

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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From painting by Breton

“SONG OF THE LARK”



Adulterated Commendation

YES, I had a pretty good time staying with Aunt Maria," admitted the small boy when questioned concerning his visit. There was a doubtful note in his answer that awakened curiosity in the mother.

"She said you were a good boy," she remarked, suggestively.

"Ye-s," with the same hesitating tone. Then the method of explanation grew clear, and the little face brightened. "But you see Aunt Maria sort of mixes up her praising with her scolds, and you don't 'zactly know which it tastes most of. When I thought I'd s'prise her by picking the currants for supper, she said: 'Now that's a good boy; that's a real help. Why can't you be thoughtful like that all the time 'stead of leaving me to pick 'em myself yesterday?' When I just flew upstairs to get her thimble, she thanked me, but she said why wasn't I quick to notice all the time? She makes you feel 's if you couldn't be glad 'bout being good to-day 'cause you're so 'shamed you wasn't better yesterday, and it sort of makes you lonesome."

Aunt Maria's name is legion, and she goes complacently on her way scattering discomfort and discouragement without the least idea of the harm she is doing. Many a mistress who wonders why her servants lack heart and interest might find an explanation in the fact that her commendations always degenerate into faultfinding. Teachers and parents who are quite sure they always praise where praise is due, and wonder that they awaken no enthusiasm for well-doing, may find, if they pause to consider, that they usually spoil the sweet with an admixture of bitterness. Give thanks and praise whenever they can conscientiously be given; and when reproof is needed, let it have its own time and place.—*The New Guide.*

The Manners of Our Girls

I NOTICE among the girls of the better educated classes a much more pronounced deference for their elders and a much more winsome yielding to their mothers, than the mothers themselves used to show. At heart our American young woman has always been loyal and loving, willing to bear burdens, willing to take a daughter's full share in the family affairs. But mothers were of old prone to abdicate early in life. The entertainment of guests, the choice of dress, the home management, aside from the kitchen, was largely given over to the young ladies; and at one time, chaperonage was flouted as both needless and an insult to girls who were quite capable of looking out for themselves. Gradually a change has come to pass, as society becomes less crude, and a leisure class has set an example to our hard-working people. The chaperone is no longer resented. She is a welcome and usual addition to parties of young people, and girls would be ashamed to treat their mothers with anything approaching rudeness. Mama's opinion is asked, mama gives or withholds her consent to requests, and mademoiselle acquiesces most pleasantly.

The well-bred girl does not take the lead in conversation, nor make herself the central figure in a company. She is not disagreeably assertive, nor clamor-

ous for her own way. Whenever one meets her, one finds her cheerful, sweet, quiet, and refined, and the other sort of girl is the exception.—*The Golden Age.*

The Lost Rose

THEY tell in an old-time legend

Of the Scottish soldier-king
Whose name is a living spell to-day
In the songs his people sing,
How once when the war was fiercest,
And the mountain streams ran red,
A careless captain marked not
Where the passing foemen sped;
Unchecked they thundered onward,
And the chance of the hour went by,
And the songs of the glen and moor-side
Keep the tale of the king's reply,
When his friend stood shamed before him,
Silent with downcast head,
"Thou hast lost a rose from thy chaplet,
Yonder," the monarch said.

No menace of sharp reproaches,
No taunt with a fiery sting,
Could strike to the conscience keener
Than the quaint, scant words of the king,
Out of the long-hushed battle,
And the silent years gone by,
They wake with the living challenge
Of a truth too stern to die;
And the strife on the mist-clad mountains,
And the struggle of desperate men,
Grow real to us who are fighting
And failing as one failed then,—
For our foes slip past unheeded,
And the chance of our battle goes,
And the wreaths we would lay before our King
Are missing many a rose.

They tell in the ancient story,
And the songs the old wives sing,
How victory crowned the banners
Of the well-loved warrior-king;
And his people thronged and hailed him,
And claimed him as their own,
And the stormy years of Scotland
Grew quiet about his throne;
But yet, to the end, I wonder
If some one's heart was sore
At the chance of serving the soldier-prince
Which went to come no more?
And I wonder if heaven will be as bright
To the heart whose sloth has cost
The battle he might have won for Christ,
And the rose of a triumph lost?

—*Mable Earle.*

PARIS, France, has a dog dentist, who is doing a flourishing business. Dogs belonging to wealthy people are having gold fillings put in, besides much other expensive dental work.

"CLEANING fluids, when used to remove spots, often leave a ring, and this may be avoided by putting a thick pad of absorbent cotton under the goods to be cleaned. Holding the ring over the steam from a teakettle often causes it to disappear."

"VANDERBILT ferried his own boat; Astor sold apples in the streets; Gould was a mouse-trap vender; Stewart a school-teacher; Lincoln a railsplitter; Edson a newsboy; Ryan a clerk in a drygoods store; Harri-man a preacher's boy; H. H. Rogers a grocer's delivery roustabout; and Carnegie was a telegraph messenger."

FORTY thousand Turks from this country are expected to return to their home land in response to an invitation given by the Turkish reform party to all Turks in any country to return, under promise of "safety and individual liberty, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religious belief and practice."

The Youth's Instructor

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The Martyr

WHAT is this fearful clamor that bursts upon the ear?
What is that dreadful vision in yonder market-place?
A mad and cruel rabble are jostling, crowding near
A humble Christian pilgrim, with pale but peaceful face.

Dark was the noisome dungeon where he was laid in chains,
And scant the food and loathesome they brought him there
to eat,
And horrid were the tortures that filled his bones with pains,
And cruel were the irons that galled his hands and feet.

With wicked words they mocked him, and bade him to deny
The Lord of Life, who suffered and died for his poor sake;
Then, finding him unwavering, they led him forth to die,
Dressed him in garb fantastic, and bound him to the stake.

High, higher yet the fagots are piled the saint about;
The flames are leaping 'round him; but, hark! I hear him
sing!
And ere his breath he yieldeth, he triumphs with a shout,—
"O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy
sting?"

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Special Mention of the Young

IN last week's study of 1 John 2: 14-17, we learned that our Father in heaven has given three reasons for the special mention that he sends to the young,—“Because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.” Then within the compass of one short sentence is his exhortation, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.” He knows the worthlessness of the gilt with which Satan has covered the deformities of sin, the cruelty of the thorns hidden so skilfully beneath the roses. In this exhortation he does not ask us to give up anything that will make us happy. By “the things that are in the world,” he does not mean pleasant things. His ideal child is not one who is gloomy, going about with his head down like a bulrush. He takes not one true pleasure from us. Instead, he knows the pitfalls, the course that will bring barrenness of soul, the counterfeit pleasures that leave pain and sadness as their only legacy; and so he lovingly warns our inexperience.

He then sets forth the simple reasonableness of this exhortation in a wonderfully comprehensive threefold summary of all the evil that is in the world: (1) “The lusts of the flesh,” in which is included every wrong passion, every inordinate desire of the appetite; (2) “the lust of the eyes,”—that ruinous vanity, of which the abuse of the looking-glass is the type, manifesting itself in so many ways to the degradation of the soul; and, (3) “the pride of life,”—that desire for worldly society, that longing to stand high in the opinions of our fellow men, to achieve some great thing in some one of this world's varied professions. These are the things which have led multitudes of youth away from God, and drowned their souls in perdition.

The ephemeral pleasures of these worldly things leave but an aching void behind. Yet Satan is an adept at keeping up appearances. In order to do this he must find a continuous stream of young men and women, who occupy the front of the stage while their God-given young strength and ability is being consumed on the altar of this world's lust and pleasures. Our young people should stand behind the scenes, and see those same young folk of the previous hour cast out on Satan's great scrap-heap, physical, mental, and moral wrecks. But he skilfully turns the mind of the young away from the scene. Yet the undertones of misery, swelling ever louder, can be heard if we will but listen. On that great scrap-heap we see blasted hopes, ruined characters, harvests of bitter, barren regrets. Youth, started on life's pathway with the most flattering prospects, are there the hopeless, helpless slaves of Satan, with physical powers weakened, mental capacity wrecked, spiritual sensibilities wholly benumbed.

The grace of God can yet save them. But the chances are that their deaf ears and weakened wills are unable to hear and heed the heavenly voice. Yet even if they yield to God, the remainder of their mortal life will likely be a great struggle against evil appetites, the strength of which they would never have known had they not drunk so deeply of the waters of the knowledge of evil. And though they get the victory here, they are mere dwarfs and weaklings beside what they might have been.

