

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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TEMPERANCE THEMES



Not to Be Neglected

THE work of interesting the people in demanding and securing prohibition laws is not to supplant the harder but equally effective work of personally winning the drunkard to Christ and temperance. Both lines of work must be carried forward simultaneously. A popular temperance writer gives the following suggestions in regard to personal effort in reclaiming the victim of intemperance:—

We must remember that we are not dealing with sane men, but with those who for the time being are under the power of a demon. Be patient and forbearing. Think not of the repulsive, forbidding appearance, but of the precious life that Christ died to redeem. As the drunkard awakens to a sense of degradation, do all in your power to show that you are his friend. Speak no word of censure. Let no act or look express reproach or aversion. Very likely the poor soul curses himself. Help him to rise. . . . Open the Bible before the tempted, struggling one, and over and over again read to him the promises of God. These promises will be to him as the leaves of the tree of life. You must hold fast to those whom you are trying to help, else victory will never be yours. They will be continually tempted to evil. Again and again they may fall; but do not, because of this, cease your efforts.

A man who had kept a saloon for thirty years voluntarily resigned it recently, and entered upon another line of business,—one with more humane results to his patrons. There are other men in the liquor business whom friendly persuasion and solicitude might influence to relinquish their nefarious vocation. Let us hate the business and its woeful results; but let us love those who have been unfortunately led by some untoward circumstance into engaging in the liquor traffic, and do what we can in a friendly way to direct them into a better work; and let us do it *now*.

Shall We Pay the Saloon-Keeper Damages?

THE liquor men forget, when they demand of the State compensation for the financial loss they sustain by prohibitive legislation, that were the State in turn to demand of them its dues for the extra expense their business has entailed upon the commonwealth, they could never pay the amount, even though the State should pay them double the sum of their estimated loss. Neither legally nor morally have they a right to make such a demand.

A most concrete pronouncement of the United States Supreme Court on the question of compensation occurs in the case of Peter Mugler versus the State of Kansas, which was rendered at the October term of court, 1887, and which contains this unmistakable language:—

The power which the States unquestionably have of prohibiting such use by individuals of their property as will be prejudicial to the health, the morals, or the safety of the public, is not, and—consistently with the existence and safety of organized society—can not be burdened with the condition that the State must compensate such individual owners for pecuniary losses they sustain, by reason of their not being permitted, by a noxious use of their property, to inflict injury upon the community. The exercise of the police power by the destruction of property which is itself a public nuisance, or the prohibition of its use in a particular way, whereby its value

becomes depreciated, is very different from taking property for public use, or from depriving a person of his property without due process of law. In the one case, a nuisance only is abated; in the other, unoffending property is taken away from an innocent owner.

It is true, that, when the defendants in these cases purchased or erected their breweries, the laws of the State did not forbid the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. But the State did not thereby give any assurance, or come under an obligation, that its legislation upon that subject would remain unchanged. Indeed, the supervision of the public health and the public morals is a governmental power, "continuing in its nature," and "to be dealt with as the special exigencies of the moment may require;" and that, "for this purpose, the largest legislative discretion is allowed, and the discretion can not be parted with any more than the power itself."

Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

THE present year is cumulating the sacrifices, labors, and noble service of a century in the great antiliquor fight. It is an "out-to-win" year, and victories are occurring daily.

The college prohibition movement is marked by more than two hundred young men enlisting in service in active fields where prohibition fights are going on. We expect a call for five hundred college men for various kinds of work against the saloon within a year.

The movement is at work in seventeen States and one hundred twenty-three different colleges, universities, theological seminaries, law schools, and high-grade normal universities.

Practical study of the liquor problem was taken up in more than one hundred colleges and universities in the leagues or in classes. In some schools the work was given credit as a college study in connection with the usual work in sociology or economics. Many sets of the latest prohibition books were placed in college and student league libraries. Hundreds of original prohibition orations were prepared and given in local, State, and interstate contests by young men and women, who were thus brought to study the problem seriously, and to consider their duty toward its solution. HARRY S. WARNER.

The Broken Heart

THE following incident, as related by Dr. Len Broughton, came under his own personal observation. It is of a wife who was reared in one of the most beautiful homes in the country:—

She had everything that a young girl could desire to make her happy. She married a promising lawyer, from one of the best families in the South. They had born to them two beautiful girls.

This young father and promising lawyer had inherited from his ancestors a desire for strong drink, but he managed to keep down the appetite by not touching any form of liquor.

He was finally persuaded to join a social club, one of those low-down dives that we find in all our cities, made up of the so-called best people, with whisky and all other forms of liquors at the disposal of its members; where drinking can be carried on in a social way with friends, and nobody ever finds it out. I tried to get him out of this club, but could not. After a time he would go home reeling and rocking; and finally he was sent to an inebriate asylum for treatment.

The day he left home, he was as crazy as any lunatic. His screams when the officers carried him away produced such a shock upon his young wife that, before he reached the asylum, with one child kneeling on one side and the second on the other, she passed away. Hers was one of the saddest funerals I have ever known.

That woman died of a broken heart, and her husband was a murderer, although when he comes out of the asylum, he will put crape on his hat, and walk around the town a mourner.

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"They Say"

A PETTY falsehood, started by a gossip-loving tongue,
Grew into dire proportions, and upon its blackness hung
A woman's reputation (pure, unsullied as the day),
And her whole life was darkened by the fatal words —
"they say."

A man, worthy, with honest work earned both success and
gold,
Then envy pointed at him with a nod and whisper bold:
He fills a suicide's lone grave, yet (doubt it, ye who may),
His death was but the poisoned fruit of these two words —
"they say."

O, you who list to slander's tongue, I charge you in God's
name,
Have care! lest at the harvest-time you reap a double shame:
And dare not, for your own soul's sake, invite the dreadful
day
When justice must hand forth to you, the fruit of words —
"they say."
— Fannie Herron Wingate, in the Character Builder.

A Thrilling Experience in a Tiger Jungle

[The following incident was taken from, "In the Tiger Jungle," by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, forty years a missionary of the Reformed Church in America, at Madanapalle, India, and fitly illustrates some of the pioneer missionary work requiring faith and persevering effort in planting the gospel in this dark land.— T. E. BOWEN.]

IT was in September, 1863. I was taking a long exploring, preaching, and Bible-distributing tour up through the native kingdom of Hyderabad, and on into central India, where no missionary had ever before worked. It was a journey of twelve hundred miles on horseback, and was regarded as exceedingly dangerous. Indeed, before starting, I had received messages and letters begging me not to throw away my life, and end disastrously a missionary career so near its beginning.

I had measured the obstacles, and counted the cost, and considering none of them sufficient to cancel the command, "Go ye into all the world," I had covenanted for the journey with the "I am with you alway," and started on my way. I was accompanied by four native assistants, and we took with us two cart-loads of Scriptures and tracts.

Of the dangers promised we had experienced some, but the "I am with you alway" had all the way forefended us from harm. We had now, however, come to the greatest strait in our journey. We were to find a government steamer when we struck the Pranhita River, an affluent of the great Godavery; but the heavy torrents of the monsoon had come on unexpectedly early, and were unprecedentedly severe. The Godavery became three miles wide, and village after village on its shores was swept away.

We watched on the banks for a week. A messenger then succeeded in getting through to tell us that the steamer had broken its machinery, and could not come to us. We must, therefore, march through seventy-five miles of fever jungle to reach another steamer, which was to meet us at the foot of the second cataract.

I need not stop to recount the exciting episode of our desertion by a whole party of coolies, whom the government commissioner of the central provinces had kindly furnished to convey our tents, baggage, medicine chests, and books down to the steamer, nor of our desperate attempts, finally successful, to cross

the Godavery's three-mile flood, in order to reach a large town of the nizam's dominions, the headquarters of a high native official from whom I hoped to obtain help.

When I appeared at the door of this magnate, and politely presented my appeal to him for coolies to take my party down the river, he as politely told me it was an utter impossibility. At this season of the year the fever was so deadly in the jungle, and the man-eating tigers so ravenous, that no coolies could be induced to go through. I told him I must have the coolies. I took from my pocket and slowly unrolled a long parchment document, a hookam, or firman, from the nizam, which the British minister at that court had kindly pressed upon me, saying he would sleep better if he knew I had it in my possession. I had not thus far opened it, but the need had now come. In it the nizam, at the request of the British minister, authorized my journey, and ordered his officials to render any assistance I should call for, at the shortest notice, and under the highest penalties for non-performance.

