

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVI

October 20, 1908

No. 42



“THE LORD OF THE HARVEST”

But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny. And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman of the house. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Matt. 20:10, 11, 13.



THE Department of Agriculture is seeking to bring into being an orange-tree that will be as hardy as the apple-tree. New England oranges may, therefore, some day be prized beyond the Florida orange.

To prevent further unwise waste of the ivory supply, hunting permits of one hundred dollars each are required of all white men for the privilege of killing elephants in the wilds of Africa. The number of animals allowed to be killed is limited.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT, the President's son, is to be the official photographer of his father's African party. He is now studying the art of photographing animals with Mr. Frank Chapman, ornithologist of the National Museum of Natural History of New York City.

"THE Georgia Legislature has passed a bill to compel telegraph companies to mark the date and time when messages are received, and fixing a penalty of twenty-five dollars for failure to deliver within a reasonable time. The patient public will be happy if this stirs up lax officials."

A GOVERNMENT journal is called for by the people,—a journal that will keep the citizens informed of the work of each department of the government. By it the discoveries in all departments of knowledge could be given directly to those who are taxed for the support of these departments.

A VETERAN foreign missionary recently said: "In former years a walk up the three miles of river front in Hangyang meant three miles of curses. It was 'foreign devil' all the way. My last walk I did not hear a single curse, but a little girl came up, smiled into my face, and said, 'Jesus, Jesus.'"

SEVEN thousand five hundred thirteen pigeons were recently carried in six hundred eighty-seven baskets, occupying fourteen railway cars, from Lancashire, England, to Nantes, France. Here they were liberated for their homeward flight of four hundred fifty miles. The bird that won the race compassed the distance in eight hours.

"THE Methodist Episcopal Church has begun an active crusade for the election of a speaker in the House 'who will allow Congress to vote on "the interstate liquor-shipment bill."' This bill has been pending for the last five years. It provides that liquor shipped from one State into another shall on crossing the border immediately become subject to the laws of the State. Why not? If men and women have to be subject to these laws, why should liquor be exempt?"

"AN enterprising typewriter firm is making arrangements to supply hotels with machines whereby the guests, by depositing a dime in an attachment placed on the typewriter, may have the use of it for a half hour. The machines will be provided the guests either in the main writing-rooms of the hotels or in their own rooms. Such an arrangement will make it unnecessary for commercial men or others to carry type-

writers along with them. Plans are also being made to equip steamers and Pullman cars in the same way."

An Electrolytic Septic Tank

THE new electrolytic septic tank just installed at Santa Monica, Cal., to kill the germs of animal and vegetable life in sewage, is claimed to be entirely successful, and costs only fifty cents a day to operate.

The tank consists of a pair of concrete chambers arranged parallel to each other. In these chambers are two sets of electrodes of ten units each, charged with a strong current at a low voltage. The sewage enters at the upper end of the chambers, and in passing between the electrodes all traces of animal and vegetable life are destroyed. The sewage issues from the lower end almost clear, in which condition it is emptied into the ocean two hundred feet from shore.

The entire system, except the large receiving tank, is contained in a reinforced concrete room built below the level of the street. The sewage is first received in a large tank, from which it is pumped to the purification chambers in such quantities as can be handled. — *Popular Mechanics*.

Success Assured

To all America and Europe the question of aerial navigation is an intensely live one. There is no longer any question as to the possibility of aerial flight. Count Zeppelin, the Wright brothers, Henry Farman, and others have fully demonstrated the possibility. There only remains to be gained greater facility in management, more reliable construction, and a more compact form. These will come in time, though they materialize through expensive experimentation and serious disasters, such as came to Count Zeppelin's and Orville Wright's machines.

Popular Mechanics gives the following interesting note in regard to Count Zeppelin, who covered four hundred fifty miles during a day and a half of flights:—

"Count Ferdinard Zeppelin is seventy years of age, a fact that should add even more to the homage he is receiving not only from Germany but the whole world. He is without doubt the only man the world has ever known to take such an active part in aerial navigation at such an advanced age. But for a still greater reason should America, next to Germany, take the greatest interest in his work, for Count Zeppelin is a veteran of our Civil War.

"He served through the entire rebellion as a cavalry officer on the Union side, becoming an intimate friend of Carl Schurz. His first balloon ascension was made to reconnoiter the position of Confederate troops. He returned to Germany in time to participate in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and also in the war with France in 1870. The Zeppelins are one of the oldest aristocratic families in Germany, and have always been fighters. It was not until 1891, when the count retired from the German army with the rank of general of cavalry, that he began seriously to devote himself to aerial navigation."

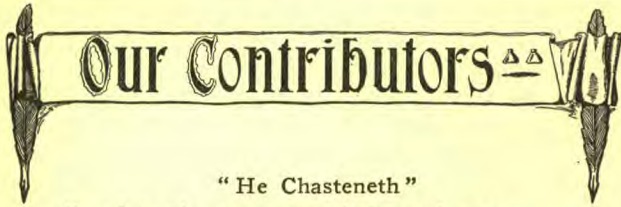
Though Count Zeppelin's immense machine was totally wrecked, all Germany has pledged itself to supply him with not only one, but with three or more, if accident makes it necessary. The encouragement given the count has determined him to found a school for teaching the principles of aerial navigation.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 20, 1908

No. 42



"He Chasteneth"

BUT late thy heart was light and gay,
Naught didst thou know of sorrow's way;
Proud was thy tone, careless thy tread,
Till thou wast called to mourn thy dead.

Long had thy Saviour called to thee,
In tender accents, "Come to me;"
But all in vain he sought and plead,
Till thou wast called to mourn thy dead.

His loving heart above thee yearned,
The more, as thou his pleading spurned:
His chastening rod on thee he laid,
And thou wast called to mourn thy dead.

Then was thy head in sorrow bowed;
Thy heart forsook her boastings loud;
The night her terrors round thee spread,
When thou wast called to mourn thy dead.

Then came the call again to thee,
In tones of love, "Come unto me."
Close to His side thy soul was led
When thou wast called to mourn thy dead.

The Hand that wounds will soothe and bind;
The rod that chastens thee is kind;
And when the night of earth has fled,
Thou'lt greet again thy risen dead.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Wanted! Volunteers for Life-Long Service

"THE love of Christ constraineth us." Surely no better text than this can be found for our young people, who stand at the parting of the ways, deciding the questions that will determine their future career. With this text in mind we shall look out on life's duties through the eyes of the blessed Saviour. We shall sit at his feet, and let him lay on our hearts some of the burden that he is continually bearing. We shall see the vision of a world sunken in sin, multitudes staggering on to eternal death without the help that they must have to transform their lives, changing the darkness of eternal despair into the bright hope of a happy future.

This will lead us to efface self and all selfish motives, and consecrate our lives to the same work that Jesus did.

Motives Leading to Consecration of Workers

We might place first the gratitude that fills our hearts for the saving grace of God. How disdainfully society looks down upon those who are continually receiving favors from others, but who never show any signs of gratitude or thankfulness. How much more worthy of condemnation is that one who receives the great grace of God, and all that it brings in its train, without the return in thankfulness required of the Giver because of our need and the need of our fellow men!

As a second motive comes loving obedience to our Saviour's last commandment. That which was up-

permost in his mind as he bade farewell to his disciples on that mountainside, was the need of the world lying in the bondage of sin. Lifting the eyes of his disciples from themselves to this great needy world, he said, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

In these few words our Master has crystallized the instruction that should guide us as individuals and as churches. The fulness of his blessing in our lives will be in proportion to the fulness of our surrender to the fulfilment of this command. This may, or may not, mean that we shall go personally to some foreign land; but it does mean that in some way we shall have our part in the "going." It means that our abilities shall be consumed neither on the altar of this world's lust nor service, but rather multiplied on the altar that we erect in our hearts in obedience to this command. This is particularly true of our time, our denomination, our young people. Shall we not, then, be loyal to our Saviour's last command? Will not disloyalty at this time brand us as traitors of the most contemptible sort?

A third motive, which follows naturally the last one, is a zeal for the extension of our Saviour's kingdom, with all the blessings that follow, both in this life and the life to come.

