I observed that he had been brooding over his misfortunes until his mind was almost unbalanced. I told him that he must go to work. He replied that he would try, and would not refuse any kind of labor.

"Across the street he saw a man rolling barrels out of a store. He asked the man if he knew of any work.

"'I believe that they want another porter here,' said the man; 'that's the only work I know of.' In he went and secured the position. He began the trucking and barrel-rolling, which, for a time, tore the soft skin of his hands and made his back stiff with pain.

"His employers were dealers in paint and oil, in a large Eastern city. Not very long after my friend had taken the position as porter, a vacancy occurred in the canning department. The new porter had shown himself to be a particularly faithful and intelligent man, and his employers decided to try him in the vacant place. For nearly a year he kept at his work. The firm noticed that he was an exceedingly good man for the place, but there was no vacant position higher up the ladder. At length the Civil War came, and the paint-and-oil firm was caught with large outstanding sums in the South, and began to look about for some representative to go there. Some one suggested that the superintendent of the canning department might be a good man to send. He was asked if he could furnish references. He said that he could, and gave the names of some of his friends. When inquiries were made, his friends said that he was an intelligent and capable man, and could fill any position.

"He was sent on the difficult commission. The markets were in a fitful condition, and those who were owing the firm hardly knew their own standing and the value of their stock from day to day. But the agent acted discreetly. Where he could not settle for cash, he took anything the concerns had, and turned it over. So shrewd was his judgment that he not only covered his claims, but in some cases made enormously profitable settlements. One instance of this happened at New Orleans. Through favors he secured, he was permitted to negotiate with some houses there which owed his employers, but had nothing to settle with unless he would take turpentine and linseed-oil. Knowing that these articles would bring four or five times, in the North, what they were offered to him for, he accepted the offers.

"At length, all the business was settled and he returned home, and was again placed in the canning department. But his employers sent for him, and said, 'We have a better place for you.' They asked him to figure up what his time was worth from the beginning. They took him into the office, and made him their credit man. He served them in that capacity for some years at a good salary. Before he left the firm, he was again worth one hundred thousand dollars."

Not every young man who is willing to begin at the bottom and work can depend upon similar advancement. But it is true that if a young man has capacity, he is far more likely to win if he is not afraid of hard and humble work.—*T. B. Wilson.*

"WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

The Kingship of Self-Control

MAN comes to earth, not as a finished product, but as a bundle of great possibilities. And with all provision made by God through Christ, for a great and noble character, the question of what we are to become depends upon our choice, our will, our self-control. We indeed become architects of our own fate. Every hour of his conscious life, man is either king or slave.

God's provision for man's salvation being granted, there remain three principal factors that determine what we are to become; namely, heredity, environment, and the will. The first two, heredity and environment, alone determine what the life of the lower animals shall be; but with man, the will, more than both of these together, determines character and destiny.

But young men and women often try to hide behind their heredity or environment, giving these as excuses for their waywardness. A young man who was addicted to the use of tobacco, when urged to give up the filthy habit, answered that he could not, that the craving for tobacco was born in him, that he had inherited it from his father; but when he was asked why his sister did not inherit the habit, he knew not what to say.

Others plead that they are what they are because of unfavorable surroundings. What a betrayal of weakness is such an excuse as this! A tourist visiting the place where Daniel Webster grew up, upon seeing the towering hills and rugged rocks which encircle the statesman's home, exclaimed, "No wonder such surroundings as these produced a Daniel Webster!" But if rugged environments like this can produce great men, pray tell why that country has not produced another Daniel Webster. No; greatness is not developed that way.

Enoch walked with God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; and we must not forget that our Lord and Saviour grew up in a city so wicked that it was quite usual for the Jews to ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

We must settle it once for all, that our destiny is determined neither by heredity nor by environment. "Every human being, created in the image of God, is endowed with power akin to that of the Creator,—individuality, power to think and to do."—*"Education," page 17.* The will sits enthroned above every other faculty of the mind; it is the court of appeal in our mental make-up. True, the mind thinks, but the will decides what we shall think. The mind also sees and hears, but the will decides where we shall go to see and hear. We speak, but the will can stop any thought in mid-sentence. This power, the will, determines whether or not we shall possess self-control; it determines our destiny, and "the highest evidence of nobility in a Christian is self-control."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Oct. 31, 1907.*

In these latter days, men are learning to control many things. The powers of nature are being enslaved by man. Niagara, which for generations has defied man's skill, and thrilled his heart with awe, now bows in humble service at his feet. The great beds of coal, which for centuries have lain undisturbed, now at man's bidding come forth to do his work, to bear his burdens. The very lightning of the thunder-cloud is placed under the yoke, and yields to man its mysterious service.

