

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

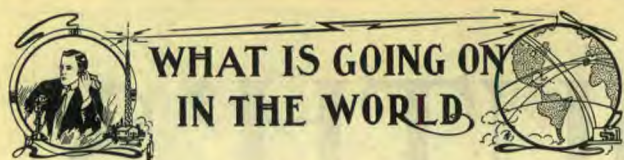
September 8, 1908

No. 36



From Painting by Landseer

“MONARCH OF THE GLEN”



IRA D. SANKEY, the famous gospel singer, died on the thirteenth of August.

"ENGLAND has still one hundred fourteen miles of street railway operated by horses."

AFTER the first of October letter postage between England and this country will be only two cents.

A MACHINE has been invented for laying cement sidewalks. The mold travels at the rate of two feet a minute.

SLEEPING-CARS with brass bedsteads and private lavatories are now furnished by an English railway company.

A SCHOOL of languages for parrots has been established in Paris. They are taught to speak the leading languages of Europe.

JAPAN has erected a magnificent monument over the remains of the fifteen thousand Russians who fell while defending Port Arthur.

TOMBSTONES of glass, with the photograph of the deceased blown in, are now being manufactured by a Pittsburg glass company.

THE electoral vote for the presidency has increased during one hundred years from one hundred seventy-five to four hundred eighty-three.

THOSE who learned in their schooldays that Jupiter had four moons, must not forget now to accord that interesting planet the honor of having eight satellites.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the inside of the stomach can now be obtained, if the patient has the courage to fulfil all of the necessary requirements — the swallowing of the camera and electric-light.

ITALY has taken the initiative in constructing boats of concrete. The project has proved so eminently successful that she wears her title, "The Lord of Concrete Boats," rather proudly.

"UP to but a year and a half ago, Damascus, the oldest city in the world that is still inhabited, had its streets but little better lighted than they were thousands of years ago. At the beginning of 1907 electric-lights were installed and electric-cars began running."

"TYCHO BRAHE, the Danish astronomer, having lost his nose in a duel with one Passbery, adopted a golden one, which he attached to his face by means of a cement which he carried about with him. Marryat says that this remarkable nose gave him the appearance of a wizard."

"TURN your plants to the light every few days so that every part may equally enjoy the light. This treatment, together with judicious pruning, will give better-shaped plants, and more blossoms, than can possibly be obtained from straggling, one-sided plants produced by the never-turn method."

*To prevent potatoes in cellars and pits from rotting, spread on the ground in which the tubers are to be piled, a thin layer of unslaked, finely pulverized lime, then a layer of potatoes six inches deep, then lime again, and so on. The tubers thus treated remain free from disease, and where rotting has already begun, it is stopped.— *Scientific American*.

A Fulfilled Prophecy

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago, Aug. 11, 1840, the world witnessed the fall of the Ottoman empire, which event marked the close of the prophetic period in Revelation known as "an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year." Rev. 9:15. Two years before this time Josiah Litch made the prediction, based upon this prophecy, that the Ottoman supremacy would cease on that date. It was fulfilled to the day. This remarkable circumstance gave a tremendous impetus to the advent movement, then just beginning.

Opening of Emmanuel Missionary College

ALL who are planning to attend Emmanuel Missionary College the coming year will take notice that the school opens September 9. It is important that students plan to be here at that time. Much depends upon being present when classes are organized and the work is started. Our prospective students will be pleased to learn that the three main buildings are being thoroughly repaired, the rooms and halls, tinted or white-coated. Other improvements are planned for the near future. It is our purpose to welcome our students to a cheery and comfortable home. All students, both new and old, should send in their application for admittance at once, that we may know how many to prepare for. Calendars and application blanks will be sent to all who ask for them. Address the undersigned at Berrien Springs, Mich.

O. J. GRAF, *President*.

Reduced Prices on True Education Readers

AT the meeting of the principals of our schools held at Cleveland, Ohio, July 3-10, the following recommendations were passed concerning text-books:—

"Whereas, The value, the permanency, and hence the price, of text-books are largely dependent upon the thoroughness and care given to their preparation and examination; therefore—

"We recommend, That the Text-Book Committee continue to give these features careful attention, passing favorably only upon such books as they believe will not need revision for at least five years.

"Whereas, The 'True Education' series of readers is proving itself eminently satisfactory; and,—

"Whereas, The publishers believe it would be possible to reduce the price to 60 cents each on Nos. 1 and 2, to 75 cents on No. 3, and to 90 cents on No. 5, provided the Educational Department will require no revision for at least five years; therefore,—

"We recommend the putting forth of special efforts to bring the value of these readers before our people everywhere, and that we agree not to ask for revision within the time specified."

In harmony with the foregoing recommendations, the Pacific Press Publishing Company has reduced the prices on the 'True Education' reader series as follows:—

Book No. 1, 204 pages \$.60
Book No. 2, 256 pages60
Book No. 3, 304 pages75
Book No. 5, 353 pages90
Book No. 7, 392 pages 1.00

Books Nos. 4 and 6 are not yet ready.

Address your tract society.

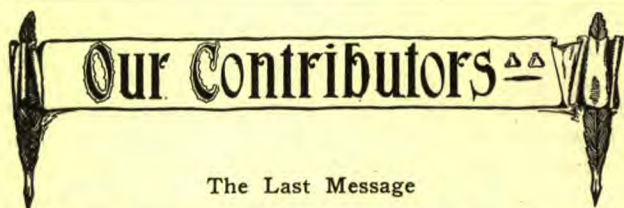
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING CO.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1908

No. 36



The Last Message

Out of a doorway have cruel hands thrust her,
Out on the sands of Rome's theater vast,
Where thousands are gathered to gloat o'er the horror,—
A young Christian maiden to hungry beasts cast.

She thought of the host that had died there before her,—
Sweet maidens, and youth in their manhood's young
pride,
And hoary-haired pilgrims, their days almost numbered,
And innocent children their mothers beside.

She thought of the throngs that were bending above her,—
The rich and the noble, the great of the land,—
And she thought there was none there to love or lament
her,

When there fell a red rose at her feet on the sand.

O, what cared she then that the wild beasts were coming?
O, what cared she then that soon, soon she must die?
For she knew that up there in that multitude cruel,
There was one loving heart and one pitying eye.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Loving Service

To work for the Saviour is the chief desire of every true disciple of Christ. It matters not whether he is old or young, rich or poor, service for Christ is his chief ambition.

The Master watches with anxious heart the service rendered by each of his children. To Christ the daily acts of his followers constitute the highest evidence of their love. Not in words only, but in loving service in behalf of others, is our love to our Saviour manifested.

When Jesus ascended to his Father, he concealed his bodily presence from his children. Go where you will in this dark earth, search every nook and corner, you will not find the bodily presence of Jesus. Yet he is represented on every hand. In the person of his children Christ dwells, and the service we render to them he accepts as done unto himself. His own words declare, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me." Again he declared, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." On another occasion he said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

All that we do for Christ to help him in building up his kingdom we must do here on earth. When God's people are glorified, there will be no service we can render the Lord save that of praise and loving obedience. But here is a great, lost world in rebellion against God and going down to perdition and eternal ruin. Their captain, Satan, has so blinded their eyes that they see no beauty in godliness, and feel no longing to find a better way. But the Lord tries to win them to himself through the Holy Spirit and

through the service and lives of his children. God has committed the preaching of the gospel to his children. They are the outward embodiment of the indwelling Spirit that God uses in leading sinners to repentance. It is the privilege of Christ's followers to give their lives to win souls from the galling yoke of Satan to the loving service of God. This is done in many ways, but we will consider only a few at this time.

First of all we must give ourselves to God to do his will. Every other ambition in life must be subordinate to this. If we would be strong and valiant for Christ, this love and service must become the ruling motive of our lives, and lead us to deny ourselves, to endure suffering, to face dangers, and to wage a warfare that even Satan's host can not withstand. Many a soul in early life has been thus consecrated, and years of exposure and privation have failed to quench the zeal that burned in the heart. Insurmountable obstacles are overcome, the road of difficulty becomes a highway for our God, in which his people journey heavenward.

Most men who have accomplished much for God began their service early in life. It is within the bounds of truth to declare that, other things being equal, the earlier we give ourselves to Christ for a life of real service, the stronger we may become in our life-work. Many of the most successful missionaries of modern times gave their lives to God while in their teens. Judson and Carey, Livingstone and Gordon, gave themselves to foreign missions in their youth. To do something for God was their crowning ambition. Of this they dreamed by night and by day, and for this they toiled and waited and planned for long and weary years.

