

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"FOR THE SQUIRE"—PAINTING BY MILLAIS



ACCORDING to the chief of the Department of Agriculture, the crops of 1908 will be worth nearly eight billion dollars.

It costs about four million dollars a year to maintain our Pension Bureau and pension agencies for disbursing the pension fund.

THE Colorado Missionary Volunteers have decided to pay for one scholarship for the Foreign Mission Seminary. Without doubt the Volunteers of many other States will follow Colorado's good example.

"LAST year was a lean year with the churches," says the editor of the *Independent*. In Great Britain the Baptist communicants reported for 1907 were 4,864 fewer than in 1906; and a similar decrease was noted in other churches.

A COLORED girl thirteen years of age on the thirtieth of June was pronounced by the National Education Association the champion child-speller in the United States, and presented with a gold medal. She competed with sixty eighth-grade children from Cleveland, New Orleans, Pittsburg, and Erie, Pennsylvania.

THE latest statistics showing loss by lightning in the United States are those for the year 1899. The total number of strokes of lightning which caused damage were 5,527; number of buildings injured, 6,256; property lost, \$3,016,520; number of deaths, 563; number of persons injured, 820; number of live stock killed, 4,251.

STANDARD time is sixteen minutes slower at Boston than true local time, four minutes slower at New York, eight minutes faster at Washington, nineteen minutes faster at Charleston, twenty-eight minutes slower at Detroit, eighteen minutes faster at Kansas City, ten minutes slower at Chicago, one minute faster at St. Louis, twenty-eight minutes faster at Salt Lake City, and ten minutes faster at San Francisco.—*The World Almanac*.

ON June 22 the "Russian minister of Public Instruction" decreed that all women students should be expelled from Russian universities, and that none be admitted henceforth." This new edict of expulsion affects nearly twenty-two hundred women, many of whom have almost completed their course. Hundreds of these went to the capital to seek an audience with the czar, hoping to induce his majesty to change his decision. The result of these audiences has not yet been revealed.

Territorial Expansion of the United States

THERE have been thirteen additions to the original territory of the Union, including Alaska; the Hawaiian, Philippine, and Samoan islands, and Guam, in the Pacific; Porto Rico and Pine islands in the West Indies; and the Panama Canal Zone. The total area of the United States, including the noncontiguous territory, is now fully five times that of the original thirteen colonies.

The additions to the territory of the United States, subsequent to the peace treaty of 1783, with Great Britain, are shown by the following table, prepared by the United States General Land Office:—

Territorial Division	Year	Sq. M. Added	Purchase Price
Louisiana Purchase	1803	875,025	\$15,000,000
Florida	1819	70,175	5,499,768
Texas	1845	389,795
Oregon Territory	1846	288,689
Mexican Cession	1848	523,802	18,250,000
Purchase from Texas	1850	10,000,000
Gadsden Purchase	1853	36,211	10,000,000
Alaska	1867	599,446	7,200,000
Hawaiian Islands	1897	6,740
Porto Rico	1898	3,600
Pine Islands	1898	882
Guam	1898	175
Philippine Islands	1899	143,000	20,000,000
Samoa Islands	1899	73
Additional Philippines	1901	68	100,000

—*The World Almanac*.

To Remove Stains on White Goods

COFFEE stains are easily removed by placing the stained part over a large bowl and pouring boiling water through it. Treat fruit and tea stains the same way, and if they do not disappear, rub gently with a weak solution of oxalic acid, rinsing well in warm water. This last is important; for the acid will rot the goods unless thoroughly and immediately washed out.

For iron rust or ink, cover the spots with lemon-juice and salt and lay in the sun, repeating as often as necessary. Rinse in weak ammonia-water. Fresh ink stains can usually be removed with hot milk.

Fresh grass stains will come out if rubbed with alcohol.

To remove tar or carriage grease, rub well with lard, then soak in buttermilk, rubbing between the hands. Machine-oil stains also yield quickly to a lard treatment.

Scorch, unless very brown, often comes out after being exposed to hot sunlight. If badly scorched, dip in soap-suds, and then put in the sun, or use a borax-water bath, and dry in the sun. Lemon-juice with salt and sunlight is another effective remedy.

Turpentine removes paint from fabrics, also from window-glass. So does benzine or naphtha.

Mildewed articles should be soaked in buttermilk, and laid on the grass to bleach. Repeat as often as necessary.—*Selected*.

Wonders of the Capitol

THE Capitol at Washington is often pronounced by foreigners to be the most interesting building in our country. It has over four hundred thirty rooms, ranging in size from the hall of the House of Representatives, which is one hundred thirty-nine by ninety-three feet, to very small apartments, hardly large enough for a table and two chairs. To keep order in the building, and look after visitors, there is a force of seventy-two special policemen, half of them on duty at night and the other half by day, with headquarters in what is known as the guard-room.

It takes a force of nearly one hundred electricians and helpers to look after the twenty thousand incandescent lights, together with the dynamos, wires, and electrical apparatus of the numerous telephones and electric bells. The great ventilating system furnishes pure air constantly to the House of Representatives and the Senate.—*Young People's Weekly*.

The Youth's Instructor

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No. 29

A Song of the Young

BY A. W. SPAULDING

HIGH hearts in the joy of strength, carol me, carol a song!
Bright beams of the tarrying sun,
Far glimpse of heights to be won,
Beckon me, beckon me, haste me on, in the joy of the
young and the strong!

Fresh breezes from heights that gleam far o'er the chasms
of night,
Breathe your promises, speak in the ear
Whispers of courage, despite of fear;
For the wings of the morning have girded my feet, and
the vision quickened my sight.

*A voice from the banquet, a voice from the tomb;
A strain of rejoicing, a note of doom:*

*Cheering; warning:
"Quaff! for the draft is of nectar brew!"
"Pause, for to drink means death to you!"
In life's young morning.*

*"Hope is bound up in this red wine;
Quaff, and the joy of life is thine,
Is thine forever!"*

*"Hope is engulfed in the stinging flood;
Drink, and thou sheddest thine own red blood!
Love? Life? Never!"*

Lord, speak, and quiet thou my froward heart, that leaps
in thrall;

The loose-flung reins of sense retake,
Before my feet a highway break,
And for my pride and strength of life be thou my all in all.

God of the patriarchs, Father of infinite mercies, bow
thine ear;

Stoop to uphold me, weak in my might;
Deign to illumine me, dark in my light;
Cover my riotous eyes with thy hand, but make my vision
clear.

*Lift high the heart, but sink low the head!
Let all the cohorts of passion fall dead,
And their standards be broken!
Summon the powers of the soul to hear;
Banish the elves of the senses in fear,
For the Spirit has spoken.*

*Lo, in the hush of the soul and the mind,
A lodging prepared shall the Spirit find
To rest its sweet story,
And far from the room of devoted sense
Shall drive the ill demons of passion hence,
And fit it for glory.*

The Song of the Bow

AROUND the blackened ruins of a fire-smitten city in southern Philistia a great encampment lay spread out. Black tents of the desert and those of the gayer northern weave were pitched in the midst of heaps of spoil: furniture for tents and for riding-animals, war weapons, gold and silver ornaments, and garments. Round about the encampment were droves of camels and asses and white-fleeced flocks, watched over by boys with slings. Within and among the tents women and children were mingling in chattering groups, or busied with tasks, some at work upon rent garments, some sitting before the flat stone mills, timing the monotonous grinding to low-pitched songs; others, more idle, were joining now and again in the swift and graceful movements of whirling dances, with clapping of hands, thrumming of timbrels, and chanting of the vocal recitative of deeds of daring and revenge. For these were rescued wives and children who had ridden in fear and lain in terror for the days and nights of a dreadful captivity, and now, with the spoil of their spoilers, had returned to help rebuild their ruined homes.

Within the circle of the broken wall the men toiled in joy at the task the plundering of their enemies had set them; for their revenge had been complete, and not one had lost wife or child. But as they worked with words of cheer and blessing, the minds of many turned often with foreboding toward the northern land where they had left the hosts of Philistia and Israel confronted for battle. And they were waiting anxiously for news that seemed greatly delayed. They had been long separated from Judah, and few of Israel visited them on this edge of the desert, in a land recently annexed by the king of Gath.