Man again stands forth as the conqueror of the world; but, as was the case with Alexander the Great, he has conquered the whole world — except Alexander.

Men control the powers of nature, but they can not control themselves. The self-control of the race is becoming constantly weaker. The consumption of alcohol and tobacco, and other injurious indulgences, are constantly increasing. Above the door of every saloon, penitentiary, brothel, and gambling den may truthfully be inscribed: "For the lack of self-control." But this human weakness is not confined to these places of ill repute. Too often it permeates the every-day life. The largest share of life's annoyances, its heartaches, its irritations, is caused by uncontrolled tongues. It has been said that the second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun — the first is the human tongue. The gun merely destroys bodies; the tongue kills reputations, and oftentimes characters. The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying, and scandal. Theft and murder are terrible crimes, yet in any single year, the total sorrow, pain, and suffering they cause is small when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue.

"There are pillows wet with tears; there are noble hearts broken in the silence whence comes no cry of protest; there are gentle, sensitive natures seared and warped; there are old-time friends separated, and walking their lonely ways with hope dead and memory but a pang; there are cruel misunderstandings that make all life look dark,— these are but a few of the sorrows that come from uncontrolled tongues."—*Wm. G. Jordan.*

But to come still closer home to the every-day of life. Do you permit yourself to become noisy and attract attention on the street or in public places? If so, you are telling the world more plainly than words could speak it, that you lack self-control.

Have you permitted the love of dress to come into your life and cause you to adorn yourself in a manner not modest, not sensible, not Christian? Then you are this moment, not king, not queen, but slave. You are bowing low, worshiping at the shrine of the goddess Fashion,— not master, king, but servant, slave.

Young man, every cigar, every cigarette, and every bottle drained into the death-dealing cup, is labeled, "For lack of self-control." Every angry word and every oath betrays this shameful weakness.

But there is hope and power for those who will. The weakest mortal may, with the help that comes from above, become a nobleman in the kingdom of God on earth. "Each victory helps you some other to win." There is in the legends of the Northmen, a belief that the strength of an enemy slain enters into the slayer. This is true of character. The strength of every difficulty that opposes us, when overcome, strengthens us for other battles.

General Sheridan once related this experience: "One of my brave soldier boys on the field, said to me just before the battle, when he gave me his message

to his mother,—'Tell her I kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said, 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

How true are the words of inspiration: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

O. J. GRAF.

The Aristocracy of Labor

NOT every one can be an aristocrat, else there would be no aristocracy. The term implies a selection; and, in point of fact, that selection is always going on. I am a democrat, but I believe that with the truest democracy the inclusion of an aristocracy is inevitable. Democracy, a government by the people, involves personal self-government, and that involves the training by every person of his individual powers. Men are not created on a dead level, like the green sea; they are not meant to rise all to the same height, and live on a monotonous plane. Like the earth, humanity is meant to show heights and depths, broad expanses and delightful narrownesses. Yet in all this there would need to be no jealousies; for every one might belong to an aristocracy. One who fills his place is as noble as one who fills another rightful place. The crag can not say to the valley, "I scorn you," nor the marsh to the orchard, "I despise your formality."

No; the aristocracy is inevitable simply because some one will not fulfil their destiny, because they will not work. And so general is the scorn or the dread of work, that the few who will work must necessarily rise above their fellows, and form the aristocracy of labor.

This is the proudest aristocracy in the world: for it is formed by bone and brawn and brain, not by dead men's reputations. It is the most ancient aristocracy; for its first human member was the solitary king whose domains stretched over all the world. It is the most valuable aristocracy: for its members are the only ones who add more to the world's wealth and wisdom than they take. And to belong to it requires only the proper, earnest use of whatever faculties one has.