And here is the lesson for us. Why have truths been committed to Seventh-day Adventist young people, which, if faithfully carried out, will keep them from such an end? Why are the principles of healthful living given to us? Why are tobacco, alcoholic beverages, and body- and soul-destroying drugs forbidden? Why are novel-reading and dancing and vain outward adorning under the ban? Is it not because this closing work is the greatest work since the days of the apostles, and will therefore require men and women with sound physical bodies, great mental capacity, and undimmed spiritual vision? Men of thought and action are called for to meet the call of the hour; men, who can bear responsibilities, who can become leaders in great enterprises, who can successfully influence multitudes toward the path of righteousness.

God wants strong physical bodies instead of weak ones; mental capacity developed to the fullest extent of its possibilities, instead of dwarfed and stunted; spiritual vision reflecting the brightness of the Father's glory, instead of that which is darkened and dimmed by sin. Will not our young people then gladly, willingly eschew all the evils of this world, and live a life wholly consecrated to God? Older men and women to-day weep over powers wasted, and would give all they possess, could they stand where you stand, and have the opportunities that are yours. Then be wise, and place your all in the Father's hand, to be developed and used when and where and as he wills.

GEO. F. ENOCH.

Satara, India.



The Young People and Children of Nyassaland

YOUR editor has asked me if the young people of Africa respond to the work of our teachers for them. As I think of that matter this morning, I am impressed that it is *only* the young who do respond to our efforts. Look at the photos that I send with this article. These are pictures of some of our schools in Nyassaland. And if a picture were made of our Sabbath meetings, you would not see much difference in the proportion of young people in attendance.

As in all lands where this message has gone, in the youth is bound up our greatest hope of proclaiming the message quickly to the world. Please do not read into these words the false idea that we can get along without the counsel and guidance of men and women of riper experience in this message. Next to God's help we need the latter above all other things. But few of the old and middle-aged of these heathen lands seem able to grope their way out of darkness. It would appear that the words of Jesus: "Straight is the gate; and narrow is the way, . . . and few there be that find it," apply especially to them. But I am glad there are some beautiful exceptions to this rule.

In a letter already sent to the INSTRUCTOR, I told you something of the daily work of the mission and the school. Just here it occurs to me that a column of the INSTRUCTOR might profitably be devoted to correspondence, or questions and answers, between our young people and our missionaries. Nothing has encouraged me more than the recent Missionary Volunteer movement among our youth. Let this grand move grow and swell as a tidal wave until every nation, kindred, tongue, and people shall have a large number of our consecrated youth! It may be that your editor will consider my suggestion for a Missionary Question column. I think it would be a real pleasure for us who are among the heathen to answer your definite questions concerning them.

I shall tell you something of the home life of the children and youth here. Notice pictures Nos. 1, 2, and 3. These are children of our Monekera out-station and

their homes. These are rather above the average, as both the children and their parents are reared within the influence of other missions. Pictures Nos. 4 and 5 show the pupils, teachers, and school-houses. When they leave the schoolroom, they go out to live with their dogs and pigs and pots, and to talk of their neighbors, and whether their relish, to be eaten with their corn-meal porridge, shall be worms or weeds or rats. The boys and girls will anxiously discuss how they may find a way to get food and colored cloth and blankets with the least possible work. When the day ends, boys and girls lie down with parents and babies, pots and dirt, close to the fire in the middle of the earth floor of the one-room house. The sleeper's body and head are wrapped in a dirty cotton cloth to protect him from insects and cold. Is it to be wondered at that these people are low in the human scale? How may we expect them to respond to our teaching? But they do respond in a remarkable way. Sixteen of them were baptized lately. God has put into their hearts a desire for learning. They seem instinctively to love the Bible. In many ways they are slow to learn; and I wonder that they learn even as quickly as they do.

These children in picture No. 1 repeated the Beatitudes (Matt. 5:1-11) perfectly, also the Lord's Prayer, when I visited their school a few days ago. They are apt at memorizing. They love to sing hymns. Picture No. 5 shows Malinki, our head teacher in our three schools of that district, leading the children in the song, "Come to Jesus." This and most of their singing is in Mang'anga language. But one class surprised me by singing, "God Made the Lilies" and "They Crucified My Saviour," very nicely in English. Monekera is the central school,

and the other two schools came there for the closing exercises. Nearly one hundred came, and twenty or more were kept away by different causes. Out of the one hundred twenty enrolled in the three schools, forty-four received presents for regular attendance. Six had not missed a day in three months, fourteen attended two months regularly, and twenty, one month. This is good for Africa.



Picture No. 4 shows the three schools, each with its teacher standing among the pupils, and the grass school-house in the rear. The teacher at the right in front is Joseph, the head teacher of our new out-station at Matandane. Having made these photos myself, I assure you that they correctly represent village school life among some of the young people of East Central Africa. I hope that you will find in the pic-



tures and in this letter some suggestions that will help you in your preparation for God's great, white harvest-field.

Our hearts are gladdened to learn that two young workers are on the way to help us here, Brother Sam Konigmacher and wife, from St. Helena, California, will receive a most hearty welcome. And a young brother of Belingham, Washington, writes me that he has given half of his first month's salary to support a native teacher here. Such devotion greatly encourages us.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

Cholo, Nyassaland.

Hearing the Cry of Distress

A FRIEND of mine said to a life-saver at Newport, Rhode Island, "How can you tell when a person is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a perfect hub-bub of noises?" The life-saver replied: "No matter how great the noise and confusion, there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above it all. I can always tell it." That is exactly like God. In the midst of the Babel and confusion, he never fails to hear the soul that cries out to him for help amid the breakers and storms of life.—*Selected.*

Wedding Customs

Do you know why the wedding-ring is worn on the left third finger? When Christianity became common, the priest, or in some cases the groom, first put the ring on the thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then on the forefinger, adding, "In the name of the Son;" then on the second finger, continuing, "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the third finger, with "Amen," and there it remained.

The custom of throwing old shoes at a wedding originated in the old Jewish custom of handing to the purchaser of land an old shoe, as a token of surrender, or renunciation. So at a wedding the bride's father gave a shoe to the husband, or threw it after him, to signify that they surrendered to him all authority over their daughter.

Throwing rice is a symbol of fruitfulness and plenty, from the general use of rice as food.

When a woman marries, she takes her husband's name, a custom that we can trace back to Roman times. When Julia married Pompey, her name became Julia of Pompey. Modern women drop the "of" in the name; and if Julia lived to-day, she would be called simply Julia Pompey.—*Selected.*

Day by Day

How shall I live to-day —
This truly would I know,—
Not once to go astray,
But good seed sow.

'Twould not be much to sleep;
I fear not when or how,
If when the shadows creep,
His hand be on my brow.

But let me live my day
With care as God will see,
And think and do and say
What will forever be
A record bright to stay
Eternally.

MRS. PAULINE ALDERMAN.

Why God Tests Us

AN earnest Christian blacksmith was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question, "Why is it you have so much trouble?" I have been watching you. Since you joined the church, and began to 'walk square,' and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God, his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?"

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied: "Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot and then plunge it in a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it is taking 'tempering,' I beat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I



found several that were too brittle to take temper; they cracked the first blow I struck. So I threw them on the scrap-pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable."

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued: "God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God's smile means heaven. But he wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron. And he has to put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trials."—*Selected.*



The Paris Bath-Peddler

THERE are in Paris many houses that are bathless, more, perhaps, than in American and English cities. This is, of course, a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, and an ingenious Frenchman, realizing this, goes through the streets with a bath outfit which he lets on hire to any one who cares to pay the small fee of thirty-five cents he demands, and, moreover, he supplies the necessary hot water.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Romance of the Shoe

OPEN-MOUTHED admiration followed him. Even the courtiers turned staring, envious eyes toward the crowning detail of his dazzling costume—not the long-plumed hat with its jaunty tilt, but the remarkable shoes which graced his ankles. And they were remarkable in more ways than one—those buff leather boots of Sir Walter Raleigh's.

Examine them well as he trips daintily forward in answer to the beckoning finger of Queen Elizabeth, and behold the highest-priced shoes in history! What would you say if the clerk should hand you a bill of thirty thousand dollars for one pair of shoes? And yet this was the approximate gap which the aforesaid boots made in the gallant Sir Walter's bank account.

Of the softest imported leather, decorated with delicate hand embroidery, they were trimmed moreover with real lace; and to complete their beauty, set with sparkling gems. Passing two centuries, to what figure do the thirty-thousand-dollar boots of Sir Walter's shrivel in the shoemaker's handiwork to-day? Have you ever been asked to try on a pair of fifty-dollar shoes? Even one-hundred-dollar shoes are finding a ready sale.