When the deputy governor saw the great royal seal, his whole appearance changed, and shouting in imperious tone, he ordered his attendants to run with all speed to the surrounding villages, and bring in the forty-four stalwart men I had called for. In an incredibly short time they appeared, and at once went down to the river and brought up our goods. Asking what the highest pay was, I placed that sum in the hands of each man, with the magistratè as witness; and when each of the forty-four had grasped it in his palm, I told them that now they were sealed to accompany me through, and that any one who attempted to desert would bring the consequences on his own head. The magistrate also told them that they would be publicly whipped, and put in prison, if they appeared back at their homes without taking me through. To make still more sure, I separated them into four squads of eleven men each, placing one of the native preachers in charge of each party.

We struck into the jungle. We had to go single file. Footpaths there had been, but these were now grown over. The pouring rain would drench us for half an hour, and then the sun, blazing forth between the clouds, would broil us. The country was flooded and reeking, the bushes loaded and dripping, but get through we must, or the steamer might not wait for us.

In spite of all my precautions, I felt suspicious that an effort would be made to desert us, and was on the constant watch. About 4 P. M. I fancied I saw an uneasiness among the coolies, and rode back and forth constantly along the line. Three bands passed me, and the fourth was filing by. There was a sharp bend in the path; the last two coolies had not appeared. Quick as thought, I dashed across the hypotenuse of the triangle, and jumped my little pony into the path again, just as the two coolies had put down their burden, and were springing into the jungle.

"What are you doing?" said I, with the muzzle of my pistol at one man's ear. Trembling with fear, they seized their burden and ran on, overtaking the others. They reported what had taken place, and word was

passed along the line to look out how they attempted to desert, for they, too, had tried it, when the white foreigner, the *dhora*, was nowhere near, and as they sprang into the bushes, he dropped down from the clouds between them, with his six-eyed gun in his hand, and it was a wonder their brains were not scattered. From the way they looked at me as I rode by again, I knew that superstition was now my ally.

But now a new difficulty confronted us. We met two fleet-footed huntsmen who had been down to inspect their traps, and halted to inquire about the region ahead. We knew that some two miles in front was an affluent of the Godavery which we expected to ford, pitching our camp for the night on an open knoll just beyond it. From these hunters we learned that the flood had made this affluent absolutely unfordable.

The guides knew the country well, and seemed dazed by the news. In an hour it would be sunset; dense clouds even now made it seem dark. Already we could hear the occasional fierce, hungry roar of the tigers in the jungle at our right. I said not a word to my assistants, but I spoke to God. As my horse tramped on, my heart went up and claimed the promised presence.

"Master, was it not for thy sake that we came here? Did we not covenant with thee for the journey through? Have we not faithfully preached thy name the whole long way? Have we shirked any danger? Have we quailed before any foe? Didst thou not promise, 'I will be with thee'? Now we need thee, we are in the blackest danger for this night. Only thou canst save us from this jungle, these tigers, this flood. O, Master! Master! show me what to do!"

An answer came; not audible, but distinct, as though spoken in my ear by human voice: "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue."

Riding rapidly forward, I overtook the guides. "How far is it to the Godavery?"

"A good mile."

"Is there no village on its banks?"

"No, none within many miles, and the banks are all overflowed."

I drew apart and prayed again, as we still plodded on. Again came the answer, "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue." Again I questioned the guides: "Is there no rising ground by the river where we can pitch our tents for the night?"

"None whatever."

"Is there no dry timber of which we could make a raft?"

"If there were, it would all be washed away by this flood."

"Is there no boat of any sort on the river?"

"None nearer than the cataract."

"How long would it take us to reach the Godavery by the nearest path?"

"Half an hour; but it would be so much time lost, for we would have to come back here again."

"What shall we do for the night?"

"God knows," and they looked the despair they felt.

I drew aside again and prayed as I rode on. "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue," came the response the third time. It was not audible; none of those near by heard it. I can not explain it, but to me it was as distinct as though spoken by a voice in my ear. It thrilled me. "God's answer to my prayer," I said. "I can not doubt. I must act, and that instantly."

Going to the head of the column, I cried "Halt!" in

a voice to be heard by all. "Turn sharp to the left. Guides, show us the shortest way to the Godavery. Quick!"

They remonstrated that we should be in a worse plight there than here, for the river might rise higher, and wash us away in the darkness of the night.

"Obey!" I said. "March sharp, or night will come. I am master here. Show the way to the river." They glanced at the fourteen-inch revolver I had ready for any beast that might spring upon us, and started on.

My four native preachers looked up inquiringly into my awed face. "There is rescue at the river," was all I could say.

"The *dhora* has heard of help at the river," I overheard the coolies say, one to another. I had heard of help, but what it was I knew not. My anxiety was gone; there was an intense state of expectancy in its place.

Half a mile from the river, I spurred forward past the guides, and cantered out from the bushes to the bank, keenly observant. There, right under my feet, was a large flat boat tied to a tree at the shore! Two men were upon it, trying to keep it afloat in the rising and falling current.

"How did this boat get here?" said I.

"O, sir; please don't be angry with us," said the boatmen, taking me for an officer of the British India government, to whom the boat belonged. "We tried our best to keep it from coming here, but, sir, it seemed as though it was possessed. This morning a huge wave came rushing down the river, and snapped the cable, and swept the boat into the current. We did our utmost to get it back to the bank, but it would go farther and farther out into the current. The more we pulled for the British bank, the more it would work out toward the *nizam's*. We have fought all day to keep it from coming here, but it seemed as though a supernatural power was shoving the boat, and an hour ago we gave up, and let it float in here, and tied up for safety to this tree. Don't have us punished for letting it come here; we could not help it."

"All right, my men," said I. "I take command of this boat; I have authority to use government property on this journey. I will reward you well, and give you a letter that will clear you of all blame."

The boat, a large flat boat with strong railings along both sides, had been built by the British military authorities in the troublous times following the mutiny in these regions, and the men were paid monthly wages to keep it at its station in case of sudden need.

Who had ordered the tidal wave in the morning of that day, and had torn the boat from its moorings, and driven it so many miles down the river, that thwarted every endeavor of the frightened boatmen to force it to the north shore, and had brought it to the little, cove-like recess, just where we would strike the river? Who but He on whose orders we had come; he who said, "I will be with you;" he who knew beforehand the dire straits in which we would be in in that very place, on that very day, that very hour; he who had told us so distinctly, "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue"? I bowed my head, and in amazed reverence I thanked my God for this signal answer to our pleading prayer.

The guides now came into sight, and looked dazed as they saw me arranging to put the whole party on the boat. I heard some say to the others, "How did the *dhora* know of this boat? None of us knew of it or could have found it."

To my native preachers I simply said, "God heard our prayers, and this is the answer," for I knew they had been praying on foot, while I was praying on horseback. "Yes," they said, reverently, "he has heard our prayers, and delivered us. We will never doubt him again."

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," kept running through my mind after we had, as we settled down for the night, read the ninety-first psalm in the beautiful Telugu language, and offered up prayers of thanksgiving and praise to the Most High, under the shadow of whose wings we were abiding. Nothing could equal the vivid consciousness we had, during all that long day and night, of the presence of the Master; nothing can surpass the vividness of the certitude that God did intervene and save us.

Let's Combine

BENT the grass blades to each other,
Whispered each unto his brother,

"Let's combine!
Let's combine!"

Then the tiny blades, upspringing,
Sang these words with voices ringing:
"See the fruit of combination—
Emerald carpet for a nation!"

Once the stars said to each other,
Signaling a far-off brother,

"Let's all shine!
Let's combine!"

At the word their lamps were lighted,
And earth's wandering feet were righted.
O, the power of combination
For the world's illumination!

Said the ocean's drops, all kissing,
"Let not one of us be missing;

Let's combine!
Let's combine!

Not the angry waves high tossing—
Let us grant a swift, smooth crossing
To the ships of every nation."
O, the might of combination!

Said some dimes and dollars jingling,
"In good work let us be mingling;

Let's combine!
Let's combine!

Burn a hole within each pocket;
Women's treasury, let us stock it,
Prove the power of combination
For the world's regeneration!"

—Sarah L. Stoner.

Death of Swift Bear

SWIFT BEAR, a leading chief among the Rosebud Sioux, ended his life of eighty-two years of usefulness, fidelity, and honors, at his home on Ponoca Creek, January 22. On the afternoon of that day he called those of his family who were near him, and with his last breath said to them:—

"I have seen my race in the height of its glory, but in their submission to a superior race I find their greatest victory; for with that submission came the knowledge of eternal life through Christ. Give heed, my children, to the ways of the white man and his teachings; for while his judgment may at times be faulty, his God is our God, the God of all men, and his ideals are in the skies. Be, then, of the people among whom your lot is cast: be upright, and you will compel the respect and honor of the white man and the red man; for uprightness knows no race. Now I rest."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

RHODE ISLAND has a Catholic governor.