The man who works is the man who succeeds. Said the Master, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." In him is exemplified the perfection of success. Nothing failed which he attempted; apparent failures were only successes in other directions. When in Judas he failed to gain a disciple, he riveted to him the hearts of hundreds. When he lost his life, he gave eternity to the race. Christ always worked. He never idled, he never amused himself, he never dissipated his strength. There was before him an object so great that he could not yield to the temptation to turn aside. He pressed forward, employing the best force of mind and body to gain his end, and building up every power by every known means, that he might the more quickly and thoroughly accomplish his work. He is the Prince of workers.

The secret of this ability to work untiringly, unwaveringly, is to see clearly the end desired, and to feel keenly its need. It does not demand — indeed, it forbids — unceasing activity; it requires time for rest, for meditation, for study. But it does not allow of idleness, amusement, and dissipation. The aristocracy of labor is a guild in league with the universe.

A. W. SPAULDING.

Don't Delay

THE great temptation which the enemy of all souls presents to the young, if possible more than to any others, is that of delay. He persuades the youth that there is plenty of time for them to think of religion; that there is no need to burden their young lives with thoughts of a serious nature. O what a mistake! What says the sacred Word?—"Now is the day of salvation,"—now, "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them,"—and, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Now, when our lives are full of activity and increasing strength of mind and body, is when we can render the best service to our Creator. We can not only lead Christian lives, and do Christian acts, and set a Christian example; but if we put on the yoke of Christ in our youth, we have the great advantage, which we could not have in later life, of growing into maturity, of educating under the tutorship of Christ. Thus we may give all our lives to the service of our Saviour, instead of only a part, as we could but do later in life. Think of the example of the One who loved us, and gave himself for us. Not only was his mature life given for us, but every day and hour of his life. Then do we not owe him all our lives? The sweet, divine child-life and youth were as verily given for us as were the days when he was smitten for our fault, and died on the cross for our sins. Let us therefore devote all our lives, not leaving out the bright, active days of childhood and youth, to the service of God. Let us find our pleasure in helping others to know and love him; in preparing ourselves and helping others to prepare, for eternal life and happiness. We shall dwell first in the kingdom of God the Father for one thousand years and then in the earth made new, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and wherein is the beautiful city described in Revelation 21. There our dear Saviour will be our King forever and ever. Let us compare these pleasures with the empty pleasures of the world, and thank God that we chose to follow the "strait and narrow way" at the beginning of life's journey.

IVA LAWSON.

Difficulties Overcome

BY an accident I became totally blind, at the age of ten years. I had been in school several years, and had learned something of arithmetic, geography, and grammar. My father, who was an excellent classical teacher, determined to continue my education through my ears. It was a task of great labor on his part, but he persevered, being assisted after a few years by my sister. He taught me the usual branches of a liberal education, including Latin, Greek, French, and mathematics. My first employment was teaching school, in which I had fair success, but I soon found my vocation in journalism, first in Danville, and afterward in Lynchburg, Virginia. Of course I had to employ a reader to read my exchanges, and to write at my dictation, but I found no great difficulty in the work, and the employment was very congenial. For years I wrote practically all the editorials for two daily papers. Last year I retired from editorial work, being seventy-four years old. Since that time I have been writing for Sunday papers and magazines. After I was sixty I learned to read the New York point type, and two years ago I learned to write on the Remington typewriter.—*Samuel H. Miller.*

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Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

India — No. 1

PROGRAM: —

General Description.
Among the People.
Religions of India.
The Women of India.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.—"India," says one writer, "is amazing and stupefying at the first glance, and amazing and stupefying it remains to the last. It strikes you as very, very old,— burned out, sapless, tired." The first thing that impresses one on arriving in India is the density of population. Into a territory less than half the size of the United States are crowded three times as many people,— about three hundred million. It is not a united nation, but simply a motley mass of humanity, speaking more than a hundred different tongues.

The people of India have a special claim upon our interest; for they are relatives of ours, having descended from the same splendid Aryan stock. They have been called an oft-conquered people. Centuries ago, when the Hebrew race was being led by Moses out of Egyptian bondage, a highly intelligent Aryan tribe was pushing its way from the north across the great Himalayas into India. The natives, an inferior race, were gradually subdued by the invaders. Among the descendants of the native tribes are the Burmese, the Santali, the Tamil, and the Telugu peoples. The Hindus, who make up about two thirds of the population, are mixed descendants of the conquerors and conquered.