Again, we ought to think definitely of the field and people to whom we are willing to give our lives. Individuals ought to have a definite, earnest conviction concerning the field where God calls them to labor. Young men and women, youth, and even children may as truly hear the voice of God calling them as did little Samuel in the house of Eli the priest. The certainty of the call of God is the strongest incentive to service that comes to man. Much prayer, repeatedly coming to God with the same request, oftentimes brings a definite answer. Daniel prayed three full weeks; Nehemiah prayed several months; Jacob wrestled all night in prayer before the answer came. Holy men of God have prayed for years before they have received their desire. Children and youth should learn to pray earnestly for God to show them the path of duty and service in his cause.

Having given ourselves for a great work, our first duty lies in acquiring a preparation for that work. Is it to be a medical missionary? We must plan at once to get a medical education. Is it to be an evangelist to preach the gospel to the heathen? We must apply ourselves to the task of seeking an education, and especially must study languages and the practical side of life, that we may succeed in these hard and distant fields.

Another way to help is to lead our companions and associates to Christ while we are seeking a preparation for service. Experience is the best teacher. One should learn the art of winning to Christ while in the home land. Sometimes it takes years for one to learn to persuade others to accept Jesus, but none should go abroad to heathen lands without that experience.

The distribution of literature is another means of advancing God's cause, and one which gives a rich experience to those who engage in it. The message in foreign lands must go largely by the distribution of literature. Those who go to these lands should have learned the art of selling literature in the home land; for in these mission fields the task of distributing literature is much greater than here. Many of our young people are earning scholarships in our colleges and schools by the sale of literature. No young person desiring an education need say he has no means of going to school. The possibility lies within the grasp of all able-bodied young men and women to pay their way through school by the sale of our literature.

I. H. EVANS.

Special Mention of the Young

EACH officer and private of the British army in time of war hopes so to distinguish himself that he may have honorable or special mention in the despatches to the anxious nation eagerly awaiting news at home. Since such mention is justly so highly regarded among the nations of this world, how much more should those who are young treasure the special mention of them in that wonderful letter from our Father in heaven.

"I have written unto you, young men," so the letter reads, "because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." 1 John 2:14-17.

Nothing in this world will be dearer to the thoughtful young man or woman than this message. The young women need not exclude themselves; for the word "man" is here used in a generic sense. A careful study of these words will repay any of the class to whom they are addressed. The tender heart of our Father has given us, as young people, three reasons for this special mention, and has summed up under three heads all the wrong in the world that he would have us avoid. Then, from his wisdom, he appeals to our inexperience and our reason, in the exhortation so lovingly given.

"Because ye are strong." Only God knows the possibilities wrapped up in the strength of youth. From the narrowness of our horizon we can catch but a faint glimpse of these possibilities; yet we know that in its industrial, political, and religious phases, the young have much to do with this world's achievements. The older ones counsel, and advise; but the youth bear the heat and burden of the day. In the great crises that have come unawares upon the world, threatening universal disaster, young men have arisen, and with the ardor, strength, hope, and buoyancy of youth, have saved the day.

This was well illustrated, on a small scale, in connection with the great Indian mutiny of 1857. Within three months of the unexpected outbreak that threatened the annihilation of the entire foreign community in India, almost all of the old men, who had been occupying the highest positions of responsibility, were swept away, and now we scarcely know their names. Young men grasped the standard, and their names have been written indelibly on the page of history.

The strength of youth is the embryo from which the giant of the future may develop. The majority of those who have accomplished great things for God in this world, gave their hearts to God in youth. Then the evil day has not yet come. The tares are still in the seed. The soil is not yet hardened. God wrestles mightily with us at the dawn of manhood's day. Only with great effort can we then stifle the voice of conscience.

"The word of God abideth in you." The flexible will, the pliant nature, the impressible mind, of youth can only become unyielding for the right, and reach the heights reserved for it, by becoming an abiding-place for the Word of God. Fortunate indeed the young man or woman who is so situated in early youth that his mind is stored with the precious Word. Sad indeed the end of him who, amid such surroundings, neglects the opportunity thus offered.

The Word of God is the only foundation upon which we can build so that all things in nature and history can be seen in their true perspective. It only can store our minds with knowledge that is of real value. The thoughts here imbedded by Divinity are pregnant with that which alone can stimulate the mind to its greatest endeavor, multiplying its abilities until it has reached the capacity purposed by its Maker.

"And ye have overcome the wicked one." Youth with its health, its strength, its hope, its religious fervor, when strengthened by the Word of God, wins a continuous victory over the wicked one. Satan has no weapons in his armory that can overcome such, so long as they are true to the voice of that Word. Here is where he concentrates his efforts. He paints the world and its pleasures in their brightest hues. To the young, with their ardent imagination, he presents the broad road to ruin in its most beautiful light, covering with the cheapest gilt its dark, unsightly angles, hiding its thorns beneath roses. Many are deceived, and go in thereat.

GEORGE F. ENOCH.

Redemption

SPRING returning bringeth bud and flower,
Nature's green carpet o'er the earth is spread;
But still death reigns, with tears and parting hour,
And still increase the cities of the dead.

Mountains raise to heaven their summits hoary,
The lonely peaks lift supplicating hands,
Praying for Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
To lift the curse, and break its cruel bands.

The wrinkled seas, and nature's stony pages,
Still bear the heavy curse of sin and pain;
Their cries go up, through all the passing ages,
For Christ, the prince of peace, to come again.

He's tarried long, but heralds of his glory
Are in the earth and sea and darkened sky,
Telling with prophet voice the thrilling story,
The advent of the Saviour draweth nigh.

The earth, renewed, shall lose for aye her sadness,
And smile 'neath sunlit skies, while soft winds play;
And 'neath the smile of God, in endless gladness,
Forget the shadows of the yesterday.

L. D. SANTEE.



THE HOME CIRCLE



"There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues."

The Tree of Life

PLANT patience in the garden of thy soul!
The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet;
And when, at last, it stands a tree complete,
Beneath its tender shade the burning heat
And burden of the day shall lose control—
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul!

—Henry Austin, in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Queen of Rumania Describes Her Childhood

EVERY day of my life I thank my mother for my Spartan-like rearing, which has become the discipline of my entire life. Nowadays children are so indulged that when I relate what was the rule and custom in our home, people will consider it altogether too severe.

And yet my parents thought they came very near spoiling us, and were much too mild in their discipline, because their own bringing up had been so immeasurably severer. We were never given anything to eat but dry bread (from the day before, without butter), meat, vegetables, stewed fruit, and milk. We were never allowed to eat a dessert, and, of course, such a thing as bonbons was never seen in our house—they would never have been endured for a moment on account of the injury to our teeth, which we were made to brush three times a day until the blood came. As a result I have not a false tooth in my head at the age of sixty-four. My mother ate no bonbons, because she considered it an incredible weakness, and had a great contempt for parents who permitted such a thing. Our last meal of the day, consisting of dry bread, milk, and sometimes an apple, was eaten at six o'clock.

We began our studies at six in the morning, but had no breakfast until half past eight. I was often weak from the long fast, but my mother would have considered it an unpardonable lack of consideration if we had not waited breakfast for my sick father, however hungry we were. If we, by chance, let fall a word of complaint, she answered severely: "One must conquer such feelings!"

Morning and evening we had an ice-cold bath, and were put to bed in a narrow field-bed, on a hard mattress. If one of us children was ill, he was put to bed in a jiffy, and thrown into a profuse perspiration.

Until I was twenty years old, I never had a physician or tasted medicine. Once I lay for six hours and took this heroic "sweating" cure without moving, and as a reward my mother came and stroked my

cheek. I can still feel her touch! That was an enormous compensation, as caresses were not encouraged in our family.

"So much kissing is not necessary!" said my mother. "People can love each other very dearly without so much demonstration; that is only a bad habit!"

We were obliged to eat what was set before us; it was not a question whether we liked it or not—we had to like it. And that which was not eaten at dinner-time was set aside and appeared again at supper, on the same plate, and took the place of our customary bowl of milk.

And if we fairly choked with it, we simply had to choke: swallow it we must, even if it were swallowed with tears and sobs. If the milk was smoked, we dared not make a face, nor leave any of it; every drop had to be drunk.

