

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 30



*Perry Pictures Company*

A CLUSTER OF RHODODENDRONS



SIXTY million dollars, so the customs records show, were expended by the women of the United States for foreign laces and embroideries during the last year.

NAPOLEON once said that "four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets," which is suggestive of the power for evil in a slanderous tongue.

FIVE million dollars is the sum that it is said Mr. John D. Rockefeller is to give to the union of three Bible classes in New York City, one of these being the one taught by his son, and over which Governor Charles E. Hughes once presided. The purpose of the union is the creating of a wide-spread interest in the study of the Bible by young men.

SOME folks are always *going to* do things. "I am going to tell him," they say, when they mean, "I will tell him." Or, "I am going to write that letter," when they mean, "I am just about to write that letter," or, "I am on the point of writing that letter," or "I intend to write that letter at once." "Going to" is the lazy speaker's friend. It saves him from thinking, and discriminating. It is easy. All carelessness is easy.—*Caleb Cobweb.*

"AN Indian tree, known to botanists as *Semecarpus anacardium*, which grows also in North Australia and in the West Indies, bears a nut the juice of which has long been used as a natural marking-ink. Dried for commerce, the nut is heart-shaped and nearly black. It contains a black, viscid juice. This is mixed with quick-lime when used for marking linen or cotton. It is also employed to form a black varnish. A marking-ink can also be formed by treating the nut with a mixture of alcohol and sulphuric ether. The cashew-nut of the West Indies and tropical South America possesses similar properties."

"THERE are almost daily illustrations of the fact that wireless telegraphy has passed the experimental stage into the domain of practical efficiency. Take the instance of the Fall River Line steamer, "Providence." When twenty miles from New York, fire was discovered on the freight deck. The lives of three hundred fifty passengers would have been imperiled under old conditions. By wireless telegraph, aid was summoned from another steamboat of the same company, and the passengers were transferred to safety without panic or even excitement. Freed from anxiety as to the passengers, the officers and men soon had the fire under control."

#### A Remarkable Girl

MINNA WEISBEIN, a little Russian girl who arrived at Ellis Island recently from St. Petersburg, is pronounced by Immigration Commissioner Watchorn the most remarkable child that ever came to America. She speaks and writes seven different languages,—German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian, and English. Being asked what language she likes best, she replied: "I like them all, but English is fine.

When mother and I are alone, we speak Russian; but I am trying to speak English as much as possible, because I want to be a teacher in the United States when I am older and have a better education."—*Young People's Weekly.*

#### The Valuable Cup

A YOUNG American artist sojourning in Europe, saw in a shop a small china cup, which greatly delighted his artistic sense, and he determined to buy it; but the price was quite out of proportion to his income: being about ten dollars. To offset his prodigality, he ate no dessert nor butter for several weeks. When, by his self-imposed abstemiousness, he had saved the required amount, he danced about his studio in jubilant mood over possession of the cup. Then, alack! a miscalculated swing of an arm knocked the precious bit to the floor in fragments! This is merely a little commentary on 1 Cor. 9:25.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

#### Slow-Growing Trees

SOME one compares the ideals and even the dreams of youth to slow-growing trees, that if allowed to mature naturally and healthfully, as the years go on, will afford pleasure and refreshing shade to the end of life; but if ruthlessly hacked or lopped off here and there, or sacrificed to mistaken ideas of utility or present profit, barrenness and drought of spirit will be the penalty. Not more essential than the dew to the grass and flowers are many of the ideals of youth in preserving freshness of feeling, and that courageous and all-conquering optimism which distinguishes the most nobly successful lives.—*Selected.*

#### How to Tell Rabies in Dogs

HERE are the symptoms and progressive stages of rabies, given by Dr. George G. Rambaud, of the Pasteur Institute, by which owners of dogs may know the disease in their pets. The symptoms appear in this order:—

1. Change in the disposition of the dog.
2. Unusual show of attachment to its master.
3. Disappearance from its home for from several hours to two days.
4. Change in the bark, or total absence of barking, even on provocation.
5. Lack of appetite; difficulty in chewing and swallowing solid food.
6. Excitement and hallucinations. The dog snaps at imaginary objects, and may attack its master. It is excited by the sight of another dog, though this stage may be absent in the dumb form of the disease.
7. The dog eats its own bedding, tears cushions, carpets, etc.
8. It seems to be unable to eat. The dog takes food into the mouth, but the food drops out after he has made one or two attempts to swallow it. Drinking, however, is interfered with very little, or not at all, and there is no hydrophobia ("water fear"), in the stricter sense of the word.
9. Unsteady gait, which shows the beginning of paralysis in the hind quarters. The pupils of the eyes are dilated.
10. Later, there is paralysis of the lower jaw, shown by a dropping of the jaw, general paralysis, and death.—*Washington Post.*

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

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No. 30

## The President of the United States — No. 1 Time of Service and Salary



SINCE Mr. Roosevelt's term of office expires March 4, 1909, and some one must be selected before that time to take his place, it may be interesting and profitable to our readers to review some of the main features of the executive department of our government, noticing especially the method employed for electing a successor to our nation's chief executive.

The term of office of the president is four years, though he may be re-elected as many times as the people see fit thus to honor him. No president has yet served more than two terms, or eight years. Washington refused the third term, and now "it may be regarded as the settled custom of the country to re-elect a president but once." A representative is chosen for a term of two years, a senator for six years. The term of the president is therefore midway between that of a representative and that of a senator. The framers of the Constitution thought this arrangement "would enable the president to carry fairly through a system of administration according to the laws, and to give the people an opportunity to form an estimate of the merits of whatever policy he might pursue; and so short that he would not, as many men do, lose that sense of responsibility to the people that is so essential to the proper conduct of public affairs."

The president receives fifty thousand dollars a year for his service to the country. He also has the use of the White House during his term of office. This is a moderate salary, compared with what the heads of the European monarchies receive. Nearly three million dollars annually is appropriated by the English government for the maintenance of the royal family. Queen Victoria received six times as much as the president of the United States, outside of all the expense of running the royal household.

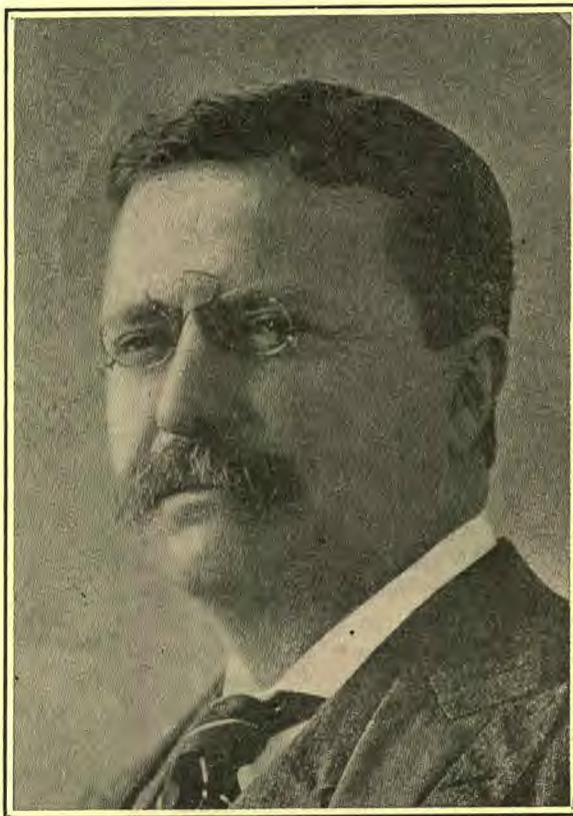
### Election of President and Vice-President

These two officials are elected by electors appointed by the States, in the way the legislatures thereof may direct. At the present time, I believe, in all States the electors are chosen by vote of the people.

### The Electoral College

This term is applied to the electors of a State or of

the United States. The number of United States representatives allowed from each State depends upon the population of the State. The present ratio seems to be one representative for every 196,261 inhabitants. There were three hundred eighty-eight representatives in the last, or sixtieth, Congress, which does not include the delegates from New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii, Arizona, and Porto Rico. These, having no vote in Congress, are not included in the number of representatives. Each State, irrespective of population, is allowed two senators for the United States Senate. Since there are now forty-six States in the Union, the Senate consists of ninety-two members, besides its president.