Before the Christian era, India suffered from the invasions of the Persian Darius and the mighty conqueror, Alexander the Great. A more important invasion was that of the Mohammedans in the seventh century A. D. India is to-day the greatest Mohammedan country in the world, more than one fourth of the followers of Mohammed being found there. The European explorers of the fifteenth century visited India, and returned with marvelous tales of the riches of the land. It was their glowing account which started Columbus on his adventurous journey which led to the discovery of America in 1492.

The Dutch carried on an extensive trade, and were powerful in India until 1800, when England assumed the authority of governing, which she has held ever since. In 1599 the Dutch raised the price on black pepper from three to eight shillings a pound. This act led to the formation of the famous East India Company in England. It was the opposition of this commercial company that Carey and the early missionaries were forced to meet. After the mutiny of 1857 the East India Company was dissolved, and soon afterward Queen Victoria was proclaimed empress of India. During this terrible mutiny thirty-seven missionary families and a multitude of native Christians were cruelly slain. These beautiful words of trust and resignation were written just before the death of one of these martyrs: "We are in God's hands, and we know that he reigns. We have no place to flee for shelter, but under the covert of his wings. Should I be called to lay down my life, most joyfully would I die for him who laid down his life for me."

AMONG THE PEOPLE.— The majority of India's great population are agriculturalists, and live in small, mud-walled villages. In these villages life is simplicity itself; poverty and want exist everywhere. The average Indian income is three cents a day, and it is estimated that forty million people subsist on one scant meal a day. Famines are of frequent occurrence. In the last twenty-five years no less than twenty million deaths have occurred from starvation. The people are lifeless and unprogressive. They use the same plows to-day that were used two thousand years ago. One traveler says of them, "It tires one to see the fixedness, the apathy, the lifelessness, of a great population which should by right be up and striving." Not more than six in one hundred men, and ten in one thousand women, can read. In hundreds of villages not one can be found who is able to read or write.

RELIGIONS OF INDIA.— If we are to judge a tree by its fruits, the religions of India are a colossal failure. "Two thirds of the population are Brahmins, which," says a careful observer, "is the only system of belief worse than having no religion at all." The characteristics of their belief are the pantheistic idea that God is all, and all is God, and transmigration of the soul after death. Of them it can in all truth be said, that they are without hope and without God in the world." The extreme hopelessness of their lives is pathetically expressed in these lines, copied from an Indian folk-song: —

"How many births are past I can not tell,
How many yet to come no man can say,
But this alone I know, and know full well,
That pain and grief embitter all the way."

The Hindu is naturally religious. He will bring upon himself the greatest physical torture to rid himself of the burden of sin which weighs heavily upon his heart. A touching story is told of a Hindu mother who was one day seen walking toward the Ganges. She led by one hand a little boy, a beautiful, healthy child, and by the other a little girl whose form was thin and wasted. She explained to an English soldier, who stopped to converse, that the gods were angry with her, and this was why her little girl was sick. Later the soldier met the poor women again, but now the little boy was missing. She had drowned her child in the waters of the Ganges, with the hope of thus appeasing the anger of the gods. When asked why she had not sacrificed the sick child instead of her much-loved boy, she replied, "Do you think I would offer to my god anything but my best?"

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.— It has been said that the civilization of a people is measured by the regard they hold for their women. Judging India by this standard, her civilization is of the lowest type; for scarcely can be found a people who heap greater wrongs upon womankind than do the Hindus. The girl's birth is unwelcomed, and according to an Arabic proverb, "The threshold weeps for forty days when a girl is born." Her parents consider it a religious duty to arrange for the marriage of their daughter, before she reaches maturity, and often a child of seven or eight is given in marriage to a man of fifty or sixty. A native Hindu lady pleads, "If you English and American ladies accomplish nothing else in India, be

sure and do all you can to break up the custom of early marriage."