If, when we were traveling, no hair pillow was to be had, we either had none at all or slept directly on the hard mattress, which was particularly painful when one's hair was done up in curl-papers.

When we were twelve years old, my mother considered that we must be treated as grown up, and ordered all the various dishes to be presented to us. "You know what you should refuse!" she said.

This was a discipline doubly hard, to be obliged to decline a thing of which one was very fond. Until I was seventeen

years old I had never tasted sweets, butter, salads, or anything spiced. Highly seasoned food is certainly particularly harmful for children; and as to sweets, they get sugar enough in milk, fruit, and vegetables.

Under this treatment I fairly glowed with strength, and all the illnesses which came to me later in life I was able to endure with calmness, as in such cases my mother had accustomed us to iron discipline, and to suffering without complaint.

I do not know the meaning of the word nervousness, and can not sympathize with people who are nervous. I have never had such a feeling; that which is disagreeable had simply to be endured. I accustomed myself to an indifference toward eating and drinking that bordered on asceticism.

So much for self-discipline!

As far as devotion to duty is concerned, it was taught us by means of very little tasks and very small sacrifices; these were repeated daily, and were always prefaced by "You may!" instead of "You must!"

With an education based on these principles, one



grows accustomed to the thought that nothing else is possible but self-discipline and devotion to duty.—*The Independent*.

Duty and Inclination

WE all love to pluck the fairest fruit, and to gather the sweetest flowers; but put this down as a truth worthy to be graven on a pillar of brass,—that more enjoyable fruit grows by the wayside of the path of duty, than in all the wilderness of wilful inclination.—*Selected*.

Look Out for the Rocks

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly upon the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us above the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.—*Messiah's Herald*.

The "Grape-Vine" Telegraph

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON tells, in his autobiography, how the colored people during the slavery days of the Civil War kept informed in regard to the progress of the great movement to secure their freedom. He says it is a wonder to him how a down-trodden, ignorant nation, not even able to read, could keep so well-informed. It was brought about by what he terms the "grape-vine" telegraph. The plantation mail-carrier, a colored man, would loiter around the post-office, listening to the conversation of the white people until he secured the desired news; then he would return home, telling all the other slaves he met along the way. Thus it would be carried from mouth to mouth.

You might be surprised to know that the "grape-vine" telegraph is still in operation to-day. One of our missionaries in China recently wrote that the truth was going there like wild-fire. When a man learned the message, he would start for the interior, telling every one whom he met the glad tidings of the emancipation from soul-slavery. Another missionary in Africa tells of the dark-skinned natives coming down from Central Africa, receiving the truth, and then returning to their homes, spreading the gospel all along the way.

This means of giving the gospel is not limited even to those who can read. All can talk. Thus we see another mode of communication helping to carry quickly the news of salvation to a dying world. Let us all have some part in this work.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.



In the Silver Fields of the Northland

WE were about three hundred miles north from Toronto on June 13, when the train on which we had been riding all night slackened its speed, and the brakeman called loudly, "Station is Cobalt!" I had both heard and read much about Cobalt, and naturally had the place pictured in mind; but this did not lessen my anxiety nor surprise as we came into the town itself.

One hardly expects to find such a gruesome-looking place as this town appears to one on coming into it for the first time. The barren, rocky hills of varying heights and shapes have the appearance of having undergone a recent earthquake. I was reminded of the "barren hills of Gilboa." On every hill for miles around can be seen upturned earth and rock, which the prospectors have dug up in search of mineral indications. We soon saw that they were not fruitless signs; for our train ran into a large mining-camp, then into another, and finally a whole town, with scores of shaft-houses, came into sight. The rattle and bang of machinery in every direction convinced us that at least some of the inventions of modern civilization had made



an entrance among these jagged and barren rocks. We could not tell, however, from the appearance of the shacks which met our eyes on every side, whether they were really inhabited by human beings or mere pigmies. A large share of the houses are simply boards roughly thrown together, and covered with tar paper,—habitations apparently better adapted to pigmies than to persons of normal size.

But as we began work among them, we found that in these shacks live as intelligent a class of people as are found in any up-to-date city of English-speaking people. One marked difference was noticeable, however,—a stranger, even a canvasser, is made welcome as soon as he enters the door. It is not necessary for him to burden his mind with inventing ways to make an entrance to the houses, nor to be in a hurry about making his exit; for many times they keep one longer than one desires to stay.

These are some of the joys of pioneer canvassing in a new mining country, but they are not the best of them. The greatest joy comes in knowing that you are trying to help a class of people for whom but little is being done. Many of these rough miners have not attended a religious service nor heard a sermon for years. Some of them seem to be "case-hardened," and scorn religion when first approached upon the sub-

ject; but it is surprising sometimes to find how soon they are softened by a few earnest, frank words about the solemnity and responsibility of life.

The impression received on entering this town, which promises to be the center of the richest silver field in the world, is akin to feelings of repulsiveness and awe mingled, each respectively produced by the condition of chaos on the one hand and of majesty on the other. In spite of the ungainly and barren hills, the hand of God is plainly visible. His love and purpose one recognizes as one sees how wisely he has



hidden the silver treasures beneath these hills, to be discovered when most needed by the beings of his tender care.

The town of Cobalt proper is situated on a small lake about one mile and a half long. Its population consists chiefly of English-speaking people, and French Canadians, being about equally divided. There is also a small percentage of Germans, Poles, Finns, Italians, and Swedes. The town has about three thousand five hundred inhabitants, but taking in all the mining-camps within a radius of five miles, the population is more than double that number.

The growth of the mining industry here has been so sudden that the rest of the world hardly realizes that in this northland region there has sprung into existence during the last four years a mining industry which supports a population of more than ten thousand people. There are two more towns near by of nearly equal size, each containing a population of about three thousand, which practically owe their existence to the cobalt mines.

There are no fewer than twenty-five mining companies in this region, each employing from thirty to three hundred men at the present time. Before the recent money panic they employed a much larger number. The largest mining company, is the Nipissing, and it employs more than three hundred men, most of whom are Italians and Poles. This company is incorporated at six million dollars, and has the mining rights of eight hundred acres of very valuable silver finds.

It is claimed by experienced and scientific miners that this is the richest silver discovery in the world. They think that only a beginning has been made in developing the mining resources of this country, and that further search will discover other minerals in paying quantities. In fact, the mining of cobalt itself is a valuable business. This is a substance in which much of the silver is found embedded. It is a very hard, heavy mineral, which is being used extensively in making armor-plate for war-vessels, also in electric insulators. Besides this mineral, good indications for gold, copper, nickel, and iron have been found.

The conditions in which the silver is found vary. A shaft is sunk either following a perpendicular vein or striking a horizontal one. In either case the miners often strike cross veins. These veins vary in width and height from a few inches to a few feet. In such veins, cobalt and silver are always found, and usually a little copper. Sometimes the silver is mixed in with the cobalt, and again it is found in sheets, strings, etc., embedded in a flinty rock in which silver hitherto has not been known to be found.

The most valuable ore is that containing the free silver. This, with the pieces of silver thrown out by the explosions, is usually sacked underground, whence the sacks are carried to the surface ready for shipping. The larger pieces of ore are carried to the surface by machinery, crushed into smaller pieces, sorted, and put into sacks according to the grade to which it belongs. It is shipped out and sold by the carload, most of it being sold to smelters in the States.

W. E. HANCOCK.

A Lazy Boy's Invention

THE long-handled shovel has made over three hundred thousand dollars for its inventor, and the inventor was a lazy, shiftless boy of seventeen, named Reuben Davis, whose father lived in Vermont at the time. He set Reuben to digging dirt, and loading it on a wagon, and the short-handled shovel made the boy's back ache. One afternoon when his father was away, he took out the short handle and substituted a long one, and found the work much easier.

When Mr. Davis reached home Reuben got a whipping, but after the old gentleman had used the shovel himself, he saw that it was a good thing, and had it patented. They are now manufactured almost by the million.— *The News*.

The Extent and Purpose of Creation — No. 1 What One Is Warranted in Believing About It

AN inspired writer has said: "He that built all things is God." Heb. 3:4. The "all things" here spoken of must include the world and every unit it holds, from the smallest to the greatest,— from the microscopic animalcule to the mammoth leviathan; from the insensate jelly-fish to susceptible man. This thought is also included in the divine expression from Sinai, which affirms that "the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is." Ex. 20:11.