Spring

ALL the forces of nature are rallying for the year's work. There is something to be done, and it is going to be done with singing and shouting, and without a whine. Nature has no taste for an eight-hour day; she turns her wheels all day, and it is by night that the new buds and the first flowers make their most rapid development.

Even under the soil, and while the snow-banks linger in the hollows, the roots are starting the fires of life. The engine muffles its sound, but it turns the wheels nevertheless. The hyacinth is ready as soon as the ice melts, and laughingly sends up its blue-ramented blossom, and blesses God and man with the perfume of its massive trusses. The children are in the woods, brushing aside the still half-frozen leaves to find anemones and spring beauties. Trilliums spike their way through old dry leaves, and then spread out their white banners.

The cherry and the plum are twins, and they are the first of the fruits to blossom. They are hardy children of nature, and they do not dislike a bit of the northwest wind. They laugh at the frost, and go on opening their eyes to the morning, and forming the fruits that will glorify June. The peach opens its flower of pink, but it shivers before the frost, and the grape-vine judiciously waits for days that are secure. Without the cherry and the plum there could be no spring.

We have seen these springs, one after another, these many years; but they are never the same thing; how nature manages it we can not tell—or is the change in us alone? Nothing seems to be quite reiterant. The brooks have a big repertoire, which is never exhausted, bounding over the pebbles and stones, jumping down the declivities, and wearing out little pools for new songs. As for the birds, where are the pigeons that used to fill the sky; and wherefrom came the grosbeaks and the new sparrows to take their place? Civilization kills out a lot of beautiful weeds before we have time to find out their hidden value. Even the sap-bush has yielded to advance, and where we boiled down the sirup in huge iron kettles, they now evaporate it in wide-winged pans.

We welcome spring because it is in our own mood. It is in our blood to be up and abroad. We believe in the years. We endure winter because it ends in April. It faces toward life and growth and achievement. Our work is a part of nature's work. It is not exceptional; but in winter it is. In autumn we have to labor on after nature has put her tools aside, and in winter our sleep may be longer, and our work-day shorter, but still the toil is there. In spring we are all hitched in together,—bees, birds, brooks, violets, and human beings. Life, life; crops, crops; harvests for all of us ahead! The robin thinks of his nestlings, and we think of our barns full.

The chances! But what would be life and work without the chances, and withal a chance for wit and wisdom to select methods and seize opportunities? There would be no zest in marching to the year's end on a dead certainty—with our soup ladles just level full each time. There is nothing so grand as hope; there is nothing so strong as faith; and that is exactly how we start out of April, with faith in the laws of nature, and hope that each one of us will succeed in the struggle that ends in another autumn.—*The Independent*.



The Two Elijahs

DARK the wilderness and lone when the prophet wandered there;
Cruel foes were on his track, and he prayed one hopeless prayer
(Friend or helper, none was nigh):
He requested: "Let me die."

But for him there yet remained a work to do and foes to face,
And a token at the last of his Father's love and grace.
Not for him a dusty bed
In the city of the dead.

Down to Jordan he was led, and across the stream dry-shod,
While the blazing heaven was filled with the chariots of his God.
Through the regions of the skies
He was borne to Paradise.

Dark the prison was and dim where the Baptist doubting lay:
Cruel fears assailed his faith; from his breast hope ebbed away.
Of Him who had the life to give
He petitioned, "Let me live."

"Art thou He whom we expect? Look we for another One?
Hast thou seats prepared for us?" But the Baptist's work was done.
Not for him the triumph here,
But the headsman's ax—the bier.

Both doubted, and were both restored; both beloved were of God.
One passed the portals of the tomb; one the streets of heaven trod.
Yet we must leave to God the rest,
Because we know he knoweth best.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Coronation

"ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

"Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

"Let every tribe and every tongue
That sound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

"O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all."

This hymn was written by Edward Perronet. His ancestors were French Protestants, and his father was an English clergyman, who worked earnestly with the Wesleys in carrying on their great religious revival. Edward Perronet also became a clergyman, and he, too, helped the Wesleys.

This was not always an easy task, for any new teaching always meets with opposition. Sometimes these men had to face angry mobs, but they bravely preached what they believed to be the truth, while the mob howled and threw earth and stones at them. Perronet had plenty of courage. Travel in England

in those days was not very safe for anybody; but when it became necessary for him to go to London with the Wesleys, he did not hesitate at all over the journey. Many robbers were about, and had been robbing many people, but these travelers commended themselves to God's care, and then, instead of traveling as quietly as possible, they rode to London, boldly singing hymns all along the way.

Perronet died in Canterbury, in 1792, being then sixty-six years old. He published three volumes of religious poetry, but his one famous hymn is, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

A London organist wrote the first tune to which the hymn was sung; but in 1792, the year of Perronet's death, Oliver Holden, a carpenter, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, composed the tune "Coronation," which is now in use.

The Hymn in India

Mr. Amos Wells says in "Twenty-Four Memory Hymns:—

"The most famous story connected with Perronet's great hymn is told of the missionary to India, Rev. E. P. Scott. One day he saw on the street a man of such strange appearance that he inquired about him, and learned that he belonged to a wild mountain tribe among whom Christ had never been preached. Mr. Scott prayed over the matter, and decided to visit that tribe.

"As soon as he reached their mountain home, he fell in with a savage band who were on a war expedition. They seized him, and pointed their spears at his heart.

"At once the missionary drew out the violin that he always carried with him, and began to play and sing in the native language, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!' He closed his eyes, expecting death at any minute. When he reached the third stanza, as nothing had happened, he opened his eyes, and was amazed to see that the spears had fallen from the hands of the savages, and big tears were in their eyes!

"They invited Mr. Scott to their homes, and he spent two years and a half among them, winning many of them to Christ. When poor health compelled him to return to America, they followed him for thirty or forty miles, begging him to come back. This he did, and worked among them until his death."—*Mary L. Ballou, in Onward.*

Loving Loyalty

J. CAMPBELL WHITE, in a lecture at the Student Volunteer convention at Nashville, said: "Would it not be Christlike to take the attitude that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Paton, did over in Pittsburg three years ago? Their only child, a beautiful, clever, tender girl, came to them one day and said she wanted to be a missionary out in Africa. They were so much in sympathy with Christ that they said, 'We shall be very glad to have you go.' Then, as they thought and prayed over it for a few days, they decided that they could not let anybody else support their daughter, and so they sent word to the mission board that they wanted to have the privilege for the rest of their lives of paying their daughter's salary while she worked over yonder in Africa. And when one and another of their friends came to them, protesting against this madness in sending their only child away off to bury her life in the heart of Africa, their simple answer to their critics was in words like these: 'Our Lord has given his best to us, and our best is not too good for him.'"—*Mrs. L. R. Hogan, in S. S. Times.*

THOUGHT *for* STUDENTS



The Story of a Negro Child's Resolve

MORE than a century ago in Hanover, Germany, a tomb was built of large stone slabs, bound together by iron bands and surmounted by a huge block weighing a ton and a half. Its occupant had ordered this inscription placed upon it: "This grave is purchased for eternity; it shall never be opened." A tiny poplar seed had by some means been enclosed in the tomb. It sprouted, grew, and finding a crevice, burst the bands, and moved every stone from its place, standing forth a witness to succeeding generations of the power and sovereignty of the Creator,—a warning to the folly and presumption of man.

But my story is not of a poplar seed planted in the tomb of a blasphemous infidel, but of a seed of love planted in the heart of a little girl by the tender hand of a dark-skinned mother as she lay upon her death-bed.

Matilda was eight years old when her mother died. Her uncle was standing by the bedside listening to the instructions of the mother regarding the rearing of the child. Having one hundred sixty dollars in money to leave, she charged him to use this for the child's education. "For," she said, "if the child is neglected, she will never amount to anything, and may grow up to be a bad woman; but if she is educated, she will be good, and will help to educate other children." The child heard; and the remark about her not amounting to anything almost broke her heart. Often afterward she would go away by herself and pray that God would "make her something." This became the inspiration of her life. The seed was planted, the soil was fertile, and the weather favorable,—germination soon followed.

Her grandmother, with whom she lived, was an aged woman of darkest hue, but greatly esteemed in the region around for her goodness and intelligent skill as a nurse. She was continually engaged in nursing, and had more or less to do with physicians in their practise. Her uncle, who lived in the same home, was in the habit of gathering herbs, and did much for the poorer people in furnishing them medicines, keeping simple remedies, and treating their ailments when they had no physician. The service of healing was thus in the atmosphere of her home; and she caught the idea. Playing doctor was her favorite sport. She steeped leaves for medicine, rolled clay pills, and practised on the chickens that she caught running about the yard. Now these ideas grew more serious. The child's play became the woman's profession; and she made up her mind to be a physician. The seed had sprouted; next came the long period of growth.