The custom of child marriage naturally results in a large number of widows. It is estimated that there are twenty-seven million widows in India to-day, and of these, fourteen thousand are less than four years of age. The misery of the despised widow's life is indescribable. Before the days of Carey she was burned upon the funeral pile of her husband, and this act was often performed by her own children. Though this custom is now prohibited by the English government, the sufferings of the widows are so great that many would prefer burning to the lives which they are compelled to live. What wonder that one of the sufferers cried out, "O Lord! save us, for we can not bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O, God of mercy! our prayer to thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India." He who has declared himself the God of the fatherless and the widow will surely listen to their cry. India's only hope is found in the gospel. Shall we carry to them the glad tidings of a soon-coming Saviour?

"Where wast thou sick, Lord, and we knew it not?
Had we but known, how swift had been our feet
To bear us to thy couch! Ah, service sweet
To watch beside thee in the desert spot."

"Far off I lay, in heathen lands forgot
By thee and all. The blood of lepers beat
In the poor limbs. . . . The sun
Shone in an Indian room; thou didst not see
My form on that bare floor. Those broken hearts
Thou didst not bind. For that thou hast not done
It unto these, thou didst it not to me."

Note: If the Society has no map, we would suggest that some member make one to be used during the studies on India.

EMILY JOHNSON.

Paul, the Great Missionary Example

THE apostle Paul was the first great foreign missionary of the Christian Church, and, as such, his life has been a powerful example for the followers of Christ in all succeeding ages.

The time had come when the gospel was to go to the Gentiles, and a great character was needed to give to it its first grand impetus. Paul was the man for the hour. He could do a work which none of the twelve could do, first, because he was highly educated; and, second, because he was better acquainted with the conditions of the people. Being reared in a Gentle city, he had himself witnessed the debasing influence of heathenism; and being by nature a Jew, he had endured the spiritual bondage of Phariseeism.

The study of Paul's life is of special importance to us to-day. In a true sense, we may look to him as a type of the closing work of the gospel which is now due to the world. He bore a special message for his time, and he had a parallel object in view; namely, the evangelization of the world in a generation. And, marvelous as it may appear, he did not fall short of his purpose.

We can get from Paul the true force of human example. A single glimpse into his life will show that he was a man in a thousand points as we are. When at Lystra the people fell down to worship him and Barnabas, he said to them, "Sirs, . . . we are men of like passions with you." And he was not ashamed to call himself the "chief of sinners."

Paul's life of unselfish service began immediately after his conversion. He did not wait at Damascus for opportunity to come to him, but he seized the opportunity, and began at once preaching Christ crucified.

Paul was moved with a power from within. Realizing the lost condition of the thousands about him, he could not stand still, for the love of Christ constrained him.

In further consideration, let us notice two things; first, his missionary principles; second, his missionary methods. Paul's first principle was to live a righteous life. What made him the power that he was is that he had experienced the atonement in his own life. These are his words: "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." It was a principle in Paul's work to trust implicitly in the guidance and keeping power of God. He kept in close communion with the One who had called him, and he knew that his promises were sure. A marked characteristic in Paul's life was humility. He had ample opportunity to become self-exalted, but he never allowed such a spirit to enter his life. He ever remained the same humble apostle and servant of Jesus Christ. For all his wonderful achievements, Paul never claimed any credit for himself. Through Christ he had conquered, and to him alone he gave the praise. One is impressed with Paul's disposition. In spite of all his trials and sufferings, he never murmured nor complained. There is, indeed, no record of human example where such an accumulation of difficulties were so victoriously met, or sufferings so cheerfully borne.

If the example of Paul has any force at all, it certainly will be of vital importance to know something of his missionary methods. In all respects, he followed the plan of God. Being himself sent out by an organized body, through the direction of the Holy Ghost, Paul was a firm believer in organization. Wherever he went, he established his work by organizing churches and placing elders over them. He also instituted plans among them for raising funds for missions. Besides, Paul had the faculty of giving away his work, as his responsibilities increased. He enlisted helpers wherever he could find them. An interesting feature of Paul's general method is that he aimed at the large centers. He almost invariably struck at the cities, and as a result, Christianity gained such a hold in the cities that those who were not Christians came to be called pagans, or country people.

One thing which should not be overlooked in Paul's methods is that he was an unceasing personal worker. Before his conversion, he sought the believers one by one; and when he became a Christian, he did not lose the faculty of getting them one at a time. What the world needs to-day is more men who will pattern after the life of Paul. Perhaps the most effective method of Paul was in the use of his pen. Not only was he a powerful preacher, a profound thinker, but he was also a great writer. His missionary letters, so important in his time, are of still greater importance to us to-day.