The sun was nearing his meridian when over the low hills to the northeast the watchers saw a man running toward the camp. The herd-boys first gave the alarm, and amid the clamor of the camp the warriors hastened out and gathered upon the edge of the tent-village to await the coming messenger. That he was not an official courier was apparent from his peculiar gait, a long lope that bespoke him of desert training rather than of the hills of Israel. He came on rapidly, evidently making an effort to finish his course with a show of zealous haste. As he drew near, it could be seen by his appearance that the news he bore was ill: his head was bare, and the lank locks of his hair that streamed behind him in the wind were gray with the dust of the road; his only garment, a short tunic, was torn in many places, disclosing, where it fell open in front, a breast sun-burned only less black than the swarthy face. As he sped toward them, the crowded company fell apart, leaving their chief alone in the center to receive the messenger. To him the news-bearer, slackening his pace, advanced, and fell in a profound obeisance.

"Whence comest thou?" demanded David.

"Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped," the young man answered, and paused with the evil news of the last word. Rising, he stood facing the anxious throng, with a look that was not wholly of grief. His black face worked with an emotion that it seemed trying to hide, his low, sloping forehead wrinkled in curious undulations as his shifty eyes strove to meet the steady gaze of the warriors. They, noting him feature by feature, saw in him an Amalekite.

"How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me!"

He answered, "The people are fled from the battle, and many of the people are also fallen and dead;

and Saul the king and Jonathan his son are dead also."

"How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?"

The young man's opportunity had come, he thought. He had carefully rehearsed his story for this occasion, and he prepared to make the most of it for his own advantage. . . .

The sun was low, and sounds of mourning fell with its sinking. As it paused before dipping its swollen, angry face below the dark waters of the western Sea, David stepped forth from his tent; and quickly around him there gathered the thousand souls of his encampment. At his command the Amalekite messenger, kept in custody by Abishai, was brought before him. Appalled at the tempest of grief he had aroused by his tale, the craven had cowered all the afternoon under the eye of his stern keeper; and now as he came before the chief from whom he had expected so much as the reward of his tidings, he saw in the lowering faces that lined his path, a threatened judgment, not a promised meed.

"Whence art thou?" demanded David.

He answered, "I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite."

It was a curious scene. There stood, framed in the background of a breathless audience, the three principal actors in the tragedy: the judge, the jailer, and the prisoner. The first had twice had in his power the life of the king of Israel, and twice had refused to harm him, the Lord's anointed. The second had stood with the first at one of those times, and urged for permission himself to smite the king, and had with difficulty been restrained. The third had never been near Saul in life, but out of his own wicked, selfish heart, in the hope of reward had invented the lie of his having killed the anointed of Israel. His doom was certain.

With stern face the judge demanded, "How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?" Then turning to one of his young men, David commanded, "Go near, and fall upon him." With ashen face the self-condemned man heard his sentence; he would have sunk, but the iron hand upon his arm upheld him. A sword plunged in his breast. They cast him out to the vultures of the desert. Justice walked side by side that day with Grief, and Grief leaned upon the arm of Love.

The passion of sorrow was spent, but in the travail of sorrow had been born the noblest child of song she ever bore. As the flaming torches of the sun were waving their last farewell from the watch-towers of the clouds, and the stillness of the desert's night stole in with its sacred hush, the new-made king, the stricken friend, took his harp; and, accompanied in the refrain by the voices of his people, the sweetest voice in Israel sang—

The Song of the Bow

Thy glory, O Israel,
Is slain upon thy high places!
*How are the mighty—
Fallen!*

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain
upon you,
Neither fields of offerings;
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast
away,
The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil!

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

*How are the mighty—
Fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan,
Slain upon thy high places.*

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

*How are the mighty—
Fallen!
And the weapons of war—
Perished!*

—A. W. Spaulding, in "A Man of Valor."

The Atheist and the Globe

THE famous astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a supreme being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which, being placed in a corner of the room where it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged.

"Not to me," said Kircher; "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by *mere chance!*"

"That," replied his skeptical friend, "is impossible. You surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which this is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in "a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God."

So eminent an astronomer as General Mitchell, who understood the voices in which the heavens declare the glory of God, who read with delight the word of God embodied in worlds, and who fed upon the written Word of God as his daily bread, declared, "We find an aptness and propriety in all these astronomical illustrations, which are not weakened, but amaginly strengthened, when viewed in the clear light of our present knowledge." Herschel says, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths that come from on high, and are contained in the Sacred Writings." The common authorship of the worlds and the Word becomes a necessary conclusion. Would that men sought more diligently in the Word for the scientific truths there declared far in advance of their discovery.

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span. . . . Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens."

ERNEST LLOYD.



Jottings on Texts

"OTHER LORDS HAVE HAD DOMINION" (Isa. 26: 13).—"O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us: but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." This blessed experience of freedom in Christ comes when we "break the bands" of all other lords "asunder," and consecrate ourselves entirely to his service. And he is waiting for our willingness to be completely delivered "from the hand of our enemies, that we might serve him without fear." An incident in the history of ancient Rome may furnish an illustration of that full liberty and entireness of heart which forms the act of acceptable surrender to the Lord. When the people of Collatia were negotiating an unconditional capitulation to the Romans, Egerius, on the part of the Romans, inquired of the ambassadors, "Are the people of Collatia in their own power?" When an affirmative answer was given, it was next inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves,—the people of Collatia,—your cities, your fields, your waters, your boundaries, your utensils, all your property, into my power and the power of the Roman people?"

"We surrender all."

"And so," said he, "I accept you."

May such be my surrender to the Lord! Disentangled from every other yoke, under no bonds that ought to bind us, let us offer ourselves and all that belongs to us, without reserve, at his feet. Let us bind ourselves to the Lord—for how great is his goodness! how great is his beauty! But who am I, that I should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and of thine own have I given thee. Truly this is a "reasonable service."

"I HOPED IN THY WORD" (Ps. 119: 147).—One of Melancthon's correspondents describes Luther thus: "I can not enough admire the extraordinary cheerfulness, constancy, faith, and hope of the man in these trying and vexatious times. He constantly feeds these gracious affections by a diligent study of the Word of God. Not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his very best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. . . . He petitions God with as much reverence as if he was in the divine presence; and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a father or a friend. 'I know,' said he, 'thou art our father and our God; and therefore I am sure thou wilt bring to naught the persecutors of thy children. For shouldst thou fail to do this, thine own cause, being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely thine own concern. We, by thy providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou therefore wilt be our defense.' While I was listening to Luther praying in this manner at a distance, my soul seemed on fire within me, to hear the man address God so like a friend, and yet with so much gravity and reverence; and also to hear him in the course of his prayer, insisting upon the promises contained in the psalms, as if he was sure his petitions would be granted."

Was not this an illustration of David's confidence,— "I hoped in thy Word"? To hope in God's Word is to build up ourselves upon "our most holy faith," and to lay all our desires, all our cares and burdens, upon the solid, unsinking foundation of his glorious promises.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Some Facts About the Sabbath

It is the seventh day of the week. The Creator rested on, blessed, and sanctified the seventh day, and this act made the division of time into periods of seven days. This was the origin of the week.

It was instituted to commemorate creation. Gen. 2: 2, 3; Ex. 20: 8-11. It must therefore be as enduring as creation.

It was blessed and sanctified by the Creator, and thus became a holy day. God alone can impart holiness to anything, and he has sanctified the Sabbath-day, and no other. Therefore the Sabbath is the only day that can be kept holy.

It was set apart from all other days of the week, since it was the seventh day, and no other upon which God rested, and which he blessed and sanctified. It is therefore a definite day of the week, a higher and nobler day than any other, and no other day can be substituted for it. It can not be "any one day in seven."

It is to be kept holy, as a day devoted to worship and rest from secular work, and thus separated from all other days of the week. There can not be two Sabbaths in the week, and to observe two days of the week as Sabbath days is to break down the distinction between the Sabbath and the six working days. He who attempts to keep two Sabbaths in the week fails to keep any.

It is the sign of sovereignty. Only the sovereign Being has power to create, and the Sabbath points out the Creator. In keeping the Sabbath, men signify and know that they are worshipping the true Sovereign, the Creator. Eze. 20: 12, 20. Sabbath-keeping is a safeguard against idolatry.

It is the sign of redeeming power as well as of creative power; for redemption is a new birth, a new creation. John 3: 3; 2 Cor. 5: 17; Eph. 2: 10. Only the Creator could be the Redeemer. John 1: 3; Heb. 1: 2; Col. 1: 16. The Sabbath is therefore Christ's day, the Lord's day, and Sabbath-keeping signifies our relation to Christ.