In the electoral college each State is entitled to as many electors as it has senators and representatives in Congress. In the present presidential campaign the electoral college must consist of four hundred eighty members. Early in the summer preceding the election, each political party in a convention of delegates from all the States and Territories, selects the candidate for that party to support at the coming election. After the convention the candidate accepts the nomination, and expresses in a formal letter his approval of the platform of the party that has just chosen him as its candidate. The rest of the summer and early autumn is devoted to the canvass of the country under the guidance of the national committees.

About the middle of last month the Republican Convention met in Chicago, and nominated William H. Taft, Secretary of War, for our next president; and James Schoolcraft Sherman, United States representative from New York, for vice-president. The Democratic Convention met at Denver, Colorado, this month, and nominated William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, for president; and John Worth Kern, of Indiana, for vice-president.

The people do not vote directly for their president, but for *electors* of each party. These are chosen by the people upon a general ticket in each State, so that usually all the electors from one State will be Republicans, and all those from another State will be Democrats. The Tuesday next after the first Monday in November is the date fixed for the choosing of the electors. The governor of each State sends to each elector a certificate of his election. The date fixed by law for the meeting of the electors is the first Wednesday in December; but they usually meet the

day preceding the one fixed by law, and organize, choosing one of their number to preside, also a clerk and any other officers they may think they need. Since the first election it has been required that the electors choose a messenger to carry one certificate of the result of the election to the national government.

Another reason for this preliminary meeting is that in case any of the electors chosen are unable to be present, they may choose another in his stead. The electors' place of meeting is required by law to be "within their respective States," and the practise now is to hold the meeting at the State capital, and in the State-house.

On the day of the election, the first Wednesday in December, the electors meet, and vote, first for a president, and then for a vice-president. In each case it is required that they vote by ballot. But it is the custom for the electors to announce, as each deposits his ballot, for whom the vote is cast. Frequently an elector at this time makes a long speech of eulogy upon the candidate.

After the counting of the votes, three certificates are made out, announcing the result of the votes. To these certificates are attached the names of the electors. The papers are then sealed. One is sent by mail to the president of the Senate at Washington; another is given to the messenger chosen by the electors to deliver personally to the president of the Senate, or if he is not in Washington at the time, to give it to the Secretary of State. The third copy is delivered to the judge of the district court of the district in which the meeting of the electors is held. The electors, having thus completed their duties, adjourn finally.

The Constitution says that "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." This is done on the second Wednesday in February. If a majority is found, the president of the Senate formally announces who is elected president of the United States.

If no person has a majority of all the votes for president, the election devolves upon the House of Representatives. In such a case each State has one vote, depending upon the vote of the majority of the representatives of that State; and the president must be selected from the three highest on the list of those voted for as president. Thomas Jefferson, at his first election, and John Quincy Adams, were elected by the House of Representatives.

When the electors fail to elect a vice-president, the Senate chooses the vice-president from the two highest on the list of those voted for as vice-president.

F. D. C.

### A Workingman's Reasons against Sunday Laws

MANY of the Christian people of Washington and of the country at large regret the failure of the last Congress to pass a Sunday law; but it should be a cause of rejoicing to every lover of liberty that no such law was enacted. A few reasons why the workingmen especially should oppose the proposed Sunday laws follow:—

1. *There exists no necessity for the enactment of Sunday laws.* Let the laboringman recognize his right to a day of rest, and through his own organizations secure it from the employer, and not from the government. Labor organizations, notably the Typographical Union, have secured for their members a shorter working day; why can they not in the same way secure a

shorter working week? This method has been indorsed by Mr. F. M. Hobbs, Master Workman of the entire federation of the Knights of Labor. At a hearing before the House Committee, when the Breckenridge Sunday rest bill was before Congress, he said: "We are all in favor of a rest day; . . . but we are afraid of the religious side of this question. What benefits the Knights of Labor wish to obtain, we think can be better secured by our own efforts through *our own organizations*, than by the efforts of others *through the church.*"

2. *Sunday laws, literally enforced, are detrimental rather than beneficial to the workingman.* The workingman, confined in factory and workshop during the week, on Sunday desires a change; he has a perfect right to God's country, sunshine, air; he also has the right to remain at home, spending the day as he pleases, provided he does not invade the rights of others. These rights will ultimately be denied him when zealous Sunday-law advocates succeed in obtaining the legislation which they desire, as witness the following:—

"There is no kind of recreation that is profitable or proper on Sunday *outside of the home or the sanctuary.*"

"The experience of centuries shows, that you will in vain endeavor to preserve Sunday as a *day of rest* unless you preserve it as a *day of worship*. A weekly day of rest has never been secured in any land except on the basis of religious obligation. Take the *religion* out and you take the *rest* out."

Sunday trains are to be stopped, because "they get a great many passengers, and so break up a great many congregations."—*Sunday-law Convention.*

"This railroad (the Chicago and Rock Island) has been running excursion trains on the Sabbath day for some time, and ministers complain that their members go on these excursions. We need a Sabbath law that will bind the government and the corporation as well as the individual."

The Sunday newspaper also will be prohibited, as "the laboring classes are apt to arise late on Sunday morning, read the Sunday papers, and allow the *hour of worship* to go by unheeded."—*Sunday-law Convention.*

Evidently the movement, if successful, will mean a return to the sabbath of the Puritan, and a reading of the following Sunday law existing in Puritan times indicates how much enjoyment on Sunday awaits the workingman:—

"No one shall run on the sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep the house, cut hair, or shave on the sabbath day."

"No woman shall kiss her child on sabbath or fasting days."

"The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

"If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the Court of Magistrates."—*Blue Laws, pages 206, 122, and 230.*

3. *Sunday laws make criminals of honest men.* Honest toil should never be made a crime, and yet this is what is done by every Sunday law on our statute-books. How absurd to say that an act performed on Monday is legitimate and beneficial to the state, yet if performed on Sunday is a crime so heinous in its nature that even the judgment of the Almighty will fall

upon the nation if allowed to continue. A law which makes honest labor a crime has no right on our statute-books. Laws are not enacted to create crime, but to suppress it.

4. *Sunday legislation is class legislation.* They declare in favor of one class of workmen as against another. Workmen are not agreed as to the day to be observed or the manner of its observance, some observing the seventh day of the week, others the first. Sunday laws deprive the seventh-day man of his right to labor six days in the week, which is robbery pure and simple.

5. *Sunday laws in their operation are contrary to the spirit of Him who came not to condemn or to judge, but to save.* "Resolved, That we condemn any and every foe of the sabbath day, in business, public or private life, and that we will use all our powers and influence for a better observance of the Lord's day."—*Christian Endeavor Convention.*

"When people who call themselves Christians join with Jews, infidels, and outlaws to break down the sacredness of the Lord's day, instituted and observed by Christ, the apostles, and all true followers ever since the day of the resurrection, it is high time they were either *boycotted* or *crushed*."

Sunday laws give opportunity for such a spirit to manifest itself. The safe course is a refusal to enact Sunday laws, and abolish those already in existence. When the state will place Sunday in the same category with the fourth of July and other holidays, then it will have gone as far as it has any right to go, and neither the preacher or the workman can consistently ask for more than this. On holidays there is no dictation as to the manner in which the day is to be spent, whether in work, or rest, or amusement, neither should there be any as to the manner of Sunday observance. Civil offenses committed on Sunday should be dealt with just as they are when committed on any day of the week, and thus the rights of all are secure. Those who wish to spend the day in worship are at perfect liberty to do so; those who wish to devote the day to amusement or honest toil should have the same right. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

JOHN N. QUINN.

### Honest Toil a Blessing

A FEW years ago, while traveling on a boat between two New Zealand cities, one of the passengers, a young man, was complaining of the New Zealand government, and his inability to get work. Finally another of the passengers stepped up to him, saying, "My friend, if you go with me on our arrival in Wellington, I promise you will have work in less than two hours," to which he replied, "It is not work I am after; it is money I want." This young man was frank enough to acknowledge the motive which prompted him in securing work. By the laboring classes, as a rule, work is considered a necessity to be tolerated only until existence is possible without it. This makes all toil drudgery and burdensome. It takes the sweetness out of that which God designed to be a great blessing. But labor performed even in this mechanical manner, with the heart not in it, is better than idleness.