Paul's life ended while he stood at the post of duty. He died the honorable death of a martyr. Then passed away a great hero. When such names as Alexander and Cæsar will be forgotten in history, the name of Paul will still remain. No faithful hand has recorded the last scenes of the life of this holy man; but Inspiration has preserved for us his dying testimony: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

WM. J. EDEN.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — The Birth of Samuel

(July 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 1; 2: 1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7.

Review

Why did Elimelech take his wife and his two sons to Moab? What misfortune overtook the family while there? Why did Ruth wish to go to Canaan with her mother-in-law? Tell how the Lord blessed Ruth in her new home.

The Lesson Story

1. In the last of the days of the judges there lived in Mount Ephraim a godly man named Elkanah. His wife, Hannah, also loved and feared the Lord. Now Hannah greatly desired a son, but she had no children.

2. Every year the family of Elkanah went up to Shiloh to worship the Lord. On one of these occasions, Hannah was very sorrowful. "She wept, and did not eat." Elkanah tried to comfort her. He said, "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? am not I better to thee than ten sons?"

3. But Hannah was not comforted. She went to the tabernacle, and prayed earnestly to God. "And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."

4. "Now Eli the priest sat upon a seat by a post of the temple of the Lord." "And it came to pass, as she continued praying before the Lord, that Eli marked her mouth. Now Hannah, she spake in her heart, only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken.

5. "And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee. And Hannah answered and said, No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial: for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto.

6. "Then Eli answered and said, Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him."

7. Hannah had faith in God; and when she received this assurance from his priest, she went home with a happy heart, sure that her request would be granted. When a baby boy was given to her, she called the child Samuel, which means, "asked of God."

8. Hannah loved this child most tenderly; yet she did not forget her promise to give him to the Lord. Just as soon as he was old enough to leave her, she took him to Shiloh, and presented him to the Lord before Eli.

9. "And she said, O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshiped the Lord there."

10. As Hannah thus gave up her most precious treasure, the Spirit of the Lord came upon her, showing that he accepted her gift, and she sang a beautiful song of praise and thanksgiving to God. Here is part of it, as given in the American Revised Version:—

"There is none holy as Jehovah;
For there is none besides thee,
Neither is there any rock like our God."

"For Jehovah is a God of knowledge,
And by him actions are weighed.
The bows of the mighty men are broken;
And they that stumbled are girded with strength."

"Jehovah maketh poor, and maketh rich:
He bringeth low, he also lifteth up.
He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
He lifteth up the needy from the dunghill,
To make them sit with princes,
And inherit the throne of glory:
For the pillars of the earth are Jehovah's,
And he hath set the world upon them.
He will keep the feet of his holy ones;
But the wicked shall be put to silence in darkness."

11. After this Elkanah and Hannah, his wife, went back to their home in Ramah. But Samuel stayed with Eli, in the house of the Lord, to be trained up in the service of the Lord. "And the child did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest."

12. "Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord." But in spite of this, Eli allowed them to help him in the service of God's house.

13. "But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." The ephod was a linen garment worn only by the priests. So we know by this that Samuel was a little priest of the Lord from his earliest childhood.

14. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Questions

1. At what time in the history of the children of Israel did Hannah and Elkanah live? Where was their home? What did Hannah desire?

2. Where did the family of Elkanah go every year? Where was the tabernacle set up when the land of Canaan was divided among the tribes of Israel? See Joshua 18: 1. How did Hannah, show her grief once when they were in Shiloh? How did her husband try to comfort her?

3. Where did Hannah then go? What vow did she make to the Lord?

4. Who was sitting near the temple of the Lord? What did he notice as she continued praying? What was strange about her praying?

5. How did Eli reprove Hannah? How did Hannah answer the priest?

6. What assurance did Eli then give to the woman?

7. When Hannah heard these words, what did she know? Where did she go? What did she call the son that was born to her? What does the name mean?

8. How did Hannah regard this child? Where did she take him as soon as he was old enough to leave her?

9. How did Hannah make herself known to Eli?

For what did she now tell him she had prayed? What did she say about the child?