It has never been lost. It was pointed out to the Israelites in the wilderness (Ex. 16: 23, 29), was kept by the holy women who came to anoint Christ's body (Luke 23: 55, 56), and has been observed by the Jews throughout their generations down to the present.

Sabbath-keeping is now, as it has ever been, an indispensable part of the worship of God. It is a test of loyalty to him. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—*L. A. Smith.*

Truths of the Message Illustrated—No. 3

The Origin of Sin

THE proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment, desiring to honor his only son, on the arrival of the latter's twenty-first birthday, invites him to become his partner in the business. The offer is accepted, the necessary legal changes are made, new letter-heads are printed, the employees are called together and notified

of the change. The proprietor, addressing the employees, states that from this time onward, the presence of his son is to be as highly respected as his own, his word as fully obeyed. Every one consents to the requirement, regarding it as an equitable one. Things run smoothly for a time, until the superintendent, who has a good grasp of the business, becomes jealous of the position occupied by, and the honor given to, the son, and decides that he no longer will treat the son as the father's equal, neither will he give to his word the same authority. He expresses his decision to the employees; the spirit of discontent spreads so that there is danger of all being contaminated by it. They are called together again, and the proprietor, addressing them, states the business to be his own, and that he has a perfect right to manage it according to his own mind. His partner being his only son, he had a right to honor him as he did. Those who are loyal to the father are invited to step over on his side. Two thirds respond; one third, under the leadership of the superintendent, refuse. The proprietor expresses his regret that all are not loyal, but as harmony is an essential to a successful business, they must consider themselves as separated from his employ.

In this case who caused the trouble? Who was the originator of the discord? Certainly not the father, neither was it the son, but the superintendent. He refused to recognize the father's right, and was determined that the father's will must bend to his.

The application is evident. The Creator, in infinite wisdom, in the eternal ages of the past, placed his only begotten Son at his right hand, declaring his equality with the Father. All created intelligences were to recognize this relationship, and honor one as they did the other. Harmony prevailed in the universe, until Lucifer, the anointed cherub, refused the Son the honor which the Father had bestowed on him. One third of the angels united with him, refusing to recognize the right of the Father and the Son. Disaster to Lucifer and his sympathizers was the result, and from that time to the present, the struggle has been over that great fundamental truth, the recognition of right, human and divine. When the Son was made flesh and tabernacled with us, had he announced himself as a prophet, little difficulty would have resulted, but when he demonstrated that he was the Son of God with power, God's equal, how quickly came the cry, "He has a devil." And why? Because they who made the awful charge were of their father the devil, who in the beginning had refused to grant to Jesus his right to sonship and equality with the Father. The controversy still rages over that same great truth.

"Why dwell so much on sin? Why not preach Jesus Christ and his gospel, allowing sin to take care of itself?" Suppose a case. Two young men decide to take a medical course, in order to relieve the sufferings of their fellow men. One decides that during his course he will ignore the study of disease, giving his entire time to remedies. The other declares his intention to master disease, and also to obtain a thorough knowledge of remedies. For the sake of the illustration, admit that both graduate, and begin the practise of medicine. The physician who has ignored disease is called to his first case, and as sick persons are desirous of knowing the nature of their illness, the first question asked him is, "Doctor, what is the disease which I have contracted? Is it serious? Will I re-

main ill for any length of time?" His reply is, "I am sure I can not tell the nature of your difficulty, as I gave no attention to diseases in my college days; but here is some medicine which I will leave for you; take it according to directions, and we will hope for the best." No sick person would trust his life in the hands of such a physician, so he loses his first case. The physician who understands both diseases and their remedies is called. The sick man does not find it necessary to question him as to the nature of his illness. A short diagnosis, and each symptom and feeling of the sick man is portrayed. Confidence in the ability of the physician is established; his remedies are accepted and applied, resulting in complete restoration to health. How is it possible to apply God's remedy, the gospel of Jesus Christ, to a disease of which we are entirely ignorant. We must understand sin, its origin, its symptoms, its results, if we would intelligently apply the gospel remedy.

JOHN N. QUINN.

A Prayer by St. Augustine

O GOD, the Light of every heart that sees thee, the Life of every soul that loves thee, the Strength of every mind that seeks thee, grant me ever to continue steadfast in thy holy love. Be thou the joy of my heart; take it all to thyself, and therein abide. The house of my soul is, I confess, too narrow for thee; do thou enlarge it that thou mayest enter it; it is ruinous, but do thou repair it. It has that within which must offend thine eyes; I confess and know it; but whose help shall I implore in cleansing it but thine alone? To thee, therefore, I cry urgently; begging that thou wilt cleanse me from my secret faults, and keep thy servant from presumptuous sins, that they never get dominion over me. Amen.

"Remember Jesus Christ"

"A GREEK father, twenty centuries ago, was accustomed to have in his home, humble though it might be, at least miniature reproductions of one or more Grecian masterpieces of sculpture representing some great hero, as Achilles, Sophocles, Homer, or others. To this or that piece of statuary he would daily point the mother and children, saying, 'Let that great character be infused into your life, and mold your character like his.' In other words, 'Remember that model, that ideal of life as your example.'"

The all-wise Heavenly Father has not left his children without a model, "perfect in all his ways," and one which points us to Christ Jesus. "By beholding we become changed." A deep impression is made on the mind, which reflects upon the character; so "by beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image."

Behold him as a child, subject to his parents, to an age when many of us would feel we had long ago outgrown that tie; behold him sympathizing with the grief-stricken Mary and Martha the human side of Jesus touched even to tears; behold him fearlessly condemning the Scribes and Pharisees, his own pure life crying out against their hypocrisy; behold him the Friend of the sinful, penitent woman, when all others were ready to trample her underfoot; behold him amid the crowd of lame, blind, suffering folk, bringing comfort and peace to many a sorrowing home, with no thought of his own weariness; behold him after a long day, crowded to the full

with deeds of mercy and compassion, going alone to the mountain to pray, alone with God, there to receive strength for the next day's experience; behold him on the cross, temporarily separated from his Father, that others might be spared an eternal separation.

Truly Christ is "all, and in all," and his life will suffice as a model for every one in every circumstance. Let us therefore forget those things which are behind, and "reaching forth unto those things which are before, . . . press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ," that having followed the perfect Model, and having his character perfected in us, we may be found in him "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, . . . holy and without blemish."

E. J. HAYTON.

A Russian Baron's Conversion

[Brought up as a wealthy Russian nobleman on his large family estate in Estonia, Baron Uxkull was an unsatisfied infidel until he had the remarkable experience, at the hands of the peasants on his own estate, which he narrates here. The outcome was his baptism, in his castle, by one of the peasant Christians; later he became their pastor. The story of his conversion was recently told by himself at the Moody church, Chicago, and was reported for *The Sunday School Times*. Baron Uxkull is in America, telling of Russia's great need of ministers to labor among the people of many races and religions, the way having been opened by the edict of the czar, made at Easter, 1905, giving religious liberty to Russia. For the training of ministers, teachers, and evangelists to enter this open door, it is proposed to found a seminary for men of every denomination. At his own charges, Baron Uxkull is trying to raise one hundred thousand dollars for this use.—*Ed. of Sunday School Times*.]

I WAS born far away in Russia, in the province of Estonia on the Baltic Sea, and I received a worldly education, such as the young noblemen of my country receive. I had never been in Sunday-school. I liked to ride, to dance, and to hunt. My good mother took me sometimes to church, and I was obliged for her sake to go; but the word which I liked most was the "Amen" of the pastor when he was through with his sermon.

When I was twenty-one years old, I was sent to St. Petersburg to serve in the imperial guard, and I had many times the privilege to sit at the door of the bed-chamber of the emperor. I lived a life full of sin and worldliness, and soon became restless. I left the military service, traveled through France, Germany, Switzerland, met many men of so-called good society who were unbelievers, and came back to Russia also an unbeliever, an atheist. I was disgusted with myself and with life. There were so many questions which I could not answer, and there were so many things in my own character which I could not change. I tried to be moral and good, but sin was always mightier than I.

In this time God sent a revival into the province where I was living. Missionaries from Sweden came over and preached the old gospel of the new birth, of the necessity to receive the new heart. And this revival came like a holy wave over the province where I was living. But as it was written, "The poor have the gospel preached to them." The poor, the peasantry, gathered together and heard the gospel. The

nobility did not go to these meetings. There was nothing for them. They could not understand them. I remember that we laughed many times about it. To pray, to stay the whole night together, and then to say that they were children of God, that their sins were forgiven,—it seemed all so enormous to us. It was too much. We thought it was some disease.