At Aiken, Oberlin, and Philadelphia, she was a diligent student. Being dependent for the most part on her own efforts for support, she engaged in many different occupations, to each of which she brought a personal interest and a spirit of fidelity which made them all contribute to her education, not only in money, but in practical intelligence about a great many things, and in that efficiency which is ready for every sort of emergency. So those fifteen years, from the time she entered the school at Aiken to the day she was

graduated at Philadelphia, were every one marked with a vigorous progress; and the twenty years, from the beginning of that high resolve in that little motherless girl, brought a constant growth in character and power by the steady unfolding of that fixed purpose to make something worth while of her life. The tree had matured, and the flowering season was at hand.

Against prejudice and opposition she established herself at Columbia, North Carolina. In this home of conservatism and race prejudice, no woman hitherto had tried this profession, and no negro physician had succeeded. From the start, she applied herself to wants that were not already met by others. Within three hours after her arrival she was called to a patient, and before a day had passed, she was treating a critical case of diphtheria with antitoxin, both cases recovering. With this start she was soon established in the confidence of the community, gaining a practise, largely among the white people, more extensive than she had ever dared hope to secure.

Among the negroes, especially, there was a sad lack of intelligence about the most common sanitary requirements, and the simple treatments needed for slight ailments that occur in every house. So she invited the woman to come to her office, and she gave them a course of lectures on practical subjects, having an attendance of over twenty. It seemed of the most vital importance that some of the younger colored women should acquire the art of proper nursing, both because it furnished them a desirable occupation, and because the community greatly needed such nurses. This led her, toward the end of her first year in the city, to open hospital quarters in her own house for a few patients, and to gather around her there a number of pupils who should assist her, and at the same time be under her instruction. In this she received the hearty approval and active support of the influential people, both white and colored.

It was not long before more room was required, and in 1901 a large old plantation house, with some ten acres of land on the outskirts of the city, was rented, and devoted to this use under the name of the Taylor Lane Hospital and Training-school for Nurses. Leading physicians and public-spirited citizens united generously in the maintenance of the enterprise, and immediately it became a fruitful center of beneficent activities. During the first fifteen months two hundred eighty-one patients received treatment, and in the year following some three hundred. The nurses in training were continually applied for to attend cases of sickness in families of wealthy white people; the physicians found it to be a valuable auxiliary in their practise; to the colored people it was a Bethesda for their sick and wounded, and a school of the best training for their daughters; and so it has gained for itself a place in the confidence and esteem of the whole community.

Between the budding and the fruiting seasons there is a critical period called the setting time. The beautiful petals fall to the ground; grace and beauty seem to forsake the tree; and any frost or untimely weather may prove disastrous to the fruit crop. So it was in the life of Matilda Evans. Adversity came; ruin stared her institution in the face, but her unflinching courage and resolution weathered the storm, and prosperity soon returned.

The finances of the hospital had been left largely in the hands of subordinates, with only general instructions to keep on a cash basis. Suddenly it was

found that large debts had been incurred for provisions. People who were friendly became less so; and there was serious talk of discontinuing the institution, and starting another on a different plan. To the person unused to struggle with difficulties, such conditions would have been disheartening, and might have wrecked the enterprise. Not so with Dr. Evans. They became a fresh opportunity for her superior courage and resolution, and with these an object-lesson to her associates.

She unhesitatingly gave up her own comfortable home and office, moved over to the hospital to make this her future headquarters, and to give her personal supervision to everything which should be done there. Calling the hospital force about her, she explained the situation, and opened to them her plan for saving the institution. To begin with, all the helpers must sign a contract to work for ninety days without any other pay than that afforded by her instruction. This they did with no more hesitation than she herself had shown. She then laid before them her plans for cultivating the ground and carrying on the farm work, as well as the work indoors for the patients, to which they all agreed and pledged their loyal support.

This looked like a hazardous experiment. It would have been for many; but Dr. Evans's personal hold on her associates was such that the new order was accepted with delight. It won the day. One who visited the hospital soon after this, says: "A few months before I had seen Dr. Evans for the first time, and had been deeply impressed by what she had told me of her prosperous work. Now it was very different. She had met disappointment; she was carrying heavy burdens and looking ahead with anxiety. I could not but share her anxiety, for the outlook seemed to me anything but cheering. Six or seven months passed, and I called again. Another change appeared. The smile of triumph lighted up her face anew, and the story she had to tell was of abounding prosperity, returning again."

The story of that half-year is equal to anything in the whole of her eventful life. The doubts were depressing, the problems perplexing, and the task Herculean; but her courage was undaunted. The spirit was catching; her associates, too, were ready to do whatever needed to be done in the house or out-of-doors. Cooking, laundry work, feeding the stock, milking the cows, grooming the horses, spading the garden, planting potatoes and corn, setting out cabbages, keeping down the weeds through the whole season, and then gathering in the crops in the fall,—they took this as belonging to their hospital training, the same as ministering in the operating room or about the wards. It was a victory for every one of them to have carried the hospital through that trying season.

The crisis soon passed; the debts were cleared away; abundant products in the garden and on the farm went far to supply the necessary food, and store bills were greatly reduced. When the ninety days were over, it was possible to renew the arrangements for ordinary compensation, and all shared in the satisfaction of having succeeded in their undertaking. The setting time is past, and the fruit is ripening.

Dr. Evans has had a lucrative practise; but instead of making herself rich, she has chosen to do a work that would be of lasting benefit to the whole community, not to the people of her race only, but to all the people, irrespective of race or condition; and

she is accomplishing this. She has planted a hospital in which white physicians are interested, and in which they attend their negro patients. She is training nurses whose ministrations carry blessings into the homes of the proudest families, as well as the lowliest. Already she has achieved much, and the promise of other achievements is before her.

That seed of love planted in the heart of a little girl by the tender hand of the dark-skinned mother as she lay on her death-bed, has matured into a stately tree in whose shade the sick and suffering find shelter,—a tree whose fruit is for the healing of her people,—a witness to the mercy and goodness of God in the fostering care he has shown for the dying mother's wish and the little child's resolve.

H. U. STEVENS.

The Great Paymaster

AN aid of the Czar Alexander, who had been long and faithfully devoted to the emperor's service, found one day, on careful examination of his assets and liabilities, that he was hopelessly bankrupt. The revelation was astounding to him. The bills were gathered up and laid on the table, and a clear list of the liabilities drawn up, and read over and over again. After turning the matter carefully in his mind, he wrote down on his paper this pertinent question: "Who is to pay all these?"

The question was repeatedly read, but no fitting answer could be conjured up. Meantime the aid fell asleep at his desk, with the schedule and its interrogatory at the bottom lying before him.

The czar happened to pass through the room, and seeing the papers lying before the sleeping aid, drew near and read the catalogue of indebtedness, and the question appended. Without disturbing the repose of the faithful aid, he took the pen and wrote, as the fitting reply to the question, "I, Alexander," then quietly retired. How great was the man's surprise, on awaking, to find that the master of whom he had been most afraid had become his surety.

The czar's servant may fitly represent fallen man. He is hopelessly indebted. The long, black catalogue of sin is drawn out before him in the light of the divine Spirit. The revelation is terrible. How can such a guilty soul meet its God? As he surveys it, the record grows darker. He agonizes under the sense of guilt and exposure, as he finds the wrath of God revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men. Bitter things are written against himself. As he surveys the list of liabilities, he cries, "Who is to pay all these?"

But there is another side to the matter. Ours is a God of infinite compassion and love, as well as of exact justice. He "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The czar remembered the aid for his faithful service; "but God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." And this blessed Lord who was given for us, gave also himself to secure our redemption. Titus 2: 13, 14. While we were yet asleep in our sins and in our alienation from God, this great daysman passed by, and finding our perplexity on account of the black register, wrote down at the foot of it in great capitals, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Such is our great Paymaster.—*H. L. Hastings.*



Courtesy of Youth's Companion

Chasing Little Speck-o'Dirt

BY EMILIE POULSON

Face Washing

SPECK-O'-DIRT we must chase
 Over all the baby's face.
 Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes tries
 Hiding near the baby's eyes.
 Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes goes
 Underneath the baby's nose.
 Speck-o'-Dirt sometimes slips
 Round about the baby's lips.
 Speck-o'-Dirt may get in
 Baby's little dimpled chin.
 Speck-o'-Dirt! What a chase!
 But how clean the baby's face!

Ear Washing

Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt!
 Are you hiding here
 In the crooks and turns
 Of my baby's ear?
 Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt! Why, where can it be?
 Only a clean little ear I see.
 Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt,
 I will look about,
 And I'll search and search
 Till I find you out.
 Ho! Speck-o'-Dirt! Why, it isn't here!
 Here's just a clean little well-washed ear!