Dr. Guy, in calculating the average duration of life in the wealthy classes, who feel no need for physical toil, discovered that the higher the position in social life, the more unlimited their means, the fewer the

chances of a long life. Health and length of days are usually found among the peasants of the various countries who are compelled to toil for their daily bread. This proves clearly that labor improves and strengthens the health and lengthens life.

The Egyptians, in planning to exterminate the Israelites, said, "Let us deal wisely with them." Thinking that hard work was the surest way to cause physical degeneracy, and to weaken the race, they placed taskmasters over them, and afflicted them with the hardest kind of labor. They were sadly disappointed in the result. The record says: "But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel." Hard work does not kill, or lead to physical degeneracy; physical exercise builds up, develops, and strengthens the muscles and the brain. A sound mind is found only in a sound body, and the body can not be sound without having suitable exercise. We are living in an unfortunate age, an age of specialization. A few years ago only all-round men and women were in demand. Clerks in stores were supposed to handle everything,—groceries, clothing, hardware, light and heavy machinery. Inside and outside work were combined. The women did housework, made the clothing for their families, and worked in the fields. Economy had to be studied, and much thought given to the home. The mother was physician to her own flock. This variety of labor compelled the use of nearly all the muscles of the body as well as the brain. At present labor is divided into departments. One person is confined exclusively to typewriting, another to teaching, and so on. This must result in an injury to the mind as well as the body, and no doubt accounts in part for the present enfeebled condition of the race.

Institutions of learning are beginning to see the need of having physical exercise as an aid in mental development and the maintenance of physical health. They have encouraged foot-ball, bicycle riding, and the gymnasium. I have no hesitancy in saying that the harm that has resulted from these will overbalance in many instances the good derived from them. The greatest danger in the various games, the gymnasium, and the bicycle is in overexertion. Lifting heavy weights, swinging on bars or rings, taxes the muscles so severely that they are oftentimes injured beyond repair.

We should avoid getting into a routine way of doing our accustomed work, for the constant use of any muscle or set of muscles to the exclusion of others results in injury. The muscles thus used, will eventually wear out or become stiff. The crooked legs and hard, contracted muscles of the worn-out stage-horse demonstrate that the constant use of a few muscles to the exclusion of others is unwise. If the mind is confined to close thought or study, and the physical powers are allowed to remain inactive, the muscles not only become weak, but the brain is injured. In order to have health in its fulness, all the faculties of mind and body must be cultivated.

No mode of exercise can take the place of useful labor in the field, or walking in the open air. The farmer and the gardener have exercises which are most beneficial, all the muscles may be brought into use, but the work must not be looked upon as drudgery. It must be taken up with cheerfulness, just as boys engage in the playing of ball. Cheerfulness gives a special impetus to the current of life, and sends it bounding on its mission to nourish the organs of the body.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation of the blood. When the blood moves sluggishly, not only is little life carried to the muscles and brain, but impurities are not expelled. The accumulation of these impurities in the system not only causes a feeling of physical feebleness, but it causes a depraved condition of the brain, which leads to impure thoughts and acts. This was the cause of the licentious condition of Sodom, "Fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters."

The girls found walking the streets of our large cities, trying to gain a livelihood without work, are usually found to be girls who have been reared in idleness,—girls who have had no aim in life beyond dress and appearance. In their homes, pride was encouraged, and they were allowed to eat and drink as they pleased, controlled by appetite instead of by principle. Doing a little fancy work; perhaps, or playing the piano, was about all they were expected to do, while mother did the cooking, the housework, and so-called drudgery. This is the surest way for mothers to ruin their daughters. Hard work, a definite aim in life, and simple food, with God's blessing, are the surest protectors against a life of immorality.

Women who have not been taught to work in early life, when thrown on their own resources, often find themselves helpless as babes. The question then arises, "What shall I do?" There may be no disposition to work, or there may be a desire without the ability. Never should a girl be compelled to go out into the world in this way. Every girl should master some *one* thing at least by which she may earn an honest living, in addition to a thorough knowledge of general housekeeping.

Sometimes we hear some unfortunate young woman say, "If I were only a man;" but if she were a man, and faced the world as poorly equipped for practical life, the result would be the same. The power to work is one of God's special gifts to mankind, and this power was given alike to men and women. Workers are in demand everywhere, idlers nowhere. It is the duty of parents to make home work attractive, and to encourage children from earliest infancy to take pleasure in doing little things about the house. The time thus spent by the mother will never be regretted.

None are so happy and healthy as those who have plenty to do, and who cheerfully go about their daily work, not scheming to do as little as possible, but who are planning to see how much they can do to lighten the burden of others. Labor performed in this way "doeth good like a medicine." It imparts strength to mind and body, and prolongs life.

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

### The Mainspring of Service

THERE is a great difference between performing duty and rendering service. Duty can be compelled; service may be purchased, or better still, cheerfully given, with no thought of compensation or remuneration. A beautiful illustration of true service was mentioned in the New York papers some time ago. A gentleman was walking along Broadway one evening, when he noticed a small girl carrying what appeared to be a burden almost too great for her strength. He watched her a little while, and offered his assistance. At this she greatly surprised him by saying, "He's not heavy; he's my brother." Here we have an instance of the truest service, rendered from the highest and noblest

motive. What a different world this would be if all service were rendered from love.

You remember the incident recorded in the Scriptures, of the poor woman who one day gave to the cause of God all she had in the world. Her gift, seemingly small yet really very large, was doubly pleasing to God; for it represented the limit of her capability. No wonder Jesus said it amounted to as much as all the other gifts together. She gave herself with her offering. Here again is an example of how to render service which is worthy of imitation.

This incident suggests that no one is too humble, too poor, too insignificant, to be able to render service. A pint cup can be full, as well as a bushel basket; each in its place, and to the utmost of its capacity, can perform its appointed work. So can we. Even though we occupy some lowly position in a great establishment, perhaps being employed merely to wash pots and pans, scrub floors, or run errands, we may yet do our duty "so nobly, so well," that "angels will hasten the story to tell." A boy who does the chores around the house, or a girl who pares potatoes, can do as faithful service as those whose names are known the whole world over. The difference is not in kind, but in degree. Surely none of us need feel discouraged, or think we can not do anything worth mentioning, because we have but little ability. Wordsworth suggests this thought when he says, in one of his poems,—

"The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

It may be we never shall do great deeds, or fill high and responsible positions, yet it is possible for us all to render noble service. The line in Milton's sonnet on his blindness, "They also serve who only stand and wait," also reminds us that the opportunity to render service is not limited to those who fill high positions and bear heavy responsibilities.

Various motives may prompt one to service, some of them unworthy of Christian young people; but we are concerned with the highest of all motives for serving,—that which produces the best and noblest kind of service. This mainspring of action is found in one little word, L-O-V-E. When we act from a feeling of real love, our service will have in it an element which no other motive can impart. What joy comes to us when we do something for those we dearly love! The joy of right service may be experienced by every one.

Deeds are better than words, and if we love the Saviour beyond expression, our love must be shown by acts of loving service. This is what prompts the erection and maintenance of philanthropic institutions, such as hospitals, homes for the poor and afflicted. It is the same motive which is the secret of all endeavor to carry the gospel to the heathen, the underlying impulse which finds expression in every effort made to advance the well-being of humanity.

I once knew a man who was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of an acquaintance who lived some distance away. A time for an interview was decided upon; but when the evening came, it was very stormy. However, my friend kept his appointment, and when he arrived at the house, was greeted by the astonished man, who said he would never have thought anybody would take the trouble to call on him on such a night. This man was so impressed by my friend's concern for him, that he was led to accept the Saviour.

Love as a motive of action leads to the accomplish-  
(Continued on page eight)



# THE HOME CIRCLE



"Life's gift divine bequeathed us from above!  
Glad offering at affection's shrine, a sister's holy  
love!"

## A Common Woman

SHE'S the commonest little woman,  
With hair of the common brown hue;  
Eyes, not of the "purest azure,"  
But just of the commonest blue.  
She met and she married a husband,—  
Just a common sort of a man,—  
And they set up their housekeeping  
After the commonest plan.

They're blest with a houseful of children,  
All of the commonest kind,—  
Far less angelic than human,—  
Far more matter than mind.  
She wears the commonest clothing,  
And eats the commonest fare;  
And the atmosphere she lives in  
Is every-day, common air.

All the common days of labor  
She fills with the commonest tasks;  
And when she kneels in her closet,  
For the common blessings she asks.  
And there's only one gleam of sunshine  
To brighten this common rhyme,—  
This poor, little, common woman  
Has a most uncommon good time.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## Table-Talk

PESSIMISTS have discovered a new grievance — that the fine art of table-talk is passing away. The stress and complexity of modern life is, they assert, accurately reflected in our tables, particularly our breakfast tables. In place of a leisurely, cheerful, sociable hour, it is a time of rush, scramble, monosyllables, and newspapers.

The charge is not wholly without foundation. The morning newspaper and the morning train or trolley have entered into the daily life to an extent unimagined half a century ago. Yet these very things, if they rob the breakfast hour, should at least add to the pleasure and enrichment of the dinner-hour when the day's hurry is over; for certainly never before in our history have people been able to know all the varied and absorbing life of the world as to-day, and each dinner-table might, and to a certain extent should, become a small current-topics' club, with free and intimate discussion of the great interests of humanity, to say nothing of the happenings of the family's own individual world.

A noted novelist has introduced us to a family of gentle breeding which customarily observed the "small nobilities of silence" at meal-time; but usually such silence indicates self-absorption, or unwillingness to make an effort to carry on conversation. On the other hand, table-talk which consists entirely of personalities, or of telling and retelling some item of neighborhood news, is a clear indi-

cation of poor mental fare, however generous the table may be in its offering to the physical man.

Perhaps nowhere may a family's culture, mental and spiritual, be so accurately measured as at its table. It is possible — so much may be conceded to the pessimists — that we have not yet realized either the full duty or opportunity of the meal-hour. Yet granting so much, one can by no means admit that the great clan of happy table-talkers has vanished into the past. There are gay, merry, clever, earnest, witty, sympathetic men and women at countless tables in countless homes. But there never can be too many. May their tribe increase!—*Youth's Companion*.

## Being a Brother

THAT wise and witty Frenchman, Joubert, once wrote, "He that is not polite enough is not human enough." In other words, courtesy is a recognition of our common humanity; it is brotherhood in action. The discourteous man is a beast. The lives of most of us are so intertwined with the lives of others that opportunities for discourtesy are continual. Modern society is a very intricate mechanism, full of clogs and wheels and ratchets and bearings, with "points of contact" at every turn. If these points of contact are well oiled with politeness and considerateness, the machinery will run smoothly; but if a grain of sand gets in from some rash word or ugly look — bur-r-r-r! the whole machine is soon in a shocking state.

And, of course, if chances for discourtesy are so common, chances for courtesy are equally common. This is an advantage of our crowded modern life that is not often recognized: You can do more good to more people in less time than at any other period of the world's history! Never before has there been a time when a sunny temper and smiling face, fine courtesy and charming manner, were worth so much to

the world as to-day, just because there is more of the world to be affected by them. "Manners maketh man" is the famous old saying, meaning that politeness will be, as we say, the "making" of any one that has the good sense and the grace to exercise it. This is not true of sham politeness, the outward shell of good manners assumed by hypocrites, and so easily seen through. Look into a man's eyes when he is saying polite things; and if they also do not speak kindness, you will not care what the tongue is saying. But the saying is true, now and always, of the genuine good manners born of real kindness, that they will be the making of a man.



From Christian Endeavor World

I like, however, to turn the proverb around and say, "Man makes manners;" that is, what a man is, his manners will be. Grapes are not borne by thorns, or figs by thistles. A boorish man can not assume elegant manners though he spend ten years in a school of deportment. And, on the other hand, if one has a courteous heart, it is quite impossible for him to act discourteously. Character and courtesy are only two sides of the same shield. "Out of the heart are the issues of life,"—this issue of manners as well as all other issues. If you are not polite enough, it is because you do not love enough.—*Amos R. Wells.*

#### The Helping Hand

"It was only a helping hand,  
And it seemed of little availing;  
But its clasp would warm,  
And it saved from harm  
A brother whose strength was failing

"Its touch was tender as angel wings,  
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs,  
And pointed the way to higher things,  
Though it seemed of little availing."

#### The Mainspring of Service

(Concluded from page six)

ment of far more than would result from inferior motives. Love enlarges the horizon; it lightens the burden; it makes the pathway bright, which else would be dreary. It cheers and buoys us up, inspiring us with courage and strength to press on to the end. As an element in service, love is worth more than all else.

How much service shall we render?—As much as we can crowd into our life. As one writer puts it, "Count that day lost whose low-descending sun sees from thy hand no worthy action done." And when we serve because we love, we shall not need to be urged, or entreated, coaxed, or even shamed, into serving. Rather, we will prefer to miss a meal or deprive ourselves of sleep, than to lose an opportunity to render service.

This spirit of love may, and indeed will, enter into everything we do, once we have acquired the habit of acting from this principle. The person who finds satisfaction in ministering even to dumb animals is cultivating a sense of appreciation of the joys of service. Kingsley gives a beautiful suggestion in the stanza:—

"Do the thing that's nearest,  
Though it's dull at whiles;  
Helping, when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles."

Service to dumb creatures accentuates our service to our Maker and to our fellow men.

If we would hear some days those welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," we must act from the highest of all motives, love. That will prompt us to be faithful; indeed, our service can scarcely be faithful unless inspired by love; for we can not easily put our whole energy into that which is distasteful.

We are saved to serve; then let us deem it our highest privilege to be servants of the Most High; let us diligently cultivate such a spirit of devotion to him that it shall be always manifested that love is the mainspring of our lives. Then will our service be nothing more nor less than the visible, concrete expression and embodiment of the love we bear to Him who died for us, and whom we can not adequately serve in any other way.

HENRY WILLIAM ROSE.



#### Huge Tibetan Trumpets

DURING the solemn festivals of the Lamaistic ritual, the Tibetan priests blow these huge brass trumpets at frequent intervals. The trumpets are sixteen feet long, and emit a note like thunder. The standing figures are two lamas, or priests, of one of the Tibetan monasteries.



#### The Telewriter

A MACHINE called the telewriter has been perfected. By it one can write a message at the sending point and reproduce it in writing at the receiving end. In several London offices the machine is in use. Many think it will become as essential to business as the telephone now is.

The machine consists of a sender and receiver, with telephone attached, and it is connected to the ordinary telephone line without interfering in any way with its service. The sending portion of the telewriter is a little table with a roll of paper, on which the message is written with a pencil connected to two armlike levers, which control the resistance. As the pencil writes the message, the receiver of the instrument at the other end traces the facsimile in ink. The telephone can be used in the ordinary way when wanted, while the simple act of taking up the pencil switches the telewriter into action.

The instrument is useful in a hundred ways where a telephone might be undesirable. For example, messages in the sender's own writing can be sent instantaneously to some one without any third party over-hearing, as is possible in the case of a telephone.—*Selected.*

#### An Odd Zone Mark

THAT elusive imaginary line known as the tropic of cancer, dividing the temperate from the torrid zone, has been put in its proper place on Mexican territory and safely housed, so that it may never be tempted to stray from its home.



The structure shown in the accompanying illustration has been erected on the line of the National Railroad of Mexico. It is situated three hundred eighty-three miles south of the United States border. On the south side of the house are the large lettered words, "Tropico de Cancer" and "Zona Torrida," while the north side proclaims "Zona Templada," or "Temperate Zone."—*Young People's Weekly.*

*Dun* is Japanese for one inch, and *li* Chinese for two thousand one hundred fifteen feet.

A *catty* in China, Japan, and Java means three and one-third pounds, but in Sumatra it means nearly twice that weight. The word *coyau* is Sarawak for three pounds, and Siamese for one and one-half pounds.





### Pluck

A LITTLE rill came tumbling down  
Upon the jutting rocks,  
And got the very hardest kind  
Of bruises, bumps, and knocks.

But up it bravely leapt, and laughed,  
And went upon its way,  
Precisely as a boy should do  
When he gets hurt at play!

—Mary Street Whitten, in *Little Folks*.

### A Squirrel Showing Her Babies

IN touching ways do animals show their regard for those whom they love and trust. In one of the suburbs of Boston, says the *Youth's Companion*, a lady had made a pet of a fine gray squirrel, insomuch that it not only came to her piazza, but would feed from her hand and even curl up on her lap.

One day the lady was sitting on her veranda when she noticed her pet making its way across the grass, followed by three fat and fluffy balls of gray fur.

Up the piazza came the big squirrel, taking the steps with graceful leaps. In vain the babies tried to surmount the troublesome obstacle. Their legs were too short, their strength was too small. Every time they tried to jump up a step, back they fell in futile little heaps. In vain the mother urged; the Hill of Difficulty was too steep.

The eager watcher appreciated the situation. The proud parent had brought her little ones to show her friend.

The lady wrote an account of the circumstance to a famous naturalist, who is beloved by all Americans. In answer he told her that he would have given much to have had anything as beautiful and touching come to him.—*The Wellspring*.

### A Sirup-Can Mother

DOROTHY DEANE and her little brother Laurence were standing by the window watching for papa. Every night when it was time for him to return home, they waited until they saw him come in sight around the corner, and then ran as fast as they could to meet him.

Unless papa was very tired indeed, he always carried one of them home on his shoulder, while the other took hold of his hand, and both tried to tell him of all that they had been doing that day.

"There he comes!" cried Dorothy at last, and the children raced toward the corner as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them.

"Careful now!" said papa, warningly, as the two hurrying little figures reached him. "Don't hit against my dinner-pail!"

"What is in it?" asked Dorothy and Laurence in one breath, as they stood on tiptoe, trying to peep inside the cover.

"Guess!" said papa, laughingly. "A nickel to the one who guesses right!"

"Candy!" cried Laurence.

"Oranges!" said Dorothy.

Papa shook his head at both these guesses, and at all the others that followed, until they had reached the house.

"Now let mama have a turn," he said, holding the dinner-pail up to her ear.

"Why, it isn't—mama began, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, it is!" papa declared. Then he took off the

cover and tipped the pail gently over in the middle of the kitchen table, and out came ten of the fluffiest, downiest little chickens that any of them had ever seen. Several stepped about timidly; but most of them huddled together near the pail, peeping softly.

"O! O! O!" cried the children, delightedly, jumping up and down in their excitement. "Are they really ours? Where did you get them?"

"They are power-house chickens," papa replied, smiling, "hatched right in the engine-room!"

"What do you mean?" asked mama in astonishment, gazing at the pretty little creatures.

"Just what I say," replied papa, who was an engineer in the big power-house down town; "they were hatched on a shelf in the engine-room."

"You are joking!" mama declared, but papa shook his head at once.

"It was just this way," he explained, hanging up his hat. "Tom Morgan brought me a dozen eggs from his new hennery about three weeks ago. I put them up on the shelf, intending to bring them home that night, but never thought of them again until this morning, when there seemed to be something stirring up there. I looked, and, sure enough, there was a fine litter of chickens just picking their way out of the shells!"



"But how did it ever happen?" asked mama in a puzzled tone, while Dorothy and Laurence scattered tiny bread-crumbs near the new-comers.

"Because the engine, running night and day, gave the eggs just as much heat as they would have found under a hen's wings," papa replied; "and so they thought that they were put up there to hatch."

"O, aren't they darlings!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands as the chickens began to eat the crumbs. "They are the nicest pets that we ever had in all our lives!"

"The only question in my mind is how they are to be mothered at night," papa said, patting Dorothy's bright curls as he spoke. "If mama can decide that question for us, I will agree to make a nice home for them."

Mother looked thoughtful for a moment, then told papa that, if he would make the little house, she would soon have a mother ready to put inside it.

While papa was making a nice coop out of a wooden box, mama found an empty tin can that had once held a gallon of maple sirup. She filled this full of boiling water, screwed the cover on tight, and then wrapped it up in pieces of flannel.

"There," she exclaimed, triumphantly fastening the last strip, "let us see how the chickens like this for a mother!"

Setting the can carefully in the center of the coop, she put the little chickens close by it. Finding it soft and warm, they cuddled up against the flannel cover, and began to chirp as contentedly as if it were a mother hen. Then she pinned a square of flannel to the upper side of the can, letting it spread either way like a mother hen's wings, and leaving the ends open for the chickens to go in and out as often as they pleased to do so.

Whether or not this was true, the chickens certainly lived quite happily with their sirup-can mother, until papa declared that they were large enough to go to roost in the barn.—*Mary Gilbert, in Little Folks.*

#### Arrow Points

"CLAIMING prayer as a privilege solves it as a problem."

"MANY pray like boys who knock at doors and then run away."

THE most massive characters are seamed with scars.—*E. H. Chapin.*

THE devil is ready to seduce us, and I have been seduced.—*Cromwell.*

"No one ever saw much of Jesus who did not grow to think more of him."

"HE understands life not at all who will not believe unless he understands it all."

I wish I had the power of writing; I would describe how pleasant it is to die.—*Dr. Cullen.*

THE better you understand yourself, the less cause you will find to love yourself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*



### Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

[Under the new heading, "Selections of Prose and Poetry Worth Reading," there will be given frequently selections from the writings of our leading English authors. Many of these may be memorized for recitation, or for one's own culture and pleasure. Such extracts or poems will usually be accompanied by a short sketch of the author's life.—ED.]

EMMA HART WILLARD, the author of the following poem, was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in the year 1787. She accomplished an important work in the higher education of women, when that field had hardly been entered. She established in 1814 a boarding-school for girls in Middlebury, Vermont, and in 1819 through her efforts a seminary for girls was established in Waterford, New York. In 1821 this school was moved to Troy, New York, and in time won wide recognition.

Mrs. Willard has written as textbooks several histories, and a book on the circulation of the blood, all of which have been widely used. She is also the author of a volume of poems, of which "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," given below, is the most popular.



SIR GALAHAD

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.  
I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie  
And gaze upon the trackless sky,  
The starry spangled heavenly scroll,  
The boundless waters as they roll—  
I feel thy wondrous power to save  
From perils of the stormy wave.  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death.  
In ocean cave, still safe with thee,  
No harm nor danger shall I see;  
But calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

#### Celia Thaxter

ON a lonely lighthouse rock in the great blue Atlantic lived Celia Leighton, afterward Mrs. Thaxter. "Every wave that whitened the face of the vast sea was dear to her, every bird that floated over, every sail that glided across,—all brought her a thrill of joy." Hers it was to watch for the beautiful in earth, sea, and sky. Her eye was a burning-glass, that concentrated all gathered glory upon her own soul. "There it was pictured in splendor and in living colors, again to flash forth in conversation, story, poem, painting, or song, for the pleasure and instruction of others. She beguiled from flower, tree, and bird, their soul secrets,—yes, and from the great sea and all it gave to her, until, as she says herself, "Sleeping or waking, year after year, she kept in her ears the sad, mysterious murmur of the sea, just like a hollow shell."

The old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, proudly accepts the honor of being her birthplace. At a very early age, her father, owing to some political disappointment left Portsmouth for the desolate Isles of Shoals.

These islands are said to be inhospitable, and after reading the glimpse Mrs. Thaxter has given of one evening's experience in time of storm, it is not difficult to believe them so: "The snow and sleet are beating against the windows, and we can have no fire; for the wind blows it all straight out of stove or fireplace, gas, flame, ashes, even brands and coal. We are sitting with the windows open, choked with gas and half frozen, wrapped in all our winter garments, and the snow blowing over our heads."

This girl of the sea was fondly attached to her island home, yet a young man, Levi P. Thaxter, of Watertown, Massachusetts, who had sought the quiet of her father's home for summer study and reflection, early persuaded her to make a home with him on the mainland. But the love of the sea did not forsake her on her departure; for her first printed poem was but an outburst of her soul on experiencing, one day, an unusual longing for the sea. She scribbled the verses on the back of an envelope, and sent them to a friend. They fell into the hands of James Russell Lowell, who christened them "Land-Locked," and printed them in his magazine, *The Atlantic*, which fact alone tells their worth. This marked the beginning of Mrs. Thaxter's work as an author. Her domestic duties as wife and mother forbade her giving to the world all that was in her heart; but she produced enough to make her name known and loved throughout the country.

Mrs. Thaxter, was born in 1835, and lived until 1894. Her oft-expressed desire to be permitted to lay down the armor without prolonged suffering, was granted. After a pleasant evening with friends, reading, and listening to music, she retired, but did not again waken with the morning hours.

**The Sandpiper**

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I,  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit,—  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white light-houses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach,—  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Or flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has not thought of any wrong;  
He scans me with a fearless eye.  
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.



"Are we not God's children both  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?"

**Discontent**

THERE is no day so dark  
But through the murk some ray of hope may steal  
Some blessed touch from heaven that we might feel,  
If we but chose to mark.

We shuf the portals fast,  
And turn the key, and let no sunshine in;  
Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin  
God's light shall rule at last.

We slight our daily joy,  
Make much of our vexations, thickly set  
Our path with thorns of discontent, and fret  
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous heaven might frown  
At such ingratitude, and, turning, lay  
On our impatience burdens that would weigh  
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,  
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to woe,  
As if God had not planned the way to go,  
And counted out our years.

Can we not be content,  
And light our foreheads from the ignoble dust  
If these complaining lives, and wait with trust,  
Fulfilling heavens intent?

—Celia Thaxter.

**The Ideals of Youth**

"THE ideals of youth,"—how much do these few words mean to us! They stand for a time when the oldest and most hardened of humanity were young and fresh and genuine; of a time when ambition called, when the future was always just before, and life was well worth while.

We all have ideals; they are one of the natural characteristics of youth, and to a greater or less extent, they influence us in our every-day living. Through them and by them we are led to see the better and finer things of life, and on account of them the world is better for our having lived in it.

Youth is the morning of life, the time of character-building; then are the influences brought to bear upon us which make the most lasting impressions. If we surround ourselves with insincere conditions and influences, and the ideals we hold are shallow, we shall at life's sunset, look forward to but a poor harvest of memories and results.

On the other hand, the person who has as his standard of excellence only the "best," who stands firmly for principles which he believes to be right, and is true and firm with himself in little things will, when the evening of life draws on, thank God for the ideals of his youth.

The only kind of ideals that will ever help us, are the ideals which teach us to be true to ourselves, to be patient under difficulties, to see and call forth the best in the world,—ideals which, by their quiet influence, help us to do right because it is right, not for the applause our small world might give us.

Life is too short, and our chance of happiness too small, for aught but high endeavor. So while we are young and easily hopeful, let us stand for the things that go to make strong, genuine manhood and womanhood. Let us demand the best of our friends, and give our best to them.

MARIAN B. HARDING.

"I AM with you alway, even unto the end."



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

**Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society**  
**An Hour With the Judsons**

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES.

THE APOSTLE TO BURMA.

MRS. ANN HAZZELTINE JUDSON.

**The Apostle to Burma\***

A TRAVELER visiting Malden, Massachusetts, one of Boston's picturesque suburban towns, may find in the Baptist meeting-house a marble tablet bearing the following inscription:—

In Memoriam  
Rev. Adoniram Judson  
Born Aug. 9, 1788;  
Died April 12, 1850.  
Malden, His Birthplace;  
The Ocean, His Sepulcher;  
Converted Burmans and  
The Burman Bible His  
Monument  
His Record is on High.

An old frame house nestled among the trees is still pointed out as Adoniram Judson's birthplace. His father, also named Adoniram, was a Congregationalist minister, who, soon after his marriage, settled in Malden, Massachusetts. There Adoniram the second, the subject of this sketch, was born.

From his earliest years Adoniram breathed a thoroughly Christian atmosphere, which had a marked influence upon him. At college he was a deep student, finishing his course with honors at Brown University, 1807, at the age of nineteen. While in school at Brown's, he began to cherish skeptical views, which he still maintained when he entered the theological institute in the fall of 1808. But in December of the same year he made a complete surrender to God, dedicating his life to the Master.

In September, 1809, young Judson, now twenty-one years of age, began to ponder seriously the subject of foreign missions. A sermon by Dr. Buchanan, on the missionary movement in India, fell like a spark in Judson's soul. Soon the missionary flame burned brightly, and at the end of six months he came to a full decision to carry the gospel to the heathen. About this time Judson, with several other young men of like aspirations, formed a missionary society. One day when they were holding their usual prayer-meeting, a shower came up, and they sought shelter under a haystack near the college grounds. While there, they consecrated their lives to missions. That spot is now marked by the Haystack Monument, and may well be called the birthplace of the American foreign missions movement.

Judson's earnestness and anxiety for missionary work inspired others; and in the year 1811 the American Missionary Board, which had been recently organized, selected Messrs. Judson, Nott, Newell, Hall, and Rice, and their wives, to go as missionaries to the East. They set sail early in the year 1812 for Calcutta. On board the steamer "Caravan," Mr. Judson had time

for study and thought. He there came to the conclusion that the Baptists were right on their views of baptism, and after much deliberation and prayerful consideration of the matter, he landed in Calcutta a Baptist. He was at once placed in the ranks of the Baptist missionaries in Burma, supported by the American Baptist Society, which was organized soon after Judson changed his views.

From 1813 to 1819 Judson labored for the Burmese in Rangoon, and here the gospel of Christ was brought to the idolators of that heathen country. He established schools for the children, thus trying to gain a hold on the rising generation. Many trials confronted this young missionary and his wife among a people so deeply plunged in sin and misery. Only their faith and simple trust in God, and a burning desire for the promotion of the cause among the perishing Burmese, held them to their post.

August 4, 1821, Mrs. Judson fell ill with a fever, which caused her to return to America, where she remained until she regained her strength. Shortly after her return to India, the Judsons left Rangoon, and went farther into the interior. It was during their stay there that an uprising of Burma against the English government in India took place. Judson and his co-laborers were thrown into prison, where they remained twenty-one months, suffering severe torture.

After the uprising was overpowered, the Judsons went to Amherst, where Mrs. Judson again became ill, and died, during Judson's absence, Oct. 24, 1826. After his return to Amherst, his infant daughter died; a short time later news came of the death of his father, leaving him alone in the world; but amid this overwhelming load of sorrow he clung to Christ, and pressed bravely on in his mission work.

From Amherst the work was transferred to Moulmein, where Mr. Boardman, one of Judson's associates, died. Some time later Judson was united in marriage to Mrs. Boardman. Soon Mrs. Judson's health began to fail. This compelled them to try a change of climate. They embarked for America, but on the journey Mrs. Judson died. On his arrival at Boston, Judson was almost broken down from his sorrows and hard labor, but his undaunted courage knew no defeat, and, clinging closer to his Master than ever before, he kept on.

At Bradford another blow fell. Charlie, his oldest son, died. At Baltimore, Maryland, Mr. Judson, for the third time, was united in marriage, this time with Miss Emily Chubbuck, a staunch Christian, whose whole soul was in the cause of Christ. Soon afterward they set sail for India, leaving the children with relatives in America. Judson's work was now chiefly the making of a Burmese dictionary; but before its completion his health began to fail rapidly. He attempted to gain a little strength from a sea voyage, but within four days after his departure he laid down his life, to await the reward which Christ the Righteous Judge shall give him. He was immediately buried at sea, and word was sent to his anxious wife and children.

Thus ended a great life, a life wholly unconscious of self, and which was given solely for the uplifting of the heathen. His efforts marked the first systematic work in foreign missions by America; and not only in this country has Mr. Judson's career of heroic action and suffering stimulated missionary activity among all denominations, but his influence has been an inspiration everywhere. Only at the great day when all lives will be as open books will the extent of his influence be known.

W. EARL RENTFRO.

### Mrs. Ann Hazzeltine Judson

THE biography of the apostle to Burma is hardly complete without a few words concerning her who for several years cheerfully shared his hardships on the mission field,—Ann Hazzeltine Judson. While a young girl, she was extremely gay and restless; but her teachers felt certain that her talents and temperament foreshadowed some destiny of an uncommon career. At seventeen she was converted, and became an earnest Christian. Three years later she read the "Life of David Brainard." That book awakened her sympathies for foreign missions; and on the nineteenth of February, 1812, just two weeks after her marriage, she and Mr. Judson embarked for India.

Six months of hardships in Burma sapped Mrs. Judson's health, and she was compelled to take a short sea voyage. Other sorrows were added. In 1816 their only child died. Later Mr. Judson's health failed, and he was compelled to leave. For six months his noble wife stood alone. Severe persecution caused some to leave Rangoon, but she remained to hold up the lamp of truth during her husband's absence. In 1817 she formed a Sunday-school class of fifteen or twenty women. That effort brought excellent results, and later, while their beloved teacher was in America seeking to regain her health, they of their own accord formed a prayer band.

After her return to India, dark days gave way to darker ones. From war, from fevers, from hardships, and from the hands of the natives, they suffered. One day, just as they were preparing for dinner, the officers seized Mr. Judson, and despite Mrs. Judson's earnest entreaties, they cast him into a loathsome prison. Daily visits with him somewhat alleviated her distress, but soon he was taken eight miles away. Mrs. Judson, together with her infant daughter, her two little Burmese girls, and the native cook, went to search for him. They finally found him, and then spent six months of wretchedness in a small room half full of grain. The infant daughter and the little Burmese girls took the smallpox, and soon afterward a terrible fever brought Mrs. Judson near the door of death. Finally the English army came, and released these missionaries and administered to their needs.

An interesting incident comes down to us from those days of darkness. Mrs. Judson tried to protect her husband's manuscript of the New Testament. First she buried it; but finding the ground too damp, she took it up, and sewed it into an old pillow, on which Mr. Judson slept. One day the officers took the pillow away from him, but thinking it worthless, they threw it away. Soon one of the Christian natives found it, and returned the precious treasure to the Judsons.

Mrs. Judson never recovered fully from the attack of the fever; and in October, 1826, she was called to rest from her labor. The story of her life is a record of self-denial; and to-day an imperishable halo surrounds the name of her who was first among American women to carry the gospel to foreign fields.

W. EARL RENTFRO.



### Helpful Counsel

THINK less of your own weakness, and more of God's power to help you through difficulties. Keep constantly before you the glory and the reward at the top of the long ascent, and you will not take so much notice of the few rubs and scratches by the way. Love brightens the road. If we will open our hearts to the "love of Christ," and let that love control and constrain us, *it will always lift us upward*. Love lightens every burden, every labor. *Love lifts*. The way to meet the question of "climbing" is first to get our hearts warmed with the thought of our Saviour's great love to us, of his soon coming and its meaning, and of the infinite preciousness of the work of saving souls.

ERNEST LLOYD.

### "A Thousand Guineas If You'll Take Me In"

WHEN the steamer "London," which was bound for Melbourne, with some hundreds of passengers on board, foundered in the Bay of Biscay, a thrilling tale was told by the few survivors, of a lady who offered a thousand guineas to be saved. The great steamship was fast settling down amid the heavy seas, and all hope was given up except for those in the only boat that could be safely launched. The lady had refused to get into the boat when she had a chance, but

after it had got but a very little distance from the side of the sinking steamer, seeing that she must go down with all the rest on board, with a face livid with horror, she piteously cried out, "A thousand guineas if you'll take me in." But money—millions—then were valueless. It was too late—she was lost, through rejecting the offer.—*The Traveler's Guide*.

### Walking in the Light

IN a rather extravagant novel of romance, written not so very many years ago, is a description of a strange experience that befell two men. They were led one night into an underground passage, and then left to find their way out as best they could. The darkness was so dense that they could only grope along step by step, not knowing what would happen at any moment. The way seemed to lead nowhere, to be interminable. They were terrified, were even mentally disturbed, lost courage. They kept moving, however, and at last passed through a winding gallery and a narrow opening to a spot where the light was strong and clear. Their minds recovered, life took on a very different aspect, they felt sure of finding their way home in safety.

Going through life without loving God, without ac-



ADONIRAM JUDSON

cepting his love, is like wandering in the dark. The life is abnormal, unsatisfactory, confused, has no outlook. What a difference for him who comes out where he lives under the light that God sends to light men's souls! For him life has meaning; he is possessed of "a certain hope;" he has unbounded prospects before him; he walks homeward in a safe path, because he walks by the light that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Let us walk in the light," the light of God's infinite love.—*The Wellspring*.

### A Resolve for Every Day

I WILL this day try to live a simple, sincere, and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and child-like faith in God.—*J. H. Vincent*.

### My First Experience in Canvassing

As I have been so greatly blessed and encouraged in my new work, I wish, through the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, to express praise and thanksgiving to our kind Heavenly Father for his goodness toward me. I first planned to do manual work this summer to earn money for an education, and as I offered myself to God to be used in his work to his glory, the thought came to me that there was more valuable work for me to do than this, and after counseling with my teacher last spring, I decided I must canvass for a scholarship.

The canvassers' institute was to be held in a few days, and I made up my mind to attend it. I was determined that if I entered the work, I would stick to it; for I feel sure if we only decide to try canvassing for two or three weeks, we shall not have success. I felt there were many chances to earn my scholarship in a more pleasant way than canvassing; but when I thought of the Saviour's experiences and sacrifices, I felt it my duty to take up this precious work, and help to bring the gospel to the world. I went out walking many times by myself, and prayed aloud to God, with tears, to give me the strength and power to go forward and do his will. As soon as I yielded myself up to the different trials before me, I had great relief. Notwithstanding the tempting promises of the enemy before me, and the unwilling sacrifice from home, I went forward, and I have had so much to give thanks for that I can not express my gratitude.

I started in with "Great Controversy," and have worked eighteen days, taking fifty-two orders, which amount to one hundred forty-eight dollars. This is certainly encouraging to a beginner, nineteen years old, from the woods in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Come, friends, and let us pray to the Lord to pour out his Holy Spirit upon us, and help us take part in this precious work of bringing the truth before those who are in great darkness. Let us start at once.

I ask a special interest in each of your prayers that I may continue in the Lord's work, and also get an education. I hope and trust that each of us may find our calling and work to the glory of God.

*Frankfort, Mich.*

ARCHIE FRIDAY.

CHERISH self-forgetfulness, humility, and purity.



## VI — God's Care of the Ark

(August 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Sam. 4:4-11; 5:1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods." Ps. 95:3.

### Review

Who was Samuel? In whose care was he placed when a young child to be trained for the service of the Lord? What would the sons of Eli do when the people brought their sacrifices? How did the Lord first speak to Samuel?

### The Lesson Story

1. God did not immediately bring upon Eli and his sons the judgments of which he had twice warned him. Years passed; the child Samuel grew to manhood; and it was known in all the land that he was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

2. "Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle. . . . And the Philistines put themselves in array against Israel: and when they joined battle, Israel was smitten before the Philistines: and they slew of the army in the field about four thousand men." The Israelites should have known that the Lord allowed them to be defeated in this way because of their sins; but when they came into the camp, the elders said, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that, when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies."

3. The ark was the symbol, or sign, of God's presence with Israel; but of itself it had no power to save them. The children of Israel had come to look upon the ark itself as an object of worship, much as the heathen worshiped the idols of wood and stone which their own hands had fashioned. They constantly disobeyed the law of God, which was in the ark; yet they looked to the ark to save them.

4. "So the people sent to Shiloh, that they might bring from thence the ark of the covenant of the Lord of hosts. . . . And when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again.

5. "And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout, they said, What meaneth the noise of this great shout in the camp of the Hebrews? And they understood that the ark of the Lord was come into the camp.

6. "And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore. Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness. Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men, and fight.

7. "And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent: and there was a very great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen. And the ark of God was

taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phineas, were slain."

8. That same day a messenger, with his clothes rent and earth upon his head, came with tidings to Eli, who sat by the wayside outside the city, waiting for news of the battle. First the messenger told him that Israel was defeated and that his two sons were slain. The most dreadful part was kept till the last. Then he said, "And the ark of God is taken." "And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he [Eli] fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died."

9. "And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Ebenezer unto Ashdod. When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon." The Philistines thought that their idol was stronger than the God of Israel; so the Lord used the ark to teach them of his power, and to show them that their false gods were nothing before him.

10. "And when they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again. And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him."

11. "But the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them."

#### Questions

1. How many times did the Lord warn Eli of what would come to his house because of the wickedness of his sons? What was known in all the land concerning Samuel as he grew to manhood?

2. What people put themselves in array against Israel? What was the result of the battle? What question did the leaders of Israel ask when they came into the camp? What might they have known? What did they decide to do?

3. Of what was the ark the visible sign to the children of Israel? When God was not with them, of what use would the ark be? What mistake had the children of Israel come to make in regard to the ark? What did they constantly disobey? Yet what did they expect?

4. To what place did the people send for the ark? How did they manifest their joy when it was brought into the camp?

5. What did the Philistines say when they heard the shout? What did they presently understand?

6. How did they feel? What did they say? What shows that they were familiar with the history of Israel in Egypt? What did the Philistine leaders admonish the soldiers to do?

7. What was the result of the battle? Where did the children of Israel flee? How many were slain? What became of the ark of God? How was the word of the Lord fulfilled concerning Hophni and Phineas?

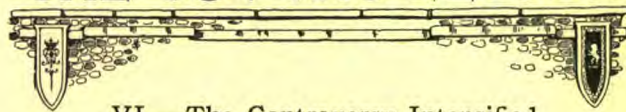
8. Who brought the tidings of the battle to Eli? Where was he? What part of the news did the messenger give first? What came to pass when he said, "The ark of God is taken"?

9. To what city did the Philistines bring the ark of God? Where did they put it? What did they think about Dagon? How did the Lord use the ark to teach these idol-worshipping Philistines of his power?

10. When the men of Ashdod came to the temple of Dagon, what did they notice? What did they do? In what condition did they find Dagon the next morning?

11. How did the Lord further show his displeasure with the Philistines because they had taken the ark of God?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### VI — The Controversy Intensified

(August 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I can not come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Neh. 6:3.

#### Questions

1. When Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem found that could not frighten Nehemiah, what new plan did they devise? Neh. 6:1, 2.

2. What reply was made to their proposal? Verse 3; note 1.

3. How many times did they seek to have this conference? Verses 4, 5.

4. Give the substance of Sanballat's letter that he sent by the fifth messenger. Verses 6, 7.

5. How did Nehemiah meet these accusations? Verse 8.

6. How did Sanballat's course affect the nobles? Verse 9.

7. What did Shemaiah urge Nehemiah to do? Verse 10.

8. What reply did Nehemiah make? Verse 11.

9. What did Nehemiah discover in regard to Shemaiah's course? Verse 12, 13.

10. What did Nehemiah think he would commit if he allowed himself to be turned from his purpose? Verse 13.

11. How did he pray concerning Tobiah and Sanballat? Verse 14.

12. When was the wall finished? How long had it been in building? Verse 15.

13. What did even their enemies perceive when they saw the finished wall? Verse 16.

14. What relation existed between Tobiah and the nobles of Judah? Verses 17-19; note 2.

#### Notes

1. It was a time of greater peril to the work when the adversaries tried to make friendly overtures than when they were openly fighting against it.

2. The nobles of Judah had mingled with the company of Tobiah until they could not discern spiritual things. History repeats itself. "Those who have step by step yielded to worldly demands, and conformed to worldly customs, will not find it a hard matter to yield to the powers that be, rather than subject themselves to derision, insult, threatened imprisonment, and death. The contest is between the commandments of God and the commandments of men. In this time the gold will be separated from the dross in the church. True godliness will be clearly distinguished from the appearance and tinsel of it. Many a star that we have admired for its brilliancy, will then go out in darkness."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, page 81.

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## A New League

"THE Pocket Testament League," is the name of a world-wide movement inaugurated by the Chapman-Alexander Mission in Philadelphia. A membership of one million members is solicited. The organization is very simple; there are no fees, and no obligations, except that contained in the pledge, which reads thus: "I hereby accept membership in the Pocket Testament League by making it the rule of my life to read at least one chapter in the Bible each day; and to carry a Testament or Bible with me wherever I go."

Many of us as professed Christians would find our Bible more companionable, would be less willing to leave it at home when we go away, if we read it more often and more carefully. Whether we join "The Pocket Testament League" by signing the foregoing pledge or not, let us join it in our real experience.

## Foreign Mission Seminary Calendar

THE Washington Foreign Mission Seminary Announcement for 1908-09 has been issued. The session begins Sept. 9, 1908, and closes May 6, 1909. These dates have been made with reference to the General Conference, which is to be held on the Seminary and Sanitarium grounds from May 13 to June 6, 1909. The calendar gives the course of study and terms for tuition and room and board; and it can be obtained by addressing the principal, H. R. Salisbury, Takoma Park, D. C.

The new school building has been completed, and everything is in readiness for the opening of the second year of the Seminary. Two new names have been added to the faculty, those of Mr. Gabriel Loftfield, professor of English, German, and Spanish; and Mr. Clemen Hamer, instructor in vocal and instrumental music.

Since the Missionary Volunteer societies and the conferences are endeavoring to endow scholarships in the Seminary, the attendance the coming year, without doubt, will be much larger than that of last year. Word recently came from the Missionary Volunteers of Colorado that they had taken a scholarship in the Foreign Mission Seminary. We believe there are many other States to follow Colorado's example.

This school is distinctly a recruiting station for the mission fields; and it is to be hoped that it will prove as effective as the Lord himself desires it to be.

## "Argumentation and Debating"

THE foregoing heading is the title of a new book just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, New York, and Chicago. William Trufant Foster, professor of English and Argumentation in Bowdoin College, is the author. The book presents the essentials of argumentation and debating as simply as possible, from the view-point of the student rather than of the instructor.

Some of the chapter headings are: Phrasing the Proposition; Analyzing the Proposition; Evidence; Inductive and Deductive Argument; Argument from Example; Argument from Causal Relation; Fallacies; Special Methods; Constructing the Brief; The Principles and Qualities of Style; Persuasion, etc.

It is a book the study of which can not fail to be of help to public speakers, students, and Sabbath-school teachers. It can be obtained by addressing the publishers. The price is one dollar and a quarter.

## Nobility

Be noble — that is more than wealth;  
Do right — that's more than place;  
Then in the spirit there is health  
And gladness in the face;  
Then thou art with thyself at one,  
And, no man hating, fearest none.

—George Macdonald.

## Model for Artists

ANTONIO CORSI, when a small boy, was a wandering street-singer. Poverty had forced the father and children to this occupation. Though born in Italy, their vocation sent them across the water to Dover, England, where an artist, Felix Moscheles, chanced upon the group one day, and his keen eye discerned in the Italian lad a model for himself. The promise of money for each sitting, gained the consent of father and son to Mr. Moscheles' request for Antonio to act as artist-model, a career that he has now followed for many years, sitting for the most renowned artists and art schools.

Corsi was Sir Edward Burne-Jones's model in "The Six Days of Creation," and "The Wheel of Fortune." He was the model for Sir Galahad in Watt's famous painting (see page 10), though the artist sketched for his knight's face that of Ellen Terry instead of Corsi's.

He was also the model for Holman Hunt's painting "The Light of the World," which was used for the cover of the "Truth Number" of the INSTRUCTOR; and for about sixty figures in Mr. Abbey's Holy Grail pictures on the walls of the Boston Library. He also served Mr. Sargent as model in eleven of the sixteen Old-Testament prophets which he painted upon the walls of a corridor in that library.

Two of Mr. Blashfield's mural figures in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., were painted from Mr. Corsi as a model.

It is no easy task to fulfil the rôle of artist-model. One must be an expert impersonator, by turns becoming "in look, in mien, in spirit, a Savonarola or a North American Indian, a Mexican ranger of a sixteenth century cavalier, a soldier of the sultan, or an American cowboy."

Mr. Corsi is a great admirer of the American Indian, and enjoys impersonating him perhaps more than any other character.