But I was obliged to confess that these converted people were really better. We could trust them. A man who was converted, as he said, did not steal any more, did not drink any more. So when this revival came into my estates, and when my servants and attendants asked the permission to gather in some place, I decided to build a hall for them. I thought it would be profitable for me if they would be honest and would not drink; I would help the population to be moral and better.

After some weeks, when the hall was ready, they came to me and invited me to be present at the first meeting. I did not like to go to this meeting, but I thought, when I built the hall, it is perhaps just and right that I am present the first time. So I went there and heard the singing and preaching, and when it was over, I wished to the brethren all success, and told them I thought their religion was very good for uneducated people. They said to me: "The religion is good for everybody. Everybody must be born from above, or he can not get to heaven." I said: "I don't believe that. If a man has been in high school, then he knows enough." "O, no," they said; "the Bible says you must have a new heart," I said: "I don't believe in the Bible." We could not agree, and I went away.

They had general meetings, where they preached the gospel to everybody who came, calling sinners to Jesus; and then they had special meetings of those who were already children of God,—little prayer-meetings, meetings where everybody had the right to speak his experience, meetings where everybody had the right to pray. In those little meetings, where the children of God met together, they decided to pray for me that God would convert me. And now it is a fact that when children of God pray in the spirit of unity, then heaven and earth are moved, because God must then answer to his children. And so when they were praying for me, God began to act, and I became very restless. I was disgusted with life, I was disgusted with myself, I was not satisfied. I had very many obstacles in my life. And these people wrote me sometimes nice little letters. They did not put their names; they were afraid to do that. But they wrote nice little letters that they were praying for me that I might become converted and become a child of God. I destroyed these, put them in the fire and in the waste-basket, but I thought, "They mean all right for me."

Then once I thought, "Well, I have the need to speak to somebody about my difficulties." Russia is a little like the far West of America, a large country and few people living together, and very few who were interested, and so I had for miles and miles around me nobody who could understand my difficulty. I remembered that twelve miles away from me there was a Lutheran pastor. I thought: "He has been in the university; I will call upon him. Perhaps he can give me a little moral advice, some philosophic comfort." I went to him and spoke all my doubts to him. There were so many questions I could not answer. Why was this whole earth so full of sorrow?

We try to be good, but we can not be as we wish to. Why is it? I thought he would give me some philosophy, but he did not do that. He said: "Go to God. He alone can answer you." I said: "How can I pray? I don't believe in God or prayer. I thought you would give me some philosophic teaching. I don't believe in God." He said: "I haven't anything else to say." I said: "Well, then, it was quite unnecessary that I disturb you."

This man was not converted, for after my conversion he fought against me and against the meetings and teaching. But he said the right thing. In Russia we have sticks on the road, and on these sticks is written the name of the city where the road is going. These sticks have no life in themselves, but they show the right direction. So with this pastor. He was a dead stick; he had no life in himself. But he said to me the right thing—that I must go to God, that God alone could answer me, that I should pray.

And now God in his marvelous grace found a way to bring me in touch with Jesus. I did not go to church, I did not go to meetings, I did not read the Bible. From the city a merchant, a bookseller, sent me a box of books, philosophic books, and among those books was one by the great Russian writer, Count Tolstoi, and the title was, "Why Do We Live?" I thought that was a good book, and I would like to see what it said. In the first pages it said: "O, we are so dissatisfied and disgusted with life many times!"—I said, "That is just my case,"—"and we can not be satisfied until we begin to love. We must love each other. Then we are satisfied." He did not say we must love God; he is not a Christian. Then he said, "All great teachers, all great philosophers, have said so. Confucius, Buddha, Jesus Christ, have all taught that we must love each other; and when we love each other, then we are happy and satisfied with life. Then our life is filled." He spoke about those old heathen teachers, but he spoke much more about the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and what Count Tolstoi said of Jesus of Nazareth was just the thing I needed to become interested in the personality and in the teachings of the Lord Jesus.

I remember it was in January, 1890, and I was so interested that I read this book the whole night through until I had finished it; and in this night I can say I began to love Jesus, I was attracted to Jesus. I did not know that he was the Son of God, but I liked him as a noble and great teacher, as you love Lincoln or Garfield.

The next morning I thought I should like to read more about his teaching; I did not know enough about him. In my library there were many novels. I burned them all; several hundreds I put in the stove. But there was no book about Jesus in my library, and I did not know what to do. Then I remembered, "Well, you have your Bible from the school." (In the school every pupil was obliged to have a Bible.) For many years I had not touched it. I thought, "There will be the story and the teachings of Jesus." It was quite new to me. His teachings were so interesting and deep, and became always more interesting, so different from books of philosophy; his words were so attractive, so full of love, so full of life, and I liked him very much. And sometimes the idea came, Perhaps he is really more than human, perhaps he is divine, as the pastors say, and I was troubled in my heart. I did not know what to believe.

And then I thought, "Well, I will look back into

history. I will see what the great men of history have said. Frederick II of Prussia, Napoleon of France, Voltaire, did not believe in the divinity of Christ. Men of great influence, the Emperor Alexander I of Russia, Luther of Germany, Wesley in England, men who had a great name in history, they believed in Jesus. What shall I do? On one side are great men, on the other side are great men. What shall I do? where can I find the truth?"

And there came a deep answer, "You will find it here; try to pray." But I said, "I can not pray; I don't believe." Then the Holy Spirit said, "Try, perhaps there is a God. If there is a God who answers prayer, he will hear you. Try; perhaps you will find him." Then I said, "I will try," and I said: "O God, if you are there above, and if you hear the prayer of a man on earth, then show me the truth. I do not know what I shall believe about Jesus."

And after this prayer there was no special answer, but when I read the Bible (I was just reading the Gospel of John), and while I was reading the story of the life of Jesus, and his words and his teaching, O, there was new light, just like electric light, in the Bible! In this light I saw that he was very great, that he was more than a man. I saw that he was divine, that he was really the Son of God, that he was God. Now it was a great and a new thing to sit before Jesus and to see that he was the Son of God. Then the whole world changed, his whole teachings changed, his whole life changed, it was all in a new light. All his words were much more important, all his love was much more divine, much more touching,—that he, the Son of God loves such people as we.

And then what a terrible thing that they have killed him, who was so noble, who was so wise, who was so good, and they have killed him, killed him! Why did not God prevent this unjust thing? Why did God leave his Son to die on the cross?

And then the Holy Spirit, like a voice in my heart, told me, "It was for *you*. It was for *you* he was crucified; you have sinned; you must go before Herod; you are cursed, and he took your curse upon his shoulders; he took your punishment upon himself. Now look at him as he is there on the cross. Look how his holy blood is flowing, it is that your soul may be purified and clean."

Then I broke down, and I could say only, "My Lord and my God!" And then eternal life began for me. I was unspeakably happy. Before that I was disgusted with life. I did not understand life. Now I understood it, now I was glad, I was happy, and I had like a honeymoon with Jesus for several months.

Then I thought, "You must be also honest, and go to those persons and tell them they were right, and you were wrong when the chapel was opened, and when you were speaking against them. Go up and say they were right." So on Thursday evening, when they had their little prayer-meeting, when they were all gathered there, I came in and I said to them, "I have something to say to you. I am also now such a converted man as you, and your Jesus is also now my Jesus, and your Bible is also now my Bible," and they said, "Praise the Lord, we have prayed for you. Now we will thank him." Then they went on their knees, and we prayed together, and we thanked God, our Father, who is mighty and willing to save everybody who comes to him in the name of Jesus, and

(Concluded on page eleven)



• CHILDREN'S • PAGE •



Careful Mary

SUCH sweet red lips! I stooped to kiss
My little neighbor Mary:
"Not on my mouf," said four-year-old;
"Tidn't sanitary!"

—Julia Knight, in *Little Folks*.

Pulling a Leopard's Teeth

THE spotted leopard, Alice Roosevelt, of the Central Park Zoo, says the *New York Times*, had twelve teeth pulled recently by "Bill" Snyder, the head keeper. She fainted in the most ladylike manner under the operation.

Alice, who is only nine months old, had been ailing for some weeks, and appeared to be in such low spirits that Keeper Snyder bought her guinea-hens and tender quail to tempt her appetite. In gently thrusting a piece of quail on toast down her throat recently, the keeper discovered that Alice had not shed her puppy teeth on the lower jaw and the other set had grown in front of them. He decided to remove the earlier set, and looked for a dentist.