Hand Washing

"Let's go to swim," said this white duck;
 "I've dust on every feather."
 "I'm dingy, too," said this white duck;
 "Let's go to swim together."
 They found a pool of water near,
 And soon were playing in it;
 They floated, dived, and swam about,
 Enjoying every minute.
 "Now I am clean," said this white duck.
 "I've not a dusty feather."
 "And I'm clean, too," said this white duck;
 "Let's go ashore together."

A Slave to Duty

THERE'S Miss Howard all ready," said a young man, stepping out on the porch after a late, leisurely breakfast. "You surely must be an early riser, Miss Howard."

"It is nearly nine o'clock," said the young lady, with a glance at the clock. "The first bell will ring in a few minutes."

"The first bell? Surely you are not going to church this glorious morning. Why, you can go to church any Sabbath at home, but up here you should make the best of every moment."

"That is what I am trying to do," said Evelyn Howard pleasantly. "I think several of the other boarders are going to services, too."

"I always go at home," said Marion Butler, "but up here it hardly seems worth while. Mrs. Graves says they have a prosy old minister and no music worth mentioning, so I think I'll quietly rest at home."

"We are getting up a party to have a little stroll on the mountains, Miss Butler," said John Ford. "I hope you will join us; for it is a delightful day to walk, and we will be back in plenty of time for dinner. Coax Miss Howard to come, too."

"You'll come, won't you, Evelyn?" said Miss Butler. "I belong to church myself, and so do most of the young people here, but I see no necessity of being a slave to form and routine. I think a morning spent in 'God's first temples' will do us all good."

"What's the discussion about?" asked several gay voices behind them.

"Miss Howard persists in going to services this

splendid morning? Let's kidnap her, and run away with her to the mountains. The idea of any one being so perverse as to want to sit in a stuffy church rather than be out in the glorious air!"

But in the midst of the gay chatter Evelyn Howard walked away alone to the little church. "Isn't it too bad that a girl otherwise as sweet and sensible as Miss Howard should be so stubborn?" said John Ford. "I believe in trying to do what's right, but I wouldn't want a religion that makes one so uncomfortable and narrow."

"That is what I say," said Jessie Trescott. "I think it's no great sin to stay away from church services once in a while." Jessie was very apt to set her sails to catch the wind, and now that John Ford, who was a rising young lawyer, had expressed himself, with a number of the other young men and women of the party, Jessie thought she would be on the popular side.

The little party had a delightful walk over the winding mountain paths, and returned with famous appetites for the tempting dinner which the landlady served. They were all boarders at the hospitable big farmhouse, some with parents and some with friends, while several of the young men were there only for a few days' rest and recreation snatched from business life. On the way up the mountain Robert Pearson unfolded a daring plan which most of the young ladies frowned upon, but at last they were persuaded into thinking it would not be so bad after all. Over on the other side of the valley a ball game was to be played, and

the young men were anxious to see it. They pointed out that the Sabbath was their only day for recreation, and soon they would be back in the city at work, and added as a crowning argument that it was no worse to watch an innocent game of ball than to go for a walk. While the young ladies felt their parents would not approve, they promised to go, and all plans were made before they returned home.

"Miss Howard is going to read to an old lady this afternoon," said Robert James in a low tone, "and we'll have to wait until she is gone, for we take the same path she does. There she goes now! We'll be in plenty of time if we hurry."

When the game was almost finished, an accident happened that drew all the men to the spot, and made the ladies weep or lament as they hovered on the outskirts of the ring. "Will he die?" "Is he badly hurt?" "What is the matter?" cried a number of anxious voices as John Ford hurried out of the crowd as fast as he could.

"I don't know. When the seats gave way, he was underneath. He wants somebody to pray for him." All this time John was trying to get away from the eager questioners, but they held on to his coat and demanded to know all of the particulars.

"Could I pray for him?" said several voices timidly. "Poor fellow!"

"No, I guess not," said John, hardly realizing what he was saying. "He says he wants a Christian to pray for him, and I'm going for Evelyn Howard."

The young man did not die, but all his life he had a limp to remind him of the day the carelessly erected benches gave way. And to the end of their days the members of the little group never could get away from the unconscious rebuke they received. The words that John Ford hardly knew he uttered led the ones who called themselves Christians to a better and happier and more earnest life, and made them efficient in winning souls to Christ. Evelyn Howard's devotion to duty that exquisite summer day is still bearing fruit, and will be fruitful until the end of time.—*Hilda Richmond, in Young People.*

Heroes and Heroines

It was in the month of May, 1863, among the gloomy pines of Chancellorville, Virginia. It was a crucial month in the great struggle of state rights. "Stonewall" Jackson had surprised the Eleventh Corps of the federal troops, and was driving them in utter rout before the elated Confederates. Not a Union musket was in sight, except here and there as they were being borne to the rear as fast as frightened legs could carry them. The indefatigable troops of "Fighting Joe" Hooker were trying to hold their precarious position against Gen. Robert E. Lee's trained veterans.

Six hundred men remained to meet the victorious onslaught of sixty thousand. Suddenly, when all seemed lost, General Pleasanton rode out in front of the guns, and paused where Major Keenan sat with his three hundred cavalry.

"Major," he said, "you must charge into the woods with your men, and hold the enemy in check until I get these guns aligned and shotted. You must do it at all costs!" The reply came quick and hard: "It is just the same, General, as saying, You must all be killed; but I will do it."

What patriotism! Three hundred horsemen, with

red-wet spurs and flashing sabers, flying at the throat of sixty thousand! This time no one had blundered; somebody must die for the saving of the army, for the saving of the day, for the preservation of the nation,—that was all!

Every man died in his stirrups, but they died not in vain; the few minutes gained for the gunners saved the day. The batteries had meanwhile been aligned and double-shotted, and not even Jackson's persistent veterans could stand before that raking fire. They quailed. Jackson himself fell from a shot from his own lines. Then Sickles's old Third Corps filed behind the guns, and victory was theirs.

That was obedience. That was loyalty to country and leader. That was an exhibition of devotion for men and angels. If, for earthly good or glory men can die so readily at their post, why may they not serve as well in the great spiritual battle of life?

The stirring words expressed by Joaquin Miller send a thrill through the hearts of all earth's brave men:—

"For glory? for good? for fortune or fame?

Why, ho to the front where the battle is on.

Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame,

Go forward as ever the valiant have gone.

Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine,

Go forward, go fight on the firing line!

"Whether newsboy or plowboy, cowboy or clerk,

Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first;

Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your work;

Exult and be glad: dare to hunger, to thirst,

As David, as Alfred,—let dogs sulk and whine,—

Far out on the roaring red firing line."

But the warfare of the great battle of life calls for even braver men than those engaged in earthly strife. It is a warfare against sin within one's own heart and the relentless invisible foe without, always on the alert to entrap, beguiling by the most alluring, seductive methods those who are off guard for one moment.

But we have a victorious Leader,—one who never lost a battle,—and with him at the head, we can go out on the "firing line" not only willing, but anxious to die,—"die daily,"—die to self and sin; to say as did Paul, "For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."

Each day must witness advancement, each month some appreciable gain in the battle of life. Fortunate indeed are those who are accounted worthy to bear tribulation and suffering under our victorious Leader. And when at the crucial moment if some one is needed to do valiant service, to lay down this life for the cause of truth, shall we not be as ready and as brave as earthly heroes, and answer, "Here am I; send me"?

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

Baptism

BURIED beneath the silent wave,
O blessed Lord, I follow thee;
And as I rise from this cold grave,
Live thou thy perfect life in me.

Close by thy side let me remain,
And in thy grace and knowledge grow;
From sin forever to refrain;
Content my Lord alone to know.

My life I consecrate to thee;
My all upon thine altar place;
Accept, dear Lord, and use e'en me
To tell the wonders of thy grace.

And when at last life's journey's o'er—
When thou shalt come to claim thine own,
May I with them, upon that shore,
Behold some fruit of seed here sown.

HATTIE ROSSER HICKOK.

What Two Strange Wills Did

THE first of the two strange wills of which I am to tell you, was made by Jane Parminter, an English woman who lived at A la Ronde, two miles from Exmouth, in Devonshire. She loved the Jews, and was determined to leave behind her some token of her love. She died Nov. 6, 1811. When her will was opened, the following clause was found relating to a group of oaks on her estate: "These oaks shall remain standing, and the hand of man shall not be lifted against them, till Israel returns and is restored to the land of promise."