Another motive that appeals to our human side, is a comparison of our state with that of the unevangelized nations. We who are born in Christian lands should be grateful that our ancestors were converted, remembering that this is not due to any superior goodness of our own. We should be touched with compassion by the hopeless, helpless state of those born into heathenism to-day, without any choice of their own. Brotherly love should fill our hearts, tearing us away from lives of self-indulgence, and sending us out to walk the path that Jesus trod for the good of others.

Then as a last motive that we will mention is the motive that arises from the distinctive truths that make us a separate people. Knowing the nearness of our Saviour's return, seeing the great black cloud of wrath that is rapidly rising, soon to break in fearful storm over a guilty world, understanding that all things temporal will soon perish in the lake of fire, how swiftly we should hasten on with glad feet into all the world as messengers of the coming King!

The young people of this denomination who have enlisted for life-long service, and are now out in the mission fields, can pass the word to those at home, that only such motives as these, ingrained in the character, will cause them to make such consecration as can hold them steadily to their field of labor through good or through evil report. Out in the mission field, dropped down in the midst of heathenism, the young person can lean only on his own individual experience. There the true nature of his home training,

and the sort of foundation built by his school education, are made manifest. O how many are weighed in the balances and found wanting!

Hastened From the Field

The writer might be allowed to cite two examples from his experience in the mission field. A young man and his wife were sent by the Board to a trying field. It was on an island some distance removed from the superintendent of the field, and from others of like precious faith. The people were of another race; the climate was trying; the physical system was not accustomed to the new and peculiar kinds of food; the solid wall of superstition and ignorance rising before them seemed too high to scale, and too strong to break down. As is usual with the first acquaintance with the tropics, there came some fever with other physical complications. A good doctor, not in harmony with our views, of course, advised that the only way to save their lives was to flee to a temperate climate at once. (We wish to pass on the word that our young people will always find such advisers in every land, irrespective of the nature of the disease.) The result was that those young people, after a very short stay, borrowed the money with which to return "home," sending a letter that reached the superintendent of the field after they were on the high seas, telling him to pay the debt thus incurred. At this time that treasury was nearly empty, and that superintendent was continually bearing on his heart the needs pressed in by calls that he could not fill.

Another case is that of two young persons in a large heathen city. They were separated from the people among whom they were living by generations of different modes of thought and practise. As a bar to their sympathetic understanding of their mode of life there stood a difficult Oriental language, whose methods were the antithesis of their own. They came in contact, chiefly, with the worst elements of this heathen land. The superficial view thus gained, without so much as an earnest effort to learn the language of the people, developed a lack of that which this article has tried to set forth. The result was a letter to the acting superintendent, stating that after all they had concluded that these people were not capable of ever appreciating the third angel's message, and they thought it better to go where their abilities could be used to better advantage. Of course the mission field could not hold such.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Not one word would we say against the granting of a furlough to the missionary, worn with years of trying labor in a trying climate, or to one upon whom some tropical disease has fastened itself to be cured only by a visit to a temperate clime. In such cases all concerned will grant the wisdom of a temporary withdrawal for rest and recuperation. But such is not always the case.

The story of a German soldier serving in the British army at the siege of Gibraltar, is to the point. The British commander was inspecting the position of the guard in an exposed place. As he rode along alone, he passed this soldier, who did not salute him. The general said, "My good man, do you not know who I am?" The answer was, "I do, sir, but I have had all the fingers of my right hand shot away."

"Why, then, have you not gone to have them attended to?" was the reply.

"Because in Germany we are taught never to retire from our post, until we are relieved."

The general himself dismounted, and took the soldier's place until another man could come forward.

"Volunteers are wanted! valiant men and true,
In the ranks, my brother, there is room for you,
Christ is the Commander; let us all obey
When he gives the order, 'To the front to-day!'

"Volunteers are wanted! on the battle plain,
Soldiers brave are falling, ne'er to fight again;
Who will take their places in the deadly fray?
Who will march with Jesus to the front to-day?"

"Volunteers are wanted! let the ranks be filled;
Soon the din of battle will in peace be stilled;
See! the clouds are lifting, soon they'll clear away.
Glory gilds the heights along the front to-day."

GEO. F. ENOCH.

A Strong Box That Was Too Strong

RECENTLY a man in Boston, seventy-five years old, went to a safe-deposit vault to look up some business papers. He was a rich man, a director of a number of companies. While he was searching for the papers, a strong-box, weighing six hundred pounds, fell from its shelf above him and threw him to the floor. A doctor was called at once, but before he could get there, the old gentleman had expired.

It is not often that wealth kills a man in this way, but in other ways it often happens. Many a man's fortune is placed in a strong-box over his head, and hangs there by an insecure fastening, ready to fall upon him and crush him. Some men go about the world with the knowledge that this terrible possibility is impending. Most men that are threatened by it are entirely ignorant of it.

Few men to whom their wealth is a peril are conscious that it is a peril. They have become hardened to the danger by degrees. When they began life, the strong-box was very small and very light. If it fell, it would hardly harm a fly. But the box has grown with the passing of the years,—grown both in size and in weight,—till at last it has many times the weight of a man, and can easily crush a man under its deadly mass.

How foolish men are to live in such hazard, when they might so easily "stand from under"!

"So easily," did I say? Ah, but suppose the soul has rooted itself right beneath that strong-box.—*Caleb Cobweb.*

Not Hindu, but Indian

WE feel that we ought to call the attention of several American journals to a wrong use on their part of the word "Hindu," as applied to inhabitants of India, when they mean Indians. A Hindu is a believer in a certain religious system, just as is a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or a Christian. The mistake of Christopher Columbus in supposing he had got to India when he had only run up against America has made much trouble. It has led to the misnaming of the aborigines of the Western hemisphere, and now leads some Western journals to say Hindu when they mean Indian. It is awkward to have to say North American Indian and South Asiatic Indian, but it is better to do all that than to call Christian Indians Hindus. If we were asked for a suggestion, we would say that the thing to do is to call the inhabitant of India an Indian, and then on occasion to use any qualifying word necessary in referring to the misnamed Indians of America.—*Indian Witness.*



THE HOME CIRCLE



There are really no good manners without Christian souls.—*Spanish Proverb.*

Margaret Sherwood's Preparation for College

THE little clock on Margaret's desk pointed to the hour of twelve. Obedient to the tap of the call-bell, her pupils, ranging from six to nineteen, rose in orderly lines, and marched out to scatter over the playground. With a sigh of relief she leaned back in her chair, eyes closed and body relaxed, for five minutes' rest. Then she opened her lunch-box, and, propping "Wilhelm Tell" up in front of her, began to study and nibble at the same time.

Lack of funds had made it necessary for her to teach instead of going back to college in the fall. So she had taken the Linwood School, because it offered the largest salary and the greatest freedom from outside intrusion. From nine until twelve, from one until four, her time was the district's. Every other moment was hers to spend as she chose, and she chose to spend it in study, hard and conscientious.

The children were doing well and progressing faster than under any previous teacher; so she reasoned their parents had no right to complain. She had no time to waste in being social, or to run around the neighborhood making calls. Thus quietly, firmly, she repelled all their little advances until they ceased to make them.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes, with whom she boarded, had grown somewhat accustomed to the teacher's queer ways. At the start they had cordially invited her to join them in the service held at the little white meeting-house on the hill, but, receiving only refusals, they had at last ceased.

"But, of course, she's a Christian and church-member, father," Mrs. Jaynes would say, excusingly, "and we musn't be too hard on her, when she's off here among new things. And old Mr. Mason makes you a little sleepy to listen to sometimes, you know."

"He's a good man," her husband would say, "and it's the Lord day."

"Yes, he is a good man, and she ought to go," the wife would reply; and then perhaps she would add, wistfully: "And she would be such a help carrying the tunes. I never heard so clear a voice as hers."

"But she thinks it too fine for the little meeting-house on the hill," the old man would reply. "I have seen such before. I say, Leave 'em alone."

At this Mrs. Jaynes would sigh. It hardly seemed the right way to do, and yet, with a door so often tightly closed as was the new teacher's, what were they to do? So, one way and another, Margaret was left unmolested at her studies as soon as the school hours were over. Thus the weeks flew by.

But on the day spoken of, when Margaret propped up her book before her lunch-box to spend the noon hour to her liking, she seemed destined to be interrupted. First there was a patter of little bare feet, and a quick, impatient slam of the door, and a tug at her elbow.

"Please, teacher, I cutted my finger. Tie a wag around it."

It was Helen, her favorite among the six-year-olds. With a sigh of compassion, she drew a roll of old linen from her desk and quickly bound up the little hand. The child leaned against her in an ecstasy of adoration, shyly fingering her skirt, and gazing admiringly at the puffs of soft hair crowning teacher's head.

"Well, Helen, what is it?" she said; "why don't you run out and play?"

The child wavered. Suddenly she flung both arms around Margaret's neck and kissed her.

"I love you!" she whispered.

Then, like a little, frightened rabbit, she stole out of the room. Margaret looked after her with a puzzled expression on her face. She had never encouraged the children to be friendly with her, and had silently ignored the tributes of fruit and flowers left on her desk until they ceased to appear there. The touch of the moist, clinging lips made her realize for the first time what she was missing. She was half tempted to call the child back and cuddle her close in her arms.

"Nonsense!" she said to herself. "Margaret Sherwood, I am ashamed of you!"

Resolutely she took up her book and began to translate, making music of the German as she read aloud.

Again the door banged noisily. This time it was Archie, the brightest and smartest of the younger boys.

"Teacher," he began, pausing in front of her desk, "us boys are playing baseball, and we got into a scrap 'bout whether a man's out or not. We agreed to leave it to you, 'cause we heard you'd seen lots of big games. Come out and settle it. You're square!"

Margaret shut her book with a little slam and went out to umpire the game. The noon hour was nearly gone when she returned, and study was out of the question. In the back part of the room two of the older girls were talking together in subdued tones. And, although she did not mean to hear, bits of their conversation were wafted toward her.

"She thinks she's too smart for common folks!" said Agnes Wilder.

"She don't, any such thing!" said Nellie Taylor; "she's just busy. Mrs. Jaynes told mother she studies all the time. She wants to go back to college next year."

"Well, maybe other folks 'd like to go to college, but maybe other folks, or at least some folks, wouldn't trample everything else under their feet gettin' there! I guess my brother Burton 'd like to go. And Burton says she could have a lot of influence over the boys here if she would. They're at Kelley's every night playing billiards. I don't see what she wanted to go and board with those old folks for," Agnes continued, discontentedly. "We hoped she'd come to us. Burton is so out of reach of everything. I've taught him all I know, and the days are so long for him."

Margaret heard no more. She knew all about Burton Wilder. Not six hours had she been in Linwood, before she knew the story of the fall that changed all Burton Wilder's plans. Suddenly it came to her, as she tidied up her desk mechanically, the girls' voices running on, that Burton Wilder had partially fitted himself for college. "O," she drew a long breath, "how he must feel!" And she had meant to go and see him and take him some books.

"Margaret! Margaret Sherwood, why are you hiding your true self so long?" seemed to cry awakened conscience.

With a sober face Margaret drew her books together and laid them in an orderly pile on the table.

It was two evenings later, just as the sun was setting, that Margaret Sherwood stood beside Burton Wilder's chair in the big west window of the Wilder home. She held a book with uncut leaves in her hands, and her eyes were lighted with a look of companionship that touched the occupant of the chair. They had been talking for several minutes, and Margaret had risen to leave.

"But you must not give up college," the young girl was saying. "You will be stronger in time. And being confined to a chair does not chain the brain, you know. Keep right on believing in college." She laid the book in the other's thin hands.

"It is very good of you to say it," the youth returned. "It keeps one's heart up, anyway." Then he leaned back and looked off to the setting sun, and added, "And it puts strength into one to talk to another with the same aims as one's own."

"I should have come sooner," answered the young teacher. She flushed, and then added, "I am afraid I have been too monopolized with my own aims since I came. It was selfish of me." With a simple good-night, she left the invalid with his book and new thoughts and the rose-tree in the window just coming into bloom.

"O, Miss Sherwood!" Agnes Wilder said, coming through the currant bushes, as she saw her teacher going out of the gate, "I am so glad you came to see Burton! He has been longing to talk with you."

"I told him he must not think of giving up college. No one knows what the days will hold. I left him a book. I am sure he will like it. Keep his courage up, Agnes."

A few days later it became noised around that the new teacher was getting up a singing class. When approached upon the subject, she said: "Yes, I don't see why we can not have a class. There are some of the boys who have good voices, and Agnes Wilder and some of the older girls sing well."

As one and another talked of the singing class, there was one who stood a little apart. He was rather rough and uncouth, and yet seemed interested in the plans. Margaret's sympathy had been with him the first day he came to school, because none of the others seemed to have much to say to him. Now she turned his way.

"Come over, Ralph. How about that violin I heard you playing the other night? It sounded fine as it came across the river."

The boy blushed and straightened his somewhat stooping shoulders. His father's farm lay across the river, almost opposite from where Margaret was boarding, but that she had heard him was something of a surprise to him. One or two of the girls' eyes opened wide as the teacher said this. Did she not know that no one cared for Ralph Conner, and that he never

seemed to care for what the others liked? But of course he had his violin. The teacher saw these wide-opened eyes of the girls, but she took no notice of them.

The first evening the young folks came together in the little schoolhouse for their singing class, Ralph and his violin were there, and more than one was surprised when, having propped up his book in front of him on the end of the teacher's desk, he played through song after song at the teacher's suggestion.

Nothing could have done so much for the young folks of Linwood at that particular time as did this singing class. Margaret was elated. "And to think I believed there was no work for me to do here!"

"I don't see, Mrs. Jaynes, why you and Mr. Jaynes let me fall into such bad ways," she said, telling it all over to the old couple in the kitchen, as she munched her apple, her face lighted with enthusiasm. "I was so full of the idea that Margaret Sherwood ought to go to college that I lost sight of everything else, didn't I?"

Old Mr. Jaynes laughed delightedly.

"Well, I told mother that it 'most seemed to me as if you were letting some things drag, while you were trying to carry a pretty big load of other things."

"I've been telling father that you could help a sight with the singing if you just had a mind to. But I never thought of your getting the young folks interested."

"Well, one never knows where he will come out when he starts," said Margaret. "Mr. Mason is pleased. He came in and helped us at the last. Why, he was as young as any boy there!"

"And one of God's best men," said Mr. Jaynes, throwing his long apple paring into the pan on his wife's lap. "One of God's best men! That's what he is!"

"He makes me think of my father," said Margaret, and her eyes softened with a light that was beautiful. "Father is younger, but they both have such a gentle, companionable way with them."

There came a day when Margaret looked her last on Linwood. Her school was closed for the summer. She had decided not to return. But how the seeds sown by her had taken root! Burton Wilder was already busy with a course of instruction in a correspondence school, and was looking forward to being able in time to take the regular college course he had planned. And when Margaret thought of Ralph, she felt like singing her sweetest song. And how the young folks' singing had warmed and vivified the services at the little church! How glad she was she had come! How sorry she was to go! Yes, the days had been good days at Linwood!

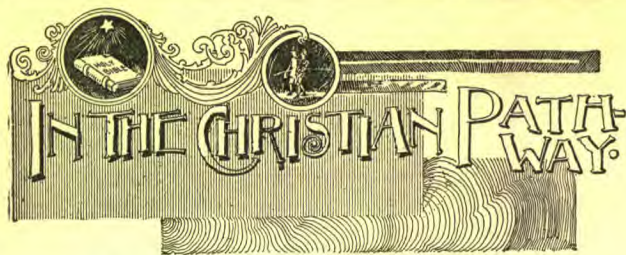
"It has paid! O, it has paid!" Margaret murmured, as, looking through the car window, she caught the last waving of handkerchiefs along the rude platform. "It may take me a year longer in college, but it has paid."—*Pearl Howard Campbell, in Young People's Weekly.*

A Motto

WHAT can I do for thee, glorious Friend?
Let me be true to thee right to the end!

—Henry Burton.

"I THINK I should mourn o'er my sorrowful fate,
If sorrow in heaven could be,
If no one should be at the beautiful gate
Conducted to glory by me."



Stones With Fair Colors — No. 1

"Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors." Isa. 54:11.

NATURE'S temple is not a hueless, monotonous structure like the pyramids of Egypt. It is richly decorated. It is overlaid with chaste and beautiful ornamentation. Every stone is painted with fair colors, accurately toned, and in perfect keeping. On the top of every pillar is lily-work. Not a rock that peers above the surface of the earth but is clothed with the rainbow tints of moss and lichen, and wreathed with the graceful tenderness of fern and wild flower. Every mountain is clothed with the variegated verdure of forest and pasture, blending gradually upward into the sober gray of crag, and the silvery whiteness of snow, and the quiet blue of the cloud-flecked sky. And when the living hues of plants are absent, there is compensation in the rich colors of the rocks, or in the bright reflections of the heavens. The brilliant crimson of Sinai's granite and sandstone cliffs makes up for their naked sterility; and if the mountain ranges of northern Europe are destitute of the emerald verdure of the Alps, they are covered instead with purple light as with a robe, and gather out of the sky, at sunrise and twilight, hues softer than the plumage of a dove, and more radiant than the petals of rose and violet.

As nature deals with the materials of her framework, so the divine Artificer deals with the living materials of his spiritual temple. "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors," he says to his church, afflicted, tempest-tossed, and not comforted. Every stone that is fit to be built into the walls of his holy habitation is richly sculptured and decorated. He leaves none in the meanness and vileness of their natural states. He digs them out of their fearful pit and the miry clay, that they may be chiseled and polished, so as to be ornaments of the structure in which they stand. He makes the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon the dark vapor-cloud of their nature, and thus paints it with the rainbow hues of grace. Black in themselves, he makes them comely in the reflected light of his love. From the moment that the favor of God is restored to them, they are awakened to a new existence and a better principle. Righteousness is imputed to them, that sanctification may be wrought out in them. It becomes his task, it becomes theirs, to restore in their hearts his obliterated image; to mold their lives in conformity with the perfect Example; to begin the transformation which can be perfected only in eternity.

Believers are earnestly enjoined in Scripture to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. But how? it may be asked. There are some things so perfect in themselves that they are injured, not improved, by any touch of man. Who can give a purer whiteness to the lily, or gild the burnished gold, or make more lustrous the sparkling diamond? We can not improve upon nature; we can not adorn it in the sense of making it more perfect; but we can explain it, we can make use of

it for spiritual imagery, we can exhibit it in new lights, and display it in a thousand ways before unknown; so that in the exquisite setting of the poet's verse it may shine with even more than its native charm. And in the same way we can deal with the doctrine of God our Saviour. We can not improve the gospel of Christ. It is all perfect, all complete, wanting nothing. God said again and again regarding Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and he himself, looking back from the cross upon the whole course of his obedience and suffering, said, with his dying breath, "It is finished," indicating not merely the completion of his work, but also its perfection. It is so exquisitely fair and proportioned, that it stands in need of no embellishment; it is marred and destroyed in its nature and effect by any additions that man may make to it. But though we can not improve the doctrine of our Saviour, we can make its power upon our own heart and life visible; we can explain and manifest it to others with such illustration and enforcement as may be in our power, and crown it with the history of what by it God has done for our soul. We are to clothe the spiritual life of the gospel — the precepts, the example, the atoning death, the justifying righteousness of Christ — with an outward conduct becoming its purity and dignity. We are to embody the spiritualities of the unseen life in forms of daily walk and conversation, such as will worthily represent their glory and grace. A beautiful character impresses itself upon the very features of the body, so that, looking upon the lines of the countenance, we can read the soul within, and are attracted to admire and love it; and thus should the life of faith within — the reflex loveliness of Christ's character in the soul — exhibit itself in the homely garb of our outward every-day life, in order that those who can not see the seal of the Spirit — the inward evidence of the doctrine of Christ, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it — may see its outward luminous sign in a living epistle, known and read of all men. Every Christian's life should be like the opal, exhibiting in its pure transparency the beautiful hues of grace; or like a prism refracting the clear, bright light of heaven into a seven-colored spectrum of honesty, truthfulness, purity, kindliness, meekness, heavenliness, usefulness.

"Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors." Three questions here suggest themselves: 1. What are these fair colors? 2. What are their properties? 3. How are they produced?

Fair Colors Named

1. What are the fair colors with which the Christian character is adorned? — *Humility* is one of the most conspicuous of them. It is the soft purple hue of the lowly violet, hid among its leaves, and known only by its fragrance; of the fruit when it is ripest; of the hills when most saturated with sunset light, and most like heaven. It is the ornament which, in the light of God, is of great price; it is the secret of true refinement and distinction in the eyes of men; it is the glory of the inner man renewed in sanctified self-denial and self-forgetfulness. By nothing is the genuine believer distinguished from the mere formalist and hypocrite more than by his humility. In his unconverted state he saw only the weaknesses and faults of his outward conduct, and was disposed to treat them lightly, and to find ready excuse for them; but now he looks also at the corrupt thoughts and sinful feelings of his heart, and is full of shame and self-reproach. Formerly he regarded

others as worse than, or only on the same moral level with, himself; but now he is ready to esteem all others better than himself.

Patience is another of the fair colors of grace. It is the tender green of the grass, which, through summer's heat and winter's frost, remains unchanged; which may be trampled underfoot and injured in every way, and yet retains its vitality unimpaired. The world, in its loud bustle and ardor of action, has no appreciation of this quiet and retiring grace; but it is especially valuable in the estimation of Him whose own kingdom was won by patience — patient enduring, patient suffering.

Benevolence is another of the fair colors of grace. It is the quiet blue of the sky, which shines upon the just and the unjust, which sends down rain and dew upon the evil and the good. This is the virtue which counteracts the natural selfishness of the heart, and takes us out of ourselves. It is by the uniform and enlarged exercise of it that the disciples of the Lord are distinguished from the people of the world, — who are ever intent only upon their own interests and pleasures, — that make their light so to shine before men, that others, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven. It is by their benevolence that they are assimilated to the Universal Giver, whose tender mercies are over all his works, and are never exhausted — to the compassionate Saviour, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich, and whose meat and drink on earth was to go about continually doing good — to the holy angels, whose happiness is increased by seeing sinners repenting on earth, and by being sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation.

Zeal is another of the fair colors of grace. It is the ruby hue of the blood which circulates through the veins, and animates the whole body with life and vigor. It is the crimson heat that energizes or melts every thing before it, and pervades all with its own glow. It stimulates to the performance of every duty, infuses life into every experience, fervor into all devotion, spirit into all work, and overcomes difficulty as fire overcomes every resisting object.

All these and other graces are summed up in *charity*. As every lovely hue is light, so every lovely grace is love. This is the rainbow which gathers up and harmonizes all other qualities, and bends its divine beauty over the whole life of the Christian. It is the genus of which all the Christian virtues are the species. Patience is the attitude of love, zeal is the energy of love, humility is the aspect of love, benevolence is the acting of love. Faith worketh by love, the fruit of the Spirit is love, the end of the commandment is love, God is love, heaven is love. Wherever charity — supreme love to God and sincere love to man — operates, it is a sensible proof to every Christian of the reality of his faith; and wherever he sees it operating in others, molding their character, elevating and purifying their life, he sees a reflection — faint, indeed, and blemished by reason of the earthliness of the material, but still faithful — of the divine image, and "has a vivid emotion enkindled in his bosom, as if the great Origin of all perfection stood dimly revealed before him."

These, then, are the fair colors with which God lays the stones of his spiritual temple, and by which the Christian adorns the doctrine of his Saviour, and makes it attractive to others. The fair colors of a patient spirit, a humble mind, a useful, consistent life, have an irresistible fascination, which often leads from admira-

tion to imitation. When the Christian's spiritual life blossoms out into whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and lovely, and of good report, it proves its divine origin, and adds conviction and force to his testimony and commendation. Men see what his religion has done for him, and what it will do for them. — *Hugh Macmillan, in "Bible Teachings in Nature."*

Burros Finding Water

THE Mexican burros have good horse sense; they know, in a "dry and thirsty land," where to dig for water. A correspondent of the *Pittsburg Despatch* describes their close observation of the surface of the ground and subsequent discovery: —

"We found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee, when we saw three burros searching for water. They passed three or four damp places, all the while examining the ground closely. Soon the leader halted near us, and began to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After a while he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently.

"To our surprise it began to fill with water. He advanced and took a drink, then stepping aside, invited, I think, the others to take a drink; at all events they promptly did so, and then went away, after which we got down, and took a drink from their well. This water was cool and refreshing, much better than we had found for many a day." — *Selected.*

The Glove

THERE was just time to cross the street before a huge red dragon of a motor-car bore down upon us. It looked so threatening that my companion started to run, and in running dropped one of the gloves he held in his hand. Then he forgot the peril, forgot the reason for his haste, and turned back to pick up the glove.

I shouted, and he remembered, seized the glove, and sprang to safety — just in time. Seldom have I seen a man so nearly give his life in exchange for a thing of little worth.

And yet, as we two went on our way, silent because the shock of the narrow chance still held our breath and thought, I seemed to remember that this was just what I had seen men do a thousand times. I never saw a man risk his soul to gain the whole world, but I have seen men do it for mere trifles over and over again.

We talk about overwhelming temptation; but how constantly the tempter picks up souls at bargain sale — a life for a glove, a heaven for a little fear of ridicule, true love for a pique, heart purity for a new sensation, Christ for the pleasure of a day. Let me not think of worth with such a fool's proportion, or sell my life for a glove.

Teach me to measure life, that I may seek the highest good; to weigh its gifts, lest I exchange my hope for folly; to be ready ever to sell all that I have, that I may gain the pearl of great price, which is the end of my endeavor. O Thou who offerest thyself in exchange for my poor self, let me accept the offer with a willing heart, and find my safety and my joy in thee. — *Isaac O. Rankin.*

"Look not every man on his own way."



• CHILDREN'S • PAGE •



The Comedy of the Dogs of Munich

[The following article on the dogs of the German city of Munich was written by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, president of the World's Christian Endeavor Society, for the *Christian Endeavor World*. The illustrations also were obtained from that paper.—Ed.]

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great



"Long and low like a bench." "Legs like a parenthesis turned the wrong way."

thing?" asked the wicked Hazeel, who smothered his king.

If he had lived in Munich in this year of grace, he would not have asked this question with any opprobrious side glance of reflection upon the dog; for of all the petted, pampered, becombed, and becurled darlings of fortune, the dogs of Munich stand in the king-row.

They are carried in their mistresses' arms, taken to ride in elegant equipages, led out for an airing by hired attendants, nursed when sick, and coddled when well, until one would suppose they would get too conceited to live with ordinary mortals. That they are not utterly spoiled speaks well for canine nature in general, and Munich dog nature in particular.

Human nature could not stand this test of uninterrupted prosperity for a month; but it must be confessed that the Munich dogs bear their honors meekly, and rarely seem puffed up, or inclined to assert their acknowledged supremacy. Indeed, they are for the most part bewitching and lovable creatures, whose good fortune can produce neither envy nor resentment.

There is one privilege accorded to humans, however, which is not fully shared by the canines of Munich; for they are not allowed to go freely into the stores and public buildings. There are so many of them that, unless this privilege were curtailed, they would seriously interfere with the shopping; and even dogs must not injure the commercial interests of a city.

It should not be supposed, however, that because dogs do not have the run of stores, they are altogether excluded. By no means. This would be carrying discrimination too far. So they are entertained in a nicely warmed vestibule; and, if it is a cold day, they are taken inside of two heavy swing doors, in order that they may not get chilled. Moreover, in the larger stores, one or two able-bodied men at each door are deputed to entertain them, to see that they have a good place near the radiator, or that they do not get into unpleasantness with their canine companions.

Some people, perhaps, prefer the opera or the circus in Munich; but, when I once lived in Munich for a few weeks, and wanted a little relaxation in the way of light comedy, I went to Oberpollinger's or to Her-

man Tietz's great department store, and watched the dogs. These stores are to Munich what Wanamaker's is to Philadelphia and New York, or Jordan & Marsh's to Boston. They have several entrances, and at every entrance is a row of dogs, of all sizes and colors which dogs assume. Every fashionable lady seems to take her dog with her when she goes shopping; and, handed over to the handsomely uniformed and stalwart dog-guard, he is chained up while his mistress does her shopping.

Here they are all in a row, half a dozen long-drawn-out dachshunds, with exaggerated bandy legs, "like a parenthesis turned the wrong way," as Mark Twain described them; two or three tall Russian greyhounds, with waists like wasps; a sprinkling of harelip bulldogs, showing vicious-looking teeth, which are warranted not to bite in spite of their savage appearance; a few little King Charles spaniels, and some extraordinary poodles, which are seen in their perfection only in Munich, with long ringlets hanging down over their eyes and shoulders, and another set of ringlets over their rumps, while their legs and tails are tufted with curious rings of hair.

Some of those ringleted dogs are jet black, and some pure white; and we have christened them "Albrecht Durers" because their stringy curls remind one of the famous picture which the great painter of Nuremberg made of himself, with long rope-like curls hanging below his shoulders. I have seen pictures four hundred years old in the galleries of Munich in which may be noted Munich dogs trimmed and curled in just this way; so they must be an "institution" of long standing in that famous town.

The little play begins as soon as the dogs are chained up in the department store, and is a continuous performance all the afternoon and every afternoon. The play might be called, "I Want My Mistress." There is an "Albrecht Durer," for instance, which, as soon as

you open the door, looks up at you with expectant longing, as much as to say: "O, I am so disappointed! I thought you were my mistress, and you are only a man."

Another one by his side has patiently resigned himself to the inevitable, and has stretched himself down by the radiator for a nap; while a third makes the vestibule resound with sharp cries that sound like: "Where is she? Where is she? I want to go home! I want to go home!"

That big Russian greyhound does not think it dignified to prance and caper like the little shaggy-haired spaniel by his side; but there is a pleading, wistful look in his eyes, which says as plainly as words: "Will



"I want my mistress"



"Ah! methinks I hear her step!"

she never come? Why will these women be so long about their shopping?"

On the whole, the little dachshunds are the most amusing, as they are the most numerous. "Long and low like a bench," to quote Mark Twain again, they are the subject of many caricatures, to which they easily lend themselves. A favorite illustrated post-card cuts one in two in the middle, while underneath is the legend, "To be continued in my next," while another card of the same sort says, "I really must bring this to an end." The little dogs seem to know that they are a joke; and, though really full of fun, they always wear a solemn, mournful, pleading expression, as if about to burst into tears, like some humorous lecturers, who put on a more solemn expression the funnier they are.

But the dachshund can not disguise his joy when his mistress does appear. Gladness breaks out on his serious face; his little, weak, bow legs vibrate with happiness, as he awkwardly tries to gambol and fawn on her hand like his more nimble companions.

Entertaining as are the dogs within the vestibule, those left on the outside of the store are more amusing still. These are the better-clad specimens of the canine tribe, that will not suffer from the cold.

There is a great St. Bernard, with red eyelids and lumbering gait, making every one turn out for him while he waits for his owner; and beside him sits a bright-eyed, shaggy-haired little poodle. As one person after another comes out of the store, he looks up eagerly, while anticipation, hope, disappointment, apprehension, pass quickly over his face. "Ah, methinks I hear her step! It was her hand upon the door-handle! It must be she! No, a stranger. Ah, me! Why will she be so long? Horrors! Suppose she went out at another door, and has gone home, leaving me here alone in the cold world! Ah, woe is me!" All these thoughts the interpreter of dog nature can read in the eager, intense little face that is turned up to meet his own.

But at last the loved and longed-for mistress appears, and then the poodle's joy knows no bounds. He capers and jumps for gladness, and almost turns himself inside out in his glee, while his sharp, joyous bark says more plainly than words (for words often conceal thought): "Hurrah, hurrah! She has come, she has come, and am I not the happy dog? Hurrah!"

Thus the little comedy goes on all the afternoon. One set of dogs do their "turn," and then another, and another; but it never gets stale or outworn, the canine actors are so various and so absolutely natural and true to life. It is a continuous successful performance—this play of the Munich dogs, "I Want My Mistress."

A Stratagem

Most of the precepts of the Romish Church were taught by her priests to foster selfish desires, such as love of display and the amassing of wealth. The superstition of the people and their ignorance made it easy to manage these schemes without special resistance. But human devices rest upon no sure foundations, and so even the ignorant and simple folk can cause them to quake and totter. Many amusing incidents to illustrate this great truth are given by D'Aubigne in his "History of the Reformation." The following, which occurred in Germany, is of special interest:—

Tetzel had opened his market for the sale of indulgences. "Draw near," said he to his hearers, "and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit, shall be forgiven you. Indulgences," he continued, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts. This cross [pointing to the red cross he had elevated with the pope's arms suspended on it] has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. There is no sin so great that the indulgence can not remit it. . . . But more than all this, indulgences save not the living alone; they also save the dead. Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, and ye young men, harken to your departed friends who cry to you from the bottomless abyss, 'We are enduring horrible torment. A small alms would deliver us. You can give it, and you will not.' The very moment," continued Tetzel, "that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory."

"The sermon ended, the people flocked round the box, not with contrite hearts, but with money in their hands. Men, women, the young, the poor, and those who lived by alms,—every one found money."

But sometimes the road was not so smooth, and difficulties were encountered. A Saxon peasant, shocked at the impostures of these mountebanks, went up to Tetzel and inquired if he were authorized to pardon such sins as one *intended* to commit. "Assuredly," answered Tetzel; "I have full power from the pope to do so." "Well," returned the Saxon, "I want to take some slight revenge on one of my enemies, without attempting his life. I will pay you ten crowns if you will give me a letter of indulgence that shall bear me harmless." Tetzel made some objections, but finally struck the bargain for thirty florins.

The monk had a flourishing business that day, and at evening set out through the woods for Leipsic, with his chest well filled with treasure. The Saxon, attended by his servants, laid wait for him in the forest between Juterbock and Treblin, fell upon him, and after giving him a severe beating, appropriated the chest of indulgence money, and made way.

Tetzel, filled with wrath at such acts of violence, brought action before the judges. But the Saxon produced the letter signed by Tetzel himself, which freed him beforehand of all liability to punishment. Duke George, upon seeing the letter, ordered that the accused should be acquitted. Thus had the monk fallen into the pit he had digged for others.

A Schneebergian miner, meeting a bearer of indulgences, asked: "Must we then believe what you have often said of the power of indulgences, and of the authority of the pope, and think that we can redeem a soul from purgatory by casting a penny into this chest?" The vender of indulgences replied in the affirmative. "Ah," said the miner, "what a cruel man the pope must be, thus to leave a poor soul to suffer so long in the flames for a wretched penny! If he has no ready money (?), let him collect a few thousand crowns, and deliver all these souls by one act."

E. C. JAEGER.

Hope Everywhere

"THE Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all."

SELECTIONS OF PROSE AND POETRY WORTH READING

The Yellow Violet

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from last year's leaves below.



WILLIAM C. BRYANT

Ere russet fields their green
resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest
bare,
To meet thee, when the faint
perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of
Spring
First plant thee in the watery
mold,
And I have seen thee blossom-
ing
Beside the snow bank's edges
cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee
view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Children's Hour

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the light is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning to-
gether
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into the turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

—H. W. Longfellow.

Children

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Musical Wonder Children

LIKE so many of the world's great com-
posers, writes the *Westminster Gazette*, Sir
Edward Elgar was a "youthful prodigy"
of exceptional gifts, as was proved by his
late performance at the Queen's Hall of
a suite composed by him at the immature
age of twelve. But even Sir Edward was
not as precocious as one of his English
predecessors, Samuel Wesley, who in his
eighth year heard a regimental band play
a march which he had composed for it.

At eleven, Franz Schubert had already placed sev-
eral songs, string-quartets, and piano pieces to his
credit. Handel's first attempts at composition were
made at eight; and Vieuxtemps, who began to scrape
the strings of a tiny fiddle at two, is said to have been
even more precocious; Sir Charles Hale was only four
years old when he played in public a sonata expressly
composed for him.—*Selected.*



H. W. LONGFELLOW



M. E. KERN

MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman

Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Japan — No. 1

NOTE.—It would be well to use a map in connection with the lessons on Japan. Have a short drill in the geography of the country.

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

GENERAL EXERCISES:—

Japan.

General Description.

History.

The People.

General Description

Japan, the great island empire, which has been so prominent in political annals during the past fifteen years, is composed of four large islands and about two thousand smaller ones. The area of Japan, not including her possessions, is one hundred eleven thousand two hundred thirty-nine square miles; the total area, one hundred sixty thousand square miles. Nippon is the name of the empire, among the Japanese themselves.

Hondo, the largest island, is seven hundred miles long, and from fifty to one hundred miles broad. The coast line is deeply indented, affording excellent harbors in the south, but the northern coast is rocky. Gales and fogs are common.

The surface is very rolling, but somewhat broken. The mountain range of the main island has an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet. On the other islands, however, the elevation of the ranges is so low that the slopes are cultivated up to the divide. Earthquakes are frequent, and it is estimated that once in every seven years a city is destroyed by volcanic eruptions.

On account of the small, mountainous land bodies, the streams are necessarily short, and are in reality torrents instead of rivers. They are unfit for navigation, but are used to good advantage in an extensive system of irrigation. The longest river has a course of but four hundred seven miles. There are several lakes, the largest measuring forty miles in length.

Japan has fair mineral resources, but much of her mineral deposit is yet undeveloped. Coal is mined in large quantities, and gold, silver, copper, and lead are found in abundance.

The climate is varied in the Island Empire. The Japanese may live in a cold climate in the northern part, or in the semitropical atmosphere of the south. In general, the temperature is quite mild, owing to the influence of the ocean breezes. It is warmer on the east coast, as the mountains protect it from the continental winds. Rain is quite frequent.

Most of the trees common to the temperate zone are found here. The varnish- and camphor-trees grow wild, the latter sometimes measuring fifty feet in circumference.

There is a great variety of vegetation. The three zones are each represented, and among the plants from the warmer parts, there are the banana, palm, bamboo,

myrtle, sweet oranges, pomegranates, and various other fruits, as well as five hundred varieties of useful and ornamental shrubbery.

There are very few wild animals. A few bears and deer are found in the northern part of Hondo; dogs and cats are found everywhere, and yet rats and mice overrun the whole country. There are squirrels and monkeys, and a great variety of birds.

Land is valued very highly in Japan, and every spot which will grow anything is covered with vegetation. Even the mountain sides are terraced up and tilled by hand. Irrigation is followed quite extensively, and abundant crops are harvested. Rice, which is the chief article of food, sugar-cane, wheat, barley, corn, millet, and potatoes are among the chief products. Tea is grown, but it is inferior to that imported from China.

There are many horses in this country, but they are small. No mules are found, and but few sheep and cows; domestic fowls are common.

History

Until 1889 the government of Japan was a hereditary monarchy, vested in a mikado, or emperor. In 1585 the emperor's commander-in-chief usurped control, and for nearly three centuries the mikado was relegated to second place, while the "shogun," living at Yeddo, exercised the imperial authority. In 1868 a revolution restored the mikado to his former position, and in 1889 the empire became a constitutional monarchy.

The date 1853 is an important landmark in Japanese history; for it was in that year that Commodore Perry visited the empire, and several ports were opened to commerce.

In 1872 the first railroad, seventeen miles in length, was built; now there are both steam and electric roads. Post-offices, the telegraph, and telephones are evidences of the great transformation that has been wrought in this island empire in the last half century.

The People

The people, generally, are quite dark, but it is asserted that ladies not exposed to the sun have perfectly "white complexions and blooming cheeks." There are three classes in Japanese society,—the nobles, knights, and common people,—and these class divisions are observed with all the strictness of caste. Feudalism existed until 1868. The Japanese are noted for politeness and for their self-confidence. They are industrious, particularly the agriculturalists, temperate, and hospitable. The entire population in 1900 numbered 44,264,604. This included the 123,000 who were in foreign countries, 90,000 of whom were in the United States and its colonies.

Ordinarily the dress of both sexes and of all ranks is very much the same, but differs in color, fineness of texture, and value of materials. The higher orders wear silk, while the lower wear linen and calico.

The Japanese are excellent artisans, and make good workers in all metals. Manufactures are abundant in Japan, and their skill in wood lacquering is renowned. They manufacture modern ordnance, firearms, and ammunition in their own factories. They have in addition four modern ship-building yards.

One curious feature is the currency used by the Japanese. Their money is made of several metals and of odd shapes and sizes. The largest piece in gold is six inches long and three and one-half inches broad, and is worth about one hundred dollars. The largest

gold coin in use commonly is two and one-half inches long and one and one-half broad, worth about \$7.50. The most common coin is made of silver, and is worth about twenty cents. No foreign coins are allowed to circulate. The metric system was adopted in 1897.

To Joseph Hardy Neesima, Japan is debtor for her excellent educational system. Even the poorest laborers are taught to read and write. Women are educated as well as men, and from the primary to the university the facilities are the best that can be had. There are many public libraries.

The chief religion of the Japanese is Buddhism. There is an older faith known as Shintoism, which is essentially spirit worship. There are twelve sects of Buddhists with thirty-two different creeds. One interesting fact is that there is religious freedom in thought and action so long as it is not prejudicial to peace and good government.

Japan has had a remarkable development during the past few years. From an inferior position, it has arisen to be one of the great powers of the world. The cry is heard on every side of "yellow peril;" but of one thing we are sure, and that is that Japan is most surely preparing for her part in the great battle of Armageddon, which is to usher in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ARTHUR R. SMITH.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Lesson 3 — "Great Controversy," Chapter V

John Wyclif

1. How did Wyclif's life affect his teachings?
2. Mention two special reforms he urged in England.
3. What influence were the mendicant friars exerting?
4. Relate Wyclif's experience with the papal bulls.
5. How did the papal schism help to prepare the way for the Reformation?
6. Write a paragraph on the first English Bible.
7. What are the doctrines of Protestantism?
8. Show how God at different times protected his servant.
9. Draw several comparisons between Wyclif and John the Baptist.
10. How does the life of Wyclif recommend Bible study?
11. Explain the following: Rival popes, Lollards, "Lollard towers," "the Morning Star of the Reformation."

Notes

ENGLAND IN THE TIMES OF WYCLIF.—Abroad and at home there was trouble. Wyclif witnessed the first half of the Hundred Years' War with France. In 1347-49 England, like other parts of Europe, suffered terribly from the ravages of the black death. Cities were left desolate, fields unharvested, and flocks roamed about untended. It is estimated that from one third to one half of the populace perished. During the last years of Wyclif's life (b. 1324, d. 1384), England was struggling with the Peasant's Revolt, but that which brought him into prominence in his country was his relation to its efforts to curtail the power of the popes within its borders.

SIMONY is the corrupt presentation of any one to an ecclesiastical benefice for gift money or reward, and is so called from its resemblance to the sin of Simon Magus.

THE GREAT SCHISM (1378-1417) was occasioned by the removal of the papal seat to Avignon, where the papacy was under French influence. It remained here for nearly seventy years, and the period is known as the "Babylonian Captivity" of the church. The move caused discontent in Italy. Gregory XI returned to Rome. The French cardinals, refusing to recognize his authority, elected an antipope. The Council of Pisa attempted to settle the dispute by deposing both popes and electing a third. But neither of the deposed pontiffs would lay down his authority, so there were now three claimants to the papal chair. The Council of Constance united the Catholic world under Martin V.

THE SABBATH DURING THE DARK AGES.—Mr. Croly says: "With the title of 'Universal Bishop' the power of the papacy and the Dark Ages alike began." But some did not bow the knee to Baal, and in the enemies' efforts to suppress the Sabbath we find the evidence of its existence. In churches under Rome's special control, the Sabbath was crushed during the first five centuries, but there is decisive evidence that some of the Waldenses kept it. Dr. F. White, in speaking of the Anabaptists, says: "They which maintain the Saturday Sabbath to be in force." In some countries not subjected to the Roman pontiff the Sabbath was honored. The Abyssinians, when found by the Portuguese, were a Sabbath-keeping people, and away off on the Malabar coast the Armenians observed the seventh day.

Word From South America

THE good news in Prof. C. D. Lude's letter, written from South America, was not intended for publication, but we are passing on some of it to our young people:—

"Our young brother, Pedro Kalbermatten, is suffering imprisonment for his loyalty to the commandments of God. He has passed through many trials, but he still stands nobly for the cause of truth. After the lashing in September, he received no more physical punishment, but was arrested every Sabbath. Being faithful in his daily duties, and pleasant in his appearance, he gained the favor of the officials, and they tried to persuade him to give up the Sabbath. But he could not be tempted to swerve from his allegiance to the King of kings.

"In the latter part of January he was removed from Diamante to Buenos Aires, and there sentenced by the court-martial to one year's imprisonment with some of the worst characters on Garcia Island. Even while there among the seventy prisoners, he remained faithful through every trial. One day the captain told him that if he did not work the next Sabbath, he would lash him to death. This was indeed a dark hour. Our dear brother committed himself to God, and on the preparation day went to the captain, and pleaded that he might have the Sabbath free. His sincerity and faith touched the captain's heart, and he granted the request.

"Since he has been in prison, we have tried to secure his release, but from a human view-point it has seemed impossible to do anything for him. At our school he is remembered at every season of prayer and especially on the Sabbath. We have earnest young men in this field. I know that we have others who will in like conditions stand firm for the truth."

MATILDA ERICKSON.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V — The Disobedient Prophet

(October 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 12: 26-33; 13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to harken than the fat of rams." 1 Sam. 15: 22.

The Lesson Story

1. Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, was an unwise king. "He forsook the counsel of the old men," those who knew better than he what would give him success, and he consulted with the young men who had grown up with him. They advised him to oppress the people and make their burdens heavy. This they would not bear, so ten of the tribes of Israel rebelled against Rehoboam.

2. A servant of Solomon, Jeroboam by name, was chosen king of all Israel except the tribe of Judah. Jeroboam thought that if the people still went to Jerusalem to sacrifice to the Lord, they would go back to Rehoboam; so he made two calves of gold, and said to the people, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And he set the one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan. And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan."

3. The Lord had appointed the tenth day of the seventh month, when all who were able should worship him in Jerusalem. Jeroboam appointed the fifteenth day of the eighth month, "like unto the feast that is in Judah," and called the people to sacrifice to the golden calves that he had made. "And he offered upon the altar, and burned incense."

4. "And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Bethel: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense." And the prophet said, "O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. . . . This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out."

5. "And it came to pass, when King Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, which had cried against the altar in Bethel, that he put forth his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him. The altar also was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the king answered and said unto the man of God, Entreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before.

6. "And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not

go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so it was charged me by the word of the Lord; saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest. So he went another way, and returned not by the way that he came to Bethel.

7. "Now there dwelt an old prophet in Bethel; and his sons came and told him all the works that the man of God had done that day in Bethel: the words which he had spoken unto the king, them they told also to their father."

8. Then the old prophet asked which way the man of God went, and he rode on an ass, and went after the man of God. He found him sitting under an oak. "And he said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah? And he said, I am. Then he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread. And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee: neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place." He then repeated the instruction the Lord gave him; but the older prophet told him that he also was a prophet, and that an angel had sent him to bring him back to eat and drink. "But he lied unto him." "So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water."

9. While they were sitting at the table eating and drinking, the word of the Lord came to the prophet that brought the other back, and he said to the man of Judah: "Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten bread and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee, Eat no bread, and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulcher of thy fathers."

10. When they had finished eating and drinking, the disobedient prophet started on his journey. "And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcass. And, behold, men passed by, . . . and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt.

11. "And when the prophet that brought him back from the way heard thereof, he said, It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord: therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake unto him." Then he went and found the body of the disobedient prophet, and brought it back, and buried it in his own tomb, and they mourned over him, saying, "Alas, my brother!" The old prophet asked his sons to bury him in the same grave, for he said that all that the Lord had spoken would surely come to pass.

Questions

1. What kind of king was Rehoboam? What did he do that showed that he lacked wisdom? What did the young men advise him to do? What was the result when the king obeyed their counsel?

2. Who became king of the tribes that rebelled? Give some of Jeroboam's early history. 1 Kings 11: 26-40. What did the king fear the people would do if they continued to go to Jerusalem to worship the Lord? What did he make? What did he say to the people? Where did he set the calves? How did the people sin against the Lord?

3. What time had the Lord appointed for his people to go to Jerusalem and worship? What time did

Jeroboam appoint? What did he do at this yearly meeting?

4. Who visited Bethel at the time of one of these great meetings? Who sent him there? Who was burning incense at the altar? What message did the Lord speak through the prophet? What sign did he give that his message was true?

5. When Jeroboam heard what the prophet said, what did he do? How did the Lord punish him? How were the prophet's words immediately fulfilled? What did the king ask the Lord's messenger to do? Tell how the prophet's prayer was answered.

6. What invitation did King Jeroboam give the prophet of God? What was his reply? What had the Lord charged him to do? Do you think he understood perfectly what the Lord had commanded him? In what way did he obey the Lord?

7. Who dwelt in Bethel at this time? What did his sons tell him had been done that day? What questions did the prophet ask his sons?

8. What did the old prophet then do? Where did he find the man of God? What question did he ask him? What was the answer? What invitation did he then give? How did the Lord's prophet reply? What did the older prophet then say? What was he doing when he spoke such words? What did the prophet sent to Bethel then do? What should he have done?

9. As the two prophets sat at the table, what message came to the one who had brought the other back? What did he say to his guest?

10. When the disobedient prophet started on his way, what befell him? As men passed by, what did they see? Where did they report what they had seen?

11. When the false prophet heard what had occurred, what did he say? What did he do? Where did he ask to be buried? What did he say would come to pass? What may we learn as to how God deals with those to whom he speaks?

8. What material composes this temple? 1 Peter 2:5; Zech. 6:15; note 2.

9. What is the process by which this building is to become "an holy temple in the Lord"? Eph. 2:21.

10. Who serves as a master-builder? Where was he to grow up? Zech. 6:12, 13.

11. What was he to bear? What counsel is between the Father and the Son? Upon whose throne was he to sit and rule, during his priesthood? Zech. 6:13; Heb. 10:12, 13.

12. How long must he remain upon the throne of his Father? 1 Cor. 15:24-26.

13. For what purpose are we builded together? Eph. 2:22; note 3.

Notes

1. The children of two families are recognized in the Bible, as "children of the Lord" (Deut. 14:1), "children of Belial" (Judges 20:13), "children of transgression" (Isa. 57:4), "children of light" (1 Thess. 5:5), "sons of God" (1 John 3:1), etc. Of the unbelieving Jews Christ said, "Ye are of your father the devil." John 8:44.

2. In the building of Solomon's temple, every stone was prepared for its place in the building before it was brought to the place, so that beautiful temple came together without the sound of ax or hammer upon it. The living stones for this living temple, taken from the rough quarry of sin, are hewed, squared, fitted, and polished, each for its particular place in the temple of the Lord. Unlike the stones of Solomon's temple, which had to be conveyed to the spot, of these living stones it is said, "They that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord."

3. "In the great and measureless gift of the Holy Spirit are contained all of heaven's resources. It is not because of any restriction on the part of God that the riches of his grace do not flow earthward to men. If all were willing to receive, all would become filled with his Spirit."—"Christ's Object Lessons," page 419.

Glad (Ps. 64:10)

The singer was glad in her songs,
That she sang for honor and fame;
But she passed from the stage, and her hearers no more
Remembered her songs or her name.

The artist was glad in his brush,
And the pictures he drew for a while;
But his hand grew feeble, his eyes grew dim,
And his pictures all went out of style.

The miser was glad in his gold,—
He counted it o'er and o'er;
But at last his riches took to them wings,
And left him poor as of yore.

The farmer was glad in his fields,
His barns and his cattle and corn;
But flood and tempest swept over the land,
And his fields of their glory were shorn.

But the righteous was glad in the Lord,
And trusted the power of his might;
'Till he came at last to that glorious land
Where never is sorrow or night.

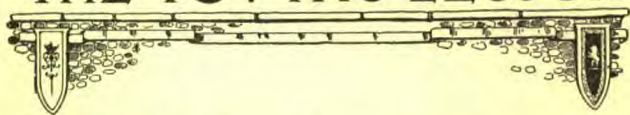
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Work Done for God

THOUGH scoffers ask, Where is your gain?
And, mocking, say your work is vain,
Such scoffers die, and are forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not!
Press on! press on! nor doubt nor fear;
From age to age this voice shall cheer;
Who'er may die, and be forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not!

—Selected.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



V — Change of Family Name and Relationship

(October 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 2:19-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires." Isa. 54:11.

Questions

1. Through faith in Christ what change takes place in our relationship with God? Eph. 2:19.

2. Under what other figure is this change of relationship noticed in the Bible? Rom. 7:4.

3. What two families does the Bible recognize in this world? Note 1.

4. How is this change of name and family relationship beautifully expressed by the prophet Hosea? Hosea 2:16, 17 (margin).

5. Upon what foundation does this new household rest? Eph. 2:20; 1 Cor. 3:11.

6. Who is the chief corner-stone? Isa. 28:16; Ps. 118:22.

7. What kind of stone is he declared to be? 1 Peter 2:4.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASS'N.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	.50
THREE MONTHS	.25
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND CANADA	1.50

CLUB RATE

Five or more to one address, each	\$.65
-----------------------------------	--------

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Put It Out Now

FOURTEEN years ago this autumn there occurred the most destructive forest fire of recent years in Minnesota. Seven towns were burned, hundreds of lives were lost, and twenty-five million dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

It is said that this great conflagration was unnecessary, that it burned slowly for several days, and could easily have been extinguished before the high wind came and drove it into uncontrollable fury, if some one had been large-hearted enough to consider it his business. But "what's everybody's business is nobody's business," seemed, in this instance at least, to have been the motto of the good people of this region, and so the fire was left to do its fearful work.

It may be that you and I, by not doing at the opportune moment the service for our Master that is waiting to be done by some one, are leaving fires of sin burning in souls that will in the end cause far greater ruin in the world than the uncontrollable forest fire.

Georgia's Convict System

THE following questions and answers on the convict system of Georgia are based upon an article which appeared in the October number of the *World's Work*, written by Mr. Alfred C. Newell:—

What is the convict lease system of Georgia that has been termed barbarous?

It is a system which allows individuals to lease convicts for private gain.

How long has this system been in existence?

Oddly enough, it was established by officers of the Union Army temporarily in charge of the State government after the Civil War.

What led them to take such a step?

At the beginning of the war the governor of Georgia pardoned all convicts who would enlist and fight for the Confederacy. A few did not enlist. They were taken out of the State penitentiary when it was burned during Sherman's march to the sea, and were afterward turned over to Governor Ruger, provisional governor of the State. He had the military idea that all prisoners should be made to work. "Take these men and hire them out. Lease them to some one who will put them to work," was his order. Thus the convict system began.

On what terms was the disposition made?

Sometimes they were sold on the instalment plan, for as little as four dollars a month. Some of the speculators had been engaged before the war in the slave trade. They were experienced salesmen of human beings. Having secured their convicts on a lease which virtually amounted to a sale, they would resell them at an enormous advance. By this means some very large private fortunes have been built up. One firm made a profit of \$562,500 on one transaction concerning convicts.

Was there no protest made against such a system?

Scarcely anything was said or done until the end of a twenty-year lease in 1897. At that time the subject received some attention, enough to result in the shortening of the term of lease to five years; but no vigorous effort was made to end the lease system. Last June political candidates began to denounce the system. Editors took it up, and Mr. Fred L. Seely, owner and editor of the *Georgian*, began a spirited assault on the lease system. The prison commission did not like it, so refused to give Mr. Seely information. He therefore began to spend money to find out what had been going on at the convict camps.

What was the result of Mr. Seely's investigation?

What he discovered compelled the Georgia General Assembly then in session to order an investigation.

What revelations were made by this investigation?

A number of witnesses told of having seen prisoners whipped to death. Every camp of Georgia convicts has a whipping boss, who is required to keep a "whipping register"—a book in which each castigation is recorded. It was customary for the whipping boss to "sand" his leather thong in order to make it sting. One boy, sixteen years of age, sent up to the camp for stealing two cans of potted ham, was whipped to death for having spilled some hot coffee on the back of pigs owned by the guard. After the whipping he could not lie on his back, but died on his stomach. Though the rules of the State require the convicts to be worked not over ten hours a day, witnesses told how the men in one camp were driven, even at night and on Sunday, and made to go at a trot with great loads of brick. They were driven into hot kilns where their lives were in danger.

How many convicts are there in the Georgia camps?

There are two thousand five hundred thirty-four.

What did the people of the State do when this infamous condition was brought to light?

They indignantly demanded its immediate annihilation; and when they learned that certain politicians were planning the continuance of the lease system, they began to hold mass-meetings, denouncing emphatically the "barter of human beings." As a consequence of this awakening, for the first time in half a century, the general assembly was called in special session. Its sole purpose was to terminate forever the system of allowing individuals to lease convicts for private gain. The outcome of this special session is in doubt, but the people of Georgia are determined that there shall be established a better order of things.

"LEAN Christians own Bibles, but feed on newspapers."

"To get so you can look upon sin and not shudder is like getting so cold you do not know you are freezing to death."