10. As Hannah thus gave her beloved child to the Lord, how did God acknowledge the gift? Read carefully the extract given, or the whole song, found in 1 Sam. 2: 1-10.

11. After this where did Hannah and her husband go? Where did the child Samuel stay? What is said about him at this time?

12. What is said of the sons of Eli? What important and sacred work did he allow them to do?

13. Though so young, what did Samuel do in the Lord's house? How was he clothed? What does this show?

14. How often did Hannah come to visit Samuel? What did she bring to him every year?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — Difficulties Overcome

(July 25)

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Eph. 6: 13.

Questions

1. Did the work of rebuilding Jerusalem stop because of opposition? Why did it go forward under those adverse circumstances? Neh. 4: 6; note 1.

2. When the enemies of the Jews heard that the walls were being built, how did they feel about it? Verse 7.

3. What did they do? Verse 8.

4. What course did Nehemiah and the Jews persue? Verse 9; note 2.

5. What difficulties did Judah see in the way? Verse 10.

6. From what view-point did he look, that he saw such difficulties in the way? Neh. 6: 17, 18.

7. What was the enemy doing? Verse 19; compare Prov. 26: 20; note 3.

8. What plan was laid? Neh. 4: 11.

9. What message was sent to Israel ten times? Verse 12. According to the Revised Version the message was, "Ye must return unto us."

10. What precaution did Nehemiah take? Verse 13.

11. With what words did he encourage them to go forward with the work? Verse 14.

12. How many kept at the work? Verse 15.

13. How were Nehemiah's servants employed? Verse 16.

14. Describe the way in which the builders worked. Verses 17, 18.

15. How should the builders in God's work be equipped if they would not be driven from their work by the enemy? Eph. 6: 12-18.

16. What plans were laid for united resistance against the enemy? Neh. 4: 19, 20.

17. How long did they labor each day? Verse 21.

18. How was their zeal further shown? Verses 22, 23; note 4.

Notes

1. When God's people "have a mind to work" and go forward trusting in the Lord, the work of God always prospers.

2. In Neh. 4: 8, 9 is revealed the reason we often meet with such miserable defeats after great victories. When the enemy sees a victory gained, he becomes angry, and gathers his forces to hinder the work. If we always do as Nehemiah did,— pray and watch day and night,— we shall escape the snares of Satan, and go from victory to victory.

3. Judah thought the laborers were overworked, and were weak, and there was much rubbish. The reason for this was that he was in communication with the enemy, and not true to God and his work. One who is compromising to-day with the enemies of God's work, and thus betraying it, will always see difficulties in the way, and will hinder, rather than hasten, the Lord's work.

4. God has regard for the man or woman who in a time of crisis will sacrifice every comfort, even life itself, to carry forward his work. "The life that will be preserved is the life that is freely given in service to God and men."

What Scientists Say of the Human Race

(Concluded from page eight)

the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical force. He answered: "No; no more than I believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical force." It is not in dead matter that men live, move, and have their being, but in a creative and direct power, which science compels us to accept as an article of faith. Is there anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms, by falling together of their own accord, could make a crystal, a microbe, or a living animal? — *Lord Kelvin, in an address, May, 1903.*

Man was the first being, in the geological succession, capable of an intelligent survey of nature and a comprehension of her laws; the first capable of augmenting his strength by bending nature to his service, rendering thereby a weak body stronger than all possible animal force; the first capable of deriving happiness from truth and goodness, or apprehending eternal right, and of reaching toward a knowledge of self and of God. . . . There is in man, therefore, a spiritual element in which the brute has no share.— *Prof. James Dwight Dana.*

JOHN QUINN.

Queer Weights and Measures

OF special interest to the exporting merchants of the United States is the compilation recently issued by the State Department of the weights and measures of foreign countries. All the information given is valuable, and some of it is decidedly curious, as collected by the New York *Sun*.

Thus, the word "barrel" in Spain, used alone, means one hundred pounds of raisins; but in Malta it is the official customs term for eleven and four-tenths gallons.

The word "candy" in India means five hundred pounds in Madras and five hundred twenty-nine in Bombay. In the Spanish language *pie* means a measure equal to nine tenths of the English foot. On the other hand, a person calling for a *sho* (pronounced "shoe") in Japan receives one and six-tenths quarts of something.