In making these "all things," one among them was reserved to be formed in the image of the Maker. Being thus fashioned, we should expect to find this divine counterpart not only placed at the head of all created things, but that these should be perfectly adapted to his needs, and wholly devoted to his summons. After considering the work of the Master's hand, as revealed in the heavens, the psalmist turned his attention to the earth, and looking toward the exalted form of humanity, he asked, evidently amazed at the boundless benefits he saw conferred upon flesh:



Silver Nugget Weighing Ninety-three and One-fourth Pounds

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" As if heaven were unaware of the advantage which had been vouchsafed in the gift bestowed, the inspired king is made to say: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea." Ps. 8: 5-8.

Another writer adds to this statement that the Lord "left nothing that is not put under" man. This statement being absolutely true, we should expect to find these "all things" revealing design, or purpose, much the same as we discover in the works of men, though infinitely more perfect in adaptation. In other words, we should confidently look for these "all things," and the man to whom they were given, to be wholly fitted for each other.

Could we imagine the world without a divine revelation, and the knowledge of nature science what it now is, it would not be so strange to find a general belief that the world's teeming life, and especially intelligent manhood, are the product of endless succession of development. But with the Bible in hand we may study the science of nature to a better purpose. With divine inspiration for our teacher, we may indeed recognize the hand of a skilful Architect in every leaf and fiber of plant life, as well as in the bone, muscle, and tissue of the animal kingdom.

To this end first let us consider man's attributes. All things having been made for his sake, he should have the power of discerning the use of every one of these. This demand is met in the senses. But these could not perform their several functions unless the world itself had been made so as to co-operate with the senses. For instance, the eye would be useless without the peculiar qualities found in light. The ear also would be deprived of its employment were there no atmosphere. How essential, then, that these prerequisites be provided early in the creation work, in anticipation of following needs.

But light is perceived only by a special organ, and objects are discerned by the eye, only because light and atmosphere are properly related. The formation of the atmosphere makes it possible for light to frame distinguishable objects before the eye. Its every particle seems to be a point from which light is reflected in straight lines in all directions. This reflection, resting upon objects from all sides, forms images in a way to keep them distinct before one's eye. These lines of light, though crossing each other in a gorgeous web, never blend the pictures of objects which they form, but produce distinctness of their every part.

One can not but wonder at the wisdom and skill by which light is made to secure this distinctness of individual objects. Even though the minute detail of the operation of light in this respect may not be fully grasped, one can readily see that when the combination that produces these known results was formed, there must have been a definite design in the mind of the Creator, who perfectly understood the needs of those for whose benefit the light was given. He also had consummate knowledge of what was requisite in the formation of the eye, to adapt it to receive the light thus created.

To produce this instrument of vision, the combination of solids and liquids, of transparent and opaque tissues, of curtains, and lenses, and screens, in exact

quality and proper quantity, were placed in the exact position each should occupy. All these being perfectly adjusted, the structure was placed in a cavity in the forehead, formed in solid bone, with grooves and perforations for the required movements of its operations. Variety and rapidity of motion was given by appropriate cords. A lid for protection in danger was hung before it, its border fringe was gracefully turned upward, so as not to obstruct a single ray of light. To prevent friction, a clear, soothing fluid was supplied, which was also to keep the outer lens free from dust.

This perfect piece of machinery, with all its parts, was not only made as it appears, from the "dust of the ground," but the agency, also, by which it might be kept in constant repair. What wonderful power and skill is here displayed! No workmanship of earth can compare with it. Who can not see in such a creation the plan of an infinite Master Builder? Who could for a moment, in view of this exhibition of foresight and skill in creative power, question the goodness of God, or doubt his willingness to bestow every needed grace upon those who ask it? May we study God's Word in a way to receive larger views of his wonderful provisions for our happiness and peace.

J. O. CORLISS.

An Important Don't

DON'T be a mummy. Moses was once on the way to the royal cemetery of Theban-hill mummies. But he changed his path toward the wilderness, that he might live with the wandering children of God. Had he not made that decision, and cast off the purple vestments of Egyptian glory, we might to-day look upon his mummy in some museum.

There were two lines, or paths, which appeared before the mind of Moses. The distance between them did not seem great; but as time went by, Moses found that they were as far apart as heaven and earth. He is now in heaven, and his royal successor a mummy on earth.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

Be Decided

DECISION and do begin alike. Decision brings all the powers of the individual to a focus.

"I will not!" said a little boy, stoutly. "What won't you do?" a passer-by asked. "That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother."

Cyprian, on his way to martyrdom, was told by the emperor that he would give him time to consider if he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire in honor of the idol gods, than die so ignominiously. Cyprian replied, "There needs no deliberation in the case." John Huss, at the stake, was offered a pardon if he would recant. His reply was, "I am here, ready to suffer death." Thomas Hawks, in like circumstances, said, "If I had a hundred bodies, I would suffer them all to be torn in pieces, rather than recant."

Alexander, being asked how he had conquered the world, replied, "By not delaying."

A freedman said, "I have got safe by de go-back corner, and I will go all de journey home; and, if you don't see me at the first of dem twelve gates, look to de next one, for I shall be dere." Another says, "When I left de rebel ranks, and crossed over to de Lord's army, I tore up de bridge behind me. Now I'm fightin' with de Captain dat's never lost a battle."

The servants of the Lord should be as bold for their Master as the devil's servants are for theirs.—*Service.*



The Sunbeams

"Now what shall I send to the earth to-day?"
Said the great round, golden sun.
"O, let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the sunbeams, every one.

So down to the earth in a shining crowd
Went the merry, busy crew;
They painted with splendor each shining cloud
And the sky, as they passed through.

The sunbeams then through the window crept
To the children in their beds,
They poked the eyelids of those who slept
And gilded their little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from dreamland come away;
We have brought you a present! Awake, and see—
We have brought you a sunny day!"

—Eleanor Smith.

Billy's Angel

It was New-Year's morning. Large flakes of snow came down slowly and softly, like white-winged messengers from the other world. Some of them fell on the upturned face of little Billy—dirty and freckled and hunger-pinched as it was.

He had been sitting a long time very quietly on the edge of the sidewalk, till his hands were blue with cold, and his ragged coat was covered with snow.

Evidently Billy was thinking—yes, and thoughts that had never before, during his seven or eight years of life, entered his head. A week before, Billy had been to the mission Sabbath-school. A kind lady had led him there. Billy hadn't any home, and was pleased to go where it was "warm," so she had no difficulty in getting him to accompany her.

For the first time in his short life he had heard of the good angels, and that they were always ready to help little children when they needed help most.

Billy had thought about it every day since, and beautiful dreams of light and warmth and food, in all of which the "angels" bore a prominent part, visited him at night when he was curled up in some dark alley or empty box, with his scanty rags drawn about him.

"She said them thare angels 'ud allers help a feller," he soliloquized, "and I want 'nother jacket, and a new pair o' shoes—don't zactly 'member we'en I did get these," carefully wiping the snow from the blue toes that protruded from what had one time been a pair of shoes. "I jest beleeve I'll start out an' see 'f there hain't mebbly one in this here city."

With a new light in his eyes and a big resolve never to stop till he had found his angel; the child, stiff with cold, and O so hungry, started out on his strange errand. He seemed to think it impossible for the object of his search to be found in such a place as Green Alley; anyway, he didn't believe an angel would stay there long enough for him to speak to him, so he quickened his steps toward a better part of the city.

This, of itself, was a great undertaking for Billy, who thought there was no place for him up-town among the "grand uns," ever since a day when the big policeman had roughly ordered him to "move on"

when he had stopped to feast his eyes on the tempting buns and cakes in a bakery window.

But now he resolutely set his face for "up-town." The gorgeous shop windows were almost too much for Billy's resolution, but he bravely passed them by; for it might take him a long time to find his angel, and he was so tired already. Once he asked a tall, gruff man if he would please to tell him "where the angels lived;" but the man only stared at him, though Billy thought he saw him hastily wipe away a tear, and took that as a sure indication that he wasn't on the right road.

He was making up his mind to try another street, when he saw a beautiful lady leading a little child much smaller than he, hastily crossing the street. Presently the lady paused to speak with some one, and for an instant she released the hand of the little one. In a moment the child was upon the track of the street-car. Billy's heart stood still—for the car was almost upon the tiny form!

He forgot all about his angel, all about his hunger and cold and wretchedness, all about everything. He had but one thought—he must save that baby!