Several were telephoned to, but when they were asked to enter the leopard's cage, and extract her teeth, they were all too busy to attend to it, and Snyder had to do the job himself.

The teeth were successfully taken out, and as the last one left her jaw with a jerk, the leopard fainted, and had to be dosed with three stiff drinks of brandy before she came to, and in the leopard language asked, "Where am I?"

Alice appeared to be very comfortable in the afternoon, and according to Bill Snyder she will be herself again in a few days.—*The Wellspring*.

The Soldier's Sword

Do you know a little English apple, red-cheeked and golden-skinned, called by fruiterers "Cox's pippin"?

It does not pretend to be a dessert apple, or boast of taking many prizes at shows; it is not very large, nor expensive, nor richly colored, like some of the splendid fruit imported from America. It is merely an ordinary, old-fashioned apple, good to the very core, which is still to be found in English gardens all about the country, and to be depended upon for a certain quality of reliable soundness, which the more showy kinds sometimes lack.

It is beloved by all schoolboys, and perhaps it was mere chance that gave Jim Cox at Craddock his nickname of "the Pippin;" but this random shaft of schoolboy wit always seemed to me to have more underlying significance than appeared at first sight.

The boy was just an ordinary sturdy English youngster, such as our public schools turn out by the hundred, year after year. He was not particularly clever, having only scraped through his military examinations by dint of hard cramming; but he was a keen soldier, for all that his spelling was woefully weak, and he had simple, straightforward ideas of trying to do his duty, whether it was in humdrum barrack drill, or in the excitement of that active service which came to so many of our boys during the South African war. "Reliable—sound all through," said his colonel when he appointed the boy to a task which required certain

qualities of command, as well as of tact and patience. "I know he looks a mere lad, with his red cheeks and curly hair; but there isn't a youngster anywhere, no, nor an older fellow either, with a stronger sense of duty and a better hold over his men, than Jim Cox."

So it came to pass that Cox, the officer-boy, with a handful of Tommies, was set to hold the Farm of Swanzyspoort, an important point almost at the junction of two lines of advance. There had been some very fierce fighting round the farm on several occasions, and now Colonel Mostyn of the "Homeshires" determined to keep the place as a base for advance operations, supplies, and especially for communication between the two diverging tracks over which De Wet and his followers hovered in menacing and harassing mystery.

Jim Cox would rather have marched forward with the regiment; this occupation of Swanzyspoort looked like being left behind while the other fellows were hard on the heels of the enemy; still he could not but be aware that he had a post of responsibility at this junction of road and river, and that circumstances might arise which would call for all his common sense and initiative, as well as his courage and alertness.

But as time went on, it seemed as if the Boers had forgotten Swanzyspoort, and interest in the struggle was shifting into a different region. Occasionally British troops on the march, or troopers with despatches, made a brief halt at the farm, and told and asked news with eagerness; but more often the days dragged by very tediously. Cox, mindful of the men in his charge, devised what occupations he could for them. But with all his activity and resourcefulness, it was dull work, and told on the spirits of the little garrison. Two of the Tommies fell ill with symptoms of enteric which could not be mistaken, and a third had the ill-luck to break his arm. "We must rig up a hospital," declared the Pippin cheerily, though he felt anything but cheerful at the prospect of a sick house with an insufficient guard. There was always the danger of a Boer raid on the farm, if it should leak out that the little British force was in difficulties, and in the South African war, birds of the air seemed to carry news.

Presently another man sickened, and Cox saw the absolute necessity of making their distressing plight known, though where to send for the much-desired doctor and medical comforts he was quite uncertain. But it was obvious that unless some steps were taken to communicate with the Homeshires, or with other help, the whole party, perhaps Cox himself and his right hand, Sergeant Graves, might be incapacitated by illness, and unable to hold the farm if attacked. So Graves was sent out in the direction in which Colonel Mostyn and the regiment had last been heard of. Very loth was he to leave his superior officer with a sick ward full of fever-stricken men. The Pippin, however, was firm.

"We can only act for the best as far as we can see, Graves," he said. "We mustn't let the men die while we're shilly-shallying as to what is best to do. Of course you must go—you've got three days' rations, Red Rover's in splendid condition, and you are sure to come up with our fellows, or the Gloucesters, or perhaps the Westralians, before long, if you keep along the river track, and scout carefully. Bring us back a doctor and two or three men to take the place

of our invalids. Don't worry about me: Rankin and I can manage all right for a day or two, and nothing is the least likely to happen. Sufficient for the day, you know, is the evil thereof!"

"Deed, sir, I'm afraid I'm leavin' you with sufficient evil on your shoulders for quite a week!" said Graves, in reply, but he knew as well as his superior that the need for help was imperative, and might even now come too late. He admired Cox's coolness with all his soldierly heart, and tried to emulate it by saluting and riding off as jauntily as if he were merely carrying a note to the colonel's wife to accept an invitation in the pleasant old English cathedral-city which everybody knows is the depôt of the Homeshires.

"That's the bravest little officer-boy that ever we've raised," said Graves, riding out into the veldt to look for help.

Two days later things were in a bad way at Swanzyspoort.

The enteric patients were seriously ill, and Rankin's arm, which the sergeant had set and bandaged, was giving him great pain. No one, either intentionally or by chance, had visited the farm; and Cox, though he said little, was grievously anxious for his small body of men, and the responsibility lay heavy upon him. The farm might be surprised and retaken at any moment by the Boers, if they came to know of the garrison's weakness; and very deplorable results might follow (not to the individuals alone) if this shelter, at an important junction-point, were to be recaptured by the enemy. Cox faced the situation bravely, sitting alone in the big Boer parlor which, lying to the front of the house, represented "officers' quarters." For two nights he had not taken off his clothes, and he was feeling physically exhausted, while, what was worse, he realized that unless relief came very soon, he was at an end of his resources, including medical knowledge, stores, and comforts.

He had done all he could, sparing neither mind nor body, but to-night further effort seemed vain; he sat down at the bare table, and tried to think of further means of communication with the outside world,—in the event of Graves failing to return,—but his brain refused to work. He put out his hand toward his little Bible,—the Craddock Bible which was not too big to find a place in his regulation kit,—but his heavy eyes could not read the lines which danced before them. His last waking thought was, "I wonder if any of the other fellows are reading their books anywhere to-night, and thinking of the old school?" and then his heavy head fell forward on the table, and he was fast asleep.

He woke suddenly and completely. The evil-smelling lamp beside him still burned dimly, the fire still smoldered, and even before he lifted his head from the table he was certain that he was not alone—that he was being watched by more than one pair of eyes.

Opposite him, in the circle of the firelight, sat an old Boer, watchful, immovable, with his gun between his knees; beside him a younger man, evidently his son, was sitting also quite motionless and in the same attitude, his rifle leaning against his gaitered legs, while in one hand he held Cox's revolver, on the bright muzzle of which the light glinted. The young officer sat up, straight and stiff, and for a few seconds the three regarded one another silently, full in the eyes.

Cox spoke first, in his quiet English voice. "Who are you, and what have you come for? I think you are old Piet Swanzy?" he hazarded, and the old Boer smiled grimly.

"I am Swanzy, and this is my son, and my house." He spoke English harshly, and there was an unmistakable ring of triumph behind his words. "You are in my place, where you have no right to be, and where you will not remain much longer. If you stir hand or foot, I will shoot you where you sit."

Lieutenant Cox did not even change color. "You are too good a marksman to enjoy shooting a sitting man at five paces, I should suppose," he said, coolly.

There was another short pause. Cox, with his mind fully alert, and refreshed by his brief sleep, was thinking hard; the younger Swanzy turned the revolver about in his sinewy hands, while the elder man looked curiously at a little brown book, which without doubt he had picked up from the table when he and his son made their noiseless entrance. Again the English lad broke the silence.

"That is my school Bible, a book I value very much. When I am dead,—for I presume you mean to finish me, having caught me unprotected,—will you send that book, and a few trifles which are personal and of very little value, to the address you will find in my pocket-book? Anything of value you will of course keep,—all's fair in war!—but the Bible, my papers, and letters are to go back to my mother. Please see to that. I would do that, and more, for one of your men, and I don't think you'll refuse! Now . . . hadn't you better finish the business at once? I trust you will spare my poor fellows, down with fever, if you make an example of me?"

The elder Swanzy was fingering the little brown Bible, glancing here and there. "Strange! I did not think the English had the Holy Book—not as we have it," he said.