You would perhaps look in vain for a resemblance between the ultra fine footwear of to-day and Robinson Crusoe's home-made boots, and yet they were both fashioned of the same material,—goatskins. From the grazing goat herds of India are obtained the skins for the most expensive shoes that are manufactured. Last year's shipments to American factories were valued at more than eleven million dollars.

Ten thousand pairs of shoes are produced daily from a single Eastern factory. Every twenty-four hours, it uses the hides and skins of seventy-eight hundred kids, three hundred horses and colts, three hundred calves, and four hundred twenty-five steers. And this is but one factory of the thousands that are engaged in the big task of making footwear for the world.

The value of the boot and shoe output of the United States for 1906 reached the astounding total of \$320,107,458—nearly one million dollars a day.

From the six largest American shoe factories, over twenty-five million pairs of shoes were produced last year. Deducting the annual boot and shoe exports of this country, amounting to something over ten million dollars, from the total national product for 1906, the American people spent more than three hundred forty million dollars for footwear during the year.

Allowing an average value of two dollars, over one hundred seventy million pairs of shoes were purchased

in this country during the twelve months. Did you get your share?

Millions to Save a Minute

This has become one of the standard mottoes of the shoe and leather industry. It is estimated that the great shoe factories are spending nearly one million dollars each year in the effort to develop a new and rapid tannage for sole-leather. Skilled chemists are working ceaselessly in the testing of new processes in this direction; and one firm has succeeded to such an extent that it is producing a finished sole-leather by chromic methods in less than three days.

Chrome, in itself, is a hard, brittle, grayish white metal, crystalizing like common alum. Were it not for its various compounds, such as lead chromate and potassium chromate, it would be practically worthless, but these produce the most brilliant coloring materials known to scientists. Alongside of the famous chrome green, chrome yellow and chrome red, which have made possible the wonderful stained-glass effects of modern decorators, the powerful dye has now taken its place as the leading element in the shoe-tanning industry.

More than ten million dollars was spent before the chromic process for the tanning of shoe-leather was mastered; even expensive electrical and X-Ray experiments were conducted without avail. It remained for the French chemist, Schultz, to hit upon the secret. In a visit to a dye-shop, the chromic formula for coloring feathers caught his attention, and he dropped a section of calfskin into the mixture. When it was withdrawn, it was dyed perfectly. Foederer, of Philadelphia, experimenting in the same direction with kid skins, produced a perfectly tanned strip of leather from the vat, with the vigorous exclamation: "Vici! Vici!" (I conquer!)

The "vici kid" to which the name was thus given has made more millionaires than any other branch of the shoe industry.

The discovery of a similar process for the tanning of sole-leather is perhaps the most important single problem before the shoe manufacturer of the present day.

Shoes and Appetite

The modern shoemaker faces a constantly shifting circle of questions. He must even deal with the world's appetite. What a billion and a half people on the globe eat becomes a very pertinent factor in the task of producing their footwear. When the demand for meat decreases, the shoe manufacturer at once feels an unpleasant stringency in the hide market. Last year, Germany's appetite for meat substantially decreased. Although the population of the country increased by nine hundred thousand, the demand for meat showed a decided falling off. The people resolutely turned away from fresh meats, and the shoe manufacturers were almost in despair.

The Shoe and the Sun

Again, the shoeman must be on good terms with Old Sol. The sun can deal a heavy blow at his business, or can give it an effective boost. To illustrate: patent leather must be subjected to the rays of the sun for a lengthy period before it can be utilized. Last winter in the Eastern States was unusually cloudy, and as a result, the patent leather output of many factories was cut at least in half.

The average life of a pair of shoes, so far as its actual wear is concerned, may be only a few months, but the leather which enters into its manufacture may endure for centuries. In the British Museum are speci-

mens of boots worn by the knights of the Middle Ages, — with the leather still in excellent condition. When an abandoned copper mine in Chili was opened recently, tools of a prehistoric people were found, estimated to be more than one thousand years old, and they were bound together with leathern thongs which were as strong and sturdy as when first cut, over ten centuries ago.

A large shoe machinery company in the East has on exhibition boots and shoes which were worn in the fifteenth century, with the leather as good as ever, and practically every large factory in the East has in its show-cases shoes from one hundred to two hundred years in age.

A Philadelphia shoe firm announces that it has in its employ workmen who can produce stitches so fine that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass to detect them accurately, and among shoe men the statement, incredible as it may seem, is readily believed. Microscopes are made use of by every factory in turning out the more valuable classes of footwear. Every shoe is subjected to as critical examination under the magnifying glass as a delicate watch; and a defect which a layman would not notice, results in the pair being thrown aside, to figure in the bargain-counter sales of injured goods that have become a feature of every large concern.

The shoe industry is essentially a grouping of small details. This fact is emphasized even in the colors of the world's shoe fashions. Twenty-seven different shades of "golden-brown" shoes, alone, are on the market. And this is but one of the numberless varieties of brown footwear. For instance, there are shoes of "saddler's brown," "chocolate," "apricot," "maple," "Teddy Bear," "blosse," "royal amber," and even "booz" and "champagne"! And from each shade thousands of pairs are being produced each week. Brown, however, is not the only popular color in boots. During the past year such specialties as "electric blue," "bronze Venetian," "dull cadet blue," "navy blue," "cedar," "citron green" and even shoes of a pronounced straw color have come sharply to the fore, and are selling well.

Fourteen factories in Lynn, Massachusetts, are kept busy producing shoe polish and stains.

Even in the line of wooden shoes, American manufacturers are springing forward. The time may even come when quaint old-fashioned Holland will get the greater share of her wooden footwear from Yankee workmen.

The shoe specialist has invaded other fields. Electrical shoes are now being regularly manufactured, and they are a marvel of skilful invention. One shoe in each pair is made with a copper top piece on the heel, and a copper lining for the heel, connected by a small copper wire, and the other shoe is similarly equipped with zinc. An electric current from the earth to the feet is thus established, imparting a vigorous stimulant to the circulation, and according to its inventors, affording a substantial relief for rheumatism.

One American factory is confining itself almost exclusively to shoes for mountain climbing — and it is nearly always "rushed." At the Jamestown Exposition an array of turtle-skin shoes was exhibited, which curiously enough, are finding a ready sale in Africa, in spite of the fact that the skin is tanned without even the claws being removed.

Out in Kansas there is a factory producing "cowboy boots" exclusively — some two hundred pairs every week. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the pros-

perous ranchero to pay twenty-five dollars for his boots. Most of the work is done by hand, and the leather is often ornamented with fancy designs and scallops. The heel is frequently two inches in height, and curved inward from the back, descending to a small almost pointed bottom, which is driven into the earth for a brace when a bucking bronco is at the other end of the lasso.

The production of rubbers in this country last year, amounted to over seventy million dollars. In ten years, between 1880 and 1890, the value of rubber footwear more than doubled — in the latter year totaling over eighteen million dollars, and being more than quadrupled again in last year's report. Twenty-two firms in this country are engaged in the exclusive manufacture of rubber boots and overshoes.

Africa bought two hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoes from American manufacturers last year, and will increase the record fifty per cent this year. Oceania and the islands of the Pacific ordered consignments amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. The American shoe bill of the Philippines ran to nearly two hundred thousand dollars. All in all, the "uncivilized" portion of the globe spent over five million dollars for American-made shoes during the year, the shipments, in many cases, being forwarded to the heart of the jungle.

The Mammoth Supply of Hides and Skins

The Argentine Republic sent five million dollars' worth of cattle skins to American shoe merchants last year; India over two million dollars worth; Canada, two million three hundred thirty thousand dollars; France, two million dollars; and from Mexican territory we drew one million dollars' worth.

Arabian goat skins to the value of over one million dollars were sent to the shoe factories of this country. Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Russia, and Great Britain each duplicated this figure. China trebled it. France and Mexico both more than doubled it. In addition to all this there were eleven million dollars' worth of shipments from India. Buffaloes have been driven from the West, but they are still plentiful in India. In the month of October of last year more than eighty thousand buffalo hides were imported from that country by American shoe manufacturers.

It is an actual fact that sole-leather is bringing a higher market price than good steak. Sole-leather easily brings forty cents a pound and "belting butts" fifty cents, steak ranging from sixteen to twenty-five cents a pound; so that, according to the present schedule, the hide of a Western steer is easily worth more than its beef.

"Doped leather" is becoming one of the much-discussed features of modern shoe manufacture. A recent candidate for Congress embodied in his platform a plank providing for the punishment of "counterfeit shoe" manufacturers, the astonishing statement being made that shoes are now on the market with adulterated soles through the mixture of glucose, starch filled "linings," and imitation leather "uppers."

Adulterated Soles

The introduction of glucose into shoe manufacture embodies curious features. Undoubtedly glucose makes the leather go farther, — and it also shortens its wear. And it does more.

Glucose absorbs moisture, and damp feet follow from wet soles. The startling charge is made that a constantly growing per cent of the winter grippe is caused by "adulterated" soles; modern chemists vig-

orously declare that it is as harmful to put glucose into a man's shoes as into his stomach.

Tradition has it that when King Philip of Spain took cold because of damp shoes, he compelled the unfortunate manufacturer to eat the aforesaid footwear! A just, royal, and poetic punishment. If the shrewd old monarch had lived in the twentieth century, assuredly his "doped" leather diet would have become world-famous.—*Hugh C. Weir, in the Technical World.*

The Extent and Purpose of Creation — No. 3

All Nature Adapted to Man's Necessities

No one knows just how much technical knowledge David had of a human body's structure. But he must have had some discernment of its wondrous form, to be able to express himself about it as his words reveal. Turning his thoughts heavenward, he reverently said: "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." Ps. 139: 14. These words of the psalmist imply that he well knew that nothing less than the wisdom and skill of an infinite mind could devise so complex, and yet so perfect, an organization.

Many, however, read the brief inspired account of man's creation, with hardly a thought of what was involved in the act. They simply gather the fact that he was made from the "dust of the ground." What the result of this creative action proved, very few stop to consider. But the bare act of building the man was not the end of the proceeding. The structure thus formed must be nourished. But how? His original element being of the earth, man made from it was therefore "earthy," and his support must consequently be contributed from the same source from which he himself sprang. To this end the body was adapted to gather up sufficient dust from time to time to replenish the constant waste of bone, sinew, and nerve. But this it had not power to do directly, so the needed original element was, by God's great arrangement of adaptation, first changed into vegetation. It then became available for rebuilding waste tissue. Thus we are warranted in saying that grains, fruits, and vegetables are but so much transformed soil, conformed to the needs of human demands.

Were it within the province of these studies, we might here consider the reason why man's diet was, at the beginning, confined to the direct products of the soil, instead of letting these first pass into animal flesh, and then giving the flesh to man for his sustenance. From every consideration, it seems certain that man, having been made in God's image, was to have the first use of earth's products for his own sustenance, and that these were adapted to his own bodily needs at creation, rather than to receive them through a creature in every way inferior to himself.

But be that as it may, let us return to the subject in hand. One wise provision worth considering is that which gives gratification to the partaker of proper nourishment. Without the preparatory influence of sun and moisture, the delicate flavors of natural foods, which afford gustatory pleasure, would be absent, thus depriving one of the enjoyment of eating, which is but another expression for appetite. Since we are persuaded that every environment of man has been adapted to give him enjoyment, and prolong his life, it is hardly necessary, in this connection, to study the intricate mechanism by which food is utilized by the body for the building up of itself. Yet it is certain

that the human viscera has been admirably adapted for this work, and that each particle of nourishment taken may be traced by analysis through the various stages of its assimilation in all its extended course through the system.

Did all this perfect adaptation just "happen so"? In reply to this question let us briefly consider some simple propositions. First of all, man's form was either accommodated to the fashion of an already perfected world, or the entire creation was prearranged with reference to God's representative who was to inhabit and control it. To adopt either of these conclusions is to admit design, and establishes the molding power of a personal Creator.

Again we know that we have no more control over the formation and growth of our own bodies than we have over those of the lower animals. In other words, we can not add a single cubit to our statures by the wisest thoughts, or the most deeply laid plans. The ignorant savage maintains as perfect a bodily structure as the most talented or educated. The fact that some have knowledge of a body's minute parts, and of the functions of these, is but proof that the human mind was made to follow the bent of the mind of the infinite Designer of these parts, and their functions, because such knowledge is the same in each case, except in degree. Being sure that we ourselves were not the designers, we may bow with reverence before him whose mind, we must be certain, originated the pattern.

Looking at the design of creation from a rational view-point alone, the candid mind must admit that no human power built it. Taking under reflection again, man's framework, we see all parts of it so formed and joined together, as to give the greatest strength and movement where these are most needed. We also note that the most essential organs have special protection. The entire nervous system is distributed so as to give the most efficient service. The nerves are properly covered in order to protect them against exposure and injury. All parts of the system are kept in order by the activity of their own supernatural agency. For instance, the heart beats without our orders; it provides for its own rest and repairs. The stomach sends needed material for all purposes, throughout the system without our knowledge.

Yet strange to say, there are some so sordid in thought as to contend that this wonderful combination is but an accumulation of improvements which have been going on for ages. We would not expect such to believe in a personal God, and of course not in an inspired Bible. But when we are persuaded that the human body is what it is because of the handiwork of an infinite Mind, we are then prepared to accept his written instructions for the regulations of our life-work. Let us, then, adhere strictly to that good old book, the Bible.

J. O. CORLISS.

A Cure for Lonesomeness

SOME one asked a lighthouse keeper at Arnagansett, Long Island, if he didn't get lonely at his work. His eyes fairly danced as he answered, "No, indeed! I never get lonesome since I saved my man." How many had he saved? Just *one*! And that inspired him so that, during the many dreary days that followed, he felt no loneliness. Christian, have you saved your man? Nothing will so inspire you, and banish gloom and discouragement.—*Selected.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Over the Telephone

I SENT a message all my own
 By our new doorway telephone,
 But though I spoke as clear as clear,
 I could not make my brother hear!
 "What did you say?" called Bob, the tease.
 "Speak just a little louder, please!"
 I murmured soft as I knew how,
 "Mother is baking cookies now."
 And though I whispered every word,
 That funny little brother heard!

— *Youth's Companion.*

"A Word to the Wise"

LITTLE owlet in the glen,
 I'm ashamed of you;
 You are ungrammatical
 In speaking as you do.
 You should say, "To whom! to whom!"
 Not, "To who! to who!"

Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
 May be green, 'tis true,
 But you never heard her say
 "Katy do! She do!"

— *St. Nicholas.*

Too Beautiful to Kill

IN the *Pittsburg Post* is this story of Fergus, a Scotch lad fourteen years old. His father had given him a new rifle and a new canoe, and now in the Adirondacks, near Upper St. Regis Lake, he was expecting to shoot his first deer. On an August day he went from camp with Calvin, the guide, and was about to embark on the lake.

It was so lovely that Fergus held his breath to look, till all at once he felt Calvin's hand on his shoulder. One look at the guide's face, and he knew that some- underlip was quivering.

At first Fergus heard nothing but his own heart beats. Then, as he recovered himself a little, he could hear a rustle and an occasional crackle, and presently, looking up the bank, he discerned the swaying of a bush. Something was moving there.

Suddenly the bushes parted and a head looked through! It was the head for which Fergus had lovingly and longingly dreamed, a beautiful antlered head held proudly up, the eyes alert, the nostrils wide apart. As the creature broke from cover, his mouth was open, he was hot and thirsty and eager to get at the water.

"Does he see us?" whispered Calvin.

Fergus shook his head.

"Let him get well out of the bushes, then raise your rifle," whispered the guide.

Inch by inch Fergus had already lifted his rifle, and was now looking along it when the deer advanced, coming twenty feet nearer. Then assuring himself that all was safe, he stood, his ears at a sharp angle, directly facing Fergus. He could see the beautiful, scared eyes of the deer.

"Fire," said Calvin.

But instead, Fergus dropped his rifle to his side. There was a sudden movement, a crashing of boughs, and the place was empty.

"Why, Fergus!" cried Calvin, disappointed and amazed, why, Fergus!

He looked curiously into the boy's face and discovered that each bright eye had a tear in it, and that the under lip was quivering.

"O Calvin!" cried Fergus, "I couldn't do it. I hadn't the heart to do it. I'd die myself before I'd kill anything so beautiful.— *Our Dumb Animals.*

One Rainy Day

"O, DEAR! O, dear!" cried three sad little voices one June morning. For it was raining. Not a little rain when one can don rubbers and waterproof, and run between the drops, and have such fun, but a big downpour, when it seemed as if a river was running out of the sky.

Then it began to rain in the house from two pairs of brown eyes and one of blue.

"It 'most always rains when you don't want to have it," sighed Connie.

"And when it's your birthday," sobbed Nan.

"And when you're going to dear Uncle Paul's," cried Ted.

Then the door flew open and Clement came in, shaking the rain from his hat and slipping off rubbers and boots.

"Well, isn't this a glorious rain!" he cried. "Why, the very trees are clapping their leaves for joy, and the flowers are almost laughing outright. Every man I met between here and the village had a broad smile on his face and called out: 'Won't this make the corn grow!' or, 'This will give the grass a start.' When I came by Uncle Peter's, he was out in his garden, and he said: 'Bress de Lawd! de garden's pickin' right up, and de chillun is sated from starbin'.' And the Widow Graham, who washes for people, to get bread and molasses for her three children, is so happy to think her cistern is running over, and she will not have to bring all her water from the brook. Why! I do believe you youngsters are crying. What is it all about?"

Then the three children hung their heads for very shame.

"We're not crying — I don't s'pose," said Connie. "Not now, anyway."

"We're glad it rains," said Nan. "We love to have it — sometimes — don't we, Ted?"

"Yes," said Ted, "we forgot that it was God that made it rain. I'm sorry I was cross about it."

"We need the rain as much as the sunshine," said Clement. "God knows best, and we must not be selfish."

Then the sun shone from two pairs of brown eyes and one of blue.— *Vicks Family Magazine.*

A "Gift" Indeed

COMING out of the symphony concert the other day, after listening to the magnificent playing of a celebrated violinist, says a writer in *American Messenger*, I heard Caroline saying, "What a marvelous gift he has! The music ripples from the strings without any effort at all. I wish I had such a gift! I wouldn't practise those horrid exercises every day!"

It was the same way with young Lawrence as we came out of church last Sunday. "What an inspiring sermon! What a wonderful gift for preaching! Dr. Paull has! All he has to do is to stand up before the multitude, and open his lips, and the eloquence pours forth."

Such estimates of the attainments of those who have achieved success in life are unjust, and they are dangerous to those who are looking forward to their own life-work. Natural endowments without faithful en-

(Concluded on next page)



A Moment in the Morning

A MOMENT in the morning, ere the cares of day begin,
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the world to enter in;
Ah, then alone with Jesus, in the silence of the morn,
In heavenly, sweet communion let your duty day be born.
In the quietude that blesses with a prelude of repose,
Let your soul be soothed and softened, as the dew revives the
rose.

A moment in the morning take your Bible in your hand,
And catch a glimpse of glory from the peaceful, promised
land;
It will linger still before you when you seek the busy mart,
And like flowers of hope will blossom into beauty in your
heart;

The precious words, like jewels, will glisten all the day,
With a rare, effulgent glory that will brighten all the way.
When comes a sore temptation, and your feet are near a snare,
You may count them like a rosary, and make each one a
prayer.

A moment in the morning,— a moment, if no more,—
Is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er.
'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the manna for the day;
If you fail to gather early— alas! it melts away.
So, in the blush of morning take the offered hand of love,
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness thereof.
— Selected.

Friendship

AND what is friendship? Canst thou tell?
'Tis not

A vortex deep and circling round to draw
Unto its bosom all the joy of life.
True friendship is an onward moving stream,
That gives from out its overflow a wealth
Of love. It is a plant whose root is twined
Around the solid rock of confidence.
It thrives in air that's free from every cloud,
And must have perfect liberty. Its growth,
Though slow, is sure, perfecting day by day
A beauty all its own, a loveliness
E'en like the noble life of Him who had
On earth a chosen friend, and who thus blessed
The sacred tie. The friends of earth, though dear,
Should never be allowed to lead the heart
From God. True friends are those who seek to help
Those whom they love, and let not self intrude,
Or selfish ends be all their own. And should
The golden beauty of a bright ideal
Grow dim, 'tis sad; for never can the mind
Again see colors quite so bright, or paint
A picture quite so fair; but even then
'Tis well to gather all the sunshine bright,
And scatter it with lavish hand o'er all
You hold most dear; for truth abides though flesh
Is weak, and human hearts are frail.

The Friend

Who never proves untrue knows all our pain,
And stands with outstretched arms, waiting to reign
Within our hearts, the One supreme, the One
Before whom every knee shall bow, the One
To whom be praise and glory evermore.

— Eliza H. Morton.

The Ledger of Heaven

O THE wonderful ledger the angels keep,
And the watchful eyelids that never sleep,
And the tireless penmen that watch and weep
Over the words they write!
How oft are the hearts of the angels pained,
And how oft are the pages soiled and stained,
How much is lost, and how little gained,
In struggling for the right!

'Tis thus I mused in the twilight gray,
In the deep'ning gloom at the close of day,
Ere I reverently knelt by my couch to pray,
And laid me down to rest.

And I dreamed that a glorious angel fair,
Had borne me away through the boundless air,
To the pearly gates of that city where
Dwelleth the good and blest.

O the peace I felt! As my mortal tongue
Joined in the songs that the seraphs sung,
As back were the massive portals flung,
At the touch of the angel's hand!

We stood on the banks of the river wide,
Which flows from the throne in a crystal tide,
And I softly followed my shining guide
Over that blissful land.

Still on through the ambient air we sped,
Till she laid her hand on my trembling head;
"Behold the Ledger of Heaven," she said,—
And quick on my wondering view
There seemed to flash, like a ray of light,
The mystic pen of an angel bright,
As he wrote in the ledger, pure and white,
The record of life so true.

And every deed of my life was there,—
The careless word and the earnest prayer,—
And some of the pages were white and fair,
And others were soiled with sin.
And the thoughts of my heart that were long concealed
Were written down, and all revealed,
And O, how I wished that the book were sealed,
And the record were hid within!

And my cheek was crimson, as one by one,
I read the record of deeds I'd done,
And of victories lost, that I might have won,
In the hours of mortal strife;
Of the gentle words that I might have said,—
But ah! there were hasty words instead,
And now were the golden moments fled,
And mine was a misspent life.

"O, had I but known!" in my grief I cried,
And weeping turned to the angel's side;
"I bring thee hope," said the shining guide,
"Thy Saviour has prayed for thee.
And thou shalt return to the earth again,
And dwell once more 'mong the sons of men,
But, O! remember the angel's pen—
Ah! what shall thy record be?"

With tears of joy at length I woke,
And rose from my couch, for the morn had broke.
"The Lord be praised!" were the words I spoke,
"For the beautiful lesson given.
I will guard my lips with a jealous care,
I will keep my heart from the tempter's snare.
Lest sin be found on the pages fair,
Of the Record Book of heaven."

My soul! how oft have the angels wept
Over the shameful record kept,
While the daughters of Zion have idly slept,
Nor dreamed of their fearful doom.
O haste! for the moments are passing fast!
Ere the summer is ended, the harvest past,
And the Ledger of Heaven is read at last,
And the King of kings shall come.

— Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle.

A "Gift" Indeed

(Concluded from preceding page)

deavor will not bring success. Many young people of brilliant talents are meeting with disappointment and disaster because they do not realize this.

Our minister's son took a wiser course. Some years ago he discovered that he had a talent for drawing. His grandmother said it was wonderful, and the girls besought him to make pen pictures of roses in their albums. But Edward was not deceived thereby. He began to work. There were many difficulties in the way, but he persevered. The minister moved away from our village, and I heard nothing from Edward until a few days ago. I took up one of the great magazines, and, in looking over the illustrations to a story, I found the name (I have changed it a little) "Edward Young," in a corner of each picture.

No young man will make a greater mistake than he who thinks that his "gift" will make his life-work easy. If you have a "gift," it is for development, not for neglect. The way to success is through patient, persevering work. Addison says: "I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of "bad luck."— *Young People's Weekly*.

Service

"EVERY man is a servant. Every life is a service. The Christian, therefore, does not cease to be a servant. He only changes masters. His life is no longer negative; it is positive in growth and service. No man can escape service. Every man is counting for good or ill because of the kind of service to which he is giving his life. But Christian living involves the place for sympathy, the opportunity to help, and the duty to serve. Therefore no man truly bears his own burden except as he helps others in the bearing of their burdens." That quotation is worth thinking over. You will find the original thought in the sixth chapter of Galatians. We are saved to serve. "Come and see" — "go and tell." The Master says, "Son, give me thine heart." He is calling for heart service. He is calling for men — for young men. "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man." What is the call? "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Paul, in speaking of the work of the Macedonians, said, "They first gave their *own selves* unto the Lord." Our greatest need to-day is entire conversion, entire consecration, the giving of our "own selves unto the Lord."

Again, the Master calls, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." *Individual responsibility* is here emphasized by the Lord himself. Trying to shirk responsibility is a sign of weakness in us. We can not afford to be indifferent to the work before us; *such an attitude is criminal*. In the fifth chapter of Judges we read of the curse that came upon the people of Meroz because they did not come up to "the help of the Lord against the mighty." They were cursed and destroyed for treating the great work with indifference. They fell through negligence. No soul can bear the thought of being cursed, of being lost. But the only alternative, the only escape, is through service.

Beware of Negligence

We must not allow the spirit of unconcern to dwell in us at all. "Unconcern is a crime." (1 Thess. 5:6 — "sleep" — unconcern, indifference.) Individual responsibility is a vital thing, and must be recognized if we desire to be Christians and follow our Master. A Christian is a light-bearer, a light-holder. He does not give a spasmodic light, but is a fixed luminary; and, like those planetary bodies we see at night, shines through the gloom, dispelling the darkness and bringing "rays of hope" to struggling souls. So wherever there is unconcern and worldly indifference to spiritual things, "let your light shine," and let it be a "clear shining." Let it be a positive light — a positive service.

We need power for service. Many are praying for this power. God has all power, but he has no power to waste. Are we ready and willing to serve? God has no power to give one who is not willing to serve. "Just to the extent that a man truly gives his life to God, God will give his power to that man. A heart that is ready to serve, ready to obey, ready to follow him, is the condition." "What the church of God needs is a baptism of power; but in order to have it, there must first be a baptism of the *spirit of readiness to serve*." God is ready, waiting for us to be "willing" to meet the conditions. Each of us has at least one gift. Let us reconsecrate it to-day. "Stir it up." "Rekindle" is the thought, — "stir it into flame," — into a light.

ERNEST LLOYD.



M. E. KERN Chairman
MATILDA ERICKSON Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society
"Dawn on the Hills of T'ang"—China, No. 2

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

CHINA: —

- Non-Christian Missions.
- Early Christian Missions.
- Robert Morrison and Other Workers.
- Medical Missions.
- Sia Sek Ong.
- Pastor Hsi.

Non-Christian Missions

Buddhism showed to China the loveliness of an unselfish life, the hideous lineaments of lust and passion, and the reality of an invisible spiritual world. There were many secret sects whose doctrines were seemingly preparing China for something better. Some of these doctrines taught by these sects were "charity, the attainment of perfect self-control, patience, and abstinence from gambling, tobacco, opium," — dim gropings after the great all-Father, whose name is "writ large" in the heavens, and whose handiwork is in the earth.

According to a stone tablet in Kai-feng Fu, the re-religion of the Jews entered China in 206 B. C. A number of centuries later, a synagogue was erected in Kai-feng Fu. The tablet says that our first ancestor was Adam. Abraham and Moses are also mentioned. The Jews seem to have been numerous during the fourteenth century. Sad to say, their influence does not seem to have helped the Chinese very much. The present condition of the Jews who remain in Kai-feng Fu is pitiable.

The Mohammedans came into China by caravans from the north, and by sea from the south. Many Mussulmans, Syrians, Arabs, and Persians settled in the country, intermingling with the Chinese, and losing their racial peculiarities. According to the latest estimate, furnished twenty years ago, there are thirty millions of Mohammedans in the empire. The literati, or scholarly class of China, have made a rigid rule that the Koran must not be translated. This has kept the religion of Islam away from the more educated.

Early Christian Missions

As early as 505 A. D. the Nestorians entered China. They spread from the Great Wall to the Pacific Ocean. Their faith received favor. Churches were erected throughout the empire; and while the Nestorian doctrine prevailed, the empire became enriched, and "tranquility abounded." Perhaps the decay of the Nestorian religion is due to compromise. Little work was done by them among the common people. Christ was looked upon as less than divine. How much it means to any church, to any individual, to be true to truth, even if favor is lost by so doing!

Catholicism has penetrated the farthest corners of the empire. In 1328, after a few years of labor, John of Montecorvine, Rome's great apostle to the Chinese, had "converted more than thirty thousand infidels." Xavier followed with his tireless Jesuits, and Picci won his way into the very heart of the empire by trickery

and diplomacy. The Jesuits have left marks of thought and study behind them in China, among which are some remarkable bronze astronomical instruments.

In 1724, on account of the rivalry of priests, the opposition of popes to priests, and vice versa, the propagation of Catholicism was forbidden. Since 1858, however, the Catholic missions have prospered. This people has been zealous in teaching the Chinese the care of their homes, and in providing for the poor and orphans. Many so-called "converts" are merely accessions in number, and have been gained through such ruses as are not consistent with real Christianity.

Robert Morrison and Other Workers

Robert Morrison was the pioneer of Protestant missions in China. He entered the Celestial empire in 1807. What Carey was to India, Morrison was to China. He was not a diplomat, like Picci, nor would he compromise, but whatever benefited the Chinese or the foreigner, received his earnest support. After his death, work in the missions went hard. The Opium war relieved the situation. Five ports were opened to foreigners. Later, treaties were made by which the missionary could enter any port of the empire.

Morrison was aided in translating the Scriptures by Dr. Milne. The Bible was published in 1818. Gutalaff and Methurst did a good work in distributing tracts and books along the coast, and in preaching as they journeyed.

The missionaries did not have an easy time. In reading of their trials we are reminded of the sufferings of the first great apostle to the Gentiles. 1 Cor. 11:24-28. Dr. Ashmore says: "We were mobbed in the fu city, mobbed in the district cities, mobbed in the large towns. We got so used to being pelted with mud, that it seemed strange if we escaped our regular dose." When they were driven from one place, they went to another. But they did not leave the country. The natives who became converted under such circumstances clung with tenacity to the God of heaven.

The famines have given great opportunities for the missionaries to show the character of Christianity. Some of the missionaries have given their lives in aiding the suffering. Distrust and malice give way before real, true, Christlike deeds. In 1890 there were about thirty thousand Protestant native communicants.

Among the special agencies which have been of great benefit to the Chinese, are the Tract Society of London, the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Literature, and a number of book-lending societies, which make books accessible to hitherto unreached classes. The mission presses have done commendable work, and the Young Men's Christian Association as well as the Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions are carrying on work of various kinds in the empire.

The China Inland Mission has done noble work in the evangelization of central and western China. It sent forth its first missionary in 1863. J. Hudson Taylor founded it, and has given his whole effort to it. Its missionaries receive no salary; yet in 1893 it had five hundred ninety-two workers.

Medical Missions

Peter Parker was the first medical missionary to China. But it was left to John K. Mackenzie to do a work which most wonderfully opened up the way for missions. He began work in China with Griffith John, who had already opened up the work in Hankow. As soon as it was known in a place that Mr. John's companion was a doctor, there would be a rush to

bring all the sick people in the village to him. Every sixth case was one of eye disease.

But the way was not always pleasant. Sometimes they would journey to the surrounding villages. They would be told to go back to Hankow, and preach their Jesus there. Once hard clods were thrown at them, and Mr. John was wounded and nearly fainted from loss of blood. Later these same people raised money to build two chapels in their town for the preaching of this same Jesus.

The Lord works more wonderfully than we can ask or think. Mr. Mackenzie was working in Tiensin. The wife of Li Hung Chang, the great statesman, lay at the point of death. Some one asked Mr. Li why he did not get the foreign doctors. Mr. Li shook his head. It would be quite impossible for a Chinese lady of rank to be attended by a foreigner. But common-sense triumphed, and Dr. Mackenzie and Miss Dr. Howard were sent for. Lady Li recovered. The result was that she established a woman's hospital, and put Dr. Howard at the head of it. Here, while the body is being healed, the spirit is ministered unto. The sick ones are told of the Great Physician, who heals the wounded heart and the sin-sick soul.

Dr. Mackenzie contracted smallpox, and died after a few days' illness. From the palace of the viceroy down to the poorest hovel there was sorrow. Even the stolid Chinese felt that they had lost a friend. He left behind him a wife and a little child, and an old father in the home land. He left the country for which he gave his life, and he left an opportunity for some one to take up the work which he so patiently laid down.

Sia Sek Ong

Sia Sek Ong, the eldest of five brothers, was born in Fuchau, China. He received his early education in a Chinese common school, and resolved to be a great and good man. When he was sixteen years old, his mother died, and soon after this Sia Sek Ong began to teach school.

It was during that year's teaching that he first heard the story of the cross. To this devout worshiper of Confucius, life had seemed a vain search after something too far away to reach, but the gospel of Jesus brought wonderful peace to his troubled heart. His one desire was to tell others the story of redeeming love. In 1888 Mr. Sia came to America, and became much interested in our educational system. On his return to China he lectured upon his travels in the United States. This faithful soldier of the cross died on March 24, 1897.

Pastor Hsi

Pastor Hsi received a liberal Chinese education, and early in life gained a wide reputation in the law courts. He was a Confucianist; but while still a young man, the wife whom he loved died, and it was in the shadow of that deep sorrow that life's most serious problems claimed his consideration. What was the purpose of life? Whence came he? Whither was he going?

Confucianism had not satisfied his hungry soul. "It had given him no light to illumine the darkness to the grave; no comfort for an aching heart." Years passed. Living seemed in vain; he was now thirty, and he had neither found God nor attained unto his ideals. O, those decisive hours! Suddenly he plunged so deeply into sin that one trembles to think how nearly the enemy had compassed his destruction. Friends advised that he relieve his misery with a whiff of opium. Fatal delusion! For ten long years he reaped the bitter

fruits of the misery and degradation of an opium smoker.

But finally, in 1875, light broke through the dense darkness. Dark despair gave way to buoyant hope. The gospel had come into his village, and now it was that he went forth in the power of Prince Immanuel. His faith was almost unwavering, and he talked much with his Father in prayer. As an evangelist he was remarkable; but it is perhaps because of efforts to crush the opium curse that we especially remember him. The refuges in many of China's provinces are his monument. For years he was an indefatigable worker, but in 1896 he laid down life's burdens. He was an evidence of what China's sons may do for China.

MAY G. COLE.

The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

EVERY earnest soul may advance continually in the pathway to intellectual attainment. God has ideals for the youth to-day that are "higher than the highest human thought can reach." His ideals are enablings to those who yield wholly to him. Some are striving to attain. Are you pressing onward to a better goal? Remember that—

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

In this upward toil, few companions render better service than do good books. They make the poorest of us heirs to the wisdom of all time. With them we may penetrate the heavenly expanse; with them we may follow the explorer's course or the warrior's raid; we may look back through the avenues of ages, or we may look into the future, and behold what is yet to come. They comfort us in our hour of distress, and revive our courage when we are in the shadow of despair. Says Sir William Waller, "In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible to avoid the society of fools." Men and women, whose lives have bettered the world, pay heavy tribute to good books. Such books have helped them, first in determining to make the most of themselves and their opportunities, and then in doing so. Such books will help you.

You have read of good books inspiring young men and women to be a blessing in the world. You recall how they influenced Moffat, Livingstone, Wesley, and a host of others. Years have robbed these books of no power. A few months ago the conversation of some students drifted into a discussion of the value of good books. Among the many who expressed gratitude one young man said, "'Steps to Christ' gave me hope when I was about to give up everything."

Napoleon said, "Show me a man that reads good books and I will show you a man that moves the world."

Clay remarked: "When a boy, I was poor, and my mother was very poor; but she was never too poor to buy her boy a good book, and to this more than anything else, I owe my success in life."

Franklin exclaimed: "A dollar in the head is worth five in the pocket and you might say fifty on the back, because that in the pocket will get out, that on the back will wear off, but that in the head grows sharper by constant use."

The dividend we draw from time invested in reading good books depends upon the thoroughness and thoughtfulness with which we pursue them. Hasty

reading robs the memory of its power to grasp and to hold; but systematic study, into which the whole mind enters enthusiastically, increases the mental and moral stature of the reader.

To aid the youth in good reading, the Missionary Volunteer Department is offering reading courses. The lessons assigned will assure systematic study, and the test questions in each lesson demand that the reading be done carefully.

Course No. 2

The course this year consists of two books. "Great Controversy" will occupy nearly three fourths of the time. In this wonderful book, history and prophecy clasp hands, and give a panoramic view of events relating to God's people from the dawn of the Christian era until the final consummation. Every youth should be familiar with the historical facts and the gospel truths with which this book is replete. Says the Master, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The other book is "Daybreak in the Dark Continent." The author has made a careful study of Africa, and his book visualizes splendidly many great events, many unsolved problems, and many historic movements. It gives much information on numerous questions as to races, customs, politics, and the missionary outlook.

The course will be conducted through the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. It will begin the first week in October, and continue for eight months. All who desire to take it should send in their names for enrolment to their respective conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries. No tuition for the work is required. Three reviews will be given, and the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department will grant a certificate to each one who satisfactorily completes the course.

We hope many will join us in the course this year. You are busy; so were Lincoln, Greeley, and Garfield. Yet they sandwiched into the hard, work-filled days a few minutes for study. This is the way many of our most useful men and women are made.

Plan to take the course: Do not follow the path of least resistance. Progress is better than pleasure.

For the Beauty That Was to Come

I WAS some years ago in a large garden of very beautiful flowers. When the gardener had showed me all his treasures, he said there was one flower I had not seen that he prized above all others. Then he took me to an obscure corner of the garden, and stooping down, scraped away some of the soil, and exposed a gnarled and twisted root. That was the flower prized so highly. It had no attraction for me, but I knew not the beauty it contained; the gardener knew. By and by, under the influence of sun and rain, it would take on wonderful beauty. So the gardener loved it, not for what it was now, but for what he knew it would become. So I think the Lord loves us, sometimes, not for what we are, but for what he knows his grace can make of us. What beauty he sometimes does unfold from materials that would seem to others unpromising!—*Christian Herald.*

Thanksgiving

O God! I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies, and air, and light;
O God! I thank thee that I live.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*



I—David's Preparation for the Temple and His Death

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Chron. 28; 29.

MEMORY VERSE: "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." I Chron. 29: 14.

The Lesson Story

1. Solomon had been anointed king over all Israel. David was old, and knew that he must soon die. He had much he wished to say to the people before his death, so he appointed a great meeting in Jerusalem, to which he invited the princes of the tribes, the captains, his officers and mighty men, and his stewards who had charge of all his wealth.

2. "Then David the king stood up upon his feet, and said, 'Hear me, my brethren, and my people: As for me, I had in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and for the footstool of our God, and had made ready for the building: but God said unto me, Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood. . . . And he said unto me, Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts: for I have chosen him to be my son, and I will be his father. Moreover, I will establish his kingdom forever, if he be constant to do my commandments and my judgments, as at this day. Now therefore in the sight of all Israel the congregation of the Lord, and in the audience of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God: that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you forever.'

3. "And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever. Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary: be strong, and do it."

4. Then David gave to Solomon patterns of all the different parts of the house he was about to build, and he told him how the priests and Levites should serve when it was finished. For many years David had saved gold, silver, and precious stones to be used in the temple. He gave just the right amount of gold for the lamps, candlesticks, tables, basins, bowls, and cups. He also furnished the gold to make the cherubim and the altar of incense. He said he had prepared with all his might for the house of God, and that the Lord made him understand in writing just how the heavenly pattern should be followed.

5. "And David said to Solomon his son, Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed: for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord." He also said that every willing, skilful man would assist him, and that the princes and people would be wholly at his command.

6. "Furthermore David the king said unto all the

congregation, Solomon my son, whom alone God hath chosen, is yet young and tender, and the work is great: for the palace is not for man, but for the Lord God. . . . And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? "Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work, offered willingly." They gave much gold and silver, and those who had precious stones, gave them. "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord: and David the king also rejoiced with great joy."

7. Then David prayed and thanked the Lord that he had made them able and willing to give so much for his service. He humbly said, "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." He asked that the people might have hearts to serve the Lord, and that his son Solomon might be obedient. Read all of this wonderful prayer in your Bible.

8. After this the people made Solomon king the second time, and he became the wisest ruler of Israel. David died in a good old age, "full of days, riches, and honor," after being king over Israel forty years.

Questions

1. Who had been anointed king over Israel? What did David know? Why did he appoint a meeting in Jerusalem? Whom did he invite to attend this meeting?

2. What did David tell the people he had in his heart to do? Why did he not build a house for the Lord? Whom did God choose to do this work? What did the Lord say concerning Solomon's kingdom? What did David tell the people to seek and to keep? Why?

3. What charge did David give Solomon at this time? Why did he tell him to take heed? What did he tell him to build?

4. What did David give Solomon? What instruction did he give concerning the priests and Levites? What had David done toward building the house of the Lord? What did he give at this time? How did he say he had prepared for the building? Tell how he knew just how the house and its furnishings should be made.

5. What further advice did David give Solomon? Who did he say would help him?

6. What did David tell the people concerning Solomon? What question did he ask? What did the people give to help build the temple? How did David and all the people feel after making offerings to the Lord? Repeat the memory verse.

7. After this, what did David do? What did he say concerning the gifts he and the people had made? For what did he pray?

8. After this, what did the people do? Who was the wisest king that ruled over Israel? What is said of David at his death? How long did he reign?

The Peace of God

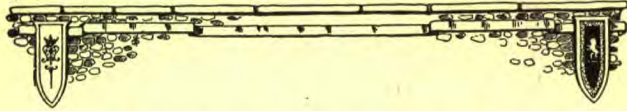
Do you inquire for the Thames? You shall find it flowing in its own bed in the thick, black night, as well as in the clear, bright day. You shall discover the noble river when it mirrors the stars or sends back the sheen of the moon, as well as when multitudes of eyes gaze upon the pompous pageantry of civic procession at mid-day. You may see its waves in the hour of tempest by the lightning's flash, as well as in the day of calm when the sun shineth brightly on them. Ever is the

river in its place. And even thus, come night, come day, come sickness, come health, come what will, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will keep the Christian's heart and mind, through Jesus Christ.—*Spurgeon.*

sufficient for every soul to meet the call and attain the character to which he is called.

2. "The word that was spoken to Jesus at the Jordan, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' embraces humanity. God spoke to Jesus as our representative. With all our sins and weaknesses, we are not cast aside as worthless. 'He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.' The glory that rested upon Christ is a pledge of the love of God for us. . . . His love has encircled man, and reaches highest heaven. The light which fell from the open portals upon the head of our Saviour, will fall upon us as we pray for help to resist temptation. The voice which spoke to Jesus says to every believing soul, 'This is my beloved child, in whom I am well pleased.'"—*"Desire of Ages," page 113.*

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



Studies on the Epistle to the Ephesians

I — The Election by Grace. Eph. 1: 1-6

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 1: 1-6.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Ps. 84: 11.

Questions

1. To whom is this epistle addressed? From what view-point does the author write? By what is he an apostle? Eph. 1: 1.
2. What is God's will concerning each of us? 1 Thess. 4: 3.
3. How is this sanctification wrought in us? Heb. 13: 20, 21; Phil. 2: 13.
4. Repeat the apostle's salutation. From what source does this grace and peace come to us? Eph. 1: 2.
5. How abundantly does the Lord desire to supply us with grace and peace? 2 Peter 1: 2, 3.
6. How may this peace become a personal experience? Rom. 5: 1.
7. What is the effect of this experience in the heart? Rom 15: 13; Isa. 32: 17.
8. What measure of spiritual blessings have already been bestowed upon us? Eph. 1: 3.
9. How abundantly has he promised to supply our needs? Phil. 4: 19.
10. What choice has God made for us? When was this choice made? Eph. 1: 4.
11. What assurance is given us that this purpose is to be realized by his people? Eph. 5: 25-27.
12. Unto what have we been predestinated? According to whose will? Through whom? Eph. 1: 5.
13. Through what act on our part does this predestination, or election, become a personal experience? 2 Thess. 2: 13; 1 Peter 1: 2; note 1.
14. Through whom only are we accepted as children? Eph. 1: 6; note 2.

Notes

1. To predestinate, or foreordain, means to mark out, define, or determine beforehand. God has the one standard character of holiness, the one ever all-glorious example, his Son Christ Jesus, reflecting always all the fulness of the light of his righteousness. God also in the beginning chose characters for his heritage, each character righteous in the righteousness of God, yet having its own individuality, manifesting one or more of the many beauties of him in whom all the fulness dwells even as each color in the rainbow reveals some of the special beauties of the light. God chose these characters before the foundation of the world. The names of those characters were written in the Lamb's book of life. Rev. 13: 8. He has called, and is calling, to those characters, and his blessing is

After Thirteen Years

THIRTEEN years ago two boys in their teens, under anarchist influence, it is believed, killed the mayor of Kinsley, Iowa. They were sentenced to death, but the Kansas law requires the signature of the governor to a death-warrant, and all recent governors of Kansas have refused to sign death-warrants. The boys have grown to manhood in the prison at Lansing. Recently they were released from prison. They owed their release in large part to the following poem, written by one of them, Carl Arnold. In the *New York Herald* appeared an interesting story of young Arnold and his literary work in prison, and one who reads the story can hardly fail to share in the governor's sympathy, and to rejoice in the pardon he has issued. The poem is called:—

Man to Man

I can not fawningly implore
As feeble, false hearts can;
But in humility before
The power that bars my prison door,
I plead as man to man.

Oft folly more than vice appears
In errors we have made;
The ideals that the man reverts
Is not the dream of early years—
Youth's brief delusions fade.

Though hearts embittered still retain
A grudge for old mistakes,
Excessive penalties are vain:
The long monotony of pain
No restitution makes.

The ancient "eye for eye" decree
God has himself destroyed;
Still speaks that voice from Calvary.
Shall Shylocks with their ghoulish plea
Make this commandment void?

Aye, blessed are the merciful!
O Christian heart, relent!
For sins of folly, faults of will,
I kneel at Mercy's tribunal,
A contrite penitent.

Long have I been with Sorrow. Long
The agonizing years,
Have held no freight of love, and song,
And laughter; only pain, and wrong,
And penitence, and tears.

The coarser soul but lightly feels
The daily dole of ill;
But what distress each hour reveals
For him who in his heart conceals
Some aspirations still!

For home and love and liberty
We toil as free men can.
O hand of fate, that bars to me
The gates of opportunity,
I plead as man to man!

—*Golden Age.*

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A Suggestion

ELDER ENOCH'S article, found on the third page, is worthy of a thoughtful reading. So is the one by Brother Rogers, on "The Children of Nayassaland." The suggestion made by Brother Rogers on the advisability of devoting a column in the INSTRUCTOR to questions and answers to be conducted by the readers of the paper and our foreign missionaries, is an acceptable one. The editor will be very glad to devote space to such a purpose.

Any question of worth pertaining to mission work in foreign fields sent to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR will be forwarded to some of our missionaries.

Public Schools to be Reformed

THE National New Education League is an organization, whose purpose is to reform the present public school system. It promises to give an "improved education, broader and better, in quality and power, ethical and esthetic as well as intellectual, physical, and industrial, for the whole people, not only for five or ten per cent who now obtain an appreciable degree of general culture and power."

The league now contemplates establishing a model school near Chicago, in which "a faculty of experienced educators of the rational, new educational school of pedagogic philosophy and practise shall find an opportunity to prove to the educational profession and authorities, including the normal schools, and to the whole American people, that the consistent and conscientious application of the said rational principles, methods, and means will give children of average normal qualities in a twelve-grade course (from about the fourth to the sixteenth years) an amount of knowledge approximately that obtained at the age of eighteen years in the present high schools, but a far better development of their qualities and powers, including those of character."

Holds Right View of Vital Principle

The statement of the president of the league, C. H. Doerflinger, relative to religious teaching in the public schools, is as pointed as it is true. He says: "We propose that every teacher in every public school shall be in duty bound to use every opportunity presented during school work to develop the pupils' moral instincts, to cultivate the application of the golden rule, and a strong sense of duty; and we exhort our readers

in the interest of peace among men to oppose every attempt to force into the work of the public school the teaching of religious dogmas. In the Constitution of the United States the founder very judiciously decreed the separation of church and state. If we permit any deviation from this wholesome principle, we open a very Pandora's box of evils; if we give a fanatic (radical or conservative) a finger, he will want your whole hand, then the arm, and finally the entire individual."

Thoughts From Horace Mann

SELF-IMPROVEMENT must precede all other improvement.

We put things in order; God does the rest. Lay an iron bar east and west; it is not magnetized. Lay it north and south, and *it is*.

As an apple is not in any proper sense an apple until it is ripe, so a human being is not in any proper sense a human being until he is educated.

No longings, no night-watchings, no aspirations, will ever enable us to see one inch beyond the capacity of our glass.

The most formidable attribute of temptation is its increasing power, its accelerating ratio of velocity. Every act of repetition increases power, diminishes resistance. It is like the letting out of waters — where a drop can go, a river can go. Whoever yields to temptation subjects himself to the law of falling bodies.

How Jehovah Stood by an Indian

THE Comanche Indians have not the Bible in their own language, but one of their number had heard the truth from the lips of a missionary, and had given his heart to God. All his friends cast him off. Even his wife stood afar. He prayed thus: "Father, I am one of your children. You have many in this world. I am lonesome, and I long to hear a word from these brothers and sisters of mine, but I can not write. Ask one of your children to write a letter to the brother who is trying to walk a new way." While the Indian was yet speaking, a minister read the account of his conversion. An hour later the letter was on the way. When the Indian heard the letter, he said, "When all my friends leave me, the Lord is still near, and how quickly he answers when I speak to him."—*Ella M. Carithers*.

The New United States History

THE "United States History in the Light of Prophecy," by Prof. F. S. Bunch may be used as a textbook in our schools this coming year. On account of delays the book has not yet been completed, and so can not be sent out in bound form this year. However, very nearly two hundred pages of the book will be ready for use at the beginning of the school year, and the balance of the work will be forwarded to the teachers in due time, so that there will be no interruption in carrying forward the class work during the year. There will be about three hundred fifty pages in the book, and the instalments will be forwarded, post-paid, at a price of one dollar for the complete work. Quite a number of our teachers have used the book as far as printed, and spoken very highly of it.

Orders for the book should be sent to Prof. M. E. Cady, College Place, Washington, as it is being printed by the Walla Walla College Press.