With a shriek of agony the lady turned; she had seen the danger. Too late?—No! Two little half-frozen feet and a bundle of rags were flying to the rescue. Just in time! Ah, yes! but not soon enough for Billy. The little one was saved, but an unlucky slip had almost cost him his life. One poor little numb foot was caught under the cruel wheels, and mangled and torn. The next thing Billy knew he opened his eyes in a hospital to find himself in a real bed, with sheets and a pretty coverlet, and there was the beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, bending over him, holding the child he had saved in her arms.

The first thought that came to Billy was that he at last had found the object of his search.

"Be you an angel?"

The words came eagerly from the poor pain-drawn lips.

The only answer he heard was, "O doctor! will he live?"

"Yes, with good care, ma'am, but he will always be a cripple."

As soon as the little hero was able, the kind lady took him to live with her in her own lovely home, where the poor cripple was received as her own son.

And so little Billy found his angel.—Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle.

A Strange Book

I HAVE been very much interested of late in studying a peculiar book. I want to tell you something about it, and then see if you can guess its name. It is a book which a child five years old can read, even if he has not learned his letters, and yet it is one which his grandparents can enjoy with him. In fact, some blind people read it better than those who can see. The more one knows, the more one wants to know, and it is so arranged that one can never read it through.

When you think you are getting almost to the end, it suddenly grows thicker and longer and broader, and with eager interest you turn page after page.

Its Author has written other books, some of which you have doubtless read, but this is the first and greatest of them all. This book is peculiar in several ways. You know books have covers of different colors,—brown, black, blue, etc. But when you get this book, it may be a pretty light green, and while you are still examining it, it may change to a darker shade, and then perhaps to a brown with a red and yellow cover design, and at some other time it may be pure white; but it is always very beautiful and does not remain the same long enough for one to weary of it. Another strange thing is that it contains moving pictures. The Artist who painted them is very famous, yet many people criticize his work. They say that it is not shaded just right, or that one scene does not pass quickly enough. Those who are well acquainted with him never speak in this way, because they can not but see how wise he is, and they recognize in him the power and judgment of a great master.

There are some pages which, when opened, send forth the sweetest music ever heard, and then perhaps there is an encore in answer, to which the sweet sounds burst forth once more. Again you will hear mysterious voices, which tell of things you have never seen.

Have you guessed the name of this wonderful book? — It is the great book of nature. How many of you have read the love of God in the bird songs as you recall that not a sparrow falls without his notice? How many of you have heard the heavens declare the glory of God, the mountains and hills break forth into singing, and the trees of the field clap their hands?

WINIFRED LUCILE HOLMDEN.

A Deceptive Seeming

ONE may live long in a foreign country, all the while observing the customs of the natives, and yet remain ignorant of some of the most common usages of the people whom he is studying. This is due in part to the fact that he carries his nationality with him — lives as an Englishman in Spain, as a Caucasian though among Mongolians.

Thus it transpired that an American lady who had resided for a considerable period of time in Japan, learned but tardily a certain peculiar feature of Japanese domestic life. She had occupied a European house, with a European family; and the servants, though Japanese, had been trained to European methods.

But eventually she elected to sojourn in a Japanese household. Much of the domestic life of the people was already familiar to her; for the architecture of Japanese residences does not provide for much privacy. However, one peculiarity of the domestic scheme which hitherto had escaped her observation, was now forcibly brought to her notice. One day, when alone in the house, she accidentally spilled some milk on the floor of the veranda. She had much admired the highly polished, ebony-like veranda floors commonly seen in that country; and, fearful that the milk might leave a stain, she brought some hot water and soap to wash it off. But, alas! the hot suds straightway penetrated the dark enamel, exposing a light-colored wood beneath. Much chagrined, she assured the owner, on his return, that she would pay the cost of having the floor redressed; but the dis-

mayed Oriental declared that many years would be required for restoring the finish. Then it was that she learned that the rich veneer, which she had so greatly admired, was merely a coating of dirt, evenly spread out by dint of daily rubbing with a soft, damp cloth.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

His Little Ones

"CHILDREN are God's apostles day by day sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace." It is sad to see how many young men, rejecting this truth expressed by Lowell, seem to think it an unmanly thing to give time or attention to children. And if they do take notice of them, especially in public, it is in a shame-faced, half-hearted, apologetic way. Frank Andrews Fall gives young men this good advice: "When a little child . . . allows you to make friends with him, he pays you a compliment you ought to try hard to deserve. He sees your true nature by never-failing intuition. You ought to covet his good-will, not spurn his advances."

"Freshest from the hand of God," children are constantly urging us on to a simpler, purer life. Ever since Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," children have been the inspiring teachers of men. Channing listened not only to sages, but to babes as well; and Whittier's heart was moved and turned by the "sweet appeal" of "these small ones of God." Don't forget that the greatest men of all times have possessed the spirit of child-like frankness, fearlessness, and faith. And these are the qualities that must redeem men from selfishness, luxury, and unconcern."

"Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all."

E. L.

Suffer Little Children

WHEN Jesus was resting at even,
After the heat of the day,
The mothers their little ones brought unto him,
His touch and his blessing to pray.

"Suffer the children to come;
Seek them wherever they roam;
Forbid not the children to come unto me;
Suffer the children to come."

His blessing he gave to them there,
Taking them up on his knee;
He laid his kind hands on their dear little heads,
And smiled at their innocent glee.

"Suffer the children to come;
My Father will welcome them home;
Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said he;
"Suffer the children to come."

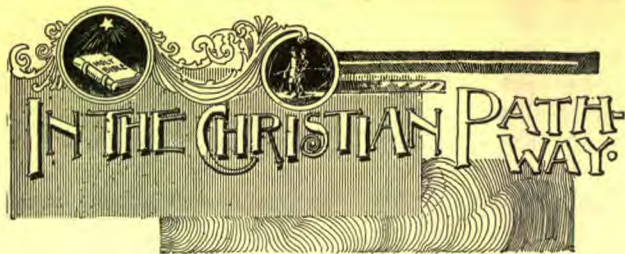
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

The Best That Is in Us

HAVE you ever thought how some of your friends have an influence that seems to draw out the best that is in you? You feel that you can not be kind enough to such persons. You are made conscious of your own selfishness and lack of social virtues in their presence.

Yet I dare say these friends to whom we are so much devoted are persons who see our faults, but appear to be unobservant of them, that they may the better help us overcome our weak tendencies, or lack of social virtues. When we are with those who draw out the best that is in us, we are with friends who will stand by us.

W. D. MILLS.



Inseparable

SAID Strength to Struggle: "I one would be
With you, my friend, to eternity.
Be this the bond 'twixt me and thee:
Whoever would live with pulses full,
And quaff to its depths the cup of joy,
Shall know thee first, or I never will
Be known of him, be he man or boy."
So they swore together a solemn oath:
Who would know one, must know them both.

—G. A. Warburton, in *Sunday School Times*.

Reflections of a Business Man

SOME years ago I was called upon to face a serious question. This is how it came to me. It was the last day of the year. I had gone home from business a little earlier than usual, and was now sitting alone in my library. My mind somehow fell to thinking on last things. I thought of the last day of my life, of the last generation of mankind, and now, by a swift turn backward, I reflected on the last words of Christ before he left the world. Instantly those words stood out before me, as if printed in large capitals, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*" I immediately rose to my feet and walked the room. These words had never so impressed me before. I had been accustomed to raising some objections to foreign missions. But here was a plain yet solemn commandment from the lips of Christ. It seemed as if he were in the room, although I saw no form. I can not describe the strange vividness with which the thought flashed upon me that it was the main business of the church, in fact the one thing for which it existed, to carry the gospel throughout the world, and to do it as quickly as possible. And I reflected, somewhat uneasily, that I was a member of that church. Then the question came almost as forcibly as if I had heard a voice, "*What does this last commandment mean to you?*"

I again sat down, resolving to find, before the New Year should come, some light on this question. The light came. Let me state, in few words, the conclusions which I then reached, and the experiences which have followed.

If I were a *young man*, of suitable qualifications, I should certainly feel that this word of Christ was a pretty direct message to myself. I am sure I should not dare, in such times as these, to take up any other calling until I had seriously considered whether I ought not to be a foreign missionary. I am convinced that the next fifty years will be the most remarkable in the history of mankind. The nations are being touched with a common life, and brought near together. I believe, with many others, that pagan systems are soon to meet with far-reaching changes. It looks to me as if no other field of work were so urgent or so full of promise. If ever God called young men to go to the heathen, I believe he is calling now.

But I am no longer a young man. I am the father of five children, for whose rearing I am responsible. I have come to the conclusion that the last commandment of our Lord has a special application to *Christian parents*. It seems much clearer to me than it used to

that children are to be trained primarily and mainly with reference to the work of the kingdom. I hope that each member of my family will come to feel a sort of personal obligation for the spread of the gospel in the world. And if to some bright son or daughter of our household the Spirit of God shall whisper a special call, my wife and I have agreed that we will not stand in the way. No ambitions for their professional or social or pecuniary success will allow us to hush the voice of the Spirit, and so imperil the very foundations of their Christian character.

On that New-Year's eve I was in very moderate circumstances. Still I could not escape the conviction that the last commandment included me. As is perhaps usual at such a season of the year, I looked over my habits of expenditure. I saw that I was spending more upon certain luxuries than for the salvation of the world. To my astonishment, I found that I had paid more for a family concert ticket, and two or three times more for an excursion, than I had given during the whole year for the Lord's work in foreign lands. It did not take me long to decide that this was wrong. I recalled the statement of a distinguished acquaintance of mine who once said: "I settle the matter at the beginning of the year, whether, consistently with other duties, I can take in the regular prayer-meeting of my church. I can not possibly stand the strain," he said, "of having this question come up for settlement every week." It seemed to me a good rule respecting benevolent gifts. I felt that I could not stand the strain of having the matter come up for fresh settlement every time I heard an appeal. Nor did it seem to me to be quite the manly thing to do so. And so, with the coming of the new year, I adopted the plan of giving a certain *proportion* of my income. This I have found to be delightful beyond expression. The vexed question of "how much" is disposed of, and Christian stewardship has come to have a real significance.

I want to add that, through the providence of God, I have been blessed with some means. The last commandment still rings in my ears: "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel.*" I can not directly preach, yet I am sure that I have a very definite part in this great work. If I can not *go*, I can *send* — and a better man than myself at that. For some time I have been paying all the expenses of a certain foreign missionary. He is my representative on the field. I occasionally hear from him, and my family and I follow his work with great interest and delight. Nothing could induce us to surrender the joy of this service. If I continue to be prospered, I am planning to undertake soon the support of two native evangelists in Japan.

I have now told you what the great commission means to me. What does it mean to you? "*How much owest thou unto my Lord?*" — *From a Leaflet of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.*

Danger of the World

As you love your souls, beware of the world; it has slain its thousands and ten thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? — The world. What ruined Achan? — The world. What ruined Haman? — The world. What ruined Judas? — The world. What ruined Simon Magus? — The world. What ruined Demas? — The world. And "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — *J. Mason.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society China — No. 1

NOTE.—Draw a map of the Chinese empire to be used in the next three mission studies. Locate the principal provinces, rivers, and cities. Have a fifteen-minute drill on the geography of the country. Add other interesting items which will make the studies more profitable.

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

China.

General Description.

History.

Religions.

The People.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: China's written history reaches back into hoary antiquity. Its millions of people are literally "uncounted," but they approximately number four hundred million—the mightiest aggregation of human beings in any one nation in the world. The country is nearly half as large as Europe. The high mountainous plateau of the west slopes eastward, drained by the Yang-tze and Yellow rivers. The Yellow River is a constant source of sorrow. It overflows its banks, and devastates the country, wiping out the crops, and leaving thousands to die of starvation. China's climate varies in about the same degree as does America's, but sudden changes of temperature are unknown in China. The staple article of food is rice, but wheat is the universal food. A wide variety of cereals, fruits, and the bamboo are produced. The bamboo, God's gift to China, is put to innumerable uses. The mineral wealth is considerable, perhaps more than that of any other country except the United States. Gold, copper, silver, coal, and quicksilver abound; but the mines are not worked.

HISTORY: Should you go to China, the people would tell you of the good old days of Yao and Shun, when the people were so honest and true that doors and windows were not closed at night. If a person lost something, it would never be picked up by any one but himself. But those were days of long ago—twenty-two hundred years before Christ was born.

The dynasty of Chou (1122 B. C.—551 B. C.) is full of historic interest. Confucius was born 551 B. C., and Mencius in 572 B. C.

The Tsin dynasty followed with one of the greatest men China has ever produced, Chiu Shi'h Huang, the "Napoleon of China." He was the builder of the Great Wall. It was by his order, however, that the books of China were burned. They were reproduced in part by the literati who survived the emperor.

During the Han dynasty, Christ was born. About that time the Chinese were the most civilized people on earth. Then came the Sung dynasty, with its many literary men, and the Mongol dynasty, during which Marco Polo visited the country. The Ming dynasty left China red with blood from the Tartar invasions.

The Manchee dynasty, bringing the queue, came in about the time the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth.

In 1842, at the close of the opium war between Great Britain and China, four ports were opened in addition to Canton. The T'ai-Ping rebellion, and the wars with France and Japan, brought China low. From 1899-1900 there was an outbreak of the Boxers, a secret society. The revolt ended in the capture of Peking by the allied forces of the United States, France, Germany, and others.

RELIGIONS: It is said that there are three religions in China,—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism; but whatever a Chinese is, he is always a Confucianist, unless he be a Christian in deed and in truth. A Chinese may summon a Buddhist priest or a Taoist priest to attend him; or he may call both at the same time.

Confucianism sets forth five virtues,—benevolence, righteousness, knowledge, propriety, and faith. Dr. Legge, one of the greatest writers on China; says that the teachings of Confucius on human duty are wonderful and admirable, and that a world ordered by them would be a beautiful one. We call Confucianism a religion, yet it consists merely of the social relations of the human family. Concerning the gods, Confucius says, "Reverence them, but keep at a distance from them."

There are many temples, thousands of which are neglected. Over the doors of a number of these temples we see written the expression, "Worship the gods as if they were present." A popular saying of the people expresses their attitude toward the gods,—

"Worship the gods as if they came;
But if you don't, it's just the same."

There are many gods. The weasel, the fox, the snake, the monkey, trees, and many other things, are in the list. The monkey is the god of rain. Heaven is worshiped, impersonally, often under the term "the old man of the sky." This term leads one to think that the Chinese do have a conception of a personal deity. This "person" is frequently matched by another, "grandmother earth."

Of Taoism we may gain an idea by the following quotation: "Taoism impalpable; you look at it, and you can not see it; you listen to it, and can not hear it. You use it, and can not handle it. It is inactive, yet leaves nothing undone; formless, it is the cause of form; nameless, it is the origin of heaven and earth." The goblins and devils of Taoism still strike fear into the hearts of the Chinese, despite the lofty maxims of Confucius. The superstitious teachings of Taoism were at the root of the Boxer madness.

Buddhism came into China from India, in 66 A. D. The ceremony and pomp appealed to the Chinese, and that is the phase which appears in the modern religion of China. In a funeral ceremony parts of all three religions come into use. We often find temples dedicated to "The Three Religions"—and these three are one.

It is impossible for a missionary to give his message in China without attacking Taoism and Buddhism, but toward Confucianism he must maintain an attitude of respect. He must show that Christianity can do what Confucianism has failed to do.

THE PEOPLE: To try to convey to others the correct idea of a real Chinese, is vain. He is a bundle of contradictions; he is incomprehensible. But we will try to set forth a few of his characteristics, and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

Economy is another characteristic of this people. Every scrap of cloth is saved to bind shoes, or for some other purpose. There is a literal gathering up of fragments, that nothing be lost.

Every one seems to do something. The shops open early, and close late. There is no apparent idleness in the Flowery Kingdom. The scholar studies incessantly, and it is not uncommon to see men eighty years of age competing in the examinations. The farmer bestows the most painstaking care on every separate cabbage stalk, until by his perseverance he outdoes the ceaseless swarms of insects. The laborer works as unceasingly as does the farmer. Often one can hear the spindle in the small hours of the night, doubtless being run in the dark in order to save a bit of tallow candle.

We are reminded in the classics that the rules of ceremony are three hundred, and the rules of behavior three thousand. We need not wonder, then, that politeness has been brought to a state of perfection unknown in the Western lands. It has become an instinct. The Chinese are very polite until they become angry, then there is nothing in the English language which can describe the vocabulary used. There seems to be a certain dialect made especially for the angry man. This is used even by the officials, under circumstances of "propriety."

Disregard of time, and inaccuracy, are also prominent features of the people. A man is asked how far he lives from the city. He answers "ninety li." Upon examination, however, he admits that it is only "forty-five li one way." Divers weights and measures abound.

The characteristic which most inconveniences the foreigner is the talent which the Chinese have for misunderstanding. He does not try to follow the foreigner in his attempt to talk; he simply says, "When you talk, we do not understand." He does not expect to understand. Closely allied to this is the talent for indirection. In speaking of his wife, a man will say, "The Little Black One, his mother." If he wishes to tell you of the misdeed of some one, which is always cautiously done, he will whisper vaguely in your ear, perhaps holding up two fingers to show that he means the second one in the family, until he comes to the climax, when, stopping suddenly, he will say, "Now you understand, don't you?"

The people seem to be cheerful and contented, yet a stoical kind of contentment it is, in a country where poverty has become a science, and where a living can be eked out only by dint of hard labor. Were it not for the remarkable physical vitality of the race, they could not exist amid the disease and poverty in that crowded population.

In a country where there are no homes, one can not wonder that there is little sympathy, and that every one is suspicious of every one else. Sincerity is a virtue yet to be developed. Women are degraded. One of the characteristics signifying home is a roof with a pig under it. We can not wonder that home is thus looked upon, when there are three or four generations dwelling under one roof, having everything in common. Unhappiness, distress, sorrow, borne with unparalleled patience, fill the land.

Yet even in this country of "undirection," misunderstanding, and hardness of heart, there are honest souls seeking for light. What China needs is Christ, a sympathetic Saviour; but "how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

MAY G. COLE.

Our Lent Treasures

THE youth need to be impressed with the truth that their endowments are not their own. Strength, time, intellect, are but lent treasures. They belong to God, and it should be the resolve of every youth to put them to the highest use. He is a branch, from which God expects fruit; a steward, whose capital must yield increase; a light to illuminate the world's darkness. Every youth, every child, has a work to do for the honor of God and the uplifting of humanity.—"Education."

The Risk of Laziness

THERE is no result wrought that is worth much without effort. Hard work is the price we must pay for all real achievement. There is no royal road to learning, or to any other desirable goal. We must work up to power; it is always a serious peril to learn to do things easily, for at that point superficiality begins. Spinoza says there is no more fatal foe to advance than self-conceit and the laziness which self-conceit begets. Professor Woelfkin, of Rochester Theological Seminary, pleading with students to do their best work always, to furnish beaten oil, says that there are "three characteristics of crude oil: it gives poor light; it emits a bad smell; and it has an explosive tendency"—all of which he quaintly applied to preaching: that careless preparation furnishes little illumination, lacks the fragrance of unction, and often betrays into hasty, unguarded, hurtful utterance. The biography of the great missionary leaders is very instructive in this matter. Nothing is more observable than this, that they kept up their industrious and painstaking labor to the last. Witness the neat and minute diary of Livingstone, to which he added new items the day before his death; Elias Riggs, patiently pursuing linguistic studies and translation after he passed his ninetieth year; Judson never relaxing his toils till paralyzed by the touch of death; Griffith John, going back to China, in old age, to resume hard work after a half-century; Carey, after more than forty years without a vacation, dying in harness.—*Missionary Review*.

The Hidden Fountain

ONE summer day a traveler, strolling for rest and pleasure near the mouth of the Columbia River, where there is a large rise and fall of the tide, came, at low tide, upon a splendid spring of pure, fresh water, clear as crystal, gushing up from the rocks that two hours before had formed the river's bed. Twice a day the salt tide rises above that beautiful fountain, and covers it over; but there it is, down deep under the salt tide, and when the tide has spent its force, and gone back again to the ocean's depths, the spring sends out its pure waters fresh and clear as before. So if the human heart be really a fountain of love to Christ, it will send out its streams of fresh, sweet waters even into the midst of the salt tides of politics or business. And the man who carries such a fountain into the day's worry and struggle, will come out again at night, when the world's tide has spent its force, with clean hands, sweet spirit, and conscience void of offense toward God and man.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."—*H. L. Hastings*.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—David's Kingdom Established: The Ark Brought Home

(September 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Sam. 5:1-5; 6:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us walk in the light of the Lord." Isa. 2:5.

Review

What led Saul to hate David and to seek his life? Where did David flee? Who was David's true friend during this dark time? How did Jonathan show his love for David?

The Lesson Story

1. David was but a youth when he was anointed to be king over Israel; but when he came to the throne, he was thirty years old. If David had been eager to assume this honor, there were times when he might have put forth his hand to take it. But David waited for God to establish him in the kingdom that he had given him. This patient waiting, under such severe trials as David experienced all these years, shows his love and faith in God, and is an example to all who are called upon to wait patiently for something they greatly desire to gain.

2. After many years, in a battle on Mount Gilboa, Saul and three of his sons perished. Among these was Jonathan, the friend of David. "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son. . . .

"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. . . .

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
Jonathan is 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."

3. After the death of Saul, David asked the Lord if he should now go up to any of the cities of Judah. And the Lord said, "Go up." "And David said, Whither shall I go up? And he said, Unto Hebron."

4. So David went to Hebron. And here the elders of Israel came; "and they anointed David king over Israel. David was thirty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years. In Hebron he reigned over Judah seven years and six months: and in Jerusalem he reigned thirty and three years over all Israel and Judah."

5. We have learned that the ark of God was taken by the Philistines in the battle in which Eli's sons were slain; but the Philistines were afflicted because of the ark, and after seven months they were glad to send it back to Israel. When the men of Bethshemesh were smitten because they presumed to open the ark, and look inside, they sent messengers to Kirjath-jearim asking them to come and get the ark. The men of this town, therefore, took the ark, and put it into the house of Abinidab. Here it remained many years, until the reign of David.

6. The ark of God was the most precious thing that the children of Israel had, for it contained the law spoken from Sinai and was the sign of God's

presence with them. The Lord had said, "There will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony." Now that David was established on the throne of Israel, he desired to bring up the ark to Jerusalem.

7. "And David arose, and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinidab that was in Gibeah: and Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinidab, drove the new cart."

8. It was a time of great rejoicing. "And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals."

9. But this gladness was suddenly turned into mourning. When they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, the oxen drawing the ark stumbled, and it was shaken. Forgetting the sacred character of the ark, and the terrible lesson given to the men of Bethshemesh, "Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it to steady it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God."

10. "And David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me? So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him into the city of David: but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite. And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household.

11. "And it was told king David, saying, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God. So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom into the city of David with gladness. And it was so, that when they that bare the ark of the Lord had gone six paces, he sacrificed oxen and fatlings."

12. "And they brought in the ark of the Lord, and set it in his place, in the midst of the tabernacle that David had pitched for it: and David offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings before the Lord. "And as soon as David had made an end of offering burnt-offerings and peace-offerings, he blessed the people in the name of the Lord of hosts. . . . So all the people departed every one to his house."

Questions

1. What is said of David's age when he was anointed by Samuel to be king over Israel? How old was he when he came to the throne? What lesson may we learn from studying David's character during the trying years when he was persecuted by Saul?

2. Where did Saul and three of his sons perish? What special sorrow did this event hold for David? What words of lamentation did David utter?

3. After the death of Saul, what did David inquire of the Lord? When David asked for definite direction, to what city was he told to go?

4. Who came to David at Hebron? What did they do to him there? How long did David reign over the tribe of Judah alone? How long over the united kingdoms of Israel and Judah?

5. By whom was the ark of God once taken? At what time was it taken? How long did they keep it? Why did they send it back to Israel? Why were the men of Bethshemesh smitten? What message did they send to the men of Kirjath-jearim? Where was the ark then placed for safe-keeping? How long did it remain there?

6. What made the ark so sacred? What promise had God made to Israel? How did David now wish to honor the ark?

7. Who went with David to bring the ark from the home of Abinidab? Upon what was it placed? What instruction had God given for moving the ark? See Ex. 25:14. How was this instruction disregarded?

8. How did David and the house of Israel show their joy when they were bringing the ark to Jerusalem?

9. In the midst of the general rejoicing, what did Uzzah do? What was the result of this?

10. How did David feel? What did he ask? Where did he carry the ark? How long did it remain in that house? What did it bring to Obed-edom and his household?

11. What was told King David? What did he at once do? With what spirit was the ark brought to the city of David? How was it borne this time? What was done when those who carried the ark had gone a little way?

12. Where was the ark placed, when it was brought to Jerusalem? What did David then offer? After the offerings had been made, what did David do to the people?

11. What reply did Jesus make to the accusation? Verses 3-8.

12. What did the Lord of the Sabbath say was proper to do upon the Sabbath day? Verses 9-12.

13. What example had been left us by the Saviour in reference to keeping the Sabbath? Luke 4:16.

14. Among what evils does the Lord place a desire for the Sabbath to close that we may attend to business? Amos 8:4-7.

15. What did Nehemiah say to those who came on the Sabbath to sell their wares? With what result? Neh. 13:20-22.

Note

"God requires that his holy day be as sacredly observed now as in the time of Israel. The command given to the Hebrews should be regarded by all Christians as an injunction from Jehovah to them. The day before the Sabbath should be made a day of preparation, that everything may be in readiness for its sacred hours. In no case should our own business be allowed to encroach upon holy time. God has directed that the sick and suffering be cared for; the labor required to make them comfortable is a work of mercy, and no violation of the Sabbath; but all unnecessary work should be avoided. Many carelessly put off till the beginning of the Sabbath little things that might have been done on the day of preparation. This should not be. Work that is neglected until the beginning of the Sabbath should remain undone until it is past. This course might help the memory of these thoughtless ones, and make them careful to do their own work on the six working days."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 296.

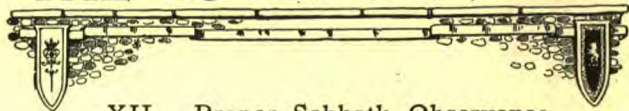
Memorizing Scripture

LET me bear witness for myself to the precious benefits of learning the Bible by heart. Very early in life I was trained to do this. Almost my first distinct recollection of anything is the saying of Christmas texts to my mother on Christmas day—at least sixty years ago. In later life I was encouraged to learn whole chapters and whole epistles, word for word. I think I could still say the Philippians through correctly in English and Greek, and large parts of Hebrews, and I still try to commit fresh portions to memory, particularly the Psalms.

What is the benefit of it?—First, I humbly believe, the presence of all this Bible in the inner mind does tend, by grace, to sweeten it, like lavender in a linen chest. And then, in silent and solitary moments, walking by the way, lying wakeful at night, how delightful it is to be able to listen to the very voice of God talking out of one's memory into the mind of the soul? Ah, what a power it has to warn, to guide, to cheer! Many a moment that would be invaded by sin, or just withered by thoughts or sorrow, is turned into purity and hope by the verse, the psalm, the chapter, said "by heart," in silence and audibly. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Economize your time to learn your Bible. Such a time as the minutes spent in dressing, for example, may be used in this way. A "step at a time," a verse a day, or two verses, or ten, as your memory may serve; what a treasure you will gather up ere long! And the Lord of the Word will meet you through the Word, and make your memory his telephone for the very voice of heaven.—*The Bishop of Durham, in The Lutheran Witness.*

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



XII—Proper Sabbath Observance

(September 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." 2 Cor. 7:1.

Questions

1. When Nehemiah returned to Jerusalem what did he find the people doing on the Sabbath day? Neh. 13:15, 16.

2. What promise had they previously made the Lord concerning this matter? Neh. 10:31.

3. How did Nehemiah regard their slackness in Sabbath-keeping? Neh. 13:17.

4. Why had they been carried into captivity? Verse 18.

5. When did Nehemiah close the gates of the city? Verse 19.

6. What is the day before the Sabbath called? Ex. 16:5; Luke 23:54.

7. What preparation for the Sabbath should be made on this day? Ex. 16:22, 23; note.

8. What further instruction is given us concerning the proper observance of the Sabbath? Isa. 58:13.

9. How did Jesus emphasize the importance of keeping the Sabbath? Matt. 24:20.

10. What charge of breaking the Sabbath was brought by the Pharisees against the disciples upon a certain occasion? Matt. 12:1, 2.

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The Reading Circle

THE Reading Circle still grows. Miss Maude Henry and Lulu Case have recently added their names to the list of readers.

Improvement and Helpful Clubs

"QUOTATION CLUBS" is the name of a club some aspiring young women formed. The club was organized, and carried forward its work acceptably, without officers or constitution. Its only rule was that each member should learn a quotation to recite at the weekly meeting. These quotations almost invariably formed one of the chief subjects of conversation during the afternoon, as the young women sewed, did fancy work, or ate.

The "Novelty Club" was organized by some girls for the purpose of improving their school building and yard. Its success was assured by the intelligent and energetic way the members set about to obtain the necessary money to accomplish the purpose of the club. "One girl went from house to house shampooing ladies' and children's hair, a second advertised for buttonholes to work, a third hired out her horse and trap cheaply to her less fortunate friends. One industrious member filled orders for Wednesday deserts; another cleaned the hats of her friends; the sixth, being of an athletic turn, mowed and kept in order the lawns of her neighbors."

A Celebrated Artisan of Marked Integrity

PERFECTION was the word upon which the famous Wedgwood potteries were built. Every workman in these great factories understood that no imperfect work would be allowed to pass the keen eye of Josiah Wedgwood, the owner of the potteries.

Mr. Wedgwood was born at Staffordshire, England, in 1730. He may be said to have created English pottery. He patented a cream-colored porcelain which from Queen Charlotte's admiration of it became known as queen's ware. A table service of this ware was ordered by Queen Charlotte, who appointed Wedgwood the royal potter.

Mr. Wedgwood "executed copies of antique vases, cameos, and sculpture, which were remarkable for their accuracy and exquisite workmanship. Among his works were fifty copies of the celebrated Portland vase, which were sold for fifty guineas each, or about two hundred fifty dollars apiece. He induced the

sculptor, Flaxman, to furnish him with classical designs for what is still known as Wedgwood ware,—white cameo reliefs on blue or biscuit-brown ground. Some of his compositions were invaluable to chemists because of their hardness and indestructibility."

But his skill as an artist is not more to be admired than his integrity of character, his sense of holy regard for sacred things. One incident that took place in his own factory, gives a unique view of Mr. Wedgwood's religious character. This incident, as related by the *Youth's Companion*, follows:—

"An English peer called upon the famous Josiah Wedgwood, who was an earnest, religious man, and desired to see his great pottery factories. With one of his employees, a lad of about fifteen years of age, Mr. Wedgwood accompanied the nobleman through his works.

"The visitor was a man of somewhat reckless life, and rather vain of his religious unbelief. Possessing great natural wit, he was quite entertaining in conversation, and after a while forgot himself in expressions of 'polite' profanity, and in occasional jests with sacred names and subjects. This seriously disturbed Mr. Wedgwood. The boy at first was shocked by the nobleman's irreverence, but soon became fascinated by his flow of sceptical drollery, and laughed heartily at the witty points made.

"When the round of the factories had been made, the lad was dismissed, and Mr. Wedgwood selected a beautiful vase of unique pattern, and recalled the long and careful process of its making, as they had just seen it at the vats and ovens.

"The visitor was charmed with its exquisite shape, its rare coloring, its pictured designs, and reached out his hand to take it. Mr. Wedgwood let it fall on the floor, and broke it to atoms. The nobleman uttered an angry oath.

"'I wanted that for my collection,' he said. 'No art can restore what you have ruined by your carelessness.'

"'My lord,' replied Mr. Wedgwood, 'there are other ruined things, more precious than this, which can never be restored. You can never give back to the soul of that boy who has just left us the reverent feeling and simple faith which you have destroyed by making light of the religion which has been his most sacred memory and inheritance. For years his parents have endeavored to teach him reverence for sacred things, and so to influence his mind that his life and conduct should be governed by religious principles. You have undone their labor in less than half an hour.'

"The nobleman, though greatly astonished at such plainness of speech, respected a brave and honest man; and he did not go away without expressing his regrets, and admitting the justice of the reproof."

Achievement of Activity

DR. ADAM CLARKE said that "the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire was an abominable old lie. Have all in it—shovel, tongs, and poker." Wesley said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He traveled about five thousand miles in a year; preached about three times a day, beginning at five o'clock in the morning. His published works amounted to about two hundred volumes. Asbury traveled six thousand miles a year, and preached almost incessantly. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, traveled, established missions, solicited from door to door for them, and labored in all respects as if, like the apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At nearly seventy years of age he started to Christianize India.—*Dr. Stevens.*