Cox laughed out boyishly. They might shoot him for laughing, but really this was too much! "England sends the Bible all over the world!" he announced, proudly. "Do you know Our Lord's command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature'? Well, England does that, God be praised and thanked for it!"

Old Piet Swanzy was staring with wide-open eyes. "We read our Bibles, and love them—I never heard that the English did so, too! Say, you young man, what is the Holy Book to you?"

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," Cox answered promptly.

In the excitement of the encounter even the peculiar circumstances of the case—Cox's danger, and the Boer's enmity—were forgotten. The Swanzy's laid aside their rifles, that they might hunt the more diligently in the Englishman's little brown book, the son leaning over his father's shoulder, and prompting him with questions, suggested in the Taal and translated by the old Piet into laborious English for the discomfiture of Cox. But Cox's composure never deserted him for a moment! Not in vain had he played the old family game of "Bible questions" on long-ago Sundays at home, or done divinity papers at Craddock. Above all, it was not in vain that he had read and re-read his school Bible during the two long years of his South African exile; and at the back of his mind, like a strong wall, lay the assurance: "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour."

When Graves and the surgeon, with a detachment of the Homeshires, broke in upon the trio in the parlor at Swanzyspoort, there was no need to cry, "Hands up!" to the enemy, for their weapons leaned neglected

against the wall by the fireplace. The Swanzys, father and son, sprawled half across the table with the Bible between them, eagerly following a rough plan of St. Paul's voyage to Rome, which Cox, always a great hand at maps, was drawing from memory on the deal surface: "Adrimit — Adramyttium — don't know how to spell it, but that's where it ought to be," Cox was just saying, and old Piet Swanzy wagged his head, muttering, "Wonderful! wonderful!" as the Home-shires clattered in at the wooden windows, and all danger was over.

The Pippin shook hands with his visitors at parting. "These gentlemen" (he did not mention any names) "have been helping me get through a dull evening; and when you came in, we were discussing a book which both our nations love dearly. Good-night, sir; you have a long way to ride, and I mustn't keep you longer. Graves, show these gentlemen down to the ford, where I think they left their horses."

"You are a very brave young man, and a very generous one," said Piet Swanzy, holding out his hand. "I am glad to have met you. To-night you have defended your life with a sword against which the weapons of men can not prevail. God be with you! Farewell!"—*Miss Stuart, in Bible Society Gleanings.*

Sonant or Surd

A CLASS of words very commonly mispronounced are those beginning with "ex," sometimes with the prefix "in" or "un." In some localities, the *ks* sound is almost invariably used in all such cases. The frequency of blunders of this sort, by persons usually correct in their speech, seems to indicate that no rule for the pronunciation of these words has been generally promulgated. Many students regard the division of these words into two classes as merely arbitrary, and for guidance in the matter depend upon remembering the pronunciation given by recognized authorities to each individual word.

However, these words fall quite consistently into their respective groups, euphony being the basis of separation. Thus, when the "x" is immediately followed by a *vowel sound* in an *accented syllable*, the "gz" sound is used; as, exert (egz-ert'), exotic (egz-ot'ic), unexampled (unegz-am'pled), inexhaustible (inegz-aust'ible). (Silent "h" intervening between the "x" and the vowel, does not affect the pronunciation.) In all other instances, the *ks* sound is heard; that is, when "x" is followed by a *consonant sound*, or by an *unaccented syllable*; as, exit (eks'-it), exodus (eks'-odus), exhume (eks-hume'), expand (eks-pand').

The only exceptions to this clear-cut rule are a few words which are not used in ordinary speech; namely: exanthematic, exogenous, exopodite, exanguious, and as many more. Few speakers will tax their memory with these.

There are also a small number of words which may be pronounced either in accordance with the rule, or contrariwise; thus: exude, exuberance, and exiguous, having either sound of "x;" and exarchate, with surd "x" always, but receiving the accent on either the first or the second syllable.

Still other words there are — just four, I think — having "x" followed by "h" which may be silent or sounded. These vary the sound of the "x" to conform to the rule; they are: exhale (egs-ale' or eks-hale'), exhibit (egs-ib'it or eks-hib'it), exhilarant

(egz-il'arant or eks-hil'arant), and exhort (egz-ort' or eks-hort').

Thus one who chooses to be untrammelled by exceptions, may safely follow this rule uniformly: Use sonant "x" always when, and only when, that letter is followed by a vowel or silent "h" which begins an accented syllable.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

Origin of Scandal

SAID Mrs. A
To Mrs. J,
In quite a confidential way:
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B,
Takes too much — something — in her tea."

And Mrs. J,
To Mrs. K
That night was overheard to say
(She grieved to touch
Upon it much)
That "Mrs. B takes — such and such"!

Then Mrs. K
Went straight away,
And told a friend, the selfsame day,
"Tis sad to think," —
Here came a wink, —
"That Mrs. B is fond of drink."

The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady "which she nussed,"
That "Mrs. B,
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B,
And at such news
Could hardly choose,
But further needlework refuse.

Then Mrs. B,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.

Through Mrs. K
And Mrs. J,
She got at last to Mrs. A,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.

Said Mrs. A,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say.
I said that you
But stouter grew,
On too much sugar, which you do!"

— *Selected.*

A Russian Baron's Conversion

(Concluded from page eight)

when we arose from our knees after this prayer, full of thanks and full of praise, an aged brother put his hand on my shoulder and told me, "Now you must also confess Christ before men because it is written, 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.'" I did not say, "Religion is good enough for uneducated people," but I said, "I haven't been in a seminary or Bible institute." He said, "It is not necessary, the Holy Spirit will teach you to say what experience you have had." That is the story how I became a child of God.—*Sunday School Times.*

"FILL the whole heart with the words of God."

A Word to the Young

THOUGH the angels of God are holding the four winds of war and strife, the winds of doctrine are blowing up storms from all directions.

One who has been in or near a tornado knows how acceptable a place of refuge is at that time. When the days are bright with sunshine and only balmy breezes blow, few think of preparing for such disturbances. The United States Weather Bureau is succeeding, by efficient organization throughout the different States, in foretelling the approach of many storms, thus giving the people warning in time to prepare for them.

God has done the same for us by accurately predicting the approach of the terrible storms of the last days. The "winds of doctrine" may blow furiously for a time, but we know they will soon be over. We need to have a place of refuge to which we can flee and be safe if we wish to enjoy the serenity of the calm after the storm. It is impossible for man to erect buildings or dig caves that will preserve him from the destructive forces of nature. So also is it futile for man to think he can fashion an abode of safety that will protect him from the coming eruptions in the religious world.

When men see a cyclone approaching, they seek their subterranean caves, if they are fortunate enough to have them; but paradoxical as it may seem, when the terrific storms of the last days are overturning every unstable thing, the person who stands upon the Word of God, though apparently unsheltered, will not be moved, though he may be in the very midst of the tempest.

Pertinent questions for every youth to ask himself to-day, are: "Am I standing on the rock of God's Word? Am I so sure of our position that the words and actions of men will not cause me to fall?"

The following thoughts are worth considering in this connection:—

"Let us not be frightened at noisy and confident bluster with its veneer of learning. It is on experience, on the bed-rock of personal experience, explained, confirmed, multiplied a millionfold by the felt, recorded, witnessed experience of others, that we rest our faith in the Bible as the Word of God to human hearts."—*James M. Wilson, D. D., F. G. S., in "Is Christianity True?"*

"I saw that we have no time to throw away in listening to fables. Our minds should not be thus diverted, but should be occupied with the present truth."—*Mrs. E. G. White, in "Early Writings."*

"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them."—*Paul's Advice to Timothy.*

"Let me entreat the young especially to read the whole Scripture, copiously, regularly, and systematically. . . . Of too many it must be said, they are not convinced by Scripture. They do not possess an insight into the scope of the Bible. They know little of Moses, and still less of the prophets. They do not understand the drift of an epistle. And therefore they may easily be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. A good flow of language, solemnity of manner, and plausible philosophy, carry them away. Our armor is the Word. Read the Scripture, and prayerfully and diligently study 'the whole counsel of God.'"—*Adolph Saphir, in "Christ and the Scriptures."*

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society Program

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 172.

PRAYER.

BIBLE STUDY: The Bible and Liberty.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

LIBERTY BELL —

Early History.

The Motto on the Bell.

Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Sounded for the Last Time.

On Exhibition.

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 549.