Not a cent of money was bequeathed to Jewish missions in this strange will, nothing, except that singular clause, that had any bearing as to her solicitude for the salvation of that "scattered and peeled" people. And yet the Rev. Ralph W. Harden says: "Thousands of gold and silver could not have effected more than the amazing work which God has been pleased to accomplish through the silent witness of his servant's trees, by far the greater part, if not the entire, of all the efforts now made in the world to preach Christ to the Jew," hanging, as it were, "upon these seven and twenty words of Jane Parminter's will."

You will wonder how this all came about. I will tell you later on. We will stop a moment now, to look at the state of the world in the closing years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. No other period since the days of the apostles has been so productive of results. Aggressive influences were at work, in a quiet, scarcely noticeable way, that were to bring forth mighty and world-wide results. William Wilberforce was influencing Leigh Richmond, of the Isle of Wight, a true and constant advocate of missions to the Jews. Charles Simeon, inspired by the teachings of Henry Venn was training young men in the halls of Cambridge to be living factors in bearing the message of an atoning Christ to that same hated, down-trodden people; Marsden was about to go to the Maoris of New Zealand; Thelwall to the Jews of Holland; and Martyn, Thomason, and Corrie to the perishing millions of India. Carey was translating the Bible under the Danish flag at Serampore; while in far-off Tahiti, the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society were striving at the peril of their lives to win the natives to Jesus. This period was the birth-date of missionary enterprise in the British Islands.

Feb. 15, 1809, nearly three years before Jane Parminter's death, a society was formed by a few ardent Christians in London, its object being to help the Jews, and to teach them of Christ. This society founded schools for the Jewish children, and opened a home for the poor and persecuted Jews, who could find no way to help themselves. These Christians scattered thousands of tracts among the Jews on the Continent: they printed the Hebrew Bible; they translated the New Testament into Hebrew. Calls came from every part of Europe, from Asia, and from Africa for preachers to come with the story of salvation to the Jews. The society had now been in existence five years, but the churches had not supported it. It was heavily in debt, with but little money in its treasure box. It did not look as if any preachers could possibly be sent.

But God knew of a way, and was getting the man ready for his part in the work; and strange as it may seem, it was to be Jane Parminter's will that was to be used of God in turning this man's thoughts to the Jews. His name was Lewis Way. He was a barrister,

and some time before the making of the second curious will, to which I refer in the heading of my story, he had been taking a vacation in the country, near the residence of an aged gentleman of fortune. The young barrister was poor, but he was accomplished. He had a good education, and his manners and person were pleasing. One Sunday he went to church, and was shown into the family pew of the old gentleman of the grand estate, who, with his daughter, were its only occupants. The elder man liked the looks of the barrister, and on inquiring his name, found that it was the same as his own—his being also Lewis Way. Astonished, though no relationship could be traced, he invited the stranger to become his guest during the remainder of his vacation, and by the time the visit was over, he had become so strongly attached to the young lawyer that he frankly told him that if he wished to marry his daughter, he should not object. The younger Mr. Way was greatly touched by such confidence, and burst into tears, yet was forced to decline the honor because he was already engaged.

"Why, then, have you not married?" asked his friend.

"Want of means," was the reply.

"Drawing a check for three thousand pounds, his host," says Mr. Hardin, "handed it to him, saying, 'You are a noble fellow to keep your engagement so faithfully. Settle that upon the lady, marry her as soon as you can, and then come back and spend the honeymoon with us.'"

Lewis Way very thankfully took the money so providentially put into his hands, settled it upon his lady-love, married her, spent a time with his benevolent friend, and went back to his law business.

The two families seldom met after this. The daughter of the senior Mr. Way married, and died without leaving any children, and her father soon followed her.

The will was now opened, and it was found that this wealthy man, having no heirs to whom he could bequeath his property, had left it all to the young barrister, with this remarkable added clause, "to the glory of God." In such mysterious ways does our Heavenly Father work to carry out his plans!

Lewis Way was greatly affected, not only because of being made the recipient of such great and unexpected wealth, but also because of that mysterious and puzzling clause. He was so affected that he became sick, and had to place himself under the care of a physician. While in the half delirium of fever, he kept repeating aloud, "The glory of God! The glory of God! What can it mean?"

One day a minister came to visit the doctor, and overheard Mr. Way talking to himself in this agonizing manner. Entering his room, he soothed and calmed him, and as soon as his health would permit, taught him the wonderful plan of redemption through Christ, and gave him a New Testament, with the prayer that it might lead him into the light.

He read and pondered, and bowing to the claims of the gospel, so far as then taught, became a changed man,—"a new creature" in Christ Jesus. Giving up his business, he prepared himself for the ministry, and "consecrated himself, his time, his talents, his fortune, to the service of the Lord."

It was seemingly an almost miraculous drama, this series of events in the life of Lewis Way. Who was it, if not God, who led him to take his vacation in the very neighborhood where the man lived whose will was, in an unknown way, to lead to his conver-

sion? Who, if not God, sent that minister to the doctor's house at the very time he was needed? Who, if not God, knew where the rich man's money could be used for the Lord's glory, and prompted him to put it into the hands of the very person who would so use it?

But, you see no connection as yet between Jane Parminster had been read but a few weeks when Lewis over through Jewish missions? Wait a moment. Jane Parminster had been dead but a few weeks, when Lewis Way was seen riding into the country with a friend. They took the road that passes the beautiful oaks of A la Ronde, and his friend told him the story of her remarkable will, and of her love for the poor, persecuted Jews. It was a new subject to him; he had never heard of it before. His heart was filled with pity, and "to give to them the riches of the gospel of Christ, became the ruling object of his life." He associated himself at once with the Christians who were working to save this people from whom had come his own blessed Saviour.

The renovated society met now at Lutterworth,—Lutterworth, sacred to us all as the home of John Wyclif, and "the cradle of the English Bible." Here, in December, 1814, four men met "to deliberate on the affairs of the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews." These men were "Thomas Babington, of Rothley Temple, a merchant prince, the uncle of Macaulay," the historian; Lewis Way, from "his magnificent seat" of Stanstead Park, in Hampshire; Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, the very man who had found such inspiration in his visits to Henry Venn's parsonage at Yelling; and "Dr. Ryder, the dean of Wells, soon to become Bishop of Gloucester, and the first of the Episcopal Bench to give patronage to the great church societies existing in the land," as noted by Mr. Harden.

They were all wise and great men, but the task they had set themselves was not an easy one. There was now no money in the treasury of the society, and worse than this, they were fourteen thousand pounds in debt, and linked with the society were men who brought only disaster on the work.

But you remember that *second will*, and that the money it bequeathed was to be used "for the glory of God"? The time had come. Lewis Way, remembering Jane Parminster's oaks and Lewis Way, Sr., promised his help, and on May 15, 1815, gave the president of the society, Sir Thomas Baring, a check for ten thousand pounds toward paying off the debt, while others gave the remaining four thousand pounds. The troublesome members left the society of their own accord. They were dissenters, the others belonged to the Church of England.

Lewis Way now set out to find how it was with Jews on the Continent. In 1817, paying his own expenses, he visited Holland, Germany, Poland, and Russia. In Poland he placed an ordained Christian Jew to preach the gospel to his people. So much did he influence Alexander, emperor of Russia, that he "became an ardent supporter of missions to the Jews in his dominions." At Berlin he won for his cause "Sir George Rose, the British envoy, and through him the crown prince, afterward Frederick William III, king of Prussia."

"At Aix-la-Chapelle he presented to the assembled sovereigns of Europe a petition for the freedom and toleration of the Jew in their several countries."

And so the work went on. An Edinburgh society

sent out missionaries to Russia and Holland. Other societies were formed. We sent Fisk and King to Palestine. New South Wales had its workers in the Jewish vineyard, and even the Christian natives of India were eager to do something for the Jew. And all this was accomplished through the instrumentality, under God, of two remarkable wills.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

The Saviour Abused

I LOVE to sing of Jesus' love,
So full and bountiful and free;
For me he left his home above,
And died upon the cruel tree.

He shed great drops of agony,
He watched and waited all alone,
That night in dread Gethsemane,
To turn my heart of hardened stone.

And though he did so much for me,
I often wander far away,
Forget his love, and fail to see
The glories of the heavenly way.

By faith I'll grasp the promise sure,
And I by grace will walk with God,
Nor more shall I in sin's way tread,
But walk the path my Saviour trod.

Then as his beaming, smiling face
Shines gloriously to light my way,
My heart shall fill with melodies,
And meet with joy each coming day.

E. C. JAEGER.

"Which Is the King?"

DEAR youth at opportunity's wide door,
Uncertain, yet ambitious to succeed,
Ponder before thou enterest, I implore,
This picture, and its mute inscription read:
"Which Is the King?"

Behold the monarch of the world enthroned,
Attired in gorgeous robe, with jeweled crown;
A thousand lords his sovereignty have owned;
He lifts his scepter, and the world bows down:
Is *he* not king?

Proud lords and concubines around him sit;
Fled is their mirth; forgot the flowing wine,
As on that kingly countenance is writ
A terror which no language can define:
Is this the *king*?

His gaze is fixed upon the plastered wall,
Where, glowing with a light that floods the room,
Three fiery words predict his kingdom's fall,
And "weighed and wanting" seal with certain doom
This trembling king.

Erect, though hoary with the frosts of time,
Before him stands the ancient captive seer;
His age in contrast with Belshazzar's prime;
His calm behavior, with the abject fear
Of—*whom?*—the *king*?

Ah! they have met a common foe; but one
Has overcome, the other met defeat.
The vanquished wears the crown and claims the throne,
The victor bows submissive at his feet,—
An uncrowned king.

Who is this King Belshazzar's deadly foe?
The Persian army at the palace door
About to take his life and kingdom?—*No*;
His enemy o'ercame him long before,
And *rules* the king.

Six decades gone into eternity
Since youthful Daniel purposed in his soul
Never to parley with this enemy,
He stands at length at life's extremest goal
Above the king.

Dear youth at opportunity's wide door,
Their foe is *thine*. O well the warning heed!
Look not upon the wine, but ponder o'er
This picture, and its mute inscription read:
"Which Is the King?"

ARCHER WRIGHT.



The Largest Tree in the World

"THE largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called 'the chestnut-tree of a hundred horses.' Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred four feet in circumference."

Siberia's Intense Cold

"SIBERIA has the greatest known cold in the world. At Yakutsk the average for three winter months is 40° below zero, while local drops to 75° and 76° are not unknown. But at Verkhoyansk the average for the month of January, a few years ago, was 69.9° below zero, and the mercury at one time dropped to 90.4° below—the lowest on record anywhere in the world."

An Optical Illusion

WE were enjoying a somewhat novel experience for us—a ride on a hand-car in Canada's national park, Algonquin, with the section men, one sharp winter morning, on the way to a near-by wreck. A heavy wheat train had been derailed on a sharp curve, with heavy down grade, and eight car-loads of choice wheat had gone down a steep embankment. The road connected the wheat shippers of the Great Lakes with the seaboard at Ottawa, and ran through a rough, rocky country, full of small picturesque lakes, virgin forests, and such wild scenery as sportsmen love, as well as all lovers of nature.

As we climbed one particularly long grade, the foreman called our attention to the grade still ahead of us, which appeared to be as steep down grade as we had been traveling up grade. We looked back to see what we had just climbed, and remarked that at last we were at the summit, and the car would almost carry itself down. But he said to wait and see. Presently he told us to look behind again. We did so, and all behind us was down grade. We were still at the summit, and the men were working as hard as ever! We soon found out it was all a continuous up-grade, with no down-grade to it! We could scarcely credit it, so plainly did it appear to be otherwise. But returning, we found a delightful, long, down-grade run. Looking behind, it was the same as before,—we always seemed to be at the top with down-grade both ways, thus making it appear we had been coasting up-hill. Perhaps some of the INSTRUCTOR readers can explain this illusion.

The park contains two thousand square miles, and abounds in small lakes. Fishing is the only sport permitted, all other animal life being protected. The deer are plentiful and tame. They were all around our house and barn. We could hear the wolves baying night and day some miles away. One morning a large moose was found, killed by wolves the night before. The park is not so famous as Uncle Sam's, but many of his children come annually to pass their vacations in the beautiful wild scenery of Algonquin.

HATTIE ROSSER HICKOK.

Alcohol and Epilepsy

W. P. SPRATLING, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., professor of psychology at the Johns Hopkins University, in his study on "Alcohol and Epilepsy," declared that from twenty to fifty per cent of all epileptics are traceable to the use of alcohol, and from seventy to eighty per cent of all alcoholics have epileptic symptoms in some form or other, and alcohol causes many forms of epilepsy that are not yet known, particularly in crime and strange fits of insane acts and conduct.

"It predisposes to infection, destroys acquired immunity, prevents the occurrence of artificial immunity, lowers vitality, and increases mortality in all diseases and in surgical operations."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Missionary Volunteers, Notice!

DURING the General Conference, the Missionary Volunteer Society lessons will be based on the *General Conference Bulletin*. The society which fails to supply itself with copies of this paper will lose much. Price, fifty cents. Address D. W. Reavis, Takoma Park, D. C.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Lesson XXXI—"Daybreak in the Dark Continent," Chapter V

The Morning Cometh

Notes

THE following thoughts are gleaned from the *March Review of Reviews*. They serve to show how the advancement of civilization makes speedy evangelization possible. When Stanley said that a railroad would join Victoria Nyanza with the Indian Ocean within a quarter of a century, people scoffed at the idea. Last month a handsome booklet of the Uganda railroad appeared. This railroad is five hundred eighty-four miles long, and it is possible for tourists to make the journey to the lake in the daylight hours of two days which took Stanley eight months. Towns once notorious in the slave-trade are now thriving young cities with well-kept streets, public gardens, hospitals, and railroads stretching into the interior. Every month gold is carried from near the sources of the Kongo to far-away Victoria Nyanza, whence it is shipped to the sea. Last August the export amounted to one hundred sixty-six thousand dollars.

"The French have lifted the veil of mystery from the Sahara. On their camels, trained to fleetness, they cross the desert in all directions; traveling lightly laden, they march fast enough to replenish supplies at the various oases. They have tamed the desert bandits, made the routes safe, established a regular postal service nearly across the desert, and their trans-Saharan telegraph-line, now advanced one third of the way, has been surveyed throughout. . . . They are also creating new oases by tapping the ground waters, which spread in a wide sheet under the permeable strata of the thirst lands."



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX — The First Miracle; the First Passover

(May 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Eccl. 5:1.

The Lesson Story

1. Soon after choosing his five disciples, Jesus went with them to Galilee. "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there; and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."

2. At this time Jesus met his mother again. Mary hoped that her Son was the Saviour of the world. The words of the angel before his birth, and his sweet, unselfish life led her to believe that he was indeed the Son of God. She wished him to work a miracle that would show the people that he was the Messiah.

3. The wedding feast to which they were invited lasted several days, and the supply of wine failed. "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." Jesus did not show a lack of respect for his mother when he spoke these words. He addressed her the same way when he hung on the cross. It was the custom at that time to speak to the most highly respected and dearly loved women in this way. Jesus never wounded the heart of his mother by an unkind look, word, or act.

4. Mary felt sure that Jesus would help them out of their difficulty, so she said to the servants, " whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Near by were six large stone water jars, and Jesus said to the servants, "Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it."

5. "When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew); the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

6. "After this he went down to Capernaum, he and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples: and they continued there not many days. And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting." Many attended the passover from other countries who could not bring animals with them for sacrifices. Their money was different, so there were men who exchanged it for that used in the sanctuary. But these traders and exchangers defrauded the people, and made themselves rich by charging high prices for the things they sold and for the money they exchanged. In the temple court could be heard the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the chinking of

money, and the angry voices of men. The priests and rulers loved riches more than they loved God.

7. "And when he [Jesus] had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence, make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." The house of God was intended as a place of worship, not as a market; and it should always be counted as a holy, sacred place, where worldly thoughts and actions are not permitted to enter.

8. After a time the men who fled from the face of Jesus returned to the temple and found him healing the sick and helping the poor. They said to him, "What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body. When therefore he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them; and they believed the scripture, and the word which Jesus had said."

9. "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in his name, when they saw the miracles which he did."

Questions

1. After choosing five disciples, where did Jesus go? Where did Jesus perform his first miracle? Where was the wedding celebrated? Who were invited to attend? John 2:1, 2.

2. Whom did Jesus meet at this time? What did Mary hope concerning her Son? What made her believe he was the Son of God? What did she wish he would do? Why?

3. How long did the wedding feast last? Before the close of the feast, what was lacking? What did Mary say to Jesus? How did he reply? At what other time did he address his mother in the same way? What did he never do? John 2:3, 4.

4. Of what was Mary sure at this time? What did she say to the servants? What stood near by the house? What did Jesus tell the servants to do? How did they show their confidence in him? What were they next told to do? John 2:5-7.

5. What change had taken place in the water? What did the governor of the feast say to the bridegroom when he had tasted it? What kind of wine must this have been?—Unfermented, or "new wine," such as is "found in the cluster" (Isa. 65:8), which "maketh glad the heart of man." Ps. 104:15. What is said of the other kind of wine? See Prov. 23:29-35. In working this miracle what did Christ manifest? Who believed on him? John 2:9-11.

6. Where did Jesus go from Cana? Who went with him? How long did they remain in Capernaum? What feast was at hand? To what place did Jesus soon go? What did he find in the temple? Why were oxen, sheep, and doves sold there? Why was money exchanged? How did these traders and exchangers make themselves rich? What could be heard in the temple court? What did the priests and rulers love more than God? John 2:12-14.

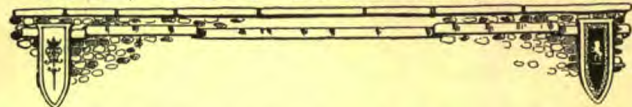
7. When Jesus saw the buying, selling, and confusion, what did he do? What did he say? What had they made of God's house? How should the

place where God is worshiped be regarded? How should we show reverence for the place of worship? John 2:15, 16. Eccl. 5:1.

8. When the men returned, who had been driven out? What did they find Jesus doing? What question did they ask him? How did he reply? What did the Jews then say? Of what temple was Jesus speaking? Who remembered his words afterward? When? John 2:18-22.

9. How many believed on Jesus during the passover? Why? Are all miracles a sufficient foundation for faith? If not, why not? See Rev. 13:13, 14.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



IX — The First Miracle; the First Passover

(May 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 2.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 15; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, chapter 7.

MEMORY VERSE: Eccl. 5:11.

Questions

The First Miracle

1. What followed the choosing of the first four disciples? Who were called to the wedding? John 2:1, 2.

2. What did the mother of Jesus say to him? Verse 3.

3. What did Jesus reply? Verse 4.

4. How was the mother's confidence in the power of her Son shown? Verse 5.

5. What request did Jesus make of the servants? Verses 6-8.

6. What was the result? Verses 9, 10.

7. What was revealed by this first miracle? What was the result? Verse 11.

8. To what place did Jesus then go? Verse 12.

The First Passover

9. What great feast was near at hand? What did Jesus do? Verse 13.

10. What condition did he find in the temple? Verse 14; note 1.

11. What did he do? Verse 15.

12. What ringing words of reproof did he utter? Verse 16.

13. What scripture did his words bring to the minds of his disciples? Verse 17.

14. What question did the Jews ask? Verse 18; note 2.

15. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 19; note 3.

16. What showed the blindness of the Jews? What was the true meaning of Jesus' words? What did the disciples call to mind after his resurrection? Verses 20-22; note 4.

17. What was the result of this visit to Jerusalem? Verse 23.

18. Why did he not fully commit himself to them? What knowledge has he of man? Verses 24, 25.

Notes

1. "As Jesus entered the temple, he was indignant to find the court of the temple arranged as a cattle market and a place of general traffic. There were not only stalls for beasts, but there were tables where the

priests themselves acted as money brokers and ex-changers. It was customary for each person who attended the passover to bring a piece of money, which was paid to the priests upon entering the temple. . . . Many came from a great distance, and could not bring their sacrificial offerings. Under the plea of accommodating such persons, in the outer court were cattle, sheep, doves, and sparrows for sale at exorbitant prices."—"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II.

2. Unbelief asked, "What sign?" just as if the work of Christ then and there was not a sufficient sign of his divinity. There is danger of being so blind to the present evidence of God's work that we shall fail to see any evidence whatever.

3. By comparing Matt. 26:61, 62, we see that false witnesses, in order to secure Jesus' condemnation, perverted the statement, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." They quoted him in a way that made him appear to say that he was going to destroy the temple of Herod. Instead of this, he told *them* to destroy this body (his body) and in three days he would rise from the dead.

4. Jesus knew that his disciples must pass through great trials, and he was ever laying up evidence for them in and after the sore trials they experienced, so that they could look back and see that all the way there were witnesses for him, and that his words had been fulfilled.

Union College Calendar

THE Union College Calendar for 1909-10 will be ready in about two weeks. It will contain several new and interesting features. Of special interest will be the new industrial-academic course and the announcements of the music and the normal departments. Rooms should be engaged early, since the enrolment is greater than can be accommodated in the college homes. For copies of the calendar, address C. C. Lewis, College View, Nebraska.

Union College Summer School

THE Union College summer school will be held six weeks, from July 7 to August 17, under the auspices of the Central and Northern Union conferences. Special review work for teachers. Manual training and primary methods made prominent. Regular credit work for preparatory, academic, and college students. For application blanks and copies of announcement giving full particulars, address C. C. Lewis, College View, Nebraska.

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its pathway of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—
But what must it be to be there!"

"Do thou, midst temptation and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus himself shall be there."

"EVERY temptation resisted makes the next one easier to conquer. The devil repulsed weakens his power of attack."

The Youth's Instructor

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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.

THE picture on the front cover page is from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's painting, "The Annunciation."

THE Swedish missionary society of Denver, Colorado, only about six months old, has ordered one thousand copies of the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR*.

How the Temperance Number Sells

F. M. DANA, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Atlantic Union Conference, writes that one young man at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, sold over one hundred copies of the *Temperance INSTRUCTOR* in about seven hours, and most of the workers thus far think it one of the best sellers that our publishing houses ever produced.

Wanted

"WANT ADS." are printed, column after column, in our daily papers, and, it is said, with wonderful results. Men wanted; women wanted; boys wanted; girls wanted; and all manner of things wanted. Somebody wants; some other body is ready to supply that want.

As the "wants" come in from all quarters of the world, and the dearth of laborers is felt in almost every department of this cause, we have thought that in some way a few gospel "want ad." notices like the following should get into the hands of our people:—

Wanted: Men—God-fearing, truth-loving, energetic, pure, clean-hearted, persevering men. Wanted, to be used as ministers, physicians, nurses, book workers, business managers, accountants, and helpers.

Wanted: Women—brave, noble women, whose hearts God has touched, willing to stoop to lift the fallen, neither afraid to point the rich to a sin-pardoning Saviour. Wanted for Bible workers; to sell truth-filled journals and papers in our large cities; matrons; home makers; missionaries.

Wanted: Boys—clean, upright, pure-hearted boys, like David of old, of a "ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to," to enter upon training in our schools and sanitariums and book men's institutes; to become ministers, physicians, nurses, book men, business managers, as God, by his Spirit, shall guide them into their chosen callings.

Wanted: Girls—whole-souled, noble-hearted, brave, modest girls,—girls not afraid of doing something, even though hands may become soiled a bit—

girls with a purpose, an aim, and principle enough to stick to it; withal of a "ruddy" and "beautiful countenance." In demand everywhere to train for nurses, home makers, physicians, and stenographers. Yes; girls wanted for missionaries in home and foreign fields.

Wanted: one tenth of all that God gives every man, woman, and child professing to believe that the end is near and a world to be warned; covenant-keepers, like Jacob of old (see Gen. 28:22); in addition to the tithe, offerings are wanted as God "hath prospered." This money is wanted at the mission and home treasuries where God's workmen are paid month by month.

Any one answering these want notices, please address his conference president. T. E. BOWEN.

Did You Do Likewise?

THE following letter was sent by Miss Jennie Bates, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Maine Conference, to every Woman's Christian Temperance Union in that conference:—

"DEAR FELLOW WORKERS: A common interest makes all the world akin, and in the glorious temperance cause our hearts and hopes are one.

"Such a helpful paper has come to my table today; it is the *Temperance* number of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, published in Washington, D. C., and is filled to the brim with bright, earnest articles from our best writers, and the illustrations are excellent. No one can read its pages unstirred.

"As I read it, I wished so much that I could place a copy in every home where there are young people.

"I am mailing you a copy, thinking that you will be pleased to know that we, too, are working to save the youth from the demon of intemperance.

"My work is with the youth, and my heart yearns to save them from the rocks and shoals of the adolescent period, to get right ideals before them, to save them in their purity, that we need not work and pray in vain to restore their lost inheritance, though we may, with God's help, save them from a drunkard's doom.

Sincerely yours,

"JENNIE RANDALL BATES."

An Unenviable Record

IT must be said, to the shame of our government, that American rule and American beer entered the Philippine Islands together. Until ten years ago excessive liquor drinking was unknown in the Philippines. Two or three different weak beverages were manufactured and used by the Filipinos, but there was no beverage which contained any considerable amount of alcohol, or which could be compared in strength with American liquors. The exportation of intoxicating liquor from America to the Philippines has continually increased. The amount of distilled liquor alone sent to the Philippines in 1907 was 1,475 gallons.

As in the case of other new American possessions, the introduction and sale of spirituous liquors for beverage purposes came to Porto Rico with the American flag, since which time the American saloon has gradually established itself in the islands.

The Porto Ricans are naturally a sober race, but in recent years they have been, to a certain extent and to their own damage, falling in line with the customs of the Americans who have gone to the islands.—*Anti-Saloon League Year-Book.*