In Germany the word "last" refers to two metric tons, or forty-four hundred pounds English; but in England it stands for two and one-half bushels of dry malt.— *Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor

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Two Five-Dollar Fines

Two Jews were recently each fined five dollars by a Boston court. A policeman had observed, one Sunday afternoon, one of these men passing out to the people in the ghetto religious literature. He therefore arrested the man, who, when tried, was fined five dollars for his offense.

The other Jew received one of the tracts that the colporteur had been distributing gratis. Thinking, when it was first handed to him, that it was an advertising circular, he threw it down. Later he thought better of it, and stooped to pick it up. The sharp eye of the policeman observed him doing this, and the result was this man was also arrested, tried, and fined five dollars.

Well does one writer, in commenting upon the incident, ask, "Where is Justice?"

The World's Temperance Congress

ONE hundred years ago, on the thirtieth of April, 1808, in the town of Moreau, New York, there was organized the first temperance society of which there is any reliable history. The chief spirit in the organization of this society was Dr. Billy Clark, who was born in Northampton, Massachusetts. He began the practise of medicine in the little town of Moreau, New York, in 1799, and it was here that the conviction impressed itself strongly upon him that something radical must be done to check the growing liquor habit. "For nine years the burden of the drink evil pressed more and more heavily upon his heart." His first attempt, at a court of common appeals, to organize a county temperance society met with failure, "all the members of both bench and bar pronouncing the proposed project visionary and impracticable." But Dr. Clark was not to be discouraged by his first unsuccessful attempt. He therefore continued to agitate the question; and one night when he was specially stirred upon the subject, he abruptly accosted his pastor with the words, "Sir! we shall become a community of drunkards, unless something is speedily done to arrest the progress of intemperance."

To the honor of the pastor, Dr. Lebbeus Armstong, it can be said that he readily united his efforts with those of Dr. Clark to make an organized campaign for the cause of temperance, the result of which was the founding of the first temperance society known to history. It is said that this acorn planted by Dr. Clark and his associates has grown into a stately oak of immense proportions; and judging from the statistics of temperance reform growth given at the recent world's congress by representatives of the anti-liquor forces from all parts of the earth, and judging from the enthusiasm and courage of the temperance workers, and from the comprehensiveness of their plans for the continuation of the campaign against the liquor traffic, it must be acknowledged that the organized opposing forces of the great liquor curse are of no mean proportions. The present activity of liquor dealers, brewers, and patrons in fighting prohibition measures also witnesses to this fact.

The World's Temperance Congress which convened at Saratoga Springs, New York, June 14-23, was to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the temperance society organized at Moreau, April 30, 1808. All the leading temperance organizations throughout the world were represented at the congress. But the temperance reform is not dependent altogether upon temperance societies. The key-note of the convention was that the church should be, and really is, the organization to carry forward this issue to its successful completion. Many of the leading churches were represented at the congress by eminent speakers.

Brother David Ostlund, who is our Danish missionary to Iceland, was sent to the congress by the temperance societies of that island to represent the temperance cause of their country. His address at the congress was very warmly received by the people.

We regret that our church was not officially represented at this congress, since it stands as a unit for the temperance cause, and more staunchly and broadly than any other church. It may be, however, that we are not working as energetically as we should be for State and world-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic. It may be that we are satisfied to be personally total abstainers not only from liquor, but from tobacco, tea, and coffee; and think too little of the woe and degradation that are visited upon so many about us through the liquor traffic, which we might help to alleviate by greater activity in publicly opposing the evil and working for its annihilation. Let us all then espouse the temperance cause anew, laboring ardently that its blessings may come to thousands now under the terrible curse of intemperance.

A LITTLE fresh-air girl, whose feet
Had known but alley ways,
Came to a field where buttercups
Bloomed in a golden maze.
"O, see!" she cried; while to her eyes
A look of wonder rose —
"I did not know that I should find
The place where sunshine grows!"

A Recipe for Sanity

ARE you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off!
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off!
Don't make tragedy of trifles;
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles:
Laugh it off!

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off!
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off!
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter!
Laugh it off!

—*Henry R. Eliot.*