The Bible and Liberty

1. WHAT proclamation did God ordain should be made throughout Israel in the year of jubilee? Lev. 25: 10.
2. What was Christ's mission to this earth? Isa. 61: 1; Luke 4: 18.
3. What condition exists where the Spirit of the Lord is? 2 Cor. 3: 17.
4. What is Satan's studied plan concerning man? 2 Peter 2: 19.
5. From what and for what purpose did God deliver Israel? Deut. 5: 15; Ps. 105: 43-45.
6. From what does God desire his people to be free? Rom. 13: 8.
7. Who only has liberty? John 8: 34-36.

The Liberty Bell

Early History

ONE of the most interesting relics of colonial and Revolutionary times is the Liberty Bell. It is of particular interest, not only because of the motto inscribed upon it, which itself seemed both providential and prophetic, but because its history is so intimately associated with the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and the founding of those principles which have made this nation great.

The bell was ordered made, by a resolution passed by the Pennsylvania Assembly of 1750-51, for the Pennsylvania State House, at Philadelphia, later known as Independence Hall. The order for the casting of the bell was first given to a firm in England. The bell made, however, was not satisfactory, and it was broken up, and, with some added metals, recast by the firm of Pass and Stow, of Philadelphia. This, again, did not prove satisfactory, and the same firm cast it over a second time. This last effort was more successful, and produced the bell which announced to the people on the evening of July 4, 1776, the fact that the Declaration of Independence had been signed.

The Motto on the Bell

A point worthy of note is the fact that each time this bell was cast, both in England and America, there

was inscribed upon it the words: "'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.' Lev. 25: 10."

This is the jubilee proclamation which God ordained should be proclaimed throughout the land of Israel every fifty years, when every servant should be set free, every debt canceled, and every one return to his original possession of land lost or pledged away through misfortune or adverse circumstances. That such a bell, with such a motto, should be the one to first announce American independence seems indeed significant.

Signing of the Declaration of Independence

The signing of the Declaration of Independence meant much,—a war lasting through eight long years; a victory for human rights and liberties; and a new nation, established upon "a new order of things." Many feared the results of such a bold and decided step; others questioned its propriety; and some, like the old bell ringer in the belfry, kept shaking their heads, and saying, "They'll never do it; they'll never do it." But they did do it, and the old belfry man's eyes expanded, and he grasped the rope with a firmer hold, when a blue-eyed boy flew up the stairs, shouting, "Ring! ring! they've signed." For four hours the vibrant lips of old Liberty Bell pealed forth the birth-notes of American freedom. The message was taken up in other parts, and many bells throughout the land proclaimed the joyful news.

When the courageous American patriots had completed signing the immortal document, Benjamin Franklin said, "Men, we shall all have to hang together now, or we will all hang separately."

Sounded for the Last Time

For nearly sixty years Liberty Bell did service in Independence Hall, excepting a short period during the Revolutionary War, when it was taken down and secreted to prevent the possibility of its being taken as "the spoils of war." But on July 8, 1835, it sounded for the last time. While being slowly tolled during the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall on that day, it cracked, and was silent henceforth forever. And we are not so sure but that this seemingly most unfortunate occurrence was also prophetic. Human slavery was then taking such deep root in this country as to bring on a little later a prolonged and most bloody internecine war for its extirpation; and other elements were also at work, and have since developed to great proportions, to take away the rights and liberties of the people in religious matters, and turn this nation and this fair land back into the "old order of things,"—the evils of religious bigotry and persecution which have been the bane and the blight of all the nations of the Old World and of the most ancient times.

Still another matter worthy of mention is the fact that in a show case in the exhibit of relics in the west end of Independence Hall, the old Bible which was used in the councils and proceedings of those early times, is open at the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, as the writer has himself seen. This, too, is not a little significant, for here is portrayed, in symbolic language, the whole history of this nation, not only its early Christlike, lamblike features, but the dragonlike spirit that is to be manifested in its later history, and cause it to merit the title of "false prophet."

On Exhibition

Old Liberty Bell is now preserved, and may be

seen, in a large glass case standing on the ground floor of Independence Hall. It has several times been placed on exhibit at world fairs and the like. The Declaration of Independence, so closely associated with Liberty Bell, is now deposited in a vault in the War and Navy building in Washington, D. C., just west of the White House. It was formerly on exhibit in a glass case here; but as it was fading so rapidly, it was, by act of Congress, placed in a vault, never again to be exposed to public view.

W. A. COLCORD,

Secretary Religious Liberty Department.

Quotations

RELIGION is not within the purview of human government. Religion is essentially distinct from human government, and exempt from its cognizance. A connection between them is injurious to both. There are causes in the human breast which insure the perpetuity of religion without the aid of law.—*Madison*.

Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain.—*Gen. U. S. Grant*.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political. . . . Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person. . . . These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. To the attainment of them have been devoted the wisdom of our sages and the blood of our heroes. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety."—*Jefferson's Inaugural Address*.

A Fatal Sleep

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY S. W. TRUMP

ONE hot summer day a father took his little son for an outing in the country. Finding a pleasant spot beneath a shady tree, they lay down to rest, the man soon falling fast asleep. Meanwhile the little fellow wandered off for a boyish romp, leaving his father to undisturbed slumber. How long he slept he knew not, but on awakening his first thought was of his boy; as the child was nowhere in sight, he called, but received no reply. Worried and anxious, the man, surmising that the boy had become lost in the wood, began shouting and calling as he searched with frantic zeal for some trace of the lost child. In vain seemed all his efforts, until he espied ahead the yawning sides of a precipice. Going to the edge, and peering over, he saw lying upon the thorns and rocks below the bruised, lifeless form of his boy!

What a picture of the church of God! How many fathers and mothers are sleeping while their children are wandering near, and falling over the chasm, of destruction! Fathers and mothers where are your children to-day?



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V — The Call of Samuel

(August 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. 12: 1.

Review

To what place was Samuel brought when a small child? To whom was he given by his mother? What did Samuel do in the house of the Lord? How often did his mother visit him? What little gift did she bring each year?

The Lesson Story

1. In the days when Samuel was a child, there was a great deal that was evil connected with the worship of God at Shiloh. Eli was an old man, and his two sons, Hophni and Phineas, who helped him, were very wicked men. When the people brought their sacrifices to the Lord's house, these men took whatever part they liked best. If the people would not give it up, they threatened to take it by force.

2. The result of this wicked, unjust dealing was soon seen. Instead of loving the worship of God, men "abhorred the offering of the Lord." They did not like to bring their gifts to his house. At last the wickedness of these sons of Eli became so great that the Lord sent a prophet to warn him what would come to pass because of their evil ways.

3. The child Samuel was not affected by the evil example of Eli's sons. There was in his heart no anger, no unkindness, no selfish desire to exalt self. Cheerfully and willingly he went about his daily duties. He was obedient, loving, and helpful to Eli, who found in this child the comfort and affection his own sons did not give. "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men."

4. "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.

5. "And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep; that the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down.

6. "And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.

7. "Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.

8. "And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

9. "And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

10. "And the Lord said to Samuel, behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever.

11. "And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision.

12. "Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that he said unto thee.

13. "And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

14. "And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: for the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh."

Questions

1. What had crept into the worship of God at Shiloh when Samuel was a child? Who were Hophni and Phineas? When the people brought their sacrifices, what did these men do? If the people would not give them what they wanted, what did they threaten?

2. What was the result of this unjust dealing? By whom did the Lord send a message of warning to Eli?

3. Was Samuel affected by the evil example of Eli's sons? What did he do each day? How was he a comfort to Eli? What is said of Samuel as he was growing up? What may we learn from this record of Samuel's boyhood?

4. Before whom did Samuel minister in the house of God? What is said of the word of the Lord in those days?

5. Who spoke to Samuel one evening when he had lain down to sleep? What did Samuel suppose? How did he answer? How quickly did he go to Eli? What did Samuel say to Eli? How did Eli answer? What did he tell Samuel to do?

6. When Samuel had lain down again, who spoke to him? What did Samuel do the second time? What did he say to Eli? What did Eli perceive, when Samuel came to him thus the third time? What did he tell Samuel to do?

9. When Samuel had again lain down, who spoke to him? How did Samuel answer?

10. What solemn message did the Lord then give to Samuel? Why was Eli to suffer the judgments of God with his wicked sons?

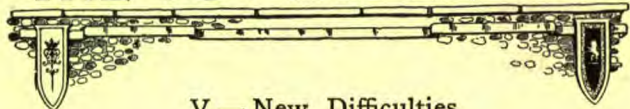
11. What did Samuel do when he had received this message? In the morning what did he do? What did he fear to tell Eli?

12. What did Eli presently do? What did he ask Samuel?

13. When Samuel had told him all the message, what did Eli say?

14. What is further said of Samuel as he grew up? What did all the people know? Through whom did the Lord again speak to his people?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



V — New Difficulties

(August 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." Heb. 6:10.

Questions

1. Who made complaint against the Jews? Neh. 5:1.

2. What was the ground of their complaint? Verses 2-4.

3. Into what condition were many thus brought? Verse 5.

4. How did the situation affect Nehemiah? Verse 6.

5. Whom did he rebuke? Verse 7.

6. State what Nehemiah said to those in fault. Verses 8, 9.

7. What did he beseech them to do? Verses 10, 11.

8. How was the matter finally adjusted? Verses 12, 13; note 1.

9. What instruction of the Lord had they been disregarding? Ex. 22:25, 26; note 2.

10. How long did Nehemiah act as governor? Neh. 5:14.

11. How did his course compare with that of former governors? Verse 15.

12. To what did Nehemiah give his chief attention and energy? Verse 16; note 3.

13. What liberal spirit did he manifest, because of his regard for the people and the work? Verses 17-19.

14. How are such sacrifices regarded by the Lord? Heb. 6:10; Phil. 4:16-18; note 4.

15. What encouraging promises are made to those who give freely? 2 Cor. 9:6; Prov. 11:25; note 5.

16. What warning is given against withholding? Prov. 11:24; 13:7.

Notes

1. It is refreshing to note that Israel performed their vow. There is a similar expression of faithfulness in 2 Kings 23:3. God is a covenant-keeping God. Deut. 31:6; Joshua 23:14. This fact is the ground of all faith.

2. Usury on money or on anything used to relieve the unfortunate and the oppressed, seems to have been strictly forbidden in the Word of God. Ps. 15:5. Under certain other conditions, however, they were permitted to take usury. Deut. 23:19, 20. We will do well to prayerfully study the principle involved, for it is no doubt as applicable to us to-day as to Israel anciently.

3. Although Nehemiah held the high position of governor, and no doubt had many opportunities to enrich himself if he so desired, yet he did not do so. His example contains a lesson which is well worthy

of study at this time. No people should be more willing to sacrifice than those upon whom the end of the world has come.

4. The Lord is not unmindful of the little sacrifices made in behalf of his servants who are carrying burdens in his work. The giving of a cup of cold water is not forgotten. Matt. 10:42. It is the little things in life which settle our destiny. With this thought in mind, read Matt. 25:34-46.

5. "Whenever God's people, in any period of the world, have cheerfully and willingly carried out his plan in systematic benevolence and in gifts and offerings, they have realized the standing promise that prosperity should attend all their labors just in proportion as they obeyed his requirements. When they acknowledged the claims of God, and complied with his requirements, honoring him with their substance, their barns were filled with plenty. But when they robbed God in tithes and offerings, they were made to realize that they were not only robbing him but themselves; for he limited his blessings to them, just in proportion as they limited their offerings to him." — *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. III, page 395.

THE water that falls in refreshing and fertilizing irrigation is not lost, but becomes a fair stream. So the bounty of the liberal man, which rains down blessings, will flow on forever in a bountiful river. — *Wordsworth*.

Self-Mending Tires

AN Australian has invented a substance that he calls "miraculum." His modesty was evidently on a vacation when he named the compound, and yet it certainly possesses wonderfully useful qualities. It is to be applied to pneumatic tires to remedy punctures, and this is the way it works:—

It is a semi-liquid, looking like cream, and about as thick. It is pumped through the valve into the inner tube of the tire, and the revolution of the wheel throws it in a coat over the inner surface. When the tire is punctured, it oozes out of the opening, solidifies as soon as it reaches the air, and behold! there is no opening. It has been tested, and is found to do what is claimed for it.

Now I want some miraculum in all the wheels of my life chariot! I want a good supply of it.

How constantly those tires get punctured! Unkind words, malicious sneers, hateful slanders, bitter ridicule, foolish misunderstandings, angry recriminations—all these are strewn along my road, and their edges are sharper than ever was broken glass. Bang! go the tires nearly every time I ride out.

O yes, I patch them up and roll along after a fashion. My tires are covered with sticking-plaster of every hue. They look like veterans of a thousand battles.

But what I want is no exterior application, but an inner remedy like miraculum. I know the name of what I want. It is a shorter name, but it means far more. It is "love." Love! Ah, love! No life chariot will be troubled with punctured tires when love is used within. It heals every thrust, however cruel, and cures every wound, often before it is known to be a wound.

For love suffereth long and is kind. Love thinketh no evil. Love is the miraculum of the soul.—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Truth and the Life

"TRUTH backed by life is irresistible," said a speaker at a recent international convention. And the South Sea Islander too recognized this fact,—that the power of truth comes from its being wrought into living tissue,—when he prayed, "O God, we are about to go to our homes; let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off, and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes round; but let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable until death."

Five Hundred Per Cent Increase

"ONE year and a half ago," said a minister in Kansas City, "a mission study class was organized in our church, and from that one class and the classes organized since, so large an interest has been created in the Sunday-school among the teachers and officers that the offerings for foreign missions in that school have increased from three hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars."

We believe that in those Missionary Volunteer Societies which have earnestly studied for the past three years the mission lessons given in the INSTRUCTOR, equally interesting results have followed. Possibly the increase in offerings may not have been so great, but this is more than compensated for by the consecration of young men and women to the mission fields.

Number of Suicides

MR. GEORGE KENNAN gives, in *McClure's Magazine*, the following alarming figures in regard to the constantly increasing death-rate by suicide in the leading countries of the world:—

"In 1881 the annual suicide rate of the United States was only twelve for each million of the population, and our total number of suicides was six hundred five; last year our suicide-rate had risen to one hundred twenty-six for each million, and our suicides numbered 10,782. If the present rate of increase is maintained, we shall lose by suicide in the next five years nearly as many lives as were lost by the Union in battles in the five years of the Civil War. We are already losing annually from this cause more men than were killed on the Union side in the three great

battles of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness.

"Statisticians have estimated that in the world as a whole, there is a suicide every three minutes, and we know with an approximation to certainty that there is a suicide every six minutes and a half in Europe and the United States alone. Suicide has cost France 274,000 lives since 1871; Germany, 158,000 since 1893; and the United States 120,000 since 1890."

Conscience Speaks, but is Not Heard

A KINDERGARTEN teacher in a Quaker school kept a screen in the schoolroom, and when a child was disorderly or disobedient, she frequently sent him to sit behind the screen, telling him to listen carefully to what was said inside of him. One little fellow who was accorded this seat one morning, replied, when the teacher inquired what he had heard, that he hadn't heard anything. On reminding him that she feared he had failed to listen well, he said, "The thing in there is talking all right, but I a'in't a hearing it." It is possible that were we older ones more sincere with ourselves and with others, we would often make a similar confession in regard to the inner voice, which heaven in love grants to us all for our spiritual adviser.

Missionary and Lion

BROTHER J. V. WILLSON of South Africa writes of an experience that Elder W. H. Anderson, who is all alone at the Barotseland mission, had while on his last visit to his two outstations. While Elder Anderson one day "was following on foot some distance behind the wagon, he heard a growl, and when he looked around, there was a great lion only ten feet from him, just in the act of springing upon him. He set the greyhound on the lion, fired his gun, and ran for the wagon. He reached the wagon first, the dog following, and the lion coming up last. The lion immediately sprang upon the oxen, got one separated from the team, and killed it. That night they set a trap gun, and shot the lion. The Lord mercifully saved his servant from the power of the lion as he did Daniel of old."

More Wireless Wonders

ONE of the latest and most remarkable scientific feats is that of a German scientist who has transmitted both pictures and writing over a distance of several hundred miles, without the use of any material conductor. To ships in midocean, photographs can be sent. They can be transmitted in any direction from air-ships, and more than one copy at a time can be produced. Mr. Knudsen, a Danish inventor, has also been successful in transmitting pictures through space without the use of wires. He claims that he can send pictures wherever Mr. Marconi can send messages. Mr. Knudsen has recently announced his ability to set type at a distance. He declares that soon the European correspondents of our American papers will be able, by a machine now in construction, to set up their articles in type on American soil, instead of cabling or posting them.

"AROUND the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels but divinities attend."

"